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TO EVERY CREATURE.

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

The Record.

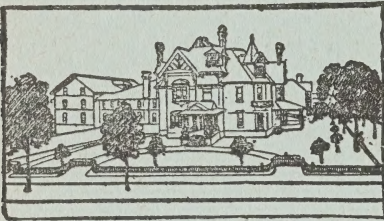
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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

JANUARY, 1903.

No. 1

The echoes of "Happy New Year" have scarcely ceased when again the glad greetings are heard, so short seems the Seasons' round that we call a year, and so quickly do our few years pass.

To the one who views life truly, as an immortality, begun here and never ending, and who, trusting in the atonement that Christ has made for sin, has yielded whole-hearted allegiance to God, whose life here is made happy by conscious peace with God and whose years of such peace are never to end, the passing of those years is not a matter for vain regret, for the best of life is always before Him. He enjoys this life because a Father's love provides and guides, and whatever else may fail, that love and care fails never.

But for all alike, those who have true views of life and those who have not, the passing year has one great outstanding lesson, and that is, whatever one should do or intends to do, must be done quickly, if it is to be done at all.

There are two risks in delay. One is that the years steal past so unconsciously and so swiftly that they will be all gone while one delays. The other is that every year's delay of any thing that one intends to do but strengthens the habit of delay and tends to make that habit permanent.

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do"—whether it be the making of thine own peace with God, or doing something in thy short life-span to help lessen the world's misery, sorrow and sin, must be done now if done at all. May this one great lesson "NOW" be branded deep, and "Happy New Year" to all our readers, which is herewith most heartily and sincerely given, will not be wished in vain.

Special attention is asked to two articles in this issue. First comes a concise but full review of the situation of our country in its rapid growth in the West and the urgent call to the Christian patriots of Canada, which demands immediate response. Not only are the years passing but the present opportunity is a very transient one. Clay must be moulded when plastic or it will not mould at all, and our great West, fast filling from almost every land, is now more formative than ever it will be again. Then,

too, something that few know or realize will be learned from the second article, viz., that French Canada, now almost solidly Roman Catholic, was first Protestant; that French immigration to Canada began like that of the Puritans to New England, by French Protestants coming to find liberty of conscience: that if it had not been for persecution French Canada would have been largely Protestant today. This fact should quicken our interest in restoring to our French fellow countrymen the Bible which they brought with them when they first came, and in restoring in our country the benefits of freedom which our French Canadians sought in their exile.

Very sudden was the late Principal MacVicar's call to rest after a life full of years and work, and filled full to the end. The facts are given on another page. One of the last public acts of his life was the baptism of nine Chinamen from the different Sabbath Schools of Montreal, in Knox Church, on Sabbath evening, 7th Dec., a work with which he has always been in warm sympathy. His passing was an ideal one; from a busy afternoon presiding at a missionary committee, hurrying to meet his class at 5 o'clock, and, seated for a moment at his desk, looking over the notes of the lecture he was to give to his students, called suddenly and painlessly away. Thus beautifully ended forty-one years of busy life in Montreal and thirty-three years as head of the Presbyterian College here.

He was a man of strong personality, great ability and wide learning, with positive convictions combined with respect for the convictions of others, and withal of a warm, kindly heart; none ever went to him for advice or assistance without finding a ready sympathy.

Thursday evening, 19th Dec., was an interesting one to our oldest College, that in Halifax. It was the celebration of its first professorial jubilee, that of its honoured principal, Dr. Pollok, in the hall of the library building. He was presented with a cheque for \$1,000, and immediately donated it to the College to found a lectureship. An unknown friend also founded a scholarship of \$1,000 in honour of the occasion.

"The Message," the organ of the W. F. M. S. East, has recently been enlarged and a neat cover added. Good before, it is better now. The women of the East cannot do better than subscribe. It is very cheap as well as good.

"The Universal Cause" of Ireland's woes, very clearly set forth in an article on page 25 of this issue, is from a recently published book—"Priests and People in Ireland"—by Michael F. J. McCarthy, an Irish R. C. barrister. The article is a very valuable one. "Our Indian Mission Field"—on page 23, is from "The Redemption of Malwa," just published by our F. M. C.

Our college centres have had changeful experiences during past few months, some joyous, some very sad. In June during the sittings of the Assembly in Toronto, came the sad news of the sudden death of Prof. Halliday Douglas, of Knox, and within the past few weeks the declinature of Prof. Kelman of Edinburgh, whom they had called to the vacant chair. On the other hand was joy in keeping jubilee with their beloved Principal, Queen's sorrowed in May over the taking away of him who had been their leader for a quarter of a century, and in December they are made glad by the choice of a successor. Halifax loses Dr. Gordon to Queen's, and rejoices with Dr. Pollok in his jubilee; while in Montreal, the quiet of busy college life has met with a shock so sudden that it is yet scarce realized.

THE FRENCH FUNDS.

For the ordinary French Fund the receipts from the Church were last year \$18,050 compared with \$23,400 in 1895. The receipts for the Pointe-aux-Trembles schools last year, deducting fees, were \$7,095 as compared with \$9,500 in 1895. At present the French Evangelization ordinary fund is \$13,400 in debt, and the Pointe aux Trembles Fund \$5,200 in debt. On the basis of last year's receipts there will be a shortage in both funds of upwards of \$11,000.

The claims of these funds seem to have been neglected in many quarters of recent years, and unless there is a very large increase in revenue it will become necessary to contract the work of the Board. This will be a matter of deep regret, more especially in connection with Pointe aux Trembles, where such admirable work is being done. We learn that the communion was dispensed there on Sabbath last, when thirteen of the pupils professed their

faith in Christ and were received into fellowship with the Church. It is hoped in connection with the distribution of missionary moneys, that the claims of this work will be duly considered and grants made in accordance with the requirements.

Will not many Sabbath Schools who, heretofore have done little for this work, each become responsible for the support of a pupil at Pointe aux Trembles. The cost of this is \$50 per annum. When a Sabbath School agrees to contribute \$50, a particular pupil is assigned to it, concerning whom information is sent to the Sabbath School from time to time.

GOING TO ASSEMBLY.

As numerous enquiries are being received, I think it well to state that the matter of going by one line of railway, and returning by another, is under consideration, but it will probably be some time before we receive a definite answer, as the arrangements have to be discussed with U. S. A. lines.

The rates in connection with the Assembly will be good for sixty (60) days, and there will be stop-over privileges granted between Winnipeg and the West. We are unable to effect any reduction in the regular sleeping car rates. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, however, offer to put on tourist sleeping cars at the reduced rates for these, provided a sufficient number to fill one can be assembled at several of the leading points, say at St. John, N.B., Montreal, Toronto and Fort William.

Definite information later.—R. H.W.

Dr. Warden also writes:—

The Scheme which to me, at the present time, seems to require special attention, is the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund. It closed last year with a deficit of \$3,883. The amount this year asked from the Church is considerably more than double what was given last year, and unless the congregations of the Church this year more than double the contributions of last year to this scheme, the Committee will not have the money wherewith to pay the annuitants in full. May I ask special attention to this?

In connection with the James Robertson Memorial Fund only \$2,652.16 of the \$10,000 asked for by the General Assembly has been received. By action of the Assembly the interest of the Fund is to be used to establish lectureship on Home Missions in the several Theological Colleges of the Church. The amount thus far raised has been disappointing. It is hoped that congregations that have not yet done so may forward a contribution.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS, ETC.*Synod of the Maritime Provinces.*

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness, Whyco., 3 Feb., 11 a.m.
3. P. E. Island, Charlottetown, 3 Feb.
4. Pictou.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro, Truro, 20 Jan., 10.30.
7. Halifax.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth, Yarmouth, 10 Feb.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 3 March.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 3 Mar.
13. Glengarry, Cornwall, 2 March, 8 p.m.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, Bank, 6 Jan., 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Arnprior, 20 Jan., 10.30 a.m.
16. Brockville.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 3 March, 9 a.m.
19. Whitby, Pickering, 20 Jan., 10 a.m.
20. Lindsay, Lindsay, 16 Dec., 11 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 13 Jan.
23. Barrie.
24. Algoma, Copper Cliff, Mar., '03.
25. North Bay.
26. Owen Sound.
27. Saugeen.
28. Guelph, Hespeler, 20 Jan., 11 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, Kx., Ham., Jan. 6, 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Woodstock, 13 Jan., 11 a.m.
31. London.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 13 Jan., 10 a.m.
33. Stratford.
34. Huron, Goderich, 20 Jan., 11 a.m.
35. Maitland, Wingham, 16 Dec., 10 a.m.
36. Bruce, Paisley, 3 March, 11 a.m.
37. Sarnia.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 13 Jan.
40. Rock Lake, Crystal City, 17 Feb.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage, Arden, 3 March, 1.30 p.m.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa, Minnedosa, 17 Feb.
46. Melita.
47. Regina, Moosejaw, Feb.
48. Qu'Appelle.
49. Prince Albert, Rosthern, Feb.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary.
51. Edmonton, Strathcona, 23 Feb., 8 p.m.
52. Kamloops, Revelstoke, 4 Mar., '03.
53. Kootenay, Nelson, 17 Feb.
54. Westminster.
55. Victoria.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.

CALLS FROM

Wheeling, West Virginia, to Mr. W. O. Cook,
of Thorold, Ont. Accepted.
Miami, etc., Man., to Mr. T. K. Peacock.
Rapid City, Man., to Mr. Jno. Millar.
Glenarm, Ont., to Mr. J. A. Ferguson.
Tyne Valley, P.E.I., to Mr. R. Davidson.
Shoal Lake, Man., to Mr. Jno Millar
St. Andrew's, Winnipeg, to Mr. J. W. McMillan,
of Lindsay, Ont. Accepted.

INDUCTIONS INTO

Olds, Alta, 18th Nov., Mr. G. R. Lang.
Knox, Hamilton, 3rd Dec., Mr. E. A. Henry.
Haynes Ave., St. Cath., Rev. Dr. Craw.
Tweed, Ont., Nov. 24th, Mr. Jas. Binnie.
St. John's, Almonte, Mr. J. M. Currie.
Davisburg, etc., N.W.T., Mr. Jas. S. Shortt.
Banff, etc., Mr. J. Wardlaw Taylor.
Murray Har., N., P.E.I., Mr. A. S. Stewart.
Grand' Mère, Que., Mr. A. Stevenson.
Warkworth, Ont., 27 Nov., J. F. McFarland.
Souris, P.E.I., Mr. F. C. Simpson.
Richmond Bay, W., Nov. 25, Mr. R. Davidson.
Strathalbyn, P.E.I., 4 Dec., J. McLean.

RESIGNATIONS OF

King Street E., London, Mr. Thos. Wilson.
Bloomfield, etc., P.E.I., Mr. Arch. Gunn.
St. Sylvester and Leeds, Que., Mr. D. McColl.
Claude, Ont., Mr. E. E. Wicher.
Walkerton, Ont., Mr. Conning.
Clifton, P.E.I., Mr. A. Sterling.

OBITUARY.

REV. DONALD HARVEY MACVICAR, D.D.,
LL.D., Principal of the Presbyterian College,
Montreal, died suddenly, 15th Dec. He was
born at Dunglass, Argyleshire, Scotland, 29th
Nov., 1831. When he was four years of age
the family came to Canada and settled near
Chatham, Ont. He received his education in
Toronto Academy and University and in Knox
College, Toronto, from which he graduated in
1859, having been ordained two years earlier
for mission work at Collingwood. On graduat-
ing he was settled in Knox Church, Guelph,
from which he accepted a call to Cote Street
Church (now Crescent Street), Montreal,
where he was inducted 30th Jan., 1861. In
1868, at the founding of the Presbyterian Col-
lege, Montreal, he was appointed Professor of
Divinity and soon after Principal, and for a
third of a century he had been at the head of
this institution.

On Monday afternoon, 15th Dec., ult., he pre-
sided at a meeting of the French Evan. Com. in
Knox Church, until nearly 5 o'clock, when he
left to give a lecture to his students. He
reached the College a minute or two before 5
and went to his study. The bell rang. The
students gathered. They waited for some
twenty minutes, then sent one of their number
upstairs to make inquiry. At his desk, where
lay open the notes of his lecture, sat the lifeless
form of their beloved teacher. "He was not, for
God took him."

WESTERN CANADA'S URGENT NEED.

The following statement, by our Home Mission Secretary, Rev. Dr. McLaren, gives a comprehensive view of Canada's progress and the necessity for keeping pace in our Home Mission work with the incoming tide of population if the nation is to grow strong and pure :—

The rapid increase of immigration in the last twelve months, the steady progress Westward of the Canadian Northern Railway, 1,500 miles of which have already been constructed, and now the announcement by the Grand Trunk Railway Company of its determination to build another trans-continental line, all summon the members of the Church to keep pace in religious effort with this remarkable development of the country's material resources.

And this is only the beginning. The forces that make for national progress will undoubtedly be largely increased in the immediate future. We are on the eve of stirring times both in New Ontario and in the Northwest. Our national history is going to be written with greater rapidity during the next few years than ever before.

New industries are springing up that give employment to thousands of workmen. In the steel works at Sault Ste. Marie, for example, 1,200 men are working night and day, where 12 months ago there was a swampy wilderness. The total number of the employees of the "Clergue Works" is said to be 6,000.

New discoveries of valuable mineral deposits are being made from time to time, and new stretches of forest wealth are being explored and brought under tribute. At a recent banquet given to members of the British Chamber of Commerce, speaking of our vast resources and their rapid development, the Hon. G. W. Ross stated that Canada had "enough of pulpwood to supply the English manufacturer for a hundred years and then not know that her forests had been touched."

New areas of agricultural land are being rapidly settled by immigrants from distant lands and from the United States. Of late the newspapers on the other side of the line have been giving a good deal of attention to the remarkable exodus that is taking place from the Northwestern States into the Dominion, pointing out that while in their immigrants from Europe they are receiving "the raw material," in their emigrants to Canada they

are supplying us with "the finished product." They estimate that during this year 30,000 American citizens have gone into the Canadian Northwest. A Chicago syndicate is at present negotiating with the Ontario Government for the settlement of 50,000 Americans along the line of the new Temiscamingue Railway.

Hitherto we have been lamenting the slow growth of our Canadian population and speaking despondently of our vast stretches of unoccupied territory. The days of despondency and lamentation are evidently at an end. Henceforth our chief difficulty is likely to be not the procuring of immigrants of any kind, but the exclusion of immigrants of an undesirable kind—not the disposing of our agricultural lands to any who are willing to develop them, but the reservation of a sufficient portion of our national domain to satisfy the land hunger of future generations of our own Canadian people.

The meaning of these significant facts and figures is that we are

ONLY AT THE BEGINNING

of our Home Mission work. The demands upon the liberality and activity of the Church will increase very largely during the next quarter of a century, and these demands must be met if our rapidly developing national life is to be permeated by the influences of religious truth. Wherever a new mining camp springs up we must be ready to stake the whole ground for Christ. Wherever a new district is opened for settlement, we must be on the spot to "pre-empt the whole of it for morality and religion." This is the special work that God is calling His Church in Canada to undertake. To neglect this work is to trifle with our highest interests and jeopardize our whole national future. Here, at least, the path of religious duty is the path of the truest patriotism.

SOME SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS OF WORK.

While the great majority of our mission fields are amongst our own English-speaking people in Quebec, Ontario, the Northwest and British Columbia, we have a considerable number of missionaries labouring among miners and lumbermen as well as among the foreigners of various nationalities who have settled in Manitoba and the Territories.

Work in mining camps has always been regarded as peculiarly difficult. The camps are almost invariably on the frontier of civilization. The usages of older communities have

not had time to be introduced. The refining and restraining influences of home life and of female society are largely if not entirely absent. Some of the lowest characters are usually amongst the first to "strike the trail" for any new diggings, and the richer a camp is believed to be the larger will be the number of the vicious and unprincipled who will make their way to it. Thus it has come to pass that, to a greater or less extent, vice and immorality abound, and the laws of God, if not altogether ignored, are interpreted and applied in a very free and liberal way.

These are the conditions under which thousands of men from the older provinces have found themselves compelled to live as they have searched for gold on the north shore of Lake Superior among the mountain ranges of British Columbia or amid the rigours of the far-famed Klondike. And, as our mineral resources continue to be developed, the number of our sons and brothers who will be found in mining camps must steadily increase. Shall they be left to struggle in that maelstrom of evil without the helping hand, the cheering word, the inspiring presence of the Church's missionary? God forbid! Natural affection and "the love of Christ" must both constrain us to put forth the most strenuous efforts for their salvation from the hardening, degrading, soul-destroying influences that are brought to bear upon them.

Work amongst the lumbermen is carried on to some extent in all the localities where lumber camps are found by the ministers or missionaries in adjacent congregations, but in each of the Presbyteries of Algoma and North Bay there is an ordained missionary who gives his whole time to this work.

The logger of the Pacific coast corresponds to the lumberman of Ontario. The conditions of camp life in the West are very much the same as in the East, the main difference being that in the West logging operations are usually carried on without intermission the year round. Along the shore of the mainland, on the Island of Vancouver and on the smaller islands in the Gulf of Georgia, there are scores of logging camps, in each of which there are from 25 to 200 men. According to the information thus far obtained there is absolutely nothing being done for the religious welfare of this large body of men. The congregation of the Mount Pleasant Church, Vancouver, at the suggestion of the Rev. G. A. Wilson, has decided to establish a Loggers' Mission, in memory of the late Dr.

Robertson, and the Home Mission Executive hopes to hear of a suitable man to initiate this important work in the early spring.

WORK AMONGST FOREIGNERS.

Work amongst our foreign population is of the very highest moment, and must be vigorously prosecuted. This is a work to which we should feel moved by considerations of patriotism as well as of piety, for its performance is vital to the development of the spirit of Canadian unity.

The gravity of the situation that confronts us and the magnitude of the task that is laid upon us become clearer and more real when we know that in a single district in Assiniboia, Yorkton and its neighbourhood, not less than 15 different languages are spoken.

The Doukhobors and Galicians constitute a specially difficult problem. Large numbers of these people have come amongst us. Unfortunately, instead of being settled in small communities that would be speedily permeated by Canadian influences they have been planted down in huge blocks. In the Dauphin district for example there is a colony of nearly 10,000 Galicians.

This policy makes it easy for them to retain their ancient usages and must greatly retard the process of their assimilation. They undoubtedly possess good qualities, but they have no just appreciation of our Canadian institutions nor any true sympathy with our Canadian ideals. They are comparatively unenlightened, distrustful of strangers, and in the case of the Doukhobors at least, as we have lately seen, easily swayed by forceful but fanatical leaders. Thus far the work amongst them has been mainly along two lines.

In the first place we have sought to win their confidence by ministering to their physical needs and thus convincing them that there is such a thing as disinterested benevolence. For two years the Church has employed Dr. Reid to give medical attendance to the Galicians in the Dauphin district, and in September a new Medical Mission was opened in the Pleasant Home district, north of Winnipeg, with Dr. Hunter as the missionary in charge.

In connection with this medical work it ought to be stated for the information of the Church at large that the Atlin Nurses' Committee, which has rendered such valuable assistance in our work in the far north, has been asked by the Home Mission Committee

to enlarge the scope of its charitable efforts, and that the ladies have agreed to undertake hospital work amongst the Doukhobors and Galicians—and specially amongst the women of these people—if the necessary funds are placed at their disposal by the members of the Church. Could not auxiliary committees of ladies be formed at many points to assist in this important Christian enterprise?

In the second place, recognizing the impossibility of accomplishing very much in the case of the adults, we have at least made a beginning in the work of fitting the children for the duties and privileges of Canadian citizenship, by opening day schools at certain points; the teachers in these schools being Christian workers as well as secular instructors.

But in addition to the Doukhobors and Galicians, we are called upon to minister to the religious wants of Finns and Icelanders, Scandinavians and Hungarians, Germans and Bohemians. During the present year three Scandinavian missions have been opened in the Presbytery of Edmonton. Arrangements were made in September for the appointment of another Hungarian missionary to labour in the Calgary Presbytery along the line of the St. Mary's Railway.

Work is also being carried on at different points, by Finn, Icelandic, Czech and German missionaries.

THE MORMON PROBLEM.

There is a large and steadily increasing Mormon settlement in Southern Alberta. These Mormons are an energetic and enterprising class of people, and orderly and sober as well as industrious. They have transformed the face of the country where they have settled, and in the matter of farming have successfully accomplished what was long believed to be impossible. The most of them are extremely tenacious of their religious opinions and manifest a zeal in the propagation of their views that those who are of a different way of thinking would do well to imitate.

But while giving them full credit for all their excellences, we cannot fail to recognize that their presence in our midst constitutes a problem that we are compelled to deal with. Surely we are bound to at least give them the opportunity of hearing the full and simple Gospel as we understand it, to point out the Way of Life to any of them who may lose confidence in their old views and be in danger of

lapsing into practical infidelity and to safeguard our own people who may come under the influence of Mormon teaching.

We have occupied three points in the district settled by the Mormons—Cardston, where the Rev. Gavin Hamilton has been doing faithful work for several years, Mountain View, a student's field a few miles from Cardston, and Raymond, a new town on the St. Mary's Railway, where the Rev. A. R. McIntosh began work some months ago.

THE WORK IN THE YUKON

has been signally successful. The full story of its rich, spiritual results will never be told on earth. But it is very gratifying to know that by their earnest spirit, their practical sagacity, their kindly sympathy with the unfortunate and their self-denying ministrations to the needy and the suffering, our missionaries have secured for the Church and for the cause of religion a place that is unique in the history of mining camps, and for themselves the profound respect and warm affection of men of all religious beliefs and of men who never before had any belief in religion at all.

A FEW FIGURES.

The number of Mission Fields reported to the Committee at the annual meeting in March, was 428. In these fields there are 1,230 points at which services are conducted. The number of families ministered to is 12,986, and the communicants number 14,393. A most encouraging feature of last year's work was the large addition to the membership of the Church that took place throughout the Home Mission Field. The number of new members was 1753—an increase of more than 12 per cent.

These people have shown a commendable liberality themselves. Their contributions for the support of ordinances represent an average of \$6.16 per communicant, while the average contribution throughout the whole Church—including all the large and wealthy congregations in towns and cities—is only \$4.79 per communicant.

Last year 18 Home Mission Fields were raised to the status of augmented charges or became at once self-sustaining congregations, while upwards of 40 new missions were organized. The work is still extending. Since the Committee met in March, a goodly number of new stations have been opened both in New Ontario and in the Northwest, and the estimated expenditure of \$102 000 is likely to be considerably exceeded.

HOME MISSIONS AND CHURCH GROWTH.

We know what the Church has done for Home Mission Work; but do we realize what this work has done for the Church? West of Lake Superior there are 106 self-supporting congregations, 41 augmented charges and 258 mission fields. The number of families connected with these congregations is 17,088, while the communicants number 23,858. Besides expending \$416,000 upon their own congregational work, these people contributed last year \$31,000 to the general work of the Church at large. That is what Home Mission Work has done for the Church; for, with very few exceptions, all the congregations of the West are the product of the fostering care of the Home Mission Committee.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

In addition to the ordinary contributions to the Home Mission Fund, a number of individuals, Sabbath Schools, Young People's Societies and congregations have been contributing, each of them, \$250 a year for the support of a missionary. Some particular field has been assigned to each of these donors, and the missionary is expected to send half yearly such an account of his field and his work as will be calculated to deepen the donor's interest in it. The names of 153 of these special contributors were reported to Assembly.

Might not this number be increased 50 or even 100 per cent.? Are there not 150 persons or congregations who would be willing to become responsible, for a term of three or five years, for the support of Gospel ordinances in some of our newer settlements?

How much that might mean for church and home and country! Vice rebuked and virtue encouraged in 150 places by the presence of the Church, in frontier town or mining camp; young men, away from home, kept in touch with the old home life by the Sabbath services and the missionary's personal influence; higher ideals of public life kept before the notice of many a rapidly growing community, and joy in many an earthly home, as well as "in the presence of the angels" over prodigal sons coming back from the far country!

This is the work that clamours to be undertaken—work for God, work for Canada, work for the Church, work for the home and for its loved ones in difficulty and temptation, work for God and for eternity.

It appeals to us—as well as appeals us—by its magnitude, for the field of enterprise stretches from the rocky coast of Gaspé to the gold-

bearing tributaries of the Yukon. It appeals to us by its intimate bearing upon our country's future. It appeals to us by the achievements of its past, and by the immeasurable possibilities of its future, and by the insistence of its demands for immediate attention.

Will we be found equal to the emergency? Will we have wisdom to know the day of our gracious visitation? The time is big with opportunity, the work is full of promise, and "the King's business requireth haste."

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH, WEST.

As the time is approaching when many congregations and missionary societies distribute the money collected during the year, I have prepared the following table, shewing (1) the amount required this year for each scheme; (2) the average rate per communicant, and (3) the amount each Scheme should receive of every \$100 to be distributed:—

Home Mission..	...	\$102,000	.58	\$33.23
Augmentation...	...	30,000	.17	9.77
For. Mission.....	...	80 900	.46	26.35
French Evan.....	...	35,000	.18	11.40
Knox College.....	...	11,000	.08	3.58
Queen's ".....	...	5,500	.04	1.79
Montreal ".....	...	5,000	.04	1.63
Manitoba ".....	...	2,600	.02	.85
W. and O. Fund....	...	15,000	.09	4.89
A. and I. M.....	...	13,000	.08	4.23
Assembly Fund.....	...	7,000	.05	2.28

The congregations in both Eastern and Western sections of the Church contribute for French Evangelization, Manitoba College and Assembly Fund, the amounts for the other Schemes to be got from the Western section.

Up to the present date, although nearly ten months of the year have elapsed, less than one-third of the amount required has been received. The several Funds are at present largely in debt, and it is hoped that treasurers will, as early as possible, forward contributions. It is also hoped that the allocation of missionary funds will be somewhat in accord with the requirements of the several Schemes as above given.

The books of the Church close promptly on the 28th of February, and only those contributions that reach the Church office, Toronto, before 6 o'clock on the evening of that date will appear in the accounts of the year and in the detailed statement of receipts to be submitted to next Assembly. Will ministers and treasurers please make a note of this.

Toronto, 15th Dec., 1902. ROBT. H. WARDEN.

MEMORIZING SCRIPTURE, ETC.

An Open Letter to Pastors, Superintendents and Parents of the Presbyterian Church.

BY REV. JOHN M'EWEN, TORONTO.

As we enter upon the third year of the memorizing of Scripture selections and the Shorter Catechism, with the sanction of the General Assembly and under the direction of the Assembly's Sabbath School Committee and with the Permanent Record of the candidates who have received the Assembly's Diplomas before us, we beg leave to make a general statement that may encourage all to prosecute this work with still greater energy and perseverance.

THE SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES with its eleven Presbyteries, nine of which have done splendid work. The Presbytery of Prince Edward Island heading the list has enrolled six hundred candidates.

THE SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON with twelve Presbyteries, all of which did some work. The Presbytery of Barrie stands to the front in number, with five hundred and fifty candidates.

THE SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA comes next on the roll of efficiency, with six Presbyteries, and good work has been done in them all. With three hundred and sixty candidates the Presbytery of Quebec heads the list.

THE SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON is next in order in the number of candidates. All the Presbyteries did some work, sending up over three hundred candidates.

THE SYNOD OF MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES with twelve Presbyteries, work done in ten. One hundred and thirty candidates.

THE SYNOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA with eight Presbyteries, two of them being on Foreign Fields, viz., China and India. The candidates from Indore head the list, receiving eighteen diplomas.

In no sense detracting from this encouraging record, it requires to be said that in almost all the Presbyteries, with the exception of Prince Edward Island, the candidates have been largely from a few congregations in each, and mostly from what may be called suburban and rural charges, leaving a large work yet to be done in country congregations; while in the larger congregations and schools of cities and

towns the work has no more than made a beginning compared with its possibilities under proper organization and enthusiastic leadership by pastors, superintendents and teachers, carrying it by influence into the homes; and by this threefold line of united effort there is no limit to the extent and permanency of the work to be accomplished for the Kingdom of God in the making. It is the Kingdom of God in the making that is being grappled with in the memorizing of carefully selected Scripture and our venerable summary of Christian doctrine.

This is the beginning of a return to the God-honoured habit of home and school memorizing large portions of the Word of God, a passage per day or a chapter per week. The secularizing influence of the past fifty years has had much to do with the eviscerating of true, healthy, religious life in the home. The Sabbath School movement has done much to modify what would otherwise have been moral disaster, supplementing what the home was letting slip. The tidal force of the international uniform lessons has not been all advantage, or we have not made it so. Uniformity in Scripture selections, denominational variety in Sabbath School Helps has had in its bosom a compromise, and in this compromise we have come to the painful knowledge that we have been sacrificing the supreme duty, memorizing the vital sections of the Scriptures. We have done so for a whole generation, and we are well on the way in another generation. We have well-nigh forgotten the resolution that animated the company that marched out of captivity into the repossession of their beloved land, "Thy Word have I laid up in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

It is full time for the Church so honoured in this line in the past, not only to call a "halt," but to do so by prosecuting the work so well begun. When the saint gets into his highest mood of grateful recollection, he puts in the self-reminder, "Forget not all His benefits," and the Divine Word is the summary of them all. Let pastors, superintendents and teachers as leaders in this return, by having the Word dwelling in them richly in wisdom and spiritual understanding, wisely influence those who are first in responsibility and authority to co-operate with the Assembly's Committee in this movement to memorize the Scripture selections and the Shorter Catechism. This is the Kingdom of God in the making, "I will be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee."

FRENCH PROTESTANTISM IN CANADA.

BY REV. R. P. DUCLOS, MONTREAL.

You see how vast is my subject. A complete review of French Protestantism in Canada. I wish you to witness its first appearance in the land, to follow it in its development, often interrupted by accidents, lack of care on the part of friends, or by persecutions.

As with every body of men French Protestantism in Canada has a history—not yet written—excepting certain episodes pathetically related by Hawkins, Smith, Parkman and our distinguished fellow-religionist, M. Reveil-laud, to-day representing the Department of La Loire in the Legislative Assembly at Paris. It is still in the shape of chronicles, memoirs, official reports, civil acts in parish registers and articles in newspapers of days gone by—many of which are kept in the archives of the country—more perhaps destroyed.

I regret that time and circumstances have not given me fuller access to those precious sources. I have had to content myself largely with second-hand information, some of which betrays an evident party spirit, as the writers seem to have given only such facts as were likely to please Roman Catholic readers; writers such as Champlain, Charlevoix and several Jesuits, whose mission in Europe was to crush the Reformation, and in New France to destroy every vestige of Protestantism. Mr. Benjamin Sulte is not exempt from the same bias in judgment, as we shall see.

Great stress is generally laid in the press, in R. C. pulpits, in panegyrics delivered on national holidays, to convey the impression that the Roman Catholic French Canadians were the first occupants of the soil; that Lower Canada, being first settled by R. C.'s, is destined and bound to remain Roman Catholic, and that seeking to get free from old national traditions is almost a crime of high treason. And, very cunningly the language spoken by our ancestors, the laws transmitted to us and the religion imposed upon us, are presented as inseparable—as if a French man could be nothing else but a Roman Catholic—as if the abandonment of a religious belief implied the denial of a mother tongue, of national traditions and nationality.

False impressions were thus created by raising the cry, "Our laws, our language and our religion!" Who has ever attempted to deprive us of our laws? Who has ever tried to hinder us from speaking our language? Religion has

no chosen language—the Christian religion is the feeling experienced by any man who fears, loves and worships God as revealed in the Bible, irrespective of laws and languages. The inhabitants of the dark Africa, of the yellow Asia, as well as the white of the civilized world who worship God, all speak the same language of the heart and soul when addressing God in prayer.

In order to prove our thesis we have to go back to the origin of the colony. Jacques Cartier had discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence and left a few settlers whom he had to take back home in his last voyage, so that many years later the forest only re-echoed the war cry of the Indian, the original occupant of the soil.

"Neither the Court nor France," justly remarks M. Sulte, "took notice of Canada. Whenever mention was made of the American Continent, at once the imagination carried them to the Southern colonies—Florida or Brazil—the colonization of Canada was not thought of."

The first attempt at colonizing Canada was that of the Marquis De La Roche, which ended in disaster 1578.

Twenty years passed away. A great man had ascended the throne of France, Henry the IV. His policy was for conciliation. The Edict of Nantes favouring liberty of conscience had been promulgated 1598. But Protestants, not perfectly reassured, looked for some French Colonies where they could enjoy full religious liberty. Like the Puritans, they conceived the idea of crossing the ocean, and settling in Canada.

We find as leader of the party a man of strong Protestant convictions who had served under Henry IV., Pierre Chauvin, from Honfleur, Normandy, Captain of the Royal Navy, who was in favour with the King, who committed unto him the duty of building forts and settling families in Canada. There was no lack of Protestant families who were happy of the opportunity to try the fortune of an establishment in Canada. The expedition anchored in the mouth of the Saguenay at Tadousac.

Jacques Cartier had taken possession of those new lands in the name of the King; Chauvin, as a true Protestant, took possession of it in the name of the Gospel of Christ and religious liberty. Unfortunately, unprovided, unprepared to face the inclemency of a Canadian winter, the whole colony perished from cold and hunger.

The second attempt was made under M. Demonts, a companion of Chauvin. Though he had witnessed and suffered from the hardships with his superior, he made preparations for another attempt—with the royal appointment which made him Lieutenant General of Acadia “pour la faire habiter et cultiver.” He sailed in 1604, with several gentlemen, a priest, a few pastors, and one hundred and twenty artisans. That disproportion in the representation of the clergy leads naturally to suppose that the majority of settlers were Protestant. The greatest liberty of conscience prevailed both at Port Royal, where they first landed, and later on at Quebec.

Champlain relates with evident Roman Catholic inclinations, the discussions on board the ships. The priest, M. Nicholas Aubry, who was lost for seven days in the bush, does not seem to have exercised his ministry, for, eleven years later, it is reported, on the arrival of the Recollet fathers, that there was not a single priest in the colony. On the other hand, pastors, in order to support their families, had to enter private life—working with their hands and exercising their ministry, preaching and dispensing communion after the rites of the Reformed Church.

M. Demonts has been accused of lack of honesty in recruiting his settlers. This accusation coming from Roman Catholics is easily explained from the fact that the Protestant majority did not please Roman Catholics, causing discussions to such an extent that pastors had more than one occasion of complaint of unbecoming treatment on the part of their adversaries, who, strongly supported by the public opinion in the mother country, were soon to give the signal of a struggle between parties.

It is Madame la Marquise de Guercheville who set fire to the powder, in taking measures to send two Jesuit fathers to the colony. Two wealthy traders of Dieppe had chartered a ship to send their goods across the ocean. On learning the intention of the Marquise to send these priests they refused to set sail. She succeeded in raising such a tempest that she got the money, raised the embargo and the ship sailed with the two Jesuits on board—who were, according to the expression of R. C. writers, “to give a new direction.” It is well known what was meant by a new direction in a semi-Protestant colony. It was persecution, apostasy or exile.

While the R. C. party was thus strengthened

by civil authority and inspired by new spiritual directors, Protestants were abandoned. Their pastors, worn out by manual labours and long years of toil, had no successors—the struggle had become unequal. Discouraged in their isolation, Protestants took little interest in the soil, and whilst waiting for the moment they could better themselves, they passed the winters, trading in the city—they were called “les hivernants” which might be translated by “winterers.”

The R. C. clergy felt how precarious were those never satisfied aspirants, and as the future of the Colony depended on the stability of its inhabitants, the only thing to do was to bind them to the soil by interest and love.

The policy was then what it is to-day: to take possession of the soil and to settle thereon their flock. The clergy succeeded. Heads of families settled on farms from which the living of their children was to come. Instead of coming to winter in the city they “habited” their farms—hence the word “habitant.” The “habitant,” who was generally poor, was not always as respected as his better-to-do fellow citizens of the city. But he was lord on his estate—“seigneur chez lui.”

Some practical directions, as well as spiritual, from active and devoted pastors, would have resulted in such developments of wealth as it is difficult to exaggerate. Still they were not dumb, as the Recollet fathers, annoyed by the constant and bold witnessing given to the Gospel, sent a deputation to Paris praying his Majesty Louis XIII. to expel the Protestants from Canada.

One is astonished to find historians justifying such an act—which Mr. Benjamin Sulte calls “an act of vigour and patriotism”—“that they have prayed for the expulsion of Calvinists,” he says, “is a proof of a practical turn of mind.”

Garneau in the first edition of his grand work had a clearer insight when he expresses regret that for the prosperity of the Country the Huguenots had not been tolerated, if not encouraged.

To-day, after two centuries of experience, after having followed them in their exile, one can better estimate the losses incurred by their absence from the Colony.

To the glory of the French crown, Louis XIII. refused to associate his name with such an act of intolerance. That attitude of the crown caused the Protestants of France to think of Canada again. The third expedition

started under the direction of Messieurs De Caëns, uncle and nephew, whom the Duke of Montmorency had appointed superintendents of Quebec.

Their faithfulness as Protestants is sufficient to explain the attitude of R. C. writers toward them :—What these writers try to turn into ridicule is the very thing that Protestants do admire. Is it not interesting and touching, in the absence of pastors, to see two gentlemen calling together their fellow believers, and in prayer-meetings edifying them and exhorting them to faithfulness (during six years 1621-1627)? In the interval, in 1625, Jesuits arrived, and had no rest till De Caëns' charter was revoked.

It is at that time there was born in Canada the first child to Protestant parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Martin, who gave their name to the famous "Plains of Abraham" at Quebec.

Abraham Martin seems to have apostatized, as his youngest son, Charles Martin, was baptized a Roman Catholic, and had for god-father another pervert, Charles DeLatour, son of Claude DeLatour and his heroic wife, both devoted Protestants of immortal memory.

Till then the two parties were of about equal numerical strength—Protestants claiming their rights, Roman Catholics praying for privileges. From that rivalry open hostilities were soon to break out.

There was then near the throne of France a man who was to turn the scale. L. Duplessis, successively an officer in the army, a priest, a preacher of renown, chaplain to Queen Medici, Marshal, Secretary of State, of War, of Foreign Affairs, and, finally, cardinal, known to history as Cardinal Richelieu.

He began his administration by transferring the vice-royalty from the hands of the Duke of Montmorency into his nephew's, the Duke of Vantadour, devoted to the spiritual interest of the R. C. church in the Colony. Huguenots on both sides of the ocean foresaw what that change implied.

Unpopular among his own, the Duke met with some difficulties in organizing his expedition—had to secure the services of Protestant officers and sailors—the result was that in the middle of the ocean two-thirds of the crew and passengers attended and took part in the worship celebrated after reformed rites—though small concessions were made to the prejudices of the Duke—such as to sing on a lower note the Hymns and Psalms on board and in the Colony.

Jesuits were to put an end to those "noisy"

expressions of faith in a language spoken by all. The Rev. Dr. John Campbell, from whom we borrow those details, is under the impression that the Huguenots had then a numerical advantage over their R. C. fellow citizens.

But, in the mother country, Protestantism had undergone painful losses which were severely felt in New France. Sully, Rohan, several peers of France, had been seduced. La Rochelle had fallen. Terror was general. It spread beyond the sea. In that state of things no wonder that some defections took place in the Colony.

The spectacle of that intolerant policy, of those discussions between the Jesuits and Champlain on one side and the DeCaëns and the Huguenots on the other, did not pass unnoticed. The colonies of New England took note of it all. In 1776 they formulated their famous Constitution, the most formidable protest against the invading policy of Romanism that ever was published, while respecting the liberty of conscience.

The charter granted to the DeCaëns had given them a great influence in the colony. Richelieu understood it and had it revoked and transferred to the company of the "hundred associates," with the following conditions attached: That all emigrants be French and Roman Catholic, that the company be responsible for the sustenance of three priests in each settlement. It was the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in Canada fifty-eight years earlier than in France.

These repeated blows raised a feeling of indignation among the Huguenots, created a feeling of revenge and cooled their patriotism. Already, David Kirke, burning with indignation at the injustice received at the hands of his country, had passed over to England and taken service under the Duke of Buckingham.

In 1628 the young DeCaëns, exasperated by so much partiality, also crossed the channel and joined Kirke. Who shall throw the stone at him? It is in this way that France by a policy of intolerance and partiality has lost some of its best, purest and most courageous blood.

Under the direction of the young DeCaëns, Kirke sailed for Canada, Repulsed in 1628 he was happier the following year in 1629, Champlain had to surrender.

The policy of Richelieu had created discontent in the Colony, and especially among the Huguenots, who were watching their opportunity to express it. It burst out in an un-

expected form. The population greeted, with a satisfaction scarcely disguised, the victors, the traditional enemies of France.

No record is made of Abraham Martin on that occasion, but it appears that M. Couillard, head of a notable family, sent for the chaplain of the invading army to have his child baptized. How numerous were the Protestants at the time of that first capitulation we have no means of ascertaining, but Charlevoix gives a list of some most prominent names.

The treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye returned Canada to France.

Thirty years passed. One generation of our Christian believers is abandoned, forgotten. Without school, without pastors, without books, still they survive; they are known as Protestants. In his "Old Regime" Parkman reports that priests were discovered busy proselytising among the Huguenots in the army and among the emigrants.

He tells the story of a Huguenot who, under oath, had protested he would never deny his faith. Getting sick he was taken to the hospital. The superior imagined a new plan of conversion. She reduced into powder a small bone of the Jesuit martyr, Father Breboeuf, mixed the powder in the gruel and made him swallow it. After that the poor Huguenot, wild as he was, became mild as a lamb, abjuring his errors and seeking enlightenment.

The news of so-called conversions were heralded to the King. Wealthy merchants from LaRochelle visiting their "counting-houses" in Quebec were forbidden to have any religious services or to prolong their visits without special permission.

More cruel treatment was awaiting them. A leading merchant named Bernon, favourably spoken of by LaHoutan, was exiled by Governor Denonville at the request of the Bishop, and no opportunity was given him to collect his dues. Louis XIV., wishing a final touch to his work, gave orders to imprison all heretics refusing to abjure.

Notwithstanding those coercive means of conversion there were Protestants still left. In his annals Charlevoix reports that the most distinguished officers in New France were Protestants and Calvinists, and gives a long list of well-known names. But among the less prominent, how many left unnamed. What of the sacrifices, of the tears shed by the fireside, of which the world shall never know, and of those who have worshipped God in silence away from the R. C. altar!

Parkman in his "Frontenac" reports that the Church was not so happy in Acadia; Huguenots of Port Royal entertained friendly relations with the Puritans of New England. The Bishop of Quebec mourns over it and prays His Majesty to put an end to those disorders.

A priest named Trouvé is accused by the Judge DesGontins of having caused the banishment of 19 persons. How many were not recorded or whose records have been carefully destroyed by the dominant party, who indefatigable in their pursuit, left to those unfortunate Huguenots no other alternative but to deny their faith or leave the country.

What happened to those who refused to abjure? Mr. Smith in his history of Canada tells how any one suspected of heresy was cast into prison—never confronted with his accusers. How many crimes in those records which shall never see the light! Was it there that was to end so many attempts to colonize Canada with thoughtful, honest and industrious Protestant settlers?

It was in the year 1759 General Wolff arrived at the foot of the Citadel at Quebec. During those 94 years, since 1665, nearly a century, what had become of the Protestant population? Dark period!—three generations have passed—doubtless without pastors, without any means of edification—scarcely any traditions left of an evangelical service transmitted from father to son—and still there were distant and misty souvenirs.

Notwithstanding the rising tide of Romanism, there were aspirations and wants unsatisfied—that explain, on the arrival of the missionaries, the feeling of thankfulness experienced by several distinguished families, amongst others, MM. Joly de Lotbinière and Colonel Guty, of Swiss and Huguenot descent—and on the shores of the St. Lawrence, of the Richelieu and the Yamaska the political and religious Liberalism of Papineau, Cote, Nelson, Dessaulles, Morin, Blanchet, Bibeau.

But, alas! the century had sufficed to weaken the voice of conscience—Roman Catholicism, which could not altogether obliterate the impressions left on the mind and heart, had weakened characters; quite a few would not kneel before idols, but bowed down before the goddess of public opinion.

As might be expected, after the capitulation, a new flow of emigrants followed the conquerors. In 1774, four hundred are reported, among whom are found quite a number of French, and whose names are given by M. Stuart,

rector of Three Rivers : François Monnier, Jean Martel, Jean Colin, Joseph Mattier, Jean Gustineau, Alexandre Dumas, Henri Monnier, John Biller, Charles Vinet, etc.

The presence of these new settlers strengthening the hands and reviving the courage of the few faithful explains the action of the Church of England in securing the services of French pastors whose labours were expected to draw the attention of Roman Catholics.

Much concerned about the religious interests of those small groups and of the future of the country and wishing to unify the different nationalities then represented, the Government, conjointly with the Church of England, conceived the idea of securing the services of pastors from the Reformed Church of France or Switzerland.

Two responded to the appeal. The first, the Rev. M. Delisle, from Switzerland, was stationed in Montreal, where, according to M. Bennet, there were about one hundred families of English origin and quite a few Protestant families, exclusive of the two regiments who had espoused French Canadian wives. On his arrival M. Delisle reports that Recollets and Jesuits had profited by the absence of all religious services for the Protestants—proselytising among them.

One feature of the time is, that in the absence of places of worship, the Protestants had the use of the Church of the Recollets ; so that after mass, at 10 o'clock, the beating of the drum and pealing of bells would call the faithful to the house of prayer. The first year M. Delisle baptized fifty-eight children and celebrated twenty-two marriages.

At Quebec, chaplains were coming and going, but among the regular pastors of the Church of England we find the Rev. M. DeMontmollin from Neuchatel. He arrived in Quebec in 1768 and exercised his ministry during the troubled time of the American Revolution.

In Quebec, as in Montreal, Protestants accepted the hospitality of the Recollets, worshipping the one after the other in a R. C. edifice.

In securing the services of French pastors, the Government and the Church of England had, no doubt, in view the conciliation of the vanquished by the preaching of the same Gospel and the Christ acknowledged by all. About that time two colporteurs are found selling Bibles in Lower and Upper Canada.

The spirit of God was working. Christians, in the army, behind their counters, as well as colporteurs, were spreading the word of God. In the last years of the 18th century a young Canadian, Louis Anger, in the service of the Great Western Fur Co., received a copy of the New Testament from his employers. A father of a large family, M. Roy, received a Bible from an officer passing along the road. A. Duclos secured one New Testament from a Vermontee. M. Filiatreault bought a copy of the Holy Scriptures from a colporteur. Whilst travelling in the vicinity of the Niagara, M. Rondeau got a Testament from a Mr. Reid, of Ramsay. These cases are doubtless samples of many.

All these holy books, carefully hidden in cupboards, were half forgotten as coals under ashes till some one came and stirred the ashes and coals and started the flames.

The 19th century was ushered in—the spirit of missions began to awake—the British and Foreign Bible Society was organized and began its labours of translating, publishing and spreading the Holy Scriptures. The Presbyterian Church was awakening. The Methodist Church was gathering its membership and preparing for work.

In that great movement Canada was the object of many thoughtful minds. Methodists of England, Reformed of Switzerland, thought of Canada. Presbyterians, Anglicans, Congregationalists in Canada united, animated with the purest, the most disinterested love, moved by the most sacred motives, conceived the idea of evangelizing their fellow citizens. No party spirit, no vain rivalry was there, but the desire to rally people of different origins and languages under the flag of the Gospel in order to form a people united in the faith of Jesus Christ.

What neither immigration nor politics could do, the teaching of the young, the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures, accompanied by the work of the Spirit, were to undertake and accomplish ; to redeem the country from the worship of Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, Notre Dame de Lourdes, from Ste. Anne de Beaupré and transfer it to Christ to whom it was apparently destined. Such is the work to which we are associated.

Associated, I said, for others have taken the initiative. Jean de Putron, under the auspices of the British Wesleyan Conference, gave six years of his life from 1815-21 to this work of regeneration. In 1830 the British and

Foreign Bible Society sent an agent, but no trace of his passage or labours can be found.

In 1834 Mr. and Mrs. Henri Olivier, accompanied two young men sent by the Missionary Society of Lausanne, arrived in Canada on their way to the Sioux. Whilst in Montreal they were arrested by the Macedonian Call. "Stop here" cried the Spirit unto them.

But the inclemency of the country called them back home, not without leaving traces of their short stay: three Canadians were converted to the Saviour of the Gospel; nor without seeing the field taken by worthy successors, Madame Feller and M. Roussy, whose work was to leave such an imprint on history of French Protestantism in Canada.

M. Roussy continued the school begun by M. Dantan, one of M. Olivier's young companions, who, later on, proceeded to the first object of his voyage, the mission to the Sioux. Unsuccessful in his school, M. Roussy came to Montreal to meet Mrs. Feller, not with the intention to begin their labours here, as shortly after we find them in St. John, and finally in 1836 at La Grande Ligne, where their work has been so blessed and crowned with such a harvest.

Two Christian Presbyterian gentlemen Messrs. Haldane, who had created in Geneva and Lausanne such a deep impression and been the indirect cause of a revival, from which sprang a Theological School and a Society of Evangelization, formed in 1835 in Edinburgh, a committee, with a view of giving the new mission moral and financial support.

In 1839, some Christians of Montreal amongst them Rev. Wm. Taylor, Rev. Henry Wilkes, James Court, John Redpath, John Dougall and others, came together, constituted themselves into a Committee and laid the foundation of the French Canadian Missionary Society. Once organized, the Society appealed to their brethren in Glasgow for funds and to Geneva for missionaries.

The first ones that responded to the appeal have this in common with the fishermen of Galilee—they were neither rich nor learned. Mr. Daniel Amaron has often recalled to the minds of French Canadians the amiable and loving John, and Mr. Vessot made them think of Peter by the quickness of his repartee. These two faithful men made a good pair, as they completed one another so well, and, after the apostolic mode, were in the habit of going together knocking at the doors of our farmers offering them the Word of Life.

Others came, Messrs. Chevalier, Prévost, Moret and shortly after Messrs. Tanner, Vernier, Doudiet, Solandt, etc.

With no other influence, no other help but what they received from above, we have seen these men of God, "la sac en bandouillère"—covered with dust—filled with the most sacred ambition, go from range to range—seeking, sometimes late at night, and finding at last a resting-place, speaking of Jesus, repeating the scenes of Jacob's well, of Bethany, of Capernium and of Jericho.

Who shall ever speak the sufferings, the fatigues endured, the hope entertained, and, if they were not easily discouraged, how little it took to cheer them.

Those encouragements so earnestly desired came at last, in the work of our own and other churches. To tell the experiences and the blessings that have accompanied these labours shall be the long expected work of some historian. Perhaps it is better to wait still longer. Objects are seen in their true proportions when observed from a distance.

WINDERMERE.

Rev. Dr. George Bruce writes of Windermere, Ont., where he laboured during August:—"It is on Lake Rousseau about five miles above Port Carling, and is one of the beautiful resting and watering places which abound in Muskoka.

Our beautiful little church is perched on a rock, and, like Zion of old, the people have to "go up" to the house of the Lord. The congregation consists of the energetic farming community, the regular summer visitors and those more transient.

When I went up in August to labour for the month a movement was started towards paying off a debt of \$300, and in the four weeks it was subscribed and most of it paid. Besides this there were comforts and adornments added to the church by generous friends, Rev. Dr. Elmore Harris and others, while Mr. Jordan, of Toronto, promised the RECORD to every family from January. Altogether about \$700 was raised and promised in a short space of four weeks." The many friends of Dr. Bruce will join him and Windermere in hearty thanks to a kind Providence for that month and all that it brought.

"A holy life has a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof."

Our Foreign Missions.

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.

Rev. J. Buchanan, M.D., writing from the Bhil country, tells of a method of work that few missionaries can have, viz., getting the people by the thousand at road-making. The government decided to open several miles of road to help the people in famine, and, for the opportunities it gave him, Dr. Buchanan took charge of it and had Christian helpers of his own choosing to aid. He could thus teach the people Christianity, and shew it to them by a fairness and justice to which they were strangers. He writes :—

“There is a great opportunity for doing work here. With a district of some 15,000 people along the road, most of whom are day by day, for weeks and months at a time brought within the reach of the Gospel message, the opportunity is one of a lifetime. What I saw at Ujjain, and referred to in one of my reports as being an excellent way of bringing the Gospel into practical touch with the masses of India we have had a chance to test pretty fully through nearly eight months of contract work constructing eleven miles of road.

“We have been able the better to test it as we have now had about five years of similar work constructing mission buildings with unskilled labour at Amkhut.

In a school we have a boy or a girl under instruction with perhaps parents opposed and bigotedly ignorant of the message. In the hospital and dispensary while manifesting to the sick patient something of the love and sympathy of the Gospel, we have to contend with the fact that his friends and relatives, softened it may be towards the Gospel messenger, yet are not sufficiently instructed to see that the slanders they have heard about Christians are only slanders, and, accordingly, friends and relatives, in their conscientious endeavours to keep their friend from taking a course that to them is ruin for time and eternity, bring up arguments that our poor grateful patient cannot answer or dismiss.

In such a work as this, however, we have father, mother, son, daughter, uncles and aunts all on the work together, all hear together the Gospel daily and see its righteousness practiced by those who profess Christ's name. The mind is thus convinced of the truth, and accordingly

not distracted by vain questionings and philosophies so called, each one is open to feel the claims of God upon him as a personal soul.

It is then not so much a debate as to religions, but the willingness or otherwise to surrender to God and forsake sin. It is a question not of eating and drinking and washings, but of pardon and peace.

Most of us have felt the great desirability of having our work in schools and hospitals followed up in the homes of our pupils and patients. Here we find an answer. This kind of work brings the Christian and the heathen in contact with one another in a common effort, for the building of the house or the construction of the road, in such a way that a kind of fellow feeling is established between the teacher and the taught, the whole family or village is guided by him in the work, hour by hour, and, in contrast to what they have been accustomed to, the missionary is truthful, honest and always teaching them better plans of work ; hence they are the more ready, being thus not pauperized but helped in this world to trust him as to help for the next.

NOTES FROM KOREA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, MRS. ROBB.

(From some private letters of Mrs. Robb, the RECORD has been kindly permitted the following extracts.)

Wonsan (or Gensan,) Korea, 5th Oct., '02.

Our mission in Korea needs more helpers. The work is opening up and is already past the limits of the present staff. Then at any time may come a great ingathering such as they have at Phyon Yang, etc.

Mr. Robb came back from the meeting of Council in Seoul last night. He came in advance of the others on his bicycle. The roads were very rough, but they were putting up the bridges again after the rains. The rainy season is now past but the crops are poor.

They enjoyed the meeting of Council very much. There were over thirty male missionaries present and a number of their wives and some unmarried women. It was an historic meeting for they organized the Presbyterian Church of Korea. As the different groups of missionaries are not large enough to

form Presbyteries they made Committees of Council wherever there are four men, so our Canadian mission here has been made a "Committee of Council."

They appointed a Committee to confer with the Methodist and other bodies in Korea with a view to having one hymn-book compiled to be used by all and to make other arrangements for harmonious co-working. They also appointed a Committee to see what could be done to provide at least one missionary to visit the different ports in Korea where there are Japanese colonies and work among them.

There are now six Koreans who are enrolled as candidates for the Presbyterian ministry. The Council gave permission to elect an elder in Wonsan. While there Mr. Robb took the oral exam. and passed well.

We had the two sacraments here yesterday and a very enjoyable service. Mr. Grierson, senr., acted as elder at the communion and Mr. Robb baptized John Sprott Foote.

We had a little cholera alarm, but it is now over. In Seoul there were said to be 100 deaths per day while our people were there at the Council. Here we could not find out how much there really was of it, for the people would not tell it if they had a case in the house. The bodies would be carried out of town by night and buried, and that was the end of it.

Oct. 17.

The most important item of news is that we are definitely appointed to Song Chin in the meantime where the Grierasons are settled, and we expect to go up about 5th Nov. It is about 130 miles north of Wonsan (or Gensan) where we now are. There are now seven or eight places in Dr. Grierson's field where there are Christians.

Our missionaries have laid plans for a good winter's work. In the first place three "Union Classes" are to be held, the first in Ham Heung for a fortnight in December, the second in Song Chin, for a fortnight just after the New Year, and the third, in Wonsan, as soon after as possible. Dr. Grierson, Mr. Foote and Mr. McRae will take part in all three classes, and they with Mr. Robb form a Committee to arrange uniform courses of study for the three.

I suppose Miss McCully and Mrs. McRae will both go to Ham Heung for a woman's class and with Dr. McMillan will conduct one also in Wonsan.

These courses of study are uniform for all

the stations and for Bible-women; and other courses uniform with those of the American Pres. Ch. for helpers and men who may develop into evangelists or pastors.

In future Mr. Foote is sole pastor of Wonsan Church, Mr. McRae of Ham Heung, Dr. Grierson of Song Chin with Mr. Robb as associate pastor.

We are having fine weather, temperature 60° to perhaps 68° when the sun is shining. We have not had fire except in kitchen for perhaps a month, but it will soon be necessary.

There is a hair cutting fad on now in the Capital, and it is said that the King has forced some of the officials to have theirs cut, though he still has his own top-knot.

20th Oct.

Yesterday we left the house for church at a quarter to ten and returned at a quarter to three, five hours! We first had Sunday School, then two Koreans preached for an hour each.

I am enjoying my woman's class very much. They have memorized the Ten Commandments and are now learning the beatitudes, and are studying short lessons in Luke. I feel every day that I can say more to them. They all seem very sorry that we are to leave for Song Chin.

31st Oct.

Just a year to-day since we landed in Wonsan, and we are sitting in the midst of piled up boxes and the few unpacked possessions left to us almost ready to leave for Song Chin, about 130 miles north. It is still a matter of uncertainty, as almost everything else is in this country, when the steamer will leave.

Packing is rather a task when you have to make your packing boxes out of part of your furniture. However, it perhaps simplifies matters, for when your sewing machine is packed so is also the bureau, which is the packing case.

All the mission is well. Mr. Grierson, senr., has now decided to leave a little later for Nagasaki. His steamer for Canada does not leave Nagasaki until the 29th Nov.

The cholera seems to be all over now. There were not many cases here in Wonsan so far as we could hear, but among our few Christians one man and two women died. The disease works very quickly. The man who died was working one afternoon at a new building they were putting up for a church, and was buried before twenty-four hours had passed.

THE NEW HEBRIDEAN WOMAN.

BY REV. J. ANNAND, D.D., NEW HEBRIDES.

"As the mother, so the nation." The woman's condition reveals the state of the community in general. Hence, where the weaker sex is down-trodden and abused, there all manner of sin and wretchedness abound. Where women are slaves men are brutes. Woman in the New Hebrides, as in other pagan lands, is literally "for the man." She is his slave. Her comforts are few and her life is a burden. Her condition calls for our sympathy and aid. She blindly bears her burden through life, and hopelessly passes the bourne.

In early girlhood she is an article of trade. Betrothal takes place at from five to fifteen, and sometimes even at an earlier age. From ten to fifteen they are married. They are purchased from their parents and guardians at regular rates, ranging on different islands and parts of islands from one pig to twenty. As a rule credit is not given.

The marriage ceremonies also differ on the several islands, and even on the same island. These ceremonies vary, from the simple passing over of the purchased goods to the new owner, to an elaborate celebration extending over two days and a night. In general, there is feasting among the friends of the bride and groom.

On South Santo we have a marriage ceremony somewhat resembling an eastern form. The bridegroom and many of his friends proceed to the place where the bride resides, there her friends provide a feast for the visitors, social festivities continue there for many hours, until near midnight, when the whole party come to the village or home of the bridegroom, at the outskirts of which they are met by the remaining people of his land and escorted home. Here singing and dancing (or singing only, at the option of the groom) fill up the remaining hours of the night and early morning. The day is then spent in feasting and squaring up accounts.

Every one taking part in the celebration must be paid for his services in mats, food and such other things as are valued. This ceremony takes place but once in the life of one man. If he takes a second or third wife no further marriage ceremony is required.

What, now, are the duties of a wife? Her house on some of the islands is separate from that of her husband, but on the other islands husband and wife occupy but one apartment. The house, being only a grass roof on the

ground, requires, or at least receives, very little attention. Her household furniture is nil, and her bedding a mat. Hence no time is devoted to housekeeping.

However, in cooking she has double duty to perform. Upon her devolves the labour of gathering and carrying home the firewood. She, in many islands, must also cook food for herself and husband in different ovens. She may not taste his food nor he hers. The meal is not elaborately spread. There is neither table nor dishes (except one large wooden one), nor spoons nor forks to wash. Pots and pans are absent.

The wife must also do her share in providing the food. She helps on the plantation in raising yams, taro, bananas and plantains. She seeks shell-fish on the reefs and fruits in the forest. She bears the heavier burden of food and fuel. She paddles her husband's canoe, or at least helps him to do it. She gathers pandanus leaves and makes them into mats and bags. In this she is sometimes assisted by her husband. In short, she is the general servant of the man.

Her dress is generally inexpensive and scanty. It varies considerably on different islands. On the southern end of the group a decent pandanus leaf skirt is worn, extending from the loins to the calf of the leg. On Erromanga it even trails on the ground. In the middle of the group, bark cloth (tappa) was worn in old times, but in later years a calico wrapper takes its place—which decently covers the person. On Anbrim a short skirt is again seen, but extremely short, and being worn by the dozen it gives the wearer a singular appearance resembling a modern ballet-dancer. Malekula dames wear a small mat around the loins, while on Malo and Santo a very few leaves attached to a belt, with a large quantity of beads around the neck and waist constitute the full dress.

In our parish, when a husband dies, the widow becomes the wife of his nearest relative, unless she be an old woman, and then she is left to look out for herself. The aged and infirm get no sympathy and are allowed to drop off as soon as they can. When hopelessly ill nothing is done for them beyond placing some coarse food and water within their reach. Sometimes old people request their friends to bury them before they are dead, to end their miseries.

A more pitiable sight than an old pagan dying in the dirt with no sympathetic eye

upon her and no hope in her breast, is truly hard to find. The aged mother is deserted by both her offspring and her husband—cruelly, even shamefully treated through life, she passes into a hopeless grave. A few pigs are killed at her death that she may not enter the spirit land a pauper. Her remains are wept over in a perfunctory and formal manner, and the curtain closes over the pagan New Hebridean woman.

HOW HEATHEN CHILDREN SUFFER.

LETTER FROM MRS. DR. ANNAND, NEW HEBRIDES,
TO MRS. DR. MOWATT, MONTREAL.

You ask me how many years we have been here on Santo. It is over fifteen years now since we landed here on this island, (it seems to us a much shorter time,) and twenty-nine years since our appointment to the New Hebrides. The time seems to go so fast. Sometimes we wish the days were longer so that we might accomplish more.

As to the number of heathen here yet unconverted I cannot tell you. There are thousands of them who know not the Truth.

You wish me to tell you something about the children. In their heathen state the poor children are far from happy. They are seldom seen playing. The little girls are sold for a pig or two, often to old men, old enough to be their grandfathers instead of their husbands.

When we first came here nearly all the infants were destroyed. I know one woman in Tangoa—the little islet where we live, off Santo—who gave birth to twins. They were both thrown into the sea. It was too much work for her to look after them and do her plantation work.

It is not many months since a bush woman had twin boys. A grave was dug and they were buried alive. The cruel mother heard them crying in the grave and stayed by until their cry became weaker and weaker, and at last ceased.

One of the young women, whom Joseph baptized and who communed with us at Synod time some years ago, took her infant a few weeks old and dashed its head on the ground and then hung its body up in a tree that her husband might see it when he returned home. She did it because she was angry with her husband. She has never had another child.

Still another case of the many we could tell you about:—The mother was getting goats' milk from me for it. One day they did not come for milk, and I was told it had been taken

to an island three miles away and a woman there was nursing it. I kept enquiring about it, and one day a woman said that it was dead.

Poor little mite. They first broke one of its arms, and that did not kill it. Then its ribs were broken, but it did not die, so it was strangled. Surely the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty.

These things, and others as horrible, are still going on among many of the bush tribes.

There is a bush girl living with Mrs. Bowie, our nearest neighbour missionary, who is now thirteen or fourteen years old. Mrs. Bowie noticed that when any of her tribe came down to Tangoa she always sent some little present by them to some one. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bowie had often asked her to whom she was sending her presents but she would never tell. One evening a few weeks ago she was sitting with Mrs. Bowie when she said "Do you wish to know to whom I send those presents"? Mrs. Bowie answered "Why, you will not tell us." "Well," she said "I send them to an old man." "Is he your father" said Mrs. Bowie.

"No, he is no relation, but he saved my life when I was a baby. I was put into a grave, and he took me out and took care of me because I was very light coloured."

She is now a bright happy girl and her husband is a fine lad, a church member, but I am sorry to say that he is far from strong. He is very anxious to come to the Institution in order to fit himself for a teacher and then carry the good tidings to his friends sitting in darkness. We fear that he will never be strong enough to come here to study.

You ask if we eat with the students. No, they have a dining-room where the single lads take their meals. The food is all set out on the tables and they can eat it in the room or take it to their houses. All the married couples take their meals in their own houses. They all dine together on Christmas day. We give them a grand tea at New Year and usually take tea with them on that night.

I must tell you what some bush lads did to one of the new white settlers a week or two ago. They were making thatch for his house. He sat down on some of the leaves and fell asleep. The time came for them to use the leaves that he was sitting on. They did not like to wake him directly by shaking him or shouting, so they made a fire on the weather side of him so that the wind would blow the smoke into his face. This plan proved quite a success.

LETTER FROM DR. MALCOLM.

Aboard house-boat, Grand Canal,
North China, Sept. 1st, '02.

When we arrived at Tientsin, 7th August, we learned that cholera had been very prevalent there, but that the epidemic was then on the wane. It had not been so severe since the Fall of '94, and connecting experiences of that time with the present conditions we found our courage put to the test.

Letters from Honan, and the interior, too, were not reassuring, but they stated that in many of the inland cities and along the course of our route, the grand canal, cholera was spreading with alarming rapidity.

The weather was still very hot for house-boat travel, and if we had cared to go by railway, we could have gotten within four or five days' travel from Chang-te-fu, making the trip two or three weeks shorter than by house-boat, but then five days overland travelling such weather with the children would be a risky proceeding, and we decided that we would be safer on the house-boat.

It happened just as we were about ready to start inland, that we were greatly shocked to hear, through two telegrams, that two British missionaries had been killed. The way the news came to us left scarcely a chance to doubt that two of our beloved co-labourers had been ignominiously murdered, and you may be sure our hearts were in our mouths, and our courage had sunk to a low ebb.

We learned, however, just before sailing, that there had been a mistake, arising as usual from a lack of discrimination or appreciation of sounds in the native language. The trouble had evidently been in Hunan, not Honan.

It has long been recognized that if the Chinese first realize authority, they much more readily appreciate love. This has been verified by the results of the late war. Never have the natives seemed so peaceably inclined to the foreigners, and so ready to listen; and we are looking forward in the near future to the most fruitful epoch in the history of our mission. It seems most significant, that we have not even once heard the term "foreign devil" applied to us since landing on Chinese soil.

Reports from Honan are all to the effect that the people are very peaceable at present, and yet, what do such reports signify, in the light of the fact that up to the time of the murder in Hunan, reports from there seemed

to be of the most encouraging kind. Our ways are in His hands.

We are all very tired of travelling, as we have already been over two months by the way. The children are fretful, and we are longing to get settled in our "Home Sweet Home," for the old familiar saying obtains in China as in any other country. "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

We bargained with our captain, that he should have with him only one woman on the boat, his wife; but we found out after we had started, that there were two brides aboard, and for several days in succession, another and yet another little black-headed "Boxer" would bob up from the dark hole in the rear.

The captain himself has consumption, and, from ominous sounds, we suspect that one of the women, and one at least of the children, are ill. It is obvious too that travellers run considerable risk in this fashion, for they might as easily be ill of cholera or smallpox as of anything else. A captain cannot wait on account of the sickness of his children, and his family must go where he goes.

We have yet about two weeks to be pulled along by six men before we reach Ch'u Wang. From there we have still thirty miles, by cart, to Chang-te-fu. Mr. Goforth and family are going inland with us on another house-boat.

Last night we did not rest well. Mrs. Malcolm used to argue that having the captain's family living in the stern of a boat keeps away lice, cockroaches, bugs, and "Other kindred jumpin' cattle." This trip she is not so sure about that, but however that may be, we were all kept awake last night; partly owing to the incessant coughing of one of the brides, and of the captain, and partly to the squalling of several of the children.

We go to bed with the chickens, or rather with the chicken, as we have at present only one. It perches on the anchor at the bow of the boat. We have adopted this plan, not so much to save kerosene as to prevent any unnecessary collecting of mosquitoes and the myriads of other insects that swarm about a light.

After the others had retired, I made my bed down on the floor, the which I had all to myself, because my wife said she was afraid of rats and mice, and Dorothea said she was afraid of the very large cockroaches, which she calls mice, that frolic about in great numbers on the floor in the evening.

Towards morning, sleepless yet sleepy, I

concluded to get up and shake out my garments and cholera-belt. Yes, I must have been very sleepy, for I found I had let my night garment trail in the river, getting it well soaked.

Cold and wet, I got into bed, and thought I would put on my socks to keep my feet warm, but one of them was soaking wet from a leak in the roof (the boatmen have a habit of flushing down the top of the boat every evening with river water), and, by the way, it must have been a large crack to allow this water to run through, for it is very thick. Indeed in colour and even consistency it is apparently much richer than the ordinary boarding-house pea soup.

Our captain told me to-day, that at one time during the "recent unpleasantness" a wealthy merchant from Tientsin, who although he was not a Christian, yet was not in sympathy with the Boxers, and to escape the foreign soldiers, he decided to come inland with over a hundred of his friends and relatives on three boats. While approaching their own village home near here, they were set upon by the boxers, and all killed.

The local magistrate, I understand, has erected a temple, and an imposing monument to their memory. For a long time afterwards, the captain states, the river water about here stank, and was covered with a thick scum of human oil. He seems to think that the floating by of an occasional corpse, which is almost a daily occurrence, or the frequent passing of the carcasses of animals, is neither here nor there.

We were building on having distilled water for drinking and cooking purposes on this trip, but I find that my new still will not fit the small charcoal stoves we use on the house-boat, so we have to resort to the time-honoured plan of settling the filth to the bottom with a little alum, and then straining the water, after boiling, through cotton wool.

We have tried trolling for fish several times to no avail, as the spoon cannot be seen in this muggy water. Many a time I would enjoy a swim in the river, but the water is so unmentionably dirty, that I have never yet taken a plunge to my knowledge, with one exception, when I accidentally fell in, carrying with me the stove-pipe and the rope that bound it to the boat.

It is impossible to describe in a letter many of the sights we see along the river. We are all feeling sick this afternoon, on account of

what we saw. A human body, whether having died of cholera or not, we do not know, lying partly in the water and partly on the bank; just such a sight as makes one feel like turning right about and leaving this dirty country. It converts hunger and thirst to loathing, and makes one feel as though he could never drink this water again, or eat any food prepared with it.

Imagine the condition of government that would prevent any one from giving information concerning, or rescuing such, without fear of being accused and condemned for implication in murder.

There is always one consolation going up stream that one cannot have going down, and that is the fact that no matter what sights we encounter, we are soon past them, and they cannot contaminate the water above. But after all, that is surely poor encouragement, for the river may be actually in a worse condition farther up.

All these filthy conditions of the country and people only show the greater need of the cleansing power of the Gospel, and of our not turning back, but pressing onward to contribute our small part to the world's evangelization.

Where the pioneers of commercial enterprise can go to open up mines and build railroads, surely the messengers of the Cross can carry the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Christ. Where the armies of a mortal king have ventured, cannot the soldiers of the King Immortal, clad with the whole armour of God, have courage to go with the glad tidings of salvation.

Near Ch'u Wang, Sept. 13th.

We have just been using our mosquito netting for large game. Last night the rats seemed to be holding high carnival, scampering over our heads and bed-clothes, and it was only after we hung up baby's net, and tucked it well under the quilts, that we kept them from crawling on our faces.

I have never known the Chinese to eat rats, as it is commonly supposed they do, otherwise our boat's crew could have rich living. As one big fellow was attempting to crawl up my trousers, hanging on the partition, to get at a box of biscuits we had tried to nail up out of their reach, he got frightened as I lit a match and fell almost on my head.

Speaking of soda biscuits reminds me that we had to pay eighty-three cents for a five

pound tin, and other things are correspondingly dear at the coast. The exceptional prices are no doubt owing to the high duty on all imported goods. Every article the missionary brings in is dutiable, not to speak of the additional inland revenue on our way up the river. In this way the Chinese are paying off the indemnity and getting ahead of the foreigner as usual.

Evening of Sept. 13th.

We have just arrived at Ch'u Wang, and it is with thankful hearts that we record it, for we had a narrow escape with our lives this afternoon. It was just after we had dinner, and all the family except myself, were lying down.

Suddenly we felt a jar, and heard a crash. The yelling and scrambling around of the boatmen told us the rest. The bottom of our boat had been stove in, and we were rapidly sinking.

It was most fortunate that we were quite near to a ferry-boat, for the accident had been caused by running against a submerged ferry-rope post, near the middle of the river.

Mrs. Malcolm and the half-naked children were almost thrown aboard the ferry-boat, where they huddled together in the rain, while the crew, with frantic efforts, tried to save the goods.

It was a most fortunate thing, too, that Mr. Goforth's boat was not far behind us, and we got most of our things put on board his boat, otherwise many of them might have been stolen from the bank, where a large number of people had congregated, and the place has a very bad name.

We dread to think of what might have happened if we had been near a steep bank of the river, or if it had occurred at night time. Truly the Lord takes care of His own. As it is, several of the largest boxes, containing our best things, such as clothing, books, photos, etc., are soaked through and through. To make matters worse, no carts or small boats in sight here for love or money, to take us over to Chang-te-Fu.

Sept. 16th.

Home at last! We arrived by cart at one o'clock this morning, finding all the friends well and glad to see us.

Sept. 19th.

A telegram has just come from Hwai Ch'ing-Fu, stating that our dear Mr. Hood has died of cholera. He was on his way to Hwai Ching

Fu, and arrived there only a few hours before his death, having been ill only twenty-four hours. We are simply overwhelmed with grief.

Would that the church at home would send us more men, so that there might not be the necessity for sending out men alone to these remote, but most urgent fields.

WM. MALCOLM, M.D.

(Address) Chang-Te-Fu, Honan, North China
(Via Peking).

REV. T. C. HOOD'S LAST FAREWELL.

LETTER FROM REV. R. A. MITCHELL.

Wei Hwei, Honan,

3rd Oct., 1902.

Dear Dr. Mackay,

I write you some of the particulars of the sad loss we have sustained in the death of Mr. Hood.

I had written asking him whether, in case Dr. Menzies could not get to this station, Wei Hwei, before the time I planned to leave on furlough, he would consent to break his journey here and act as "locum tenens" for a week or so. He replied that it would necessitate an unpacking of his entire belongings, which he had just prepared to move down to Hwai Ching, the new station. However, he made an appointment with me to visit some outstations and examine candidates for baptism.

We met at Hsün Hsien on the 11th September, visited Hsiao Chai and Hsin Chên, baptizing five men and one woman, and reached Wei Hwei, again at noon on Saturday, the 13th. That day and on Monday we examined candidates and recorded seven as catechumens, rejecting one.

These had all been interested since the opening here in the spring, and I asked them to wait until Mr. Hood was passing through in order to be examined. He gave them a long and thorough examination, and repeatedly expressed the wish that he had under his charge a number of young lads of fifteen to seventeen years like there we recorded.

Monday his freight carts, which Dr. Menzies had started, passed through Wei Hwei, but Mr. Hood was unable to get a cart to go on with them that day. The next day the same difficulty was experienced. There had been rain, and no carters were willing to go to Hwai Ch'ing, because that region is naturally wet and the roads would be very bad.

But Mr. Hood was anxious lest his heavily laden carts arriving at his little house with no foreigner there, there should be trouble. So I sent my card in to the official and asked his aid in getting a cart. One was supplied from the official cart office with a letter calling for relays all the way to Hwai Ch'ing, and Mr. Hood went off about ten o'clock and made 100 li (33 miles) that day.

The next day was raining most of the time, but he pushed on, and though he did not make the stages, he reached a little bit of an inn after dark where he got shelter for the night.

We all felt that he was going to Hwai Ch'ing with the feeling that the work imposed on him was almost more than he could undertake, and that he was dreading the next two or three months alone before Mr. Slimmon arrived from home. The entry in his diary that evening showed that the weather and surroundings combined with this to make him gloomy, but there was still no hint of illness.

Next day was another one through abominable roads, and when night had fallen he found himself still ten li (3 miles) from Hwai Ching with the flooded Tan river to ford—the bridge being swept away. He therefore decided to put up for the night.

You cannot well realize what kind of an inn it would be in a hamlet only ten li from a large city.

That evening he did not write in his diary, but the next morning at 4 o'clock he wrote his last words to his friends. The following is what is in his diary. It is in lead pencil.

"Friday, 19th Sept., 4 a.m. Fear I have cholera. Reached here last eve, and had severe diarrhoea. Since then worse and worse. If it is God's will that I should give over life in this little hovel, then His will be done. I should like for the work's sake to live longer. May some young man better fitted physically for the work than I have been take up the work. May our church never give up till all the heathen about me here have heard the glad sound. Farewell to the F. M. C. Farewell to the dear home church. Farewell to all friends. Farewell to dear father and dear sisters and brothers, each one. Farewell!—we'll meet again—and with us will meet thousands of those who now sit in darkness. God grant it!"

After midnight that night he called up his boy and had him light up the inn fire and prepare him some hot water. He tried to reassure the boy, telling him not to fear, and to tell the innkeeper not to fear, he was not afraid to die.

In the morning they hired men and carried him into Hwai Ch'ing to the place which had been home to him during the time he lived there, arriving at 8 a.m.

Here he had helper Wang with him as well as his boy. During the day he gave them cheering messages, saying "God is not allowing me to stay here to preach, but you can preach. I shall go first to heaven." Again he said "I shall await you in heaven." Again, "I am near the Lord." At his request they several times sang "Jesus loves me," and when they prayed he joined in the "Amen."

During the day he took chlorodyne frequently. He said Dr. Leslie had prepared him some cholera mixture, but it was on his freight carts, which had not arrived.

In the afternoon he suffered a good deal, but from about 5.30 was unconscious until he passed away at 9.30 p.m. His last known word was when about 5.30 he called the gatekeeper to him, and taking his hand said "my brother."

Next morning Mr. Wang telegraphed to Wei Hwei and Chang Te. Immediately on getting the word I sent to the official for a cart, and hurried through, reaching Hwai Ch'ing on Monday morning. Mr. Wang had already excoffined the body.

I got together Mr. Hood's belongings, took an inventory of them in order to have them sent up when the roads were passable, hired mules to carry the coffin to Wei Hwei, and carts for myself, and started back the next day. His freight carts, which he was hurrying to overtake, did not reach Hwai Ch'ing till Sunday afternoon, a day and a half after he had gone home.

I reached Wei Hwei Thursday evening, the 25th. I had expected that there would have been some one down from Chang Te, but there had been some mistake in telegrams and consequent delay. They expected I should take the body up to Chang Te, but the muleteers refused to go on, as their mules were worn out, and they said they could not go beyond where their commission from the magistrate had been.

Mr. Griffith arrived from Chang Te at noon on Friday, and we chose a site in our Wei Hwei property and laid Mr. Hood's body to rest.

I had submitted plans of the Wei Hwie compound to the Building Committee, which provided for a graveyard, but they had not been decided on. Six days before his death Mr. Hood and I had stood on the ground and spoken of a graveyard, but he had not mentioned what he considered the proper spot. Little did we think that so soon his body would rest there.

This year he has had a great deal of travel by cart, which he found very hard, and a waste of time, and he longed for the time when there would be railroads and we could get about more readily. He is now at rest.

What shall I say of our loss! We can ill afford to lose any of our number, and none less than Mr. Hood, I think. Without display, he was a good man, and a constant inspiration to a godly life. His views were broad and his counsels well balanced while progressive. Though not an orator, he would make a good Chinese speaker, and would shortly be an invaluable man in our midst.

We mourn for him as a brother beloved; we grieve for the work, whose workers are already too few, which is deprived of one who was just ready to enter on the full work; but we rejoice that he who has gone was so ripe for the Father's presence. While we regret that he was separated from all his fellow countrymen in death, we long for such a prepared spirit as his.

OUR INDIA MISSION FIELD.

BY REV. WM. WILSON, OF NEEMUCH.

I. GEOGRAPHICAL.

India is a vast triangular peninsula stretching from the Himalaya Mountains 1,900 miles into the sea. Its greatest breadth from east to west is of nearly equal extent. It is larger than the continent of Europe, excluding Russia, and is the home of 294,266,701 people, whose languages, not taking into account European tongues, or those spoken by less than one thousand people, number seventy-eight or more. A considerable number of these languages are spoken by not less than twenty millions each.

India, south of the Himalaya Mountains, by its physical configuration is divided into two parts:—1. The northern river plains. 2. The southern table land. The former is a vast tract, nearly level, gently sloping from the base of the Himalayas to the Ganges valley, and then gradually rising to the top of the Vindhya Mountains,

which on their southern side dip precipitously to the valley of the Nerbada. The latter is the great upland region south of the Vindhya, and separated from them by the Nerbada valley and the Satpura mountains which form the northern buttress for the tableland known as the Deccan, while the Eastern and Western Ghats, meeting at Cape Comorin, support the two sides.

Central India is the name of a political division, consisting of two unequal portions, almost wholly separated by an intervening district of the Central Provinces. It lies to the west of the heart of India, and is for the most part included within the main rivers of the Chambal, the Jumna, the Sone, and the Nerbada.

Malwa is the historic name of a region that comprises the chief part of the western portion of Central India. Its boundaries are, roughly speaking, Rajputana on the north, Bundelkand on the east, the Deccan on the south, and Gujerat on the west.

II. PHYSICAL ASPECTS.

Malwa is an undulating highland, averaging 1,500 feet above the sea, sloping northward from the watershed of the Vindhya to the foot of the Chitore hills. Flat-topped hills rising abruptly from the level plain and low rocky ridges, covered with scrub and stunted trees, break the monotony of the plateau.

It is cut up by numerous water-courses and rivers, which in the rainy season swell to rushing torrents, rendering all fords impassable, but which after the rains shrink to insignificance, or disappear altogether, leaving only winding beds of white sand.

The broad, undulating valleys consist largely of a rich black soil which, with the average rainfall, produces excellent crops. In some areas the soil is light and shallow, especially on the slopes of the belts of hills, but in the depressions between them the disintegrated basalt, known as black cotton soil, is of great depth and fertility, and has a remarkable power of retaining moisture.

The rainfall is confined to a single season, and is ordinarily sufficient for certain crops, such as wheat, barley, grain, etc. Other crops can be raised only by irrigation from numerous wells and from artificial ponds made by damming the waters of catchment areas.

After the rains and during the cool season the aspect of the country is charming. Vast areas of wheat and corn, without fence or hedge, stretch in all directions. In the opium

districts, whole fields become a blaze of colour as the poppies blossom out into white, or purple, or crimson, or scarlet hues.

The landscape is dotted over with large thick foliaged trees standing isolated on the plains, or in clumps and groves where the cattle may find grateful shelter from the scorching sun. The more extensive dark green patches indicate villages, half concealed by the low-spreading banyan trees.

Temples crowned by domes and pinnacles rise above the low mud walls and rows of tiled roofs, beneath which the villagers with their goats and cattle spend their nights. These villages, varying in size from a few dozen huts to a thousand and upwards, are scattered over the land, from one to four or five miles apart. At farther intervals are walled towns, with their large bazars and communities of tradesmen and artisans, where the district officials dwell, or the petty chieftains have their forts and palaces.

Trails.—The roads connecting the villages are usually mere trails following the configuration of the country, shifting from place to place as the changing course of streams or as convenience may determine. In the more jungly districts one is often at a loss to know whether the road leads to a village or to a cornfield. During the rainy season the village roads are, for carts, well-nigh impassable.

Of late years, the native chiefs of the larger states, stimulated by the new order being introduced into India, have begun to build leading roads through their territories. A few main roads constructed by the British government for military purposes run through Malwa, linking its chief towns with the trunk road from Bombay to Agra.

Within the last twenty-five years, railways from Khandwa to Ajmere, and from Anand to Bhopal have crossed the country from south to north and from east to west, opening up its resources and facilitating travel. All our main mission stations, save Dhar and Amkhut, are connected by railway.

III. CLIMATIC FEATURES.

There are three well-marked seasons in the year, the cold, the hot, and the rainy. The cold weather begins in November and continues till about March, when the hot winds begin to blow. The hot period lasts till the rains break in the end of June, or the beginning of July. The rainy season lasts till near the end of October.

The cool season is a charming period of the Indian year. The days are uniformly clear and bright, and at night the stars shine in their eastern brilliancy. The mornings and evenings are often cool enough to make warm wraps a comfort, but at no time can liberty be taken with the mid-day sun by dispensing with the pith helmet.

This is the season when political officers and missionaries tour among the villages. Existence in the open is a delight; each scene is picturesque. The creaking wheels turned by lazy oxen at the wells; troupes of men with bright turbans, and women with red and blue *chadars* scattered over the fields ploughing, weeding, irrigating, or herding cattle; the waving wheat and corn fields; the gorgeous poppy fields; the companies of merry travellers crowded in the slow-moving ox-cart wending their way to a marriage feast, or perchance to a funeral one, in some village near or distant; groups of half-naked *devotees*, or pilgrims to some holy river or sacred shrine, begging as they go; all contribute something of novelty or of interest to those familiar with life in the more prosaic West.

But all too soon, as the year advances, the sun grows hotter and the days grow longer. The ripened crops are gathered in and stacked near the village threshing floor, and the fields are left bare and brown. The hot winds begin, and Europeans are at last driven to seek shelter during the middle of the day within doors, under swinging *punkahs*, or behind the drenched screen of *kuskus* grass in the doorway. The nights in Malwa are relatively cool, and sleep without the *punkah* is possible.

In May the hot winds cease, and the sky becomes flecked with light clouds, which day by day grow thicker and darker, and, usually, towards the end of June, in a wild thunder-storm the monsoon bursts, and the thirsty ground is deluged with rain. The temperature now falls, and fields become green again, and the villager, full of life and hope, begins the operations of another year.

With occasional breaks the rains last till September or October, when with a few thunder showers they cease and the skies grow clear. For some weeks the heat and glare are very trying. The atmosphere, because of the moisture, is oppressive, and by reason of decaying vegetation, is laden with malaria, and fever is rife. Fortunate are they who can get away for a few weeks to the cooler climate and the bracing air of the hills.

World=Wide Work.

THE UNIVERSAL CAUSE.

BY MICHAEL J. F. MCCARTHY.

*"I am a Catholic; I am an Irishman; I have a right to speak."—MICHAEL J. F. MCCARTHY.

The unsatisfactory condition of Roman Catholic Ireland is the universal effect which has occupied my attention ever since I began to think seriously, and which I shall discuss in these pages with a view to demonstrating the universal cause from which it springs.

It is admitted and deplored by all who take a sympathetic interest in Roman Catholic Ireland, whether they be Irishmen like myself, Englishmen, foreigners or Americans, that we, Irish Roman Catholic people, are unable to take advantage of our opportunities and to compete with, or claim an equality with, the other white races of Northern Europe.

The English, the Scotch, the Welsh, the Protestant Irish, the Teutons, the French, the Belgians, the Hungarians, the Dutch, the Danes, the Scandinavians, the Swiss, and even the Finns—many of them small peoples who possess no greater natural advantages than the Irish people in position, in climate or in soil—all can claim a partnership in the work of the world which is being done in North Europe and North America.

The citizens of the smallest of those lands have earned a right to be regarded as equals by the citizens of the largest of those nations. The citizens of the small countries are, in many respects, superior, intellectually and industrially, to the citizens of the larger kingdoms.

How different it is with Roman Catholic Ireland. Our typical Roman Catholic Irishmen, our Gaelic League Irishmen, our United Irish League Irishmen, our priest-educated, priest-led Irishmen are out of it all. If we Roman Catholic Irishmen, three-fourths of the population of Ireland, were settled in mid-Africa or South America, we could not be more completely out of communion with the white races of North Europe than we are.

What, then, is the universal cause which produces this universal effect as to the existence of which there is such a consensus of opinion? Our Nationalist orators, our sacerdotal orators, our newspaper writers are never

tired of dwelling upon it. And I myself, a Roman Catholic Irishman living in the midst of it, have painfully considered, for fifteen years at least, what can be the universal cause which produces this universal effect.

Various causes have been assigned for our national backwardness by our popular public men and by our critics.

IS POLITICS THE CAUSE?

For a long time I sought for the universal cause of our unhappy condition in politics. Is politics the universal cause? Assuredly not. For in every one of those countries I have mentioned, the citizens take a keen interest in the politics of their country, and the political histories of those nations are all redolent of strife, suffering and the copious shedding of blood.

The keenness of politics in Belgium does not prevent the population and the wealth of the country from increasing, nor have the past sufferings of the little country broken its spirit. The Scotchman takes a keen interest in politics, and secures every political reform which he desires. So does the Welshman and even the Manxman. The English and French peoples take an absorbing interest in politics, so do the Germans, the Danes, the Scandinavians, the Swiss and the Dutch.

Every political reform required by those countries is won by the people. They present their case more rationally than we Catholic Irish do when they require a political reform. Their greater business capacity enables them to bring their political movements sooner to a sensible and successful issue. But the peoples of all those countries have been in the past, and still are, prepared to lay down their lives freely for the maintenance of any essential political principle.

The Englishman, loyal though he be to throne and constitution, has not hesitated to execute one king and to expel another from England and exclude his progeny from the throne, to achieve political reforms and ensure civil and religious liberty.

The Englishman has more than once given way, and would again give way, to rioting of the most violent character, in which lives were lost, jails broken open and property of all

kinds destroyed, in the assertion of what the masses believed to be their political rights. And Englishmen, as we see, are still prepared to die in tens of thousands for the protection of those rights. The same, in varying degrees, may be said of all the other countries of Northern Europe.

Therefore I come to the conclusion that our farcical, petty, termagant politics in Roman Catholic Ireland, which are so spiritless and puny compared with the politics of those other countries, cannot be the universal cause which produces the universal effect which is deplored by every one who loves the Catholic Irish.

IS CRIMINALITY THE CAUSE?

I ask myself, is it criminality, a natural proneness to vice and crime in the Irish character which produces this universal effect? I do not believe it is. There is crime in Scotland, crime in England, crime in every one of those northern countries to a greater or less extent. In some of the most prosperous of those lands the criminality is greater than it is amongst ourselves in proportion to the population. In others of them it is less than it is with us. But our criminality, so far as it makes itself amenable to the law and can be tabulated in statistical form, is not above the average criminality of any of these countries.

There is a good deal of criminality prevalent in Ireland—idleness and the vices which spring from idleness—which can never be tabulated and presented in a statistical table, and in respect to such crime Ireland may surpass most of the countries of Northern Europe; but that is only an effect of the universal cause we are seeking for. There is nothing in the accessible criminal statistics of Ireland as compared with Great Britain, as we are so often proudly reminded, which can be construed to our disadvantage. Therefore I come to the conclusion that the actual criminality of Ireland is not the universal cause of Roman Catholic Ireland's miserable condition.

IS STRONG DRINK THE CAUSE?

I next ask myself if it is the excessive indulgence in drink which produces this universal effect, and I cannot say truthfully that it is. Those patriotic people who deplore the backwardness of Roman Catholic Ireland, who make moan about its decreasing population, about the decay of its industries, about the continued loss of character and manliness in the population, all truly and proudly point out that there is more drink per head of the

population, consumed in England, Scotland and Wales than there is in Ireland.

There is intoxicating drink taken in all the other countries of Northern Europe also; Germany, Scandinavia, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium and Northern France. I do not approve of, nor do I condone, the consumption of intoxicating liquor when I state that I believe the consumption of drink per head in Ireland is not above the average of North Europe or North America.

But that fact makes it evident that indulgence in drink cannot be the first cause, the universal cause, producing the universal effect, which we deplore in Catholic Ireland. If it were, then the same lamentable effects would be noticeable in every country where the same amount of drink is consumed.

ARE OUR LAWS THE CAUSE?

Our popular leaders, lay and sacerdotal, inveigh against the iniquity of the law as the root of Irish misery. And in that quarter I next searched for the cause of our degeneracy, but I find that it cannot be traced up to the laws under which Catholic Ireland is governed.

The laws of the United Kingdom are the freest, and, in some respects, the best in the world. They leave more scope for individual initiative than the laws of any other European state. There is toleration for every creed and race under the English flag. There is freedom of opinion and action for every man wherever British law is administered. The British laws are in force in Ireland, and the same laws prevail in prosperous Protestant Ireland as in degenerate Catholic Ireland, without an iota of difference.

Nay, more, the laws in force to-day in Catholic Ireland are the same laws which are in force in Middlesex, Glamorganshire, Lancashire and Lanarkshire. If a combination of Londoners, or of Protestant Irishmen in Antrim, were to proceed to put the "plan of campaign" into operation for preventing the exercise of his legal right by a common creditor, the laws would be enforced against them, and, in all essentials, they would be put to trial and punished just as are the tenants on the De Freyne estate.

We deceive ourselves in Catholic Ireland when we think that it is otherwise. The English, Scotch, Welsh and Protestant Irish farmers have to pay rent as well as the Irish Catholic farmer. They have to give up their farms to the landlord whenever they cease to pay,

and it is an everyday occurrence in England to find a farmer relinquishing a farm because he cannot work it profitably. And there has been no beneficial legislation for English or Scotch farmers similar to the enactments passed since 1870 for the Irish tenant farmer.

The perfect and extraordinary freedom enjoyed under British law cannot receive a better exemplification than the flourishing condition of the Roman Catholic religious orders in Ireland. Those orders, legally speaking, have no right to citizenship or even existence in the United Kingdom; but, notwithstanding, they are allowed to accumulate money openly, and even receive large grants from the public treasury. There is not a law in force in Ireland to prevent the Roman Catholic Irish citizen from doing everything which is being done by the English, Scotch, Welsh and Protestant Irish citizens of the United Kingdom.

If representation in Parliament be considered a blessing, then the Irish citizen is better represented in the House of Commons, so far as numbers are concerned, than the English or Scotch citizen. Although the population of Ireland is only between one-ninth and one-tenth of that of the United Kingdom, Ireland returns nearly one sixth of the representatives in the House of Commons. Scotland, with a population of 4,472,000, has only 72 members of Parliament, while Ireland, though its population is only 4,456,546, possesses 103 members. Therefore we cannot justly ascribe the lamentable condition of Catholic Ireland to the injustice of our laws.

IS IT PRIESTLY CONTROL OF SECULAR AFFAIRS.

I next seriously fixed my thoughts upon religion and its interference with secular affairs. I observe that in all those countries where a high degree of prosperity exists, where manliness of character is predominant, whether in North Europe or North America, there is one universal cause wanting, which is present with us in Catholic Ireland, and that is Priestcraft. I do not use the term offensively, but I mean by it the interference and domination of the priest in the social and secular concerns of the people by virtue of his profession.

Priestcraft is not rife in any of those countries. And where the religion professed in some of those countries is the Roman Catholic religion, I find that the priest has been deprived of all secular power, both in education and politics. The present trend of events in Roman Catholic France is notorious; in Paris

chapels and convents are "to let"; commissions in the army are, by War Office regulation, given to students educated at secular schools in preference to those educated at clerical schools.

It appears to me, then, that the Priest in Power is a universal cause omnipresent in Roman Catholic Ireland, but which is wanting in all those other prosperous countries. All the other causes to which our wretchedness is at various times ascribed, Drink, Crime, Politics, and so forth, are present in those prosperous countries, but Priestcraft is notable by its absence. In Catholic Ireland those who read this book will find that Priestcraft is omnipresent, all-pervading, all-dominating.

I am forced to the conclusion, then, that it is folly for us, Roman Catholic Irishmen to deceive ourselves by attributing Catholic Ireland's degeneracy to causes which are but secondary and are found not incompatible with progress and prosperity elsewhere. It is sacerdotal interference and domination in Catholic Ireland, beginning in the infant school, and ending with the legacy for masses after death, that will be found to be the true and universal cause of that universal degeneracy upon which we so commiserate ourselves.

The potency of the priest implies a radical weakness in the national character, but it is the priest's interest to perpetuate that weakness and to foster it until it becomes a national imbecility. The weakness in our national character could be rectified, a fact which is proved by the success of Catholic Irishmen in good company in other lands, but its rectification is prevented by all the concentrated energies of the Priest in Power.

The exceptionally evil consequences which, for Irishmen, flow from addiction to drink, addiction to crime, and addiction to politics, are all traceable to that intellectual weakness and want of moral strength in our character which are perpetuated by our subjection and addiction to priest.

If Roman Catholic Ireland were to give up addiction to drink and become a nation of teetotallers—a state of things which does not exist in any of the countries mentioned, and which, therefore, it would be impractical to hope ever to see established in Ireland; if we were to give up our addiction to crime, and if Catholic Ireland were to become a completely crimeless country, so far as legal criminality is concerned—a state of things which does not exist in any other country; if we were to give

up our addiction to politics and become a completely non political country—an equally unprecedented state of things; if Roman Catholic Ireland had the sustained moral strength to do any one of those wonderful things, the country would thereby become emancipated from the sway of the priests and immediately begin to advance.

But none of those heroic things can be done. They have not been done in other countries, even in the greatest of them. It is absurd, therefore, to ask us to rise at once to such heights of moral heroism.

The one practical thing which all those other countries have done, and which we may do, is what we are never invited to do, and that is, to give up our subjection to our priests in social and secular affairs. That is what the citizens, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, of all those other countries have done. But that is what Roman Catholic Ireland has not yet done.

As soon as we achieve our mental freedom, once we assert our independence of the priest in social and secular affairs, then we, Roman Catholic Irish, shall stand on a footing of equality with Protestant Ireland and with the rest of North Europe and North America.

When we Roman Catholic Irishmen have won a share in all the administrative, social, religious, educational, charitable and Church work connected with Christianity in our own country, then we shall have started on the road which has led to success for all other countries who have travelled it, and we shall have removed the universal cause which has produced our national degeneracy.

It is the adult man who has to wrestle with Drink, Crime and Politics—but it is the infant who is overwhelmed by mental subservience to the priest. When the character of the growing youth is softened and vitiated, he falls an easy prey to drink, crime and other ills when he becomes an adult. And our common country, the aggregation of those adults becomes the wreck that we deplore.

We cannot improve our nation while we allow our youth to be brought up in weakness and mystification. Enervated and perplexed in their youth, under the influence of dominant sacerdotalism, our adult men have been trying for generations to cure by legislation—or agitation for legislation—the evil and inherent consequences of their breeding; but our careworn, agitating adults, in their turn, hand their children over to the priests to be

brought up in similar mystification and misguidance!

Our Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is, fiscally, a voluntary Church; yet we, the laity, are but sticks and stones in its constitution. We are not living members. We accept, with dumb discontent, an arrangement which excludes us from all voice in its executive business. We have allowed the education of our children to become a branch of theological administration. Nay, there is some ground for apprehending that our Government, deceived by our silence, may create a new statutory university, endowed with public money in which the status of our priests, as infallible dictators in secular education, may receive legal recognition.

That is the problem of problems in Ireland to-day. But, before grappling with it, let us move about through the country, north, south, east and west, and endeavour to realize the relations subsisting between the priests and the people.

THE SHAN REBELLION IN NORTH SIAM.

BY REV. J. S. THOMAS, MISSIONARY OF THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MONTREAL.

The Shans include several tribes of Northern Burmah, bordering on the north and north-west of Siam. During recent years many thousands of them have immigrated into Siam. As most of these immigrants are merchants and traders, they have settled in chief cities of the provinces of Chiang Mai, Lampoon, Lakon, Pre and Nan. As traders, many of them move about from province to province.

During the present year rumours of Shan uprisings in different provinces have spread at different times, but they proved to be only police raids of the gangs of robbers which infest the country. On at least two of these occasions the robbers (who are invariably Shans) have raided the Siamese treasury and taken considerable sums of money.

During the months of June and July, 1902, the Siamese Commissioner of Lakon sent some soldier police to quiet some supposed robberies in Mooang Long, a division of Lakon province. On July 22 the Commissioner sent about eighty of these soldiers to Ban Baw Kao, to seize some robbers among the Shans there. On July 23 the police found the Shans ready to receive them and opened fire which was returned by the Shans, and resulted in the flight of the soldiers.

Two days later, 25th July, these Ban Baw Kao Shans invaded Pre. About five o'clock that morning the city of Pre was aroused from its quiet slumbers by a fierce attack on the barracks—containing, perhaps, about 25 soldiers—all unarmed and asleep. The attack was made by about 150 Shans armed with swords and guns, and was so sudden and unexpected that about one-third of the soldiers were either killed or terribly cut up before they could escape. The captain was killed. His wife fired a revolver at the Shans, for which she was killed with her babe—cut to pieces. The Shans at once seized all the goods and ammunition at the barracks, thus gaining in all about 80 good rifles with about 2,000 pounds of ammunition.

They then proceeded to the post and telegraph offices. The weekly mail had been received late the preceding evening and was yet untouched. The Shans tore open the mail bags, scattered the mail and smashed all telegraph and telephone apparatus, throwing everything out of doors.

They next went to the Commissioner's house, from which they took everything, the inmates having escaped.

They then went to the jail, removed the chains from prisoners and set them all free, dressing many of them in the Commissioner's clothes. These prisoners afterwards helped in removing the spoils and in committing dreadful murders.

Right across the street was the large, new Court house just completed, where all the government business was transacted. They took possession, broke open the safes, papers were thrown out and the money was guarded. There were about 40,000 rupees and 1,000 tical.

They now felt that they had possession of the city, and stopped for breakfast, going first however to the distillery and filling themselves with whiskey, giving to everybody all they wanted to drink and carry away, then smashing the great stone jars which contained the whiskey, about 50 barrels. This was the one good job of the day, for had they saved the liquors the havoc which would have followed would have been terrible.

The Shans now decided to organize, so committees were sent out to call in all the Pre Shans, with instructions that if any should refuse to respond, off must go their heads. The headman was then obliged to issue orders calling in all the Shans of the Province.

This done, they appointed one of the Pre

Shans as chief, and the leaders proceeded to the Governor's palace. Though nominally governor, his office had been shorn of all power by the central government at Bangkok. The Shans proposed to restore him to his former power and glory, to break up forever the Siamese authority and to kill every Siamese official who did not escape. They then asked him if he would swear allegiance to them and join in carrying out their schemes. It was a matter of necessity rather than choice, and the old man yielded.

And now all the Princes, Chinese, Shans, Burmese, etc., were all called to the Court House and were required to drink the water of allegiance, pledging themselves to support one another in keeping out the Siamese from the land.

Orders were next issued to hunt the Siamese people and kill them. At first no distinction was made, and men, women and children were alike murdered. To make these dreadful orders still more awful, a reward of 300 rupees was offered for every Siamese killed. Bands of Shans and Laos people were at once formed, and city, villages, houses and woods were scoured in the hunt for Siamese, all being maddened by the thought of 300 rupees a head. The absolutely lawless mob were in possession for a few days.

One Shan went to the market and asked a Chinaman for a piece of meat for his breakfast, and on being refused, the Chinaman was at once shot. Another Shan asked a Chinaman to change a rupee—the Chinaman was a little deaf and did not understand the request, and he was fearfully cut for his refusal—his ear cut off, his cheek and jaw cut through the bone and three other cuts on shoulder and arm.

During that first day the Shans gave notice that the Princes, Europeans and Laos people were to be unmolested; but such notice was only the spoken word of a lawless mob. Thus closed that first awful day, the 25th of July. And the night was yet more awful because of the intense anxiety of one hundred thousand souls. There was no sleep that night.

Early Saturday morning all were astir. Outwardly in the city everybody seemed quiet, but dreadful work had been done, and during the day reports came in of this and that Siamese having been captured and cut to pieces, thus spreading terror throughout the entire province. One poor Siamese was just caught outside our mission compound and led away to be hacked to pieces.

On Sunday the massacre of the Siamese continued unabated. The little band of Christians, of whom there are about 100 in the Province, thoroughly frightened, gathered together in our little chapel that day. At present Mrs. Thomas and I are the only missionaries in Pre.

Some of the bravest of the Christians had not been idle. They, too, had been hunting Siamese women and children to save them. On Friday night they had taken some of them out into the jungle and had given them food on Saturday. On that day they several times had Shans ask them what they were doing and they replied that they were hunting the Siamese.

On Saturday these Christians came to me and said they could not keep the women and children any longer in hiding, as the Shans were close on their tracks and they asked if they could bring some of them on the mission compound. Having at that time about 50 Christians on the place and fearing a general massacre and raid on the mission property if the Siamese were discovered with us the request was most reluctantly declined, and it was suggested that they be taken still farther out in the jungle as safer for them and for all.

Imagine my surprise on Sunday morning to learn that there were three Siamese women and three Siamese little babes under our house in full view of everybody, and the Christians were standing about looking at them. One of the women was a wife of the second or assistant Commissioner with her nursing babe. Of course, they could not be turned out to certain death, so they were put in one of the little outwards and cared for.

That day the Christians had sad meetings—it was an all-day's prayer meeting, that God would soften the hearts of the Shans and deliver us from that terror.

On Monday morning a Shan came and said that they had decided, upon the Governor's request, that the women and children should not be harmed. When this good news was confirmed the women and children were sent to the city and put in care of the Laos princes.

On this day the second Commissioner and the two officers were led with their hands tied behind them, just outside the city walls within 200 yards of our mission compound, where their heads were severed, and their bodies literally cut to pieces, and in less than an hour from that time more than 50 vultures were devouring the bodies. Thus were all the bodies disposed of.

The first warning we had received of the attack on the city was by a soldier running into the hospital literally covered with blood and his right hip laid open by a fierce sword cut to the extent of a foot, laying bare the bone, the wound gaping open about six inches. While he was being dressed, another and another, till 4 of these poor fellows appeared with frightful gashes all over their bodies. It was expected every moment that the Shans would appear to claim their victims and thus involve the mission, because of the help given to the wounded. But after the decision of Sunday to save the women and children there was less danger.

During the next two or three days more Siamese were being killed, and the Shans began to show more boldness toward the foreigners, so that on Tuesday, July 29, all the white foreigners moved their money and themselves into the Bombay Burmah Company's compound, as this was deemed the safest place.

On Wednesday, July 30th, a conference was held; the Shan leaders freely told of their grievances; among them were the following:—

1. The Siamese Government refused them timber to build temples.

2. The Siamese refused to grant passports, and subjected the Shans to imprisonment for travelling without passports.

3. The taxes were exorbitant and increasing. For instance, no-one could kill a pig or a beef without paying from one sixth to one fourth its value as a privilege tax.

4. It was becoming more and more impracticable for the Shans to procure homes and rice fields or any property.

Other oppressions were mentioned, and the present regime was compared with the old order of things very much against the present system. The conference resulted in the foreigners present drafting a letter to the British Consul at Nan, in the Laos language, briefly setting forth the condition of affairs and asking the Consul to come down. The Shans agreed to abide by his decision. The letter was taken by two Shans to Nan on Thursday morning.

Up to this time there had been six white men and one white woman in Pre. On Thursday, July 31st, two more came from Lakon. They reported the condition of things there as hopeful. The authorities had heard of the disasters at Pre and were fortifying themselves. The foreigners had also gathered into one place and were likewise fortifying themselves. They thought Lakon was safe.

When the Shans heard that the city of

Lakon had not been attacked they determined to attack it. The danger in Pre was increasing, and it was deemed best to send Mrs. Thomas to Lakon by elephant.

This created another alarm among the natives, which started with the Christians, many of them declared that they would go too. This would lead to a general exodus, which the Shans would not permit, as they were depending on the Laos people to help in case of attack by the Siamese.

This alarm was quieted and Mrs. Thomas started for Lakon early Friday morning with one of the gentlemen who had arrived the day before. About 11 a.m. the Shan leaders notified the foreigners that 208 Shans would start for Lakon at noon that day to make an attack. Mrs. Thomas would be overtaken before night. An appeal was made to them for her protection, which was promised. This was Friday, August 1st.

By this time all Siamese in Pre were either killed or had escaped. 150 Shans were at the mountain pass at the South through which the Siamese must come to the rescue; 208 Shans were on their way to Lakon to attack it; and about 100 were left in Pre to hold the place.

Thus matters were held in awful suspense till Tuesday, Aug. 5th, when the British Consul arrived from Nan.

The next morning a conference was held at the Court house, which resulted in the Consul despatching messengers to the Siamese and Shan forces at the mountain, asking for an armistice, and sending messengers to Lakon in the hope of reaching the British Consul of Chiang Mai there.

All day Thursday all sorts of rumours were flying fast. But the Shans began to arrive from Lakon, and they reported that a skirmish had occurred there on Sunday afternoon. It seemed to be an attempt to enter the city from the east. This attack was easily repulsed.

On Aug. 9th, news was received from Lakon that Mrs. Thomas had arrived on Aug. 3rd, the day before the attack. All the Siamese had fled and after the attack and repulse, the Governor and all the soldiers had fled from the city, thus leaving Lakon on the 5th and 6th of Aug. in the hands of the Laos rabble who gave themselves over to rapine. On Aug. 7th the Governor returned and peace and order were restored, although everybody was in terror of the Shans returning.

But the poor Shans were in equal terror of being followed by the soldiers, and they had fled precipitately to Pre. So we had the amusing spectacle of the authorities and soldiers of Lakon running for their lives to the

west to get away from the Shans and the Shans in equal fright fleeing to the east to get away from the soldiers.

You will remember it was stated above that the Shans gave all the prisoners in the jail at Pre their liberty, and they at once began to help in the plundering and in the murder of the Siamese. The Lakon authorities determined that this should not be repeated there, and the prisoners were all deliberately shot within the jail enclosure.

The friends in Lakon advised an immediate withdrawal of the foreigners from Pre, evidently fearing a general uprising of the Laos with the Shans. This seemed to us unnecessary, as the British Consul, Mr. Lyle, by his ceaseless activity, his fearless boldness and his wise counsel was getting it well in hand.

The Lakon authorities, following the bad example of the Shans at Pre, offered a reward of 300 rupees for every Shan. The Laos people in Lakon seem ready to a man to join the rebels, if they should be successful, and the Laos people at Chiang Mai are kept at work on the fortifications there by the lash and the pistol. Hence fear and dread in those cities.

On Aug. 10th, the Consul with two or three Shans as escorts went to the villages and advised the Shans to retire before the Siamese troops should arrive. They asked him to help keep the country in Laos or in British hands, and he frankly told them it was impossible.

The British Consul has announced that the mail will leave as usual on Aug. 15th. On that day the Siamese soldiers will probably enter the city—just three weeks from the attack on the same. Thus will come to an end, we all hope, the Shan Rebellion, and affairs will thenceforth be settled by diplomacy.

There can be no doubt that the underlying cause of the whole trouble is political. The Siamese government is shewing less and less favour toward all foreigners, and, so far as the northern provinces are concerned, the Siamese authorities have been drawing the reins tighter and more tight, till at present the entire Laos land is in sympathy with the uprising, and will regret its failure.

Let us hope that the Siamese Government will have learned a wholesome lesson, and that out of this turmoil there will arise a better government, and that they will treat the people not as cattle and slaves, but as human beings—children it may be, but thoroughly capable of developing, under proper care and training, into men and women. Should such prove to be the result, this rebellion will not have been in vain.

In the "Away from Rome" movement, in Austria, the following figures tell their own story: Within the last year, the Church of Rome has poured into the Lutheran Church a stream of 4,274 converts and into the Reformed Church 452. This gain is offset by a Lutheran loss to Romanism of 433 and a Reformed loss of 272. During the past two years more than 10,000 Romanists have flocked to the banners of Protestantism, and the end is not yet. Thus far the Romish Church in Austria is weaker by about 20,000 members than it was and the Protestant Church (mainly Lutheran) is that much stronger.—*The Lutheran*.

"The Eskimos now have their own translation of the Bible, which the Bible Society of Denmark has the honour of publishing. It took one hundred and fifty years to complete the task. The Norwegian pastor, Hans Egede, who went as a missionary to Greenland in 1721, began the work, and his son, Paul, finished the translation of several books. Danish and Moravian missionaries during the last century added book after book, until now the 10,000 Eskimos, who are all nominally connected with the Danish State Church have the entire Bible in their own tongue."

In China a man is required to mourn three years for the death of his father, 100 days for the death of his mother and not at all for the death of his wife. Indeed a Chinaman would feel disgraced if he showed any sorrow on account of the death of his wife. This tells its own story of life in a heathen country with a civilization thousands of years old.—"Reformed Church Record."

"The remarkable reconstruction of missionary work in China is evidenced by the fact that the issues of the British and Foreign Bible Society in that Empire during the first six months of 1902 have been 570,179 copies of Scripture, being 358,788 in excess of the figures for the same period in 1901. No fewer than 150,000 copies went out in the first eight days of this year."

"North Africa has one Protestant missionary to 125,000 Moslems, the Sahara one to 2,500,000, the Soudan one to 45,000,000, West Africa one to 30,000, and Central Africa one to 14,000 heathen."

"A notorious gambling place in Europe has a special cemetery for gambling victims who commit suicide. Since 1860 over two thousand graves have been dug there."

"French Protestantism is gaining. From 1835-1900 churches have increased from 10 to 105. These sent forty missionaries to Madagascar."

OTHER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES.

Rev. Dr. Stalker was inducted as professor in the U. F. College, Aberdeen, at the recent opening of the present Session.

Princeton Theological Seminary, New Jersey, comes into a legacy estimated at a million and a half. It is probably to-day the richest theological seminary in the U.S.A.

The College of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, known as "The Assembly's College, Belfast," has lost two of its faculty, Dr. Killen and Prof. Robinson, during the past year. Dr. Samuel Law Wilson was inducted at the re-opening, Nov., ult., as the new professor of Sacred Rhetoric.

Some idea of the work done by the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. (North), among the negroes of the South may be gathered from the fact that the "Freedman's Board" has under its care 420 ministers and missionaries and 353 churches. The S. Schools have 21,000 in attendance, and the schools and colleges 10,000 pupils.

The Presbyterian Church of Ireland has 622 ministers, 51 retired ministers, 40 assistant ministers, 573 congregations, 106,070 communicants and 1,082 Sabbath Schools, with 100,392 children on the rolls. Church property amounts to over £2,500,000. Income for 1900 was £211,410. Since 1891 census the Church has experienced an increase of 2,571 families. It is an interesting fact that of the Presbyteries in the South and West—the Roman Catholic districts—all five have increased the number of their members and adherents in the past ten years.

Presbyterianism is progressing steadily in England. Seven new churches have been opened at Birkenhead, Cricklewood, Felixstowe, Wharton, where the old church dated from 1723; Manchester, Newcastle, and Whitley Bay. Three other churches are in building at Manchester, South Croydon, and Sunderland, while twelve entirely new projects are on foot.

Then attending its congregational and mission Sunday schools are 80,933 scholars, who are receiving instruction from 7,522 teachers. The property belonging to the church is now valued at £1,781,032; and the average membership of the congregations has risen, in twenty years, from 198 to 232; total membership, 70,689.

The strength of Presbyterianism in the extreme north of England may be inferred from the circumstance that there are 70 Presbyterian congregations in Northumberland, outside the Newcastle area.

Pulpit and Pew.

SOUTH AFRICA VS. THE TRUTH.

*BY REV. ANDERSON ROGERS, NEW GLASGOW, N.S.

Recently the Superintendent-General of Education of Cape Colony delivered an address in which reference was made to the necessity of loyalty, especially in regard to truth. His language was more plain than palatable. "It was deeply painful," he remarked, "to see that the want of loyalty in one direction (viz., to truth) was a canker that was eating into the life of the people."

The address stirred up a great commotion. Warriors of the quill instantly betook themselves to their weapons. Some furiously resented the charge as if it were a thrust at the Dutch; others defended the position of the Superintendent and maintained that the evil is deeply rooted among English and Dutch alike.

Any one not a pessimist would prefer to take a brighter view of the moral condition of the colony. But the discussion has created the painful impression upon onlookers that the Superintendent was dealing with a real not fancied menace to the progress of the people.

The discussion also recalled what various authors have written concerning the untruthfulness everywhere abounding in South Africa. Mr. Winston Churchill has described the country as "a land of lies." Other writers draw the same dark picture. Hobson, in his "War in South" Africa, uses the following language: "There are liars and credulous folk in every land, but for minute detailed mendacity and the wanton acceptance of the same, South Africa stands pre-eminent." If this be an exaggeration others have been similarly impressed.

Iwan Müller, in his life of Lord Milner, states that the moral atmosphere of South Africa is that of perpetual and even meaningless falsehood. "In the Cape Legislature, as far as one could gather from any outward manifestation, no disgrace of any kind attached to the utterance of the most wilful falsehood. More often than not a lie of the most flagrant character passed unchallenged."

Letters to the city press state that these charges are well founded, and that many peo-

ple of all classes not only have a lack of loyalty to the truth, but seem to be devoid of any appreciation whatever of its value. "It permeates the political, social and domestic life of the people as though the god of this world had blinded their eyes."

The pulpit also has pressed the sin home upon the people in the plainest terms. In a sermon by a preacher born in South Africa, the question of honour among boys was dwelt upon. As an Africander he did not wish to join in any cry against his country. Yet he declared that one cannot trust the children in South Africa to tell the truth, if it suits their purpose to tell a falsehood, and cited the case of a class of forty-one boys, every one of whom told him a falsehood. He added that he had questioned a school inspector, who replied he had made a study of the matter, and found that the children generally in South Africa had no high sense of honour or of loyalty to truth.

Much more might be adduced to the same purpose, but enough has been stated to show that stretching far beyond all questions of flag and race and language is the fundamental one of a corrupted moral sense. Sin in any form is a menace to the well-being of a country, but in many of its forms its features are repulsive and awaken moral revulsion. But falsehood is like an angel of light promising to its votaries all gain, all greatness, all glory, with the Eden experience over again. It is easily committed, leaves little outward evidence, but when the habit is formed it seems that the whole character is caught in the meshes of the evil, and damaged.

Some seek to trace the untruthfulness of the young to their mingling with nurses and others of the lower races having little or no conception of the importance of truth. No doubt this is one of the sources of the evil. What a tremendous problem the Christianization of Africa presents. Zulus, Kaffirs, Fingoes and Hottentots go to the towns to earn money. When they have accumulated £50 or so, they convert it into gold, return to their native place and buy a few cattle. Six or seven of these they exchange for a wife.

Not only do they carry back the white man's gold, but his vices as well. In most

*Mr Rogers has just returned from a visit to South Africa.

cases they are harder to influence for good than if they had never witnessed the white man's atheism.

To set forth the untruthfulness of the native tribes as the sole explanation of the evil among the whites is both inadequate and unfair. The evil seems to have infected the general mass of the people, according to the judgment of responsible authors. This is one of the severest indictments that can be brought against any people.

Although in Canada no one could truthfully bring such sweeping charges against the people, whether in the schoolroom, the marketplace or the house of parliament, is there not enough of disloyalty to truth to awaken anxious thought? Day-school teachers could tell of many cases of unblushing falsehood, deceit and answers to problems obtained fraudulently. Sometimes the majority of a class in high schools will resort to dishonourable means to slip through work assigned, and smile at the simplicity of the teacher when he announces that he will "trust their sense of honour."

Nor are such doings unknown in universities. It seems wasted effort to say to such transgressors that they are in danger of going limping all their days; they have not learned to go in any other way. What then is to be expected of them when they enter the various callings of life? Precisely what we see in the great arena, viz., flinching in the face of stern duty, equivocation and double dealing.

If we seek for an explanation we may find some convenient and high sounding terms, such as heredity and environment, which will diffuse the responsibility, almost if not entirely, to the vanishing point. Suppose we take a closer and more honest view, and say that much of the evil of falsehood is due either to the neglect or vicious example of parents. With many it is a matter of neglect. Truthful themselves they expect their children to practice the same virtue, and refuse to believe themselves guilty when charged with the same.

Injurious as this is, for young people soon learn to screen themselves behind the credulity of their parents, there is a more serious condition of affairs. By trifling with promises of reward and threatenings of punishment, by pretended friendships which children intuitively discern, by false dealings, the home becomes charged with a vitiated atmosphere. The result can only be calamitous. "Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Where parents are not imbued with a deep sense of the sacredness of truth, where is there hope? In the church? I would rather say, in the day-school, and that after years of experience both as a teacher and a minister. There are many young people scarcely touched by the minister's influence. Many men will tell you of the days when they fled from the minister's presence, and, like Adam, hid among the trees of the garden, or in an alder swamp.

And although ministers are not now objects of terror, seeing catechisms have a different place, it still is true that many slide into manhood's estate without having their pastor's influence stamped upon them. But if they attend school the teacher's character and direct efforts must tell one way or the other. It is this fact that makes some ministers of the Gospel long at times to be back in the school-room shaping plastic lives.

But if teachers are to exert a regal sway for truth and all the other virtues they must be reinforced by the Bible, the reading of which needs only a few minutes daily. The glib objection is that with all the other studies there is no time for this. If text-books are intended to cram young minds for examinations then there is no room for the Bible.

Indeed there is hardly room in a child's arms for all the books already prescribed. But if text-books are meant to prepare the coming generation to fight life's battles, and come out of the conflict with love in the heart, faith in the eye and truth on the lips, then the sooner we restore the Bible to its rightful place in all our schools the better.

The salutary influence of God-fearing teachers who begin the day's work with a portion of Scripture can never be fully measured or rewarded by the community. Nevertheless they have their reward. In the lives taught to set fidelity above applause, honesty above gain, and plain truth above gilded falsehood, they have a joy that is imperishable.

"There are various kinds of strength. A youthful athlete is often a miserable wreck at thirty, but a strong Christian manhood grows only the stronger for age. Mr. Gladstone was called the 'grand old man.' He was in splendid physical, mental and spiritual vigor after threescore and ten, and one of the most striking elements of his career was his constant piety and faith."

"YES" OR "NO" TO JESUS CHRIST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Thousands of people all over our land are accepting Jesus Christ and beginning to live a new life. There are many more who continue to exclude Him from their hearts. Why is this so? My own observation has been that many who admit Christ's claims, and who expect to become Christians before they die, are kept from accepting Him by some secret hindrance.

Some of you say that you are troubled with "doubts." There is only one way to dispose of a doubt, and that is by actual experiment. Have you ever *tried* Jesus Christ for yourself? Have you ever made one honest prayer for light or ever done one single thing to please Christ, or ever taken one step towards following Him? If you have, and yet have found Christianity a delusion, and yourself none the better for obeying Jesus, then you have some excuse for your doubts.

Try Christ for yourself. Begin to obey Him. Millions of this world's mightiest and best men and women from the days of Paul on to the Luthers, Wesleys, Chalmers and Spurgeons, and to many whom you know and honour, have tested Jesus, and never repented of it. Are you wiser or more penetrating than they? Will you set your *opinion* over against God's revealed Word?

Perhaps your stumbling-block is over the faults of some professed Christians who have aroused your just indignation by their inconsistent conduct. You see their sins, even if you shut your eyes to your own sins. Among those whom you thus dislike some may be self-deceived and some may be wilful counterfeits, but you never refuse good bank bills because a rogue has passed off a counterfeit note on you.

Have you ever known a man or woman who conscientiously kept Christ's commandments and was not vastly the better for it? Answer that squarely? No sensible Christian claims to be perfect. The best that is in him comes from Christ; the worst that is in him comes from himself. You see his occasional slips or stumbles; you don't see his sorrow for them.

The Bible says of certain persons who acted just as you act. "They eat up the sins of my people; they have left off to take heed of the Lord." In the same way you are eating up the gnarled and wormy fruit on some weak Christian's tree, and refusing to touch the good fruit on other trees which are produced by conformity to Christ. You are feeding your prejudice and starving your soul. On the great day of judgment you will have to answer for your own sins, and if the sin of refusing the Saviour is added to all the rest you will wish that you had never been born.

The secret sins that say "no" to Jesus Christ are more than I can enumerate in this brief article. They are the "tap-root" that holds the heart in the soil of impotence. A—'s besetting sin is that of the young Ruler who said *no* to Jesus—an absorbing love of the world and unwillingness to practice self-denial.

B—'s hindrance is a foolish fear of ridicule; he is in danger of being laughed out of his soul. C—'s is secret licentiousness.

I laboured hard for the conversion of a friend who seemed to be "not far from the kingdom of God;" after his death I learned that he had been in the secret practice of adultery. D—'s darling sin is covetousness and E—'s is simply procrastinating; he intends to be a Christian before he dies. All these are refusing the Saviour and resisting the Spirit in spite of their own conscience. Your "no" to the Son of God, my friend, will shut you out of heaven!

In urging you to accept Jesus Christ I would have you count the cost. A cheap religion is worthless. Christ's law of discipleship is to love Him more than the world; it requires you to do what is right and to give up what is wrong. Deny sinful appetites. Submit your wayward will to the will of Christ. When he puts in a claim to your purse, then let Him who bought your redemption by His atoning blood control that purse.

Count the cost of serving a new Master and living a new life and making a clean break with your old sinful self. Count the cost of losing money or losing sinful gratifications sooner than losing the approval of your conscience. Count the cost of a true, thorough, courageous, self-denying life; a life that gladly says *yes* to the voice of Jesus Christ and resolutely *no* to the Tempter.

Count the cost of being saved, and set over this what it will cost you to lose your life, to lose your opportunities to do good, to lose the smile of conscience, to lose the favour of God and to lose your immortal soul forever and ever. Your eternity hangs on the *yes* or the *no* to Christ Jesus.

A MOTHER'S WITNESS.

I cannot tell you, said the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, how much I owe to the kind words of my mother. It was the custom on Sunday evenings, while we were yet little children, for her to stay at home with us, and then we sat round the table and read verse by verse, and she explained the Scripture to us. Then came a mother's prayer, and some of the words of a mother's prayer I shall never forget, even when my hair is grey. I remember on one occasion her praying thus: "Now, Lord, if my children go on in their sins, it will not be from ignorance that they perish, and my soul must bear a swift witness against them at the day of judgment if they lay not hold of Christ." That thought of a mother bearing swift witness against me pierced my conscience and stirred my heart.

God often strikes away our props to bring us down upon His mighty arms. What strength and peace it gives us to feel them underneath us! Far as we may sink, we cannot go farther down than those stretched arms.—Dr. Cuyler.

FOR OUR OLD PARSON.

"Yes, things in the church are dull—all at a standstill, so to speak. Parson Miles ought to spur up a little."

John and I were sitting on the front porch, Sunday afternoon. He was smoking his pipe and looking over his Sunday paper, sometimes reading a bit to me, which almost put me half asleep, as is natural enough when there's nothing to do to keep one awake. But I always get wide awake when he begins to talk, so when he said that, I said to him:

"Well, I must say I'm getting tired of the same old thing. Now, when I was at Spencer-ville, where they'd just got a new minister, there was so much going on and everything so lively! There were all the ladies fixing up the parsonage, and everybody calling there, and presents, and the house-warming; dear me! It all seemed to make so much good feeling—"

"That's it," said John. "There's no feeling at all here. Parson Miles is a good enough man, but he's slow—yes, rather slow. It sometimes comes over me, Maria"—then John spoke lower, though whether it was in fear of being heard by the leaves that whispered in the apple tree that shaded the porch, or by the birds building their nests there, or by old Carlo that lay on the mat, is more than I can say; but there wasn't nothing else to hear—"that p'raps we need a change, though I wouldn't be the one to start the idea."

"No, indeed," I said; "but still he's been here a long time."

"Yes, and getting a little old. A younger man, now, would liven things up. We could pay him a better salary, and give him a good setting out. The church is well able to do it."

"There's no fault to be found with Brother Miles, though," I said, for I couldn't find it in my heart to hear him run down.

"Not a bit. It's only that—well only that, p'raps his usefulness here is at an end. What do you say, Maria, to driving over to hear Parson Tuttle this evening, just for variety? He's more my style—beats and whacks away and wakes folks up."

"What," said I; "clear over to Radnor?" It was ten miles and more.

"Yes," he said, "I'll hitch up Prancer, and we can make it in an hour."

I saw he was a little restless, and rather anxious to go, so I had no objection. As we got near Radnor there were lots of folks on the way to church.

"Great many out for evening worship," I said. "Our folks don't turn out this well."

"Parson Tuttle's a man that draws," said John; "keeps up the interest, you see."

There was quite a crowd in the entry, and, as we were waiting for someone to show us a seat, we overheard a man say:

"You'll hear something worth hearing to-night. Mr. (I couldn't get hold of the name, though I tried) is going to preach."

I was afraid John had set his heart on hearing Mr. Tuttle, but as far as I was concerned, I didn't mind hearing a stranger, especially if

he was like they said, for they were keeping right on:

"—He's a strong speaker, yes, strong—that's just the word. We're always glad when we get him on an exchange. Wonder is a man like him's let stay so long in a country living. None of your hop-and-jump sort—don't waste any force hammering out sparks, but goes at it and drives in the truth square and solid, and then clinches it—yes, sir, he just clinches it—that's the very word."

I could see the folks were expecting something a little more than common by the way they looked as they settled into their seats. I was looking about a little, trying to see if anybody I knew was there, for I knew a few of the Radnor folks and didn't look toward the pulpit at all till I heard the minister's voice, and I almost jumped from my seat as I stared at him. Then I turned and stared at John, and he stared at me. It was Parson Miles as sure as you live!

If it hadn't been in church I should 'a laughed right out, to see John's blank look. But I sobered down, and then I couldn't help seeing how people listened. It was very plain they considered Parson Miles no small doings; and it set me to noticing him myself a great deal sharper than I'd been doing of late. I tried to look at him and to listen as if I'd been somebody else besides myself. I couldn't feel to say he was a very handsome man, but I made up my mind you don't often see a more earnest, scholarly face than his.

Then I noticed the sprinkling of gray in his hair and beard, and somehow the tears would come into my eyes as I began thinking over the long years he'd been among us. My heart was warned as I remembered the tender way in which he used to hold our little ones as he baptized them. I couldn't think of a time of trouble or of joy when his face had not been good to see. I couldn't remember a time of sickness when he hadn't brought strength and comfort, and I could almost hear again how often his voice had seemed to bring down a beam of hope and faith as we stood by an open grave.

When he came to his text John gave me a little poke, for, if you'll believe me, it was the same we'd heard in the morning. But I had to confess to myself I hadn't listened much, for I'd got into the way of thinking Brother Miles' sermons didn't edify me any longer. I thought to myself, though, that if I hadn't listened then, I would now; and when I saw the man we'd heard in the entry give a little nod to the other man once in a while, as much as to say, "Didn't I tell you so? That's one of his clinchers," I actually began to feel a little bit scared, wondering whether some of these Radnor folks mightn't take a notion to give our pastor a call.

I think John, as well as I, was a little proud to have folks know he was our minister when the hand-shaking came, when meeting was out. And when some one congratulated him at hearing such preaching all the time, he took it just exactly as if he'd always considered Mr. Miles the greatest preacher going.

We didn't speak a word for more than half the way home, and then John said :

"I say, Maria, there's such a thing as going farther and faring worse."

"Well," said I, "if that's what you mean, we've been faring just about the same."

"No," said he, "that isn't what I mean," and after a while he said :

"Maria, how much bigger salary ought we to raise for a preacher?"

I was right up and down discouraged to hear him go back to that, for I'd been all the time hoping he'd been thinking pretty much as I had ; but didn't say anything, for I've often seen it's no use to oppose John when he's worked up over a thing, but to try a quiet word or two afterward. He went on :

"Yes, it ought to be done. These things need stirring up, and I'm going to stir 'em." He jerked the lines so Prancer gave a jump. "That old parsonage wants lots of repairing. I'll talk to the men about it, and then couldn't some of you women folks see about new carpets, and papering, and things?"

I said "yes," although there was a choking in my throat as I thought of doing it for some new folks I didn't care for, and it came right face to face before the idea of our pastor going to seek a home among strangers. I had a longing in my heart to do better by him and his than ever I'd done yet, and a feeling that he could do more for us now that he was getting a little older than he could do as a young man. But I didn't say anything, and, indeed, John didn't give me any chance, for he kept right on, speaking louder and more excitedly :

"Yes, Maria, we'll set things humming. We won't stop till we've done the thing up right, and then we'll wind up with a rousing big house-warming—but it shall be for the old parson, Maria ; and we'll let him know before we get through that he's worth ten times more to us than all the young ones that ever lived. Get up, Prancer."—"The Lutheran Witness."

Personal work is the warp and woof of Christian activity ; therefore this important element of service has the largest place in the extension of Christ's kingdom, and every disciple of Jesus Christ is under obligation to engage in it. It does not necessarily involve the conversion of the person approached, but the attempt to win him, which is the ultimate object always in the mind of the worker. The work itself consists in directing the attention of men to Christ and with discretion urging them to accept the invitation of the Gospel and order their lives by its teaching.—S. M. Sayford.

The greatest man is he who chooses the Right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.—W. E. Channing.

WHAT HARM.

"What possible harm can there be in a quiet, social game of cards?" A reformed gambler answers the question as follows :—

"Perhaps you never thought of it, but where do all the gamblers come from ? They are not taught in the gambling dens. A 'greener,' unless he is a fool, never enters a gambling hell, because he knows that he will be fleeced out of everything he possesses in less than fifteen minutes.

"He has learned somewhere else before he sets foot inside of such a place. When he has played in the parlor, in the social game of the home and has become proficient enough to win prizes among his friends, the next step with him is to seek out the gambling-room, for he has learned and now counts upon his efficiency to hold his own.

"The saloon men and gamblers chuckle and smile when they read in the papers of the parlor games given by the ladies, for they know that after a while those same men will become patrons of their business.

"I say, then, the parlor game is the college where gamblers are made and educated. In the name of God, men, stop this business in your homes."—"Religious Intelligencer."

THREE TESTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

What is a friend ? We often speak the word lightly, not realizing how much it means. A friend is one who needs us and one whom we need. Around us may be many whose companionship we enjoy, but were they suddenly to drop out of their places there would be no soreness, no sense of deprivation, no lack of comfort elsewhere. We do not need them, neither do they need us.

A friend is one to whom we cling, though many leagues of space separate us, whose fellow-feeling we never doubt, though years pass with no sight of his face or a word from his pen. We know our friend loves us and that when we meet again it will be on the same old terms ; we shall begin where we left off.

A friend is one in whom we confide. The secret chambers of our soul opens to his touch on the latch ; we give and take tenderest confidences.

Noting these three characteristics of friendship, we can see how great a thing it is to have found a real friend. Many go through life without it. Thousands imagine their friends are numbered by scores, but if subjected to these tests, every one of them would fall off into the great sea of common humanity or comradeship. In view of all this, how great is the wonder of the Lord's saying to us, "Ye are my friends !" If we are Christ's friends, then He needs us as we need Him ; then He loves, though our eyes see not His face nor ears hear sound of His voice ; then all the secrets of God are, or are to be as soon as we can bear it, revealed unto us.—"The Congregationalist."

LEARNING TO LISTEN.

There is a grace of kind listening, as well as a grace of kind speaking. Some men listen with an abstracted air, which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere. Or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts, as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying.

Some interrupt, and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and then forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making your case only an illustration of their own.

Some, meaning to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention, that you are at once made uncomfortable, and the charm of conversation is at an end.

Many persons, whose manners will stand the test of speaking, break down under the trial of listening. But all these things should be brought under the sweet influences of religion. —Frederick Wm. Faber.

WATER AND BAPTISM.

A coloured Methodist preacher down South was annoyed by Baptist proselyters who worried his people with their notion that immersion is the only valid mode of baptism, and that every one who wanted to become a Christian or join the church must be dipped. This induced him to preach on the subject to instruct his people :—

"My brethren," said he, "if I were to sprinkle some water on the head of a person, but would not say any words while doing it, would that be baptism?" "No!" was the answer from the congregation.

He asked again: "If I would dip a person under water once forward or once backward, but would not say any words with it would that be baptism?" "No," was again the answer.

Again he asked: "If I were to dip a person under water three times forward, or three times backward, and say no words over it, would that be baptism?" "No!" was again the answer.

He continued: "If I were to take a person into a river or creek or baptistery and have him stand in the water up to his waist, and then pour or sprinkle a handful of water on his head, but say no words with it, would that be baptism?" "No," was again the answer.

"But if in all these different ways of baptizing persons, I had said—'I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' would that have made it baptism?" "Yes," was the answer that came from the congregation.

"Well then," said he, "don't you see that baptism does not depend on the amount of water that is used, nor on the manner in which it is applied, but on the Word of God connected with the water? That makes it baptism, and it does not matter how it is per-

formed, if the word of God is properly used with it."—"Lutheran Observer."

THE SIN OF TAKING OFFENCE.

No one is obliged to take offence. A readiness to do it gives evidence of deep-seated selfishness; and a habit of doing it is proof conclusive that folly reigns.

Many who are quite careful to avoid giving offence have not yet come to a full recognition of the fact that taking offence is worse. It betokens a most unhealthy tone of mind. It gives evidence of a sinful and un-Christlike spirit. It shows that the thought is fastened on self, that precious self, the most important personage in all the universe; and this petted darling some one has had the temerity, the impudence, to insult or slight! Shall it not be promptly resented?

Yes, by the fool, by him who likes to be continually in hot water. Let him nurse his injuries, and care sedulously for his dignity, and make both himself and all around him as uncomfortable as possible. He will find no end of occasions if he is on the lookout for them; and there will be no getting along with him in any sort of peace. At the most unexpected moment he has taken mortal umbrage at something done or said with the utmost innocence. No excuse suffices; he is alienated forever; and in the course of a few years he has managed to get rid of about all who tried, in vain, to show him friendship. He has become perfectly certain that everybody is against him.

Surely there is a better way, even the way of love. He who is full of love will see things undisturbed by the blinding mists of selfishness which steam up from corruption within. He will behold realities, not appearances; facts, not fancies. He will have tender pity for the failings and weaknesses of others. He will be full of such genial kindness that no amount of ill behavior can make him cross. He will have so much of sweetness in him that circumstances cannot sour him. Love is a little child. Love lives in sunshine. Love believes all things that make for peace, is ignorant and incredulous regarding evil, delights to humble itself before others and prefer them in honour. It does not take offence.

No one can do so without guilt. No one can do so and have that happiness which is God's gift to his children. Wise is he, and truly blest, who absolutely refuses to receive the affronts that may be proffered him, who positively declines to feel aggrieved no matter who attempts to put grief upon him, who promptly and obstinately thrusts out of his thought the injury that some one thought to do him. We are our own masters in this matter. Our actions flow from our feelings, our feelings from our opinions, and our opinions are our own. Everything is susceptible of explanation. If we look at it awry, we shall get awry; if we look at it from the proper angle, we shall find no occasion for turmoil.—"Zion's Herald."

Young People's Societies.

TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY.

REOPENING OF CHINA AND PRESENT OPPORTUNITIES IN HONAN.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

In order to get the right perspective it is necessary to review the causes that led to the Boxer outbreak in China, its nature and results, before discussing the reopening with increased opportunities for service.

I. CAUSES OF OUTBREAK.

Years ago England forced China to open her ports to the opium trade. Never did a government more honestly try to protect its people from a curse than did the Chinese to exclude this pernicious drug, but British arms were too strong. It is said that opium shops are now more numerous than rice shops.

France, Russia and Germany began to invade Chinese territory and to demand concessions as to trade, mining and railroads. Much was written in European papers as to "spheres of influence" in China, and the Chinese understood "spheres of influence" to mean the partition of their country.

For many centuries China allowed liberty in religious matters until Roman Catholics began to interfere in political matters, then persecutions arose and many thousands of Christians were slain.

Is it any wonder that the Chinese hate Europeans and tried to get rid of all foreigners?

II. REFORM MOVEMENT.

A feeling grew amongst the educated class in China that something must be done or the Empire would fall to pieces. They began to advocate the adoption of western education, the establishment of schools and colleges, and some even advocated the adoption of Christianity as the national religion, because, as they said, European nations that have such powerful ships and armies are Christians. China has always been the most conservative country in the world, and the conservative element were alarmed at the innovations of Reformers. The Empress seized the reins of power, displaced the Emperor who favoured the Reformers, beheaded some, banished others and utilized a secret society called the Boxers, in

an attempt to destroy, with one stroke, all foreigners in the land. The result we all know. British, German, French, Russian and Japanese soldiers appeared on the scene and compelled China to pay a large indemnity for the injury done to life and property.

III. REOPENING.

These were terrible times so briefly sketched. Some people said China would not be open again to the missionary for years. Missionaries were driven out, 258 of them were slain, 30,000 native Christians perished, mission property was destroyed and the native church was scattered like sheep without a shepherd. It certainly was discouraging, but light soon began to dawn. No sooner did the European Powers gain the mastery than things began to change for the better, and now conditions are more favourable and mission work is more prosperous than before the outbreak. The following results have already appeared which speak for themselves.

1. The Reform movement has revived with more energy than ever. The same parties that tried to crush the Reformation have now themselves established schools and colleges for western education, and have given their protection to Christian missions and missionaries.

2. There has grown up a greater demand than ever for western literature. At provincial capitals annual examinations are held, and tens of thousands of students are there assembled. Much Christian literature is sold on such occasions. More students called at the mission this last year and bought more literature than ever before. The Presbyterian Mission Press, the Commercial Press and other foreign printing establishments cannot supply the demand for books in history, geography, mathematics, Christianity, etc. The Chinese have broken away from their old traditional views and have begun to think new thoughts, and they want material. Even the native book stalls have now begun to handle globes and maps of the world and western literature.

3. Telegraphic communication is rapidly developing. Because of the flight of the Chinese Court from Peking to Hsian a telegraph line was built for their convenience, which passed through Chang Te. Now the telegraphic sys-

tem is rapidly spreading in all directions. The same is true of the postal system. Until the year 1900 our missionaries had to maintain a service of couriers at their own expense between Honan and Tientsin. In 1900 they got a weekly postal service at Chang Te. Now there is a mail every second day, and instead of sending everything through Tientsin they can send east to Shantung or southeast to Shanghai or southwest to Hankow.

4. The development of trade is equally rapid. For many years a syndicate in Peking had coal concessions in the Provinces of Shansi and Honan, but nothing was done.

This summer, however, dozens of cart-loads of engines and mining machinery were sent into these provinces. During the last summer hundreds of river boats were carrying railway material into these parts and construction work has begun.

Thus it is seen that China has awaked out of her long sleep, and in a very few years, her great natural resources will be utilized to her own and the world's advantage.

5. These movements affect every province—so that our own mission in Honan feels their influence. In 1890, our missionaries tried to open a mission in the city of Wei Hwei, but the opposition was so strong that they failed. They could not get property—every attempt was foiled by the officials. It was for that reason the mission was started in the village of Hsin Chen, simply as a stepping stone. Now they have gone into Wei Hwei, and were encouraged by the officials to do so; suitable property has been secured and the mission has been established. Property is now secured in three prefectural cities.

6. When our mission was begun it was considered unwise that ladies should enter the field until the male missionaries had been there for a considerable time. Yet now Mrs. Mitchell went to Wei Hwei a month after Mr. Mitchell had rented a place, and began work amongst the Chinese women without any inconvenience.

7. The number of inquirers is greatly increased, the number received as catechumens is greater, and probably twice as many have been baptized as in any previous year.

8. The greatness of the opportunity has led to co-operation amongst missions, with a view to economy of resources. In Shantung province, the American Presbyterian Mission, and the English Baptist Mission, who each had educational institutions, have agreed to unite their forces. An Arts' College is to be built in Wei Hsien with teachers from each mission, and a Theological College is to be built at Ch'ing Chou fu with teachers from each mission. These two missions have always been most cordial and their members sit at the Lord's Table together.

In the Province of Chihli too, the American Presbyterians, American Methodists and American and English Congregationalists have united their educational work, having established Arts, Theological and Medical faculties.

This not only displays a beautiful Christian spirit of brotherliness, but also shows how much impressed these missions are with the greatness of the opportunities. Minor denominational differences seem very small in the presence of an open door to so vast a population.

It should be remembered that a great revival took place in Japan some years ago, and it was arrested by the great commercial developments in that country.

Chinese missions are exposed to a similar danger. The importance of immediate action in China cannot be expressed too strongly. We ought to double our forces in that country at once.

HE HAD TO LIVE WITH HER.

The Mohammedans have a legend of a king who lived a very wicked life. At last he died, and passing into the other world he expected to be received with honour, to be met by heavenly hosts and escorted to a throne. But as he looked about he saw no one save a very wretched hag, the most miserable-looking being he had ever beheld. He spurned her, but she came near to him. "Who are you?" he asked, with disdain. "Do you not know me?" she replied. "I am your sins. I have come to stay with you. You and I are to live together forever."

It is only a legend, but the picture of the absolutely unendurable ugliness of sin is not overdrawn. Sin is the most terrible master in the universe. There is nothing else that makes such absolute slaves of men and women as sin. In the light of this fact, and in the light of the experience of thousands who have tried the promised pleasures of sin, why should intelligent people continue the servants of this terrible master? There is but one answer to this question—they do not see the terrible ugliness of sin, nor do they understand its exceeding sinfulness and deceitfulness.

The first and last characteristic of sin is its deceitfulness. It comes to us with promises of power and liberty and reward. It whispers of beauty and pleasure. It tells of the pleasures of the card-table, the theatre, the dance and the wine-cup. It brings in its left hand the flowers which are as a sweet savour to look upon, and its right hand the golden fruit which appeals to the taste. But it is a bundle of lies and deceitfulness, and "the end thereof is death." It puts out his eyes, binds him hand and foot with galling chains, and carries him as a slave to the prison of the lost to live with sin for his portion and companion for ever. And yet men and women love sin!—Sel.

The Children's Pages.

MY OWN LITTLE STORY.

A "really," "truly" story of a Chinese girl, now a widow, told by herself, and forwarded to "The Children's Missionary" by Annie H. Patterson, of Suchien, China.

"My father and mother belonged to the very poor in China. The house where I was born was quite small, the walls made of mud, the roof of straw, and the floor of dirt. I was the third daughter given to my parents, so I was called "third sister," and no other name was necessary for a girl.

"My mother, all her life, never had any covering at night. She slept in her clothes, and I was held in her arms all night long, covered by part of her loose upper garment. When my mother got so cold she could stand it no longer, she would get up and make a little fire. This fire would be made of grass and trash that she had gathered during the day.

"I had so many hardships of cold and other things, that I was very ill when about two years old, and ill a long time. One day my mother picked me up and said, 'this little wolf won't die and she won't get well. I am going to take her outside the city wall and throw her away.' The good neighbours came and persuaded her to wait. I got better, so she kept me.

"When about five years old she began binding my feet. I would cry and she would say, 'yes, I must bind them and bind them tight, then you will get a rich husband.' I spent my childhood going with my mother to glean wheat and sweet potatoes, gathering grass and weeds for fuel, and like work.

"I had smallpox and my face was badly marked, so I was not at all pretty. When the time came to get me a husband, my mother did not find the rich one as she had hoped. I was sold to a man who lived a long way off, and when I reached his home I found them very poor indeed.

"My mother-in-law was cruel, and she often made my husband beat me. One time she held my head in a bucket so the neighbours could not hear me scream while he beat me.

"One year the crops failed, and we had nothing to eat, so we went as beggars to Peking. I returned covered with rags and lice. When my mother saw me she persuaded my husband to let me stay with her. He died, so I made my home with my mother. She at this time, about five years ago, was working for a missionary who had recently come to our town.

"And thus it was after so many years of toil and suffering I heard the Gospel message, and received the peace Jesus gives. I had never worshipped idols much, because that takes money. There are thousands of women here

that have even a sadder life than mine, and know not Jesus. Will you not send them a knowledge of Him?"

LUCK VS. LABOUR.

"George is always lucky—'course he'd win the prize," complained Jim. "I imagine it was something else besides luck that made him win," said Aunt Louise, one of the summer boarders at Jim's house. The boy that Jim was envying had won the prize in the rowing contest on the lake the day before. One of the summer visitors, a young man who had come to this little summer resort for his college vacation rest, had offered a half-eagle to the best boatman, and George had won it.

"George is always just that way—just as lucky"—went on Jim, grumbling. "Just look at that new bike he's got, a regular beauty, and of course he got the paper route I wanted, 'cause he'd a bike and I haven't, so of course I can't get round the place fast enough."

"Is that the wheel that was offered at such a bargain a fortnight ago?" asked Aunt Louise.

Jim nodded disconsolately.

"Pa said he was too hard up to let me have anything towards it, and I've only got five dollars to my name."

"How did George manage to raise the amount," queried Aunt Louise, "his father is lame and helpless, you know, and I've heard that George had to help the family, as the pension was not enough to support them all."

"Oh, George sells water lilies every day at the 9.40 and the 1.30 trains, and the folks buy every lily he takes down to the station, I 'spose it's so hot they look nice and cool. He fixes them up in a big basket of wet moss, to keep 'em fresh, you know. He can't get enough to supply 'em all, he says, anyhow."

"Seems to me," mused Aunt Louise, "that George works for what he gets. He gets practice in rowing, going for his lilies; he won his bicycle and the paper route by gathering and selling the water lilies. Why don't you go into the lily business with George? You say the supply is not equal to the demand."

"Me?" queried the surprised Jim. "Why, Aunt Louise, the idea! I've got all I can do, anyhow, and this is vacation—by'm bye I'll have to go back to school. If I got lilies to sell I'd have to get up 'bout three or four o'clock mornings, same's George does, to go for 'em. That's too much of a good thing I tell you."

"Was it luck or labour that gave Watts his engine, Fulton his steamboat, Morse his telegraph, Goodyear his rubber, Bell his telephone, Edison his phonograph—or George his prize and his wheel?" asked Aunt Louise significantly. But I'm sorry to say that Jim still complains of George's "luck."—Exchange.

Three little rules we all should keep
To make life happy and bright—
Smile in the morning; smile at noon
And keep on smiling at night!

THAT BEGGAR BOY.

"Go away from there, you beggar. You have no right to be looking at our flowers," shouted a little fellow from the garden.

A boy, who was pale, dirty and ragged, was leaning against the fence, admiring the splendid show of roses and tulips within. His face reddened with anger at the rude language, and he was about to answer defiantly, when a little girl sprang out from the arbour near and looking at both, said to her brother: "How could you speak so, Herbert? I'm sure his looking at the flowers doesn't hurt us." And then, to soothe the wounded feelings of the stranger, she added: "Little boy, I'll give you some flowers if you'll wait a moment," and she gathered a bouquet and handed it through the fence.

His face brightened with surprise and pleasure, and he earnestly thanked her.

Twelve years after this occurrence the girl had grown to a woman. One bright afternoon she was walking with her husband in the garden when she observed a young man in workman's dress leaning over the fence, and looking attentively at her and the flowers. Turning to her husband, she said: "It does me good to see people admiring the garden. I'll give that young man some of the flowers." And approaching him, she said: "Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment into her face, and then said, in a voice tremulous with feeling: "Twelve years ago I stood here a ragged little beggar boy, and you showed me the same kindness. The bright flowers, and your pleasant words made a new boy of me—ave, and they made a man of me, too. Your face, madam, has been a light to me in my dark hours of life; and now, thank God, though that boy is still a humble, hard working man, he is an honest and grateful one."

Tears stood in the eyes of the lady as, turning to her husband, she said: "God put it into my young heart to do that little act of kindness, and see how great a reward it has brought!"—"Free Church of Scotland Monthly."

THE ECHO PRINCIPLE.

The story of the boy and the echo is an old one. He learned to know the echo once upon a time, and, suddenly provoked, he called it hard names. The hard names came back to him from the hard face of the cliff. He became angrier and more abusive, but abusive word and angry tone were thrown back at him.

Then the boy ran to his mother and cried in anger and defeat. But she was a wise woman,

who told him to go back to the echo and to speak kindly to it.

The boy did as he was told. Suddenly the tone of the echo changed. Loving words came back to him from the cliff which had scorned him before. He ran in glee to his mother and told her that he had found a friend.

There is a deep principle involved in this simple story. The world does give us back what we give it. If we scorn life, life will scorn us in return. If we abuse law instead of obeying it, law will break us instead of saving us. If we give the world love, we shall find that the very atmosphere of the world is loving. If we cast our kindness broadly, we shall receive rich returns in kindness.

There is no use in weeping angrily when we seem to hear the harsher notes of life. It is most likely that these are the echoes of a censorious spirit within our own hearts. The only cure is to give the world kindness and love. Then the echo principle obtains, and love and kindness are thrown back to us richly.—"Zion's Herald."

WHAT WHISKEY MAKES OF A MOTHER.

Can a mother forget her child? Yes, when she is addicted to the awful habit of strong drink. Poverty cannot make her forget. Suffering cannot, but strong drink can. The following true story is calculated to make the blood curdle:

A woman in Manchester, N.H., has six children, the oldest eleven years old, the youngest six weeks. In the police court she pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness, but asked the court to suspend sentence because of her helpless children, agreeing to leave the place and live with certain relatives in the country. When she was released, instead of going to her children, who were then suffering from hunger, she went back to the saloon and got drunk again.

The oldest child went to the police station to look for her, which gave the officials the intimation that she had not returned to her family. The boy added that the children were entirely without food and crying from hunger. The officials took care of the children while the mother was again taken into custody.

It is no new thing for a man to become brutal and turn against his family or neglect and starve them, but here is a case where the motherly instinct yields itself to the curse of strong drink. Rum can make a mother forget her child. Rum can do what the most vicious and profligate child itself cannot do. The child may be bad, may abuse the mother and bring her head in unspeakable sorrow to the grave, but the mother will not forget or turn against her child. Rum can do it. Rum can destroy the maternal passion. Rum can make her hopelessly indifferent to her offspring. Rum can destroy her motherly affection. Oh, rum! great is thy power! Surely Satan has no agency so effective for destroying all that is good and true in human life.—"New Voice."

MRS. SIMONS' GRATITUDE BOX.

(Translated from the French.)

"You promised me, such a long time ago, Mrs. Simon, to tell me the history of your money-box. Come, now, whilst your irons are getting hot, rest a little, and relate me that story. And tell me, too, please, why this morning's sermon touched you so much."

"Very well, Mrs—, but just think, it's exactly to-day the anniversary of my money-box! and the minister preached from the very text which is written upon it! It will be six years ago this evening that my niece made me a present of it. Look, here's the date: *January 1st, 1893*. As to the verse, it is nearly rubbed out; but you have good eyes, and you can decipher it, no doubt. 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?' (Ps. cxvi. 12).

"Never, since my husband's death, had I known so much trouble as that winter. The rents were high—the things could never be dried out of doors. I was obliged to take a large room close to this one, and put a fire in it. Besides this, two of my boarders left me, and although I worked from morning till night, I could not manage to make both ends meet. Once, when I had a few little debts, it seemed as if every one knew it, and I did not care to go to the service. The minister no longer came to see me. I learnt since that he thought I had moved.

"Ah! how often when the time for the meeting came round, I put out my lamp, and opened the window that I might listen to the singing of the hymns, for I was living then in the narrow street just behind the chapel. But that gave me the heartache. Then I began to work on Sunday more than the other days; however, I don't know why, I had not earned any the more at the end of the week, and I think I must have spent in remedies, at that time, about all I meant to put by towards paying the debts.

"Then, in the beginning of December, my niece, Mary Martin, came to board with me. It would not be possible, Mrs—, to tell you the blessing that young girl has been in my house. The first Saturday she was there, after having helped me to wash up the dishes again, she said, 'Listen, aunt. I shall always give you a helping hand Saturday evenings. It's nice to have a quieter Sunday afterwards, isn't it?'

"Then, without waiting for a reply, she began to talk to me about the meeting. Fancy, as if I went! And before I had courage to say I did not go any more, she began to hum the tune of a hymn I used to be very fond of. I can remember that Mrs—, as if it were yesterday. I was in a hurry, ironing some shirts, and I nearly spoiled my work, for big tears were falling from my eyes.

"An hour later, when I came in after having taken back the clothes to three of my customers, I scarcely recognized my kitchen. Mary had made it all neat in my absence. And I had fancied, a few days before, that, from the

time she was governess, she would have all the airs of a young lady, and would make a great fuss in the house!

"For many weeks she did the same thing, and, as to myself, I began to work rather less on Sundays. But I was too much ashamed to return to the services. 'No, no,' I said (for you may suppose she did not leave me alone), the minister thinks I have moved house.' 'Well,' she answered laughingly, 'when he sees you he will think you have moved over again. Many people go back to their old quarters.'

"I set to work again, but I was very unhappy, I assure you. I began to brood over all the sad things that had happened to me, and it seemed as if my lot had been one of the hardest. But one evening Mary came in, and all at once she said to me. 'Aunt, I am bringing you a New Year's gift.' So saying, she placed on the table this money-box.

"'A present!' I exclaimed, taking the little box in my hand. I drew near the lamp, and read, *January 1st, 1893*: 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?' 'To be sure, my dear, you are not wanting in pluck!' 'All His benefits; I like that!'

"'And it's the minister who gave you this Gratitude Box, as you call it, for me?' 'No, no, aunt, he only said those who wished to begin the New Year in remembering God's benefits towards them might carry home one of these money-boxes, and put in gifts of gratitude, devoting these gifts, either to the missions, or to some good work in connection with our church here.' 'That may be,' I replied, but the heathen of the church will not receive much from me; for as to 'benefits toward me,' I am not over spoiled.

"'All depends,' answered Mary, 'on how you consider them, and how you estimate them.' And with that she placed the box on the mantelpiece, and spoke no more of it all the evening. When she took up hers to put in her room, I heard something jingle inside, but you may suppose I would not question her.

"The following Sunday she came back from the service quite excited, because a missionary there had related how the little widows suffered in India. You know more about that subject than I do, Mrs—; but I was so struck with it that day, that I thought directly, 'Well, if I am a widow, at least I have had a good husband for many years; and if I am poor, I am at least free.'

"Without thinking, I had made this remark aloud. Mary burst out laughing, and said, 'Ho, ho, aunt! there are benefits!' 'Well, there, said I, that's true,' and that evening, after my niece had gone to bed, I put a penny piece into my Gratitude Box, the first I ever put.

"From that time, every day when I lifted my money-box to dust the mantelpiece I thought of those poor girl-widows in India. But a week after that Mary brought back from the service a little tract, which spoke of the fate of the negro slaves in Africa. That was

too much for me: I went to open the wardrobe, not to let them see I was wiping away my tears, and I dropped two penny pieces into my box.

"Some days after this, I let my room to two boarders, who paid me well and gave little trouble. On hearing the news, Mary smiled rather mischievously, and said, 'Two more benefits, aunt.' 'No,' said I; 'these are not from the Lord.' 'How so?' 'Yes, they are! yes, they are!' and then she began to quote passage after passage to show me that every good and perfect gift cometh down from above, from the Father of light.

"I let her talk on—could not do otherwise—and I began to think that if I were well, if I had been able at least to pay all my debts, if I had work, those were benefits from God.

"Then, too, I began to be ill at ease, thinking that I had only put some copper coins into my money-box; and at the end of the month, when my young men had settled their accounts with me, I put in two five penny pieces, with a real pleasure.

"Then, when I replaced the box, this thought came to me: There now, you put fifty centimes for your boarders, and nothing for Mary who brightens the house. How much is she not worth to you? What a benefit from God she is! And then, Mrs. —, I had to put one franc for her alone."

Some weeks after all that, our neighbour's little girl got burnt; and after some days' frightful suffering, she died. Ah! Mrs. —, up to that time I had always thought that God had dealt very hardly with me when He took my little girl of two years, after only one hour's illness.

"Our neighbour's affliction recalled my own. I saw my little one again, with her sweet, peaceful face, where there was no trace of pain; and one day, when these recollections upset me, I went to open a wardrobe where I had kept my little girl's shoes, my husband's knife, and a few of the letters he had written before our marriage.

"I cannot tell you what I felt before that drawer, which I had not opened for ten years. I knelt down and gave thanks that He had not allowed my child to suffer long, and had taken her to be with Him in glory; then I cried to God to have mercy on me, an ungrateful woman, and one so unworthy of all His benefits.

"That very night I saw my mother in a dream, the little house where I had been brought up, the school where I learnt to read, and the minister who gave me religious instruction; and all the time the text on my money-box was before my eyes: 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?'

"The next Sunday I accompanied Mary to the service, and since that, I assure you, I have hardly missed a meeting.

"I do not know, Mrs. —, if that is exactly what they call being converted, but I

know that I have become quite another woman. When I read my Bible, I find so many words that seem to have been put there on purpose for me, and that I had not noticed before.

"But I must keep to my box. Well, it's a curious thing,—the more I gave, the more I earned. One day, when I took back the clothes, Mrs. Leon sent for me to come into the drawing-room, and said, 'Sarah, they tell me you have placed several of your money-boxes with your friends. Have you one left for me? You know my state of health obliges me to stay nearly all the time on my sofa-bed. Yet I have myself received much from the Lord, and I should like to speak about it to some of my friends.'

"You may think how grateful I was to be able to give this lady a box. And, do you know, that merely with the contents of that one box a poor little orphan has been supported for several years? Really, one has no idea of the happiness there is in giving. Last year, now, when all our money-boxes were opened after a public service, I assure you all who had then contributed blessed God for the joy which He granted them, and for the good they were allowed to do."—"Illustrated Missionary News."

"Some one asked a lady, who had peculiar success in raising flowers that were both beautiful and abundant, to disclose the secret of it all. 'Oh,' she replied, my flowers bloom profusely because I am continually cutting them off and giving them away. While, perhaps, the fact that she gave them away had nothing to do with profusion of bloom, it is undoubtedly true that if the flowers had been left to die upon the stalk, development would soon have ceased. Here we have a lesson for the Christian. It is the Christian who continually gives out the fragrance and sweetness of his life to others the increase of whose graces there is no end."—Exchange.

When Spurgeon, on one occasion, was seriously ill, he grew extremely impatient to get back to the pulpit, saying among other things: "If I ever preach again, I will leave out every bit of flourish and preach nothing but present and pressing truth, hurl it at the people with all my might, live at high pressure and direct all my energies to the salvation of souls."

"Thank God for the hard things of life—not because they are hard; but because they are a part of that wisely-arranged succession of contacts which we call discipline, and whose result is the right molding of character."

"The secret of a quiet heart is to keep ever near God. Stayed on him, we shall not be shaken and our hearts shall be fixed, trusting in the Lord."

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.—Johnson.

Receipts

For the month of
Nov., by Rev. Robt.
H. Warden, D.D.,
Agent of the Church.
Address: Presby-
terian Offices, Toronto.

**KNOX COLLEGE
FUND.**

Reported.....	\$797 53
Ravenhoe.....	2
McKillop.....	5
Ennotville ss.....	2
Harwood.....	10
Normanby.....	1
Walkerton.....	4
Belgrave.....	3
Waubaushe.....	2
Coldwater.....	2
Moore Line.....	4
Amos.....	11
Woodville.....	10
Kippen.....	25
Ayr Kx, ss.....	8 07
Moore, Burns.....	8
Watford.....	2
Melbourne.....	1
Hullett.....	15
Carlisle.....	2 59
Welland.....	3 50
Garafraxa.....	1
\$896 00	

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE
FUND.**

Reported.....	\$139 63
Brightside, etc.....	8
Normanby.....	1 95
Walkerton.....	2
Galt Kx, ce.....	25
Omenee, etc.....	15
Watford.....	2
Apple Hill.....	2 75
Garafraxa.....	1
\$197 33	

**MONTREAL COLLEGE
FUND.**

Reported.....	\$331 28
Covey Hill.....	1
London June.....	2
Elgin.....	6 60
Normanby.....	1 95
Walkerton.....	2
Woodville.....	4 75
Kippen.....	50
Rev Dr Crombie.....	2 50
Avonmore.....	10
Tiverton.....	5
Garafraxa.....	1
\$368 58	

**MANITOBA COLLEGE
FUND.**

Reported.....	\$448 65
Covey Hill.....	1
W J Rattray.....	10
Friend, N. Y.....	1
London June.....	2
Kippen.....	4 41
Normanby.....	1 95
Walkerton.....	2
Belgrave.....	4
Omenee.....	8
Watford.....	2

Walpole.....	3
Hullett.....	5
Avonmore.....	5
Roland, etc.....	50
Comox.....	6 75
Botany.....	5 12
\$559 91	

HOME MISSIONS.

Reported.....	\$31,726 43
Brightside etc.....	5
Whycocmagh ss.....	1 70
Ham, St John's.....	125
Friend Wmsept.....	5
Cannington.....	55 15
Friend, Ottawa.....	100
Priceville.....	5
S Indian.....	3
St Thomas Kx.....	17 45
" ".....	14 65
Kingst'n Cooke's.....	3
Covey Hill.....	8
W Adelaide.....	3
Arkona.....	5
Little Bras d'or.....	17 34
Thamesford, Kd.....	25
Clinton, Willis.....	30
Illderton.....	1
Mono Centre.....	2
Princeton.....	3
Port Credit.....	6
Rev Ledingham.....	16
Burford.....	10
McKillop.....	8
Hemmingford ss.....	3
Robson ss.....	2 25
W Williams.....	23 27
Tor, St Andrew.....	89
Imaux.....	89
Arizona Field.....	9 80
Atkins cor, ce.....	5
J Mc M Tor.....	5
Okotoks.....	8 70
High Riv.....	14 70
Nanton.....	9
Motherwell.....	14
Grafton.....	26
Vernonville.....	15 50
Aylmer ss.....	7 09
Ennotville ss.....	3 47
Leitch's Creek.....	1 75
Wallace.....	30
" ss.....	10
W J Rattray.....	10
Friend, N. Y.....	7 50
Niag-on-Lake.....	10
Rapid City.....	8 85
L'r Stewiack.....	10
London June.....	6
Kingsbury etc.....	26
Moore Line.....	29
Elgin.....	10
Riv Desert.....	4 48
Harwood.....	18
Holland.....	30
Rev Jas Anderson.....	5
Normanby.....	32 10
Walkerton.....	57
Summerstown.....	43 65
Wick.....	4 20
Waubaushe.....	43 20
Coldwater.....	7 50
Belgrave.....	22
\$6 35	
Kelowna.....	10
Amos.....	61 65
Rinlough yps.....	10
London 1st.....	250
Kippen.....	12 42
Prospect.....	37
Nichol.....	2 40
London, Kx.....	15
Ayr, Kx ss.....	86 96
Villiers ss.....	20
Kendal.....	4 87

Hagersville.....	5
Eng Riv, Howick.....	50
Nassagaweya.....	29
Watford.....	22 32
Fleming.....	12
Ernest McKee.....	2 50
N Brant.....	5 75
Campbellvil.....	28 60
Corunna.....	6
Beaverdale.....	1
Walpole.....	13 45
Gravel Hill.....	1 97
Apple Hill.....	9 25
Melbourne.....	20 25
Oresham.....	4 52
Alexander.....	22 60
Rev Dr Crombie.....	5
S Gloucester.....	5
Manotick.....	7
Oro, Esson ch.....	11
Merivale, etc.....	18 14
Athens.....	1
Toledo.....	3
Tarbolton.....	12
Viriden ss.....	3 70
Hullett ss.....	7 93
" ch.....	62
Sarnia, Albert.....	1
Roland, Myrtle.....	35
Thames Road.....	50
Kirkton.....	65
Mrs E McL Scott.....	50
Carlisle.....	32 30
Chesterfield.....	23 48
Nelson.....	2
Sydenham, St Pa.....	20
Tiverton.....	20
Eadies.....	8 45
Dundas.....	18 99
Bluevale.....	20
Comox.....	20
New Mills.....	25
Botany.....	9 75
N Deslauriers.....	175
Prairie Grove.....	5
Wallacetown.....	3
Wolsley.....	22
Garafraxa.....	9
River John.....	5
\$3,437,623	

RESERVE FUND.

Beq Mrs M L Macdonald, Co-b'g.....	\$500
Beq Mrs Eliz Stewart.....	500
Beq Jas M Martin.....	500
Beq Jas M Martin, Rossland.....	89 75
Beq Mrs CLaing, Burlington.....	1053 34
Beq Rev Francis Andrews, Keene.....	500

**ROBERTSON MEM-
ORIAL.**

Reported.....	\$4,560 86
W J Rattray.....	10
Que, Chal.....	20
\$4,590 86	

AUGMENTATION FUND

Reported.....	\$2,699 12
Brightside Dal.....	25
Moore Line ce.....	15
Geo Hay.....	250
Swnton Park.....	6
Covey Hill.....	2
Clinton, Willis.....	25

Burford.....	5
McKillop ch.....	5
W Williams.....	10
Dobbingou.....	2 50
London June.....	4
Kingsbury Flod.....	9
Moore Line.....	7
Elgin.....	10
Harwood.....	10
Holland.....	10
Hibbert.....	20
Walkerton.....	20
Summerstown.....	13 80
Belgrave.....	8
Waubaushe.....	16
Coldwater.....	7
Kippen.....	1 75
Paisley.....	1
Ayr, Kx ss.....	17
Watford.....	12
Gillie's Hill.....	1 75
Walpole.....	8
Melbourne.....	3 75
Rev Dr Crombie.....	2 50
Toledo Athens.....	1
Athens.....	9
Hullett.....	18
Avonmore.....	20
Bristol.....	40 62
Roland, Myrtle.....	12
Teeswater.....	45
Carlisle.....	5 65
Dundas.....	18 98
Comox.....	10
Wolsley.....	10
Garafraxa.....	1
\$3,422 42	

RESERVE FUND.

Beq Mrs M L Macdonald, Cob'g.....	500
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**FOREIGN MISSION
FUND.**

Reported.....	\$32,606 80
Friend, Ottawa.....	100
Priceville.....	15
St Thomas, Kx.....	100
Covey Hill.....	8
W Adelaide.....	3
Arkona.....	5
Aberard.....	10
Mono Centre.....	1
Port Credit.....	4
Burford.....	3
McKillop.....	7
W Williams.....	15 51
Atkins Cor ce.....	5
J Mc M, Tor.....	2
Ennotville ss.....	2
W J Rattray.....	5
Friend, N. Y.....	15
Niag on Lake.....	20
Vane, 1st.....	20
London June.....	6
Moore Line.....	36
Dundas, Centre.....	19 50
Elgin.....	30
Harwood.....	12
Miss A Maclean.....	20
Holland.....	10
Rev Jas Anderson.....	5
Walkerton.....	22 75
Summerstown.....	22
Bracebridge.....	7 20
Bell's Cors.....	10
Ashcroft ss.....	10
Belgrave.....	16
Waubaushe.....	7 50
Coldwater.....	5
Gilchrist, Guth ce.....	15
Kippen.....	8
Renfrew, y lad.....	23
Dickie Sett'mt.....	45

Villiers ss.....	5
Hagersville.....	25
Dom City.....	15
Ernest McKee.....	2 50
Beaverdale.....	1
W D McLaren.....	5
Walpole.....	12
Melbourne.....	7 50
Tor, Bloor.....	60
Scarboro Kx.....	175
Alexander.....	109
Rev Dr Crombie.....	2 50
Athens.....	1
Toledo.....	2
Viriden ss.....	1 50
Tor, Cooke ss.....	13 11
Hullett.....	38
" ss.....	7 93
Sarnia, Albert.....	1
Guelph, un mtg.....	11 80
Roland & Myrtle.....	14
Thames Road.....	50
Kirkton.....	22
Mrs E McL Scott.....	50
Comox.....	13 75
Glengary, Pres.....	150
N Deslauriers.....	175
Tor, Cooke's m a.....	15
Wolsley.....	7
Garafraxa.....	12
\$34,359 85	

RESERVE FUND.

Mrs Janet Hart.....	50
Beq Mrs E Stewart.....	1,000
Hawkesville.....	1,000
Beq Jas M Martin.....	89 75
Beq Mrs C Laing.....	1,053 33
Beq R W Kennedy.....	1,458 60
Gos'ld.....	1,458 60
Beq Francis Andrews, Keene.....	500

**WIDOWS' AND OR-
PHANS' FUND.**

Reported.....	\$2,079 51
Brightside, Dal.....	2
Swnton Park.....	5
McKillop ch.....	2
W Williams.....	5
Blake.....	3 88
W J Rattray.....	5
Friend, N. Y.....	1 75
London June.....	1
Moore Line.....	7
Harwood.....	2
Holland.....	12
Walkerton.....	4 50
Ayr, Kx ss.....	12 32
Wick.....	10 31
Belgrave.....	1
Waubaushe.....	1
Coldwater.....	1
Kippen.....	2 78
Omenee, etc.....	3
Dom City.....	10
Watford.....	2 15
Brucefield, un.....	22
Walpole.....	2 50
McTearle.....	5 30
Gravel Hill.....	3 20
Apple Hill.....	6 85
Que, Chal.....	30
Rev Dr Crombie.....	2 50
Merivale, etc.....	8
Athens.....	1
Toledo.....	1
Hullett.....	10
Avonmore.....	10
Roland & Myrtle.....	4
Thames Road.....	12

MACAO MISSION.			North West.		
Tor. Chinese .. \$55			Charlottet'n, Zi.	\$45	
Rat Portage..... 25			Stellartn Shar.	250	
---			Dalhousie.....	8	
ATLIN NURSE FUND.			Thorburn, Suth.	40	
Hawkesb'y mills, \$10			Riv.....	20	
Brantford, St An			Dartmouth,	25	
hms..... 19			"thanks".....	20	
---			Amh'rstce.....	50	
S. S. COMMITTEE.			L Wentworth ce	15	
Reported \$4778 35			Charl'tn, St Ja	15	
Novall ss..... 2 10			Wallace Pres ce	60 63	
Campbellford ss. 10			Pictou, Prince.....	5	
Arnprior ss..... 7			Windsor.....	10	
Wellington, Kxss			Doaktown, etc	4	
Rose Valley ss..... 2			Nine Mile Riv.....	10	
Tabu'ntac ss..... 2			Elmsda e.....	12 61	
Red Pine Isd ss..... 2			Maitland.....	10	
Petite Cote ss..... 4			Kentville.....	32	
Tolsta ss..... 1			Springside.....	68	
Flesherton ss..... 4			Total.....	\$7,350 68	
Tor, Fern Av ss..... 5			---		
S Brandon ss..... 2 70			AUGMENTATION		
Mt Pleasant ss..... 3 49			FUND.		
E Zorra u ss..... 5			Reported.....	\$1,549 10	
Dauphin ss..... 10 05			Charl'tn, Zion.....	80	
LaNark ss..... 10			N Ingouish.....	2 79	
Guthrie ss..... 13			Parrsboro, St Ja.	4	
Fordwick ss..... 6 50			Up Londonderry.	40	
Vernon ss..... 3 84			Nashwak etc.....	5	
Murray Hrb'n ss			Saltsp'ngs StL.	30	
Bainsville ss..... 12			Windsor.....	20	
Macdonald ss..... 2			Boularderie.....	40	
Mira uss..... 2 37			New Glasgow Un.	2 1	
Yorkmouth, St Jn.			Whycocomagh.....	35	
Pt Edward ss..... 1 35			Int.....	59 11	
River Desert ss..... 4			Total.....	\$2,066	
Chatham, Chal ss			---		
Ravenshoe..... 5 60			COLLEGE FUND.		
Bridgewater ss..... 12 43			Reported.....	\$4,631 79	
Markham, St Jnss			Charl'tn, Zion.....	20	
Nassagaweya ss..... 7 25			Westville, Car.....	22	
Hornby ss..... 4 52			S Ingouish.....	4 46	
Omagh ss..... 2			E S B int.....	36	
Brooke, etc, uss..... 1			Dalhousie.....	12	
Greiffell ss..... 6 60			Prof L int.....	36	
Osprings ss..... 2			Charl'tn, St Ja.	40	
N Shore ss..... 2 65			Nashwak, Stan.....	5	
Dunvegan ss..... 10 72			20 Saltsp'ng, StL.	10	
St Thos, Alma ss			1 50 New Glasgow, Ja	41 25	
Macgregor ss..... 9 55			Windsor.....	10	
Beaver Creek ss..... 7 65			Summerside.....	32 98	
Wellington ss..... 5 35			Cape North.....	15	
Rosehill ss..... 3 10			Hopewell Un.....	4 95	
Victoria, Kx ss..... 4 65			Reut Profs.....	300	
Carducis ss..... 2 25			Total.....	\$5,221 43	
S Indian ss..... 3 25			---		
Franklin, etc, ss..... 6 25			BURSARY FUND.		
Ridgeview ss..... 2			Reported.....	\$589 45	
Latonass..... 5			J A interest.....	34 50	
Aberarder ss..... 3			Saltsp'ngs, St L.	4	
N Brant ss..... 4 70			New Glasgow, St Ja.	10	
Blackheath ss..... 3			Windsor.....	5	
Kingsbury ss..... 17 75			Clifton, NS.....	6	
Ham, Cent miss ss			Mr Carruthers.....	22	
Beachburg ss..... 8 25			Total.....	\$670 95	
Westmeath ss..... 2			---		
Springfield uss..... 7 75			MANITOBA COLLEGE		
Livingston ck ss..... 4 80			FUND.		
Skye ss..... 6 17			Reported.....	\$14	
Baltic's Cor ss..... 3 25			Charl'tn, Zion.....	20	
Leamington ss..... 2 70			Windsor.....	5	
Port Dover ss..... 5 90			Total.....	\$39	
Campbell's Bays			---		
High Riv..... 6 50			FOREIGN MISSIONS.		
Oil Springs ss..... 2			Reported.....	\$20,346 73	
Ennotville ss..... 1 70			G A Grant.....	10	
Arden ss..... 3			Westville, Car.....	13	
Harrow ss..... 2 97			Neils Harbour.....	153	
Underwood ss..... 2 55			Students' Soc.....	5	
Brown's Cor ss..... 5 61			Parrsboro, St Ja	4	
Unionville ss..... 2 15			---		
Rock Creek ss..... 1			Receipts		
Marionet..... 6			Received during		
			November, 1902, by		
			Rev. E. A. McCurdy,		
			Agent at Halifax,		
			Office, Herald Bldg.		

			FOREIGN MISSIONS.		
			Reported.....	\$20,346 73	
			G A Grant.....	10	
			Westville, Car.....	13	
			Neils Harbour.....	153	
			Students' Soc.....	5	
			Parrsboro, St Ja	4	

			Dalhousie.....		
			St Johns ce.....	50	
			W Arichat.....	4	
			Darmouth.....	25	
			Ch'ville ladies.....	25	
			E Riv, St Mary's	20	
			Baillie, etc.....	10 20	
			Maitland.....	5 27	
			Wolfville.....	51 40	
			Nashwaak, Stan.	10	
			Stanley, etc.....	5	
			Richmond Bay, W	2	
			Pictou, Prince.....	242 90	
			Windsor.....	30	
			Harwicke.....	13	
			Lockeport.....	9 30	
			Summerside.....	22 77	
			Maitland ss.....	16 30	
			Kentville.....	8 60	
			Quoddy, Mos Riv	26 22	
			Cape North.....	22	
			Pamphlet.....	10	
			Newton Mills ce.	5	
			Springside.....	27 09	
			Hx, Park ss.....	20	
			Kensington ss.....	25	
			Mid Mt sq.....	33 71	
			Brookvale ss.....	1 61	
			Hopewell, St Col	80	
			Sydney, St And ce	10	
			Students' Assoc.....	45	
			HOME MISSIONS.		
			Reported.....	\$5,923 15	
			Charl'tn, Zion.....	43	
			Tabusintac, etc	25	
			Milford ce.....	2	
			M J McPherson.....	10	
			Neils Harbour.....	7 42	
			Students' Asso.....	50	
			John Bradley, rfo	10	
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			Lumber.....	52	
			Golden Grove, etc	8 15	
			St Leonard, etc	3 20	
			Welsford.....	1 50	
			Nerepris.....	1 25	
			Armstronge.....	96	
			Cape North.....	2	
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			St Martins.....	8	
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			J A McKean, rfd	25	
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			E McDonald, rfd.....	12	

AGED MINISTERS' FUND.		FRENCH EVANGELIZATION FUND.		Trenton..... 3 30		WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.		T E Hodgson ... 25	
FUND.		Ordinary.		Riv John, St Geo 3 85		Reported \$96 52		Rev Dr Barclay.. 25	
Ministers' Rates.		Reported..... \$946 46		Hopewell, Un... 24 75		Chaltnn, Zion.... 10		J C Holden..... 25	
Reported \$280 86		Westville, Car... 10 70		Mid Mrsq 97 90		Cape North..... 3		Mrs Johnston... 25	
J D Murray..... 4		Parrsboro..... 3 70		\$1,402 58		\$109 52		EB Greenshields 25	
A S Stewart..... 5		Nashwaak, Stan. 2		POINTE AUX TREMBLES.		Receipts.		Mrs and Miss McArthur .. 25	
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Mr Caruthers..... 6		Pictou, Prince... 39		Nine Mile Riv... 3 15		Robt. H. Warden		A F Riddell, ... 12 50	
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tions.		Whitney, Pier... 6 65		Charltnn, Zion... 5		Subscriptions.		Hrvy Birks & Sons 25	
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Nashwaak, Stan. 2		Merigonish..... 1 43		L A Dawes..... 25		W J Morrice..... 50		Arch McGour... 25	
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		Charltnn, Zion... 75				Miss Murray... 25		Daniel Wilson... 25	
		Pictou..... 1 56				Jonathan Hodgson 100		Malcolm Thom-son 10	
						Jonathan Brown 25			

SOME NEW BOOKS.

GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS.—By Ralph Connor. Expectation was shown in the fact that the first edition of 10,000 copies was sold before ready for delivery, and it is safe to say that expectation was fully realized. To one familiar with the country school of a generation ago, the chapter on "Examination Day" is simply peerless, painted as only Ralph Connor can do. The Westminster Company, Toronto. Price, \$1.25.

THE REDEMPTION OF MALWA.—By Rev. Wm. Wilson, our missionary in Neemuch, India. Published by the F. M. Com. West, p. 94, with map. It gives a sketch of the history of Christianity in India, of the country, climate and people of Malwa, Central India, of our work and workers there. Price 25 cents in paper, 35 cents in boards. It will be of value to all who wish to know of our India missions and should have a very large sale.

IN TIME WITH THE STARS.—Stories for Children by Thos. K. Beecher, The Flemming H. Revell Co., Toronto. Pages, 165; price, 75 cents. It is outside the ordinary run of children's story books. The first story is "The People in my Watch." The mainspring, centre wheel, etc., all having a lively argument. "The One-Stringed Fiddle" is along the same lines. It is hard to write a good children's book, but Mr. Beecher has succeeded.

OUR LORD'S CHARACTERS.—By Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D., is one of Dr. Whyte's well-known series of "Bible Characters," received from the Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto. Price, \$1.25. The Characters are

those used by Our Lord in his parables, e.g. "The Man who Sowed Good Seed"—"The Man who found Treasure hid in the Field"—"The Angels of the Seven Churches," etc., 33 in all. The book, like all "Bible Characters," is good, and has this unique feature, that all its characters are parabolic; but Dr. Whyte makes them very real.

THE NEGLECTED PEOPLE OF THE BIBLE.—By Dinsdale T. Young. The American Tract Society, N.Y. (second edition). 277 pages; price, \$1.00. Its contents are: "Isaac, a Study of a Gentle Life"—"Laban, a Man of to-day"—"Mark, a Study in Development"—"Aquila and Precilla, A Christian Husband and Wife"—"Apollos, a Study of Influence, etc." The book is well got up, and is well written, vivid and practical.

THE SEVEN CARDINAL VIRTUES.—By Rev. James Stalker, D.D., published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau St., New York. Price 75 cents. The virtues given are Wisdom, Courage, Temperance, Justice, Faith, Hope, Love. It is published as a fitting counterpart to "The Seven Deadly Sins" by the same author. Dr. Stalker's name is a guarantee of the book.

ELECTRICITY AND ITS SIMILITUDES.—By Rev. C. H. Tyndall. The Flemming H. Revell Co., Toronto. Pages 206, price \$1.00. It is somewhat along the lines of Henry Drummond's book, Natural Law in the Spiritual World. The writer is a skilled electrician, and he takes the great salient facts in connection with electricity and points out the similitudes of these facts in spiritual things.



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MORE NEW BOOKS.

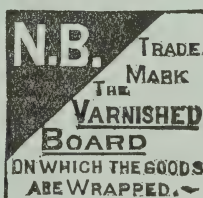
JAMES CHALMERS.—His autobiography and letters,—an illustrated 8vo. volume of over 500 pages, published by Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto, 27 Richmond St. West, at \$1.50, is a valuable contribution to missionary literature. Chalmers was one of the great missionary heroes of our time, and at length fell a martyr at the hands of the cannibals of New Guinea, whom he was giving his life to save. The book is largely his own diary and letters, usually, as in this case, the most interesting form of biography.

THE KING'S STEWARDS.—By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., 315 pages, is published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nasau St., N.Y., at \$1.25. It is a series of thirty discourses by Dr. Banks on such topics as "The King's Stewards," "The Spiritual Stock Exchange," "Children's Rights," "The Liberty to do Wrong," "Living a Day at a Time," "God's Doorkeepers," etc.

LITTLE MAID MARIGOLD.—By Eleanor H. Stooke, American Tract Society. Pages 223, price 75 cents. A sweet, wholesome, pretty story, well up among the better class of children's books.

STUDIES IN HEARTS.—By Julia McNair Wright, The American Tract Society, N.Y. Pages 190, price 75 cents. A series of sixteen short but good stories. The name of the book "Studies in Hearts" indicates its character and the name of the writer indicates the quality of the work.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.—F. W. Faber.



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Our young years are our years of opportunity. Let us use them to the full.

Be sure to mend that in thyself which thou observeth doth exceedingly displease thee in others.—Bishop Patrick.

If you are to get the fire of God's holiness and power and love burning in your heart, you must take more time His fellowship.—Andrew Murray.

Dr. Alexander MacLaren says the reason that so few honestly see the endowment of the Spirit is because "so few are willing to be made invisible by the investiture."

In God's world, for those who are in earnest, there is no failure. No work truly done, no word earnestly spoken, no sacrifice freely made was ever made in vain.—F. W. Robertson.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to recognize his time.—Judge Hale.

The mark of a saint is not perfection, but consecration. A saint is not a man without faults, but a man who has given himself without reserve to God and with God's help is fighting his faults.—B. F. Westcott.

Lesser things will drop out as the hand closes upon the larger duty or the greater blessing, just as the hand that reaches out to grasp the great strong oak lets go its hold on the blade of grass it had gathered.—Phillips Brooks.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

When once we give way to temper, temper will claim a right of way and come in easier every time. He that will be in a pet for any little thing will soon be out at elbows about nothing at all. A thunderstorm curdles the milk, and so does a passion sour the heart and spoil the character.—Spurgeon.

Queen Alexandria is noted for her gentleness. It is said that she has never been known to make a harsh or unkind speech about any one. This is certainly a queenly record. "In her tongue is the law of kindness," said King Solomon of the virtuous woman whom he praised. The English queen lives up to this royal law of gentle speech, and her example is one to be followed.

It is easy to have the patience of Job when the boils are on some other man.

A false report does not last long, and the life one leads is always the best apology of that which one has led.—St. Jerome.

There never has been a great and beautiful character which has not become so by filling well the ordinary and smaller offices appointed of God.—H. Bushnell.

Every to-day is the harvest of yesterday. The only way to make the morrow's memories sweet and kindly is to live to-day a pure, gentle, unselfish, helpful life.

Our bravest men are often those of whom the world hears the least. Life to them is a constant struggle. They meet their obstacles every day and pass them in silence.

Since we are set here so fast in the midst of duty that we cannot escape if we would, we must find a way, even if we cannot find beauty in duty, to bring beauty out of it.—Henry Wilder Foote.

"Look not mournfully to the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a courageous heart trusting in God."

Good habits are not made on birthdays nor Christian character at the New Year. The workshop of character is everyday life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is lost or won.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

In choosing one's friends we must choose those whose qualities are inborn, and their virtues virtues of temperament. To lay the foundations of friendship on borrowed or added virtues is to build on an artificial soil we run too many risks by it.—Amiel.

Many a young business man will be received into partnership this new year, and will be proud and happy. But long ago the Lord of the universe offered to take you and me into partnership with Him. If we have not yet accepted the great offer, this New Year's time is the best time to do it.

A good man said to his wife who was complaining that she was tried beyond bearing by some persons with whom she had relations in her daily life: "My dear, you are not taking the right view of this matter. You are forgetting that these people are giving you a great deal of help in developing the finer qualities of your character. You are sweeter, more self-restrained and nobler through the exercise of tact, tenderness and unselfishness to them. You ought to thank God that he has given you just this discipline."

GO YE INTO
PREACH THE GOSPEL
ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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“I don't know that you will be able to do much with him,” said a father to the principal of a school to whom he had brought his son as a pupil; “he is so full of mischief.”

“Does he tell the truth?” asked the teacher.
“Can I always depend upon his word?”

“Oh, yes,” said the father, “he is honest. He will tell the truth even when it is against himself. You may depend upon that.”

“Then we can manage him,” replied the experienced teacher. “He will make a manly man.”—“Selected.”

CONTROL YOUR THOUGHTS.

Until you have learned to control thoughts you will never be able to live a godly and righteous life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he; and it is because the thoughts that we entertain in the hostelry of the soul are such worthless and vain ones that our words and acts often bring so heavy a disgrace on the name we love.

Well might the wise man say, “Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.” When the heart is right the ear and the eye and the mouth and the foot will necessarily obey its promptings; but when the heart is wrong, filled with tides of ink, like the cuttlefish, it will develop itself in the impurity to which it gives vent.

If you habitually permit evil things to have their right of way through you or lodging with you, remember that in God's sight you are here equally with those that indulge in evil acts, because you are withheld, not by your fear of Him, but by your desire to maintain your position among men.—F. B. Meyer.

It is better to have a brain that can think—
honestly, independently and positively think—
than to have a brain that will hold all the facts
in the universe. For not facts, but truths,
make wisdom.



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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 2

CANADIAN FREEMEN.

The one point urged by Michael F. J. McCarthy, an Irish R. C. barrister, is that the Church of Rome in Ireland should confine herself to her spiritual functions and leave the people free to manage their own civil and secular concerns. The article in last Record, taken from his book, "Priests and People in Ireland," shews very clearly that what he calls "priest-craft"—which he uses not disrespectfully, but as meaning the dominance of the priest in civil and secular affairs—is the one great cause of Ireland's evil condition to-day.

In an article in this issue, taken from the same book, he tells of looking in upon a meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Belfast, and being impressed by the freedom and independence which prevailed. It would be well to preserve the RECORDS containing these articles, as some more from the same source will be given. They are especially valuable as written from an inside point of view by one who knows whereof he speaks, and who deplores the condition of his native land.

The subject has a special interest for Canadians, inasmuch as more than one-fourth of our population is French R. C. where the priest seeks to rule in secular affairs just as he does in Ireland. Quite recently Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, Manitoba, was reported as preaching to the people of his diocese that in order to be good Catholics there must be obedience, even to voting as the priest directs.

Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal, a few days since, spoke of the Manitoba school question as not settled yet, inasmuch as no question can be settled until it is settled "right." Manitoba's idea of "right" is that the people, Protestant and R. C., should have control of their own public schools; the Archbishop's idea is that the priest should control and manage the schools for R. C. children, a policy which Mr. McCarthy says has wrought so much evil in Ireland by training the young in unquestioning obedience to the Church instead of fitting them to be independent citizens, thinking and acting for themselves in all great civil and social and national and moral questions.

It is needless to say that no people can be free, intelligent, self-reliant, energetic, along

any line, so long as they are encouraged to remain in ignorance and do as they are told, instead of thinking and deciding for themselves. Let our country be Protestant or R. C., which it will, but if it is to prosper its people must be free; and our great mission as Christian patriots should be, not to denounce Roman Catholics or their religion, but to give them in their own tongue, the Bible, the charter of human freedom, so that whether Protestant or Roman Catholic they may be MEN and FREEMEN.

In Dr. Herdman's letter in this issue there is a sentence which should awaken thought. Speaking of the Protestants in the Mormon territory he says that they are few and in some places "becoming fewer"; which means that the religious system dominates the social, commercial and industrial life, and makes the place undesirable for settlers who are not of that faith. It means exclusion, boycott. It is a process with which the Province of Quebec is only too familiar. True religion makes any country an attractive one for peaceable, industrious settlers of any faith, so far as their secular life is concerned. Romanism and Mormonism squeeze out, wherever possible, all who are not of their own faith. The systems are semi-political. The Pope claims supremacy over all civil governments, and the Mormons claim that as God's chosen people they are to be supreme, and they act accordingly.

One such centre was one too many in the Dominion, without giving another a foothold in the new West. Since it is there, the only way is to ply it with the Bible, the Word of Truth, the charter of all human liberty.

There is one kind of work that is liable to be overlooked and undervalued in summing up the year at our annual congregational meetings. The giving is noted and the givers praised; the teaching and the management in the various parts of the church work comes in for recognition. But there is one thing in connection with our church life which totals more of self-denial than any other one thing and the results of which are beyond computation in the religious life of our country, and that is, the church attendance of a consider-

able part of our country congregations for the winter six months of the year.

A family lives from three to six or nine miles from church. They are early astir to get through with the necessary work; then the drive through cold or storm or bad roads to a church that has been cold all the week and perhaps but poorly heated for the service. By the time the afternoon work is done after their return, the short day is near an end. The people who thus attend regularly, as many do, in all weathers, keeping up the public worship of God, are indeed the salt of the earth. Their comfort and ease is sacrificed to duty and the welfare of the community, and it is from such homes that many of the men and women come, pure and strong and virile in character, to lead the civil and commercial and religious life of our country.

"Thy Kingdom Come." No prayer in the world is offered more frequently, for it is the first petition in the Lord's prayer, and no prayer is left more completely to those who pray to answer for themselves. The coming of His Kingdom, in the heart, in the community or congregation, in the country, in the world, all depends, humanly speaking, upon the men and women who have opportunity to forward that coming.

True, the power of God alone can change and better human heart and life, but that power has chosen to work through means and is ever waiting to be used by these means.

The financial year of the church schemes ends with this month, and the summing up of these Schemes shows what, as a church, we have done during the year for the coming of that Kingdom in our own country and in the world. The question for each one should be—"how have I answered my own prayer—"Thy Kingdom Come." If that prayer has not been answered as it might have been, there is still opportunity, and the Agents of the church will be glad to receive, before 28th Feb. inst., our additional answers to our prayers.

Principal Gordon began his work in Queen's in January. He was given, and deservedly, a a right royal welcome, the students, leading citizens and city officials, a thousand strong, meeting him at the station and escorting him in procession to the University, the students drawing the carriage. Prof. McComb, of Kingston, takes Dr. Gordon's classes in Halifax for the remainder of the term.

TWO TYPICAL CHURCH OPENINGS IN THE WEST.

BY REV. DR. HERDMAN.

Dear Mr. Scott:—

For the information of your readers, I would like to give you an account of two recent Church openings.

On Sabbath, 11th January, I had the pleasure of being in Wetaskiwin in Northern Alberta. Here, through the energetic labours of our missionary to the Scandinavian people, Rev. N. P. Grose, ably seconded by the labours of his wife, and assisted by members of the Ladies' Aid Committee and of his infant congregation, a handsome church has just been erected, which would have been a credit to any community.

Bear in mind that this is the first Scandinavian Presbyterian church and congregation in any part of Canada. Mr. Grose began his labours in this field last summer. He has oversight of a great many stations, and the work is now passing beyond the merely rudimentary stage.

The congregation was organised Oct. 11th, 1902, with seven members; one of these was a very promising young man, who met an untimely death through a sudden storm of thunder and lightning, which swept over the districts east of Wetaskiwin late last fall. Within recent months ten members have been added to the church, a Sunday school, choir, and Ladies' Aid organized, and the policy of our Home Mission Committee in providing for work of this kind among the foreign populations coming into Canada seems to be amply justified.

The Church cost with furniture between \$1,200 and \$1,300. Towards the building of it the Church and Manse building Fund of Winnipeg very generously gave \$500; the balance being made up by local contributions. It is specially satisfactory to know that it was opened practically free of debt, and hearty thanks are due for this result to Mr. Nelson, the contractor, to the Ladies' Aid, the pastor, and the pastor's wife.

Three services were held on the dedication day. At the morning service the building was filled to overflowing. I had the honour of preaching and offering the dedicatory prayer. In the afternoon the congregation was again a large one, and in the evening the services were conducted in the Scandinavian tongue, the pastor being ably assisted by Rev. A. Lindé on the occasion. A joint choir of Scandinavian and

English singers led the musical services throughout the day and the hymns used were printed, some in one language and some in the other.

I had the opportunity also in the evening of visiting and preaching to the sister Presbyterian Church on the West side of the Town, of which Rev. J. E. Hogg is Pastor, and into the charge of which he had been inducted under favourable auspices about a week previous.

Besides Mr. Grose, we have in the Presbytery of Edmonton another Scandinavian labourer, Rev. J. Pind, stationed at Millet, north of Wetaskiwin. Mr. Pind is a man of strong standing in the literary and theological world. Among the works which he has translated are the "Passion Sermons of Rosinius" (a great Swedish Evangelist), and these sermons he has rendered from Swedish into Danish, as well as five Gospel hymn books from English, Swedish and German into Danish. He is also, a composer and wrote a hymn for the dedication of our Scandinavian Church at Wetaskiwin and has translated into Danish several hymns of his own authorship. Mr. Pind is a man of strong convictions, and when in the Lutheran Church suffered many things for his adherence to Evangelical truth and to the Scriptural doctrine of pre-destination.

I may add that we have also two Scandinavian laborers in Southern Alberta within the Presbytery of Calgary, ministering to the spiritual needs of the Norwegians and Swedes in the Claresholm and Lethbridge districts. These are both earnest Evangelical men and they seem to have gained a hold upon the affections of the people among whom they labour. Should not the Church remember these men and pray for them, that their work may be followed by the outpouring of great blessing from the Lord of Hosts?

On the 18th of January I was engaged in another interesting church-opening service. It was in the Mormon country this time and in Raymond, scene of the labours of Rev. A. R. McIntosh. Mr. McIntosh is an Invernesshire man who took two years of his Arts course in Manitoba College and completed his studies in the Presbyterian College of California. He is not the only labourer in the Mormon country, as at Cardston, 25 miles further west, we have had for years a faithful and efficient missionary, or rather two such missionaries, Rev. Gavin Hamilton and his wife.

The little church in Raymond cost about \$1,000, of which \$850 was given by the Church

and Manse Board, of which sum, however, \$25 went to the site. Thanks are due to Mrs. Boulter, of Fort Coulonge, for an unsolicited subscription of \$100. The rest came from local contributions.

There are but few Gentiles in Raymond, and of these few not many have demoninational connection with our own Church, but all have been helpful and all were present, as well as several Mormons, at the dedication services on the 18th.

Surely we owe much to those who in different localities of this kind have been seeking to spread the knowledge of a pure Gospel faith. I mention with approbation the name of Mrs. Saunders, of Mountainview, and Mrs. McDuffee, of Raymond, who, in their separate localities, have been keeping up Sunday School work at much sacrifice to themselves.

The service on the 18th was necessarily of an interesting nature, a banner had been flung out to the breeze, visibility had been given to the thought of Protestant worship, and there was joy on many faces and I hope in many hearts.

A touching solo, "Saved by Grace," sung feelingly by Mrs. Dr. Rivers, added to the solemnity and interest of the gathering, and it was sometime after the close of the service before the Gentile part of the congregation found their way to their homes.

As to all our Mormon work, I wish to give two cautions. First: let not the Church demand from our missionaries lists of converts from Mormonism. Mormonism is a church and industrial system, strongly intrenched and adequately organized. If our missionaries are able under God to stem the rising tide, and prevent Gentiles from being carried off their feet into deep waters, the expenditure of time and money and talent, in our work in these communities, will have been abundantly vindicated.

Secondly, as to finances; do not ask why these fields should have such heavy grants and when they will become self-supporting? The Protestants are few and in some parts of the Mormon Territory are becoming fewer. There is almost no local source from which we can draw.

Let the Church be patient; let us honour the brave men that are carrying on the work in the face of great difficulty. And for myself, the more that I see of Mormonism, and the oftener I hear its public preachers and private defenders, the more I am thankful that right there in the Mormon belt and in the shadow

of their tabernacles, the Presbyterian Church has built up a testimony for the truth as we see it and value it.

Does any man or woman of means wish an outlet for Christian liberality? The new Raymond Church has neither pulpit, porch nor vestry, our self-denying missionary should be provided with a manse; and at Magrath, 11 miles away, where he holds service every Lord's Day, a church building will soon be urgently needed.

PROTESTANT ELEMENT IN R. C. CHURCH.

BY REV. M. P. TALLING.

The Roman Church, which four centuries ago was mistress of the Christian world, has been so far unseated that she is shorn both of her "temporal" power and of her real supremacy. Pre-eminence, political, commercial, industrial, educational and religious, have passed over into the hands of Protestant peoples. Retrograde in learning and decadent in spiritual life, she is "felt" among the nations chiefly as a restless candidate for political influence.

What her real condition is as viewed by one of her own devoted sons may be judged by a powerful and pathetic plea in "The Contemporary Review" of December, 1902. The author of "Catholicism versus Ultramontanism," while eloquently advocating the spiritual interest of the Church, condemns her threefold policy of political aggrandizement, of antagonism to science and of fostering superstition.

"The things which surprise and pain the educated Catholic of to-day are the divorce between religion and science and the scandalous *liaison* between politics and theology in the upper classes and the intimate union between superstition and piety among the lower orders," p. 778.

"The doctrine of infallibility," he tells us, "has been deftly turned into an extinguisher of scientific light," p. 779. This exercise of authority by the Curia threatens to produce a crisis, for already there is a split between educated Catholics and the darkened masses.

Our purpose is to draw attention to both the prophecy and the exposure of this article. It may be thought that "Protestantism" may be something extraneous to Catholicism, but here it is seen that the groaning, praying protest of our age against "Ultramontanism" (*i. e.*, the policy and claims of the papal court) is not outside but within the Church, among Catho-

lics themselves, who draw a strong contrast between "Catholicism," to which they wish to be loyal and the perversion of the Church against which they throw all the weight of their resistance. More interesting than fairy tales, if they were not true, would be the stories cited here of superstition fostered by the Church for the double purpose of holding control over the ignorant and of securing from them a lucrative revenue.

One feels great difficulty in crediting such statements when made by Protestants, but when authorities are cited in a plea that throbs with heart-earnestness from a devout but protesting Catholic, they carry great weight. Moreover, they constitute a demand upon our sympathy and prayer, and kindle the hope that what our forefathers once did in procuring liberty for us, they may accomplish, though it be with blood for children yet unborn.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND, WEST.

STATEMENT FROM THE COMMITTEE.

There is room for anxiety regarding the condition of this Fund. As you are aware, it was organized upwards of forty years ago. The Church then entered into a covenant with its ministers, on condition of their paying an annual rate of \$8, \$10 or \$12 according to age, to give their widows an annuity of \$150 during the rest of their lives. For very many years the number of annuitants was small.

As might naturally be expected, the number has greatly increased of recent years, so that at present there are one hundred and twenty-five annuitants, many of whom are the honoured widows of ministers who did valiant service for the church in the earlier settlement of Canada, when salaries were small and comforts few.

Not a few of these widows are mainly dependent upon this annuity for their means of support. Last spring, the committee found themselves without means wherewith to meet the half yearly annuities then due.

After careful consideration, however, they resolved, rather than reduce the amount, to pay the annuities in full, although they thereby incurred an indebtedness of \$3,883. This they did in the hope that congregational contributions would this year be increased.

In the end of last summer, the committee took special steps to bring the claims of the Fund before our ministers and people. They selected one minister in each Presbytery, and asked him to endeavour to interest all ministers

and congregations within the Presbytery, and they hoped, in this way, that the revenue of the Fund would be greatly augmented.

They regret to say that their hopes have not been realized, and, although we are within about a month of the close of the year, there is less than \$800 on hand with which to pay annuities due amounting to \$11,000.

The committee will not be justified in paying the annuities unless money has been provided for the purpose, and they venture respectfully, but earnestly, to appeal to every minister and every session in the church for a generous contribution to this Fund within the next few weeks.

The number of deaths among our ministers has greatly increased of recent years, so that the annuities have gone up since 1897 from \$16,000 to \$20,000 per annum. Even since the meeting of last Assembly, nearly \$1,000 has been added to these annuities, because of deaths in the ministry.

The Committee are perfectly satisfied that the claims of this Fund, if presented heartily by our ministers to their congregations, will meet with a generous response upon the part of the more intelligent of our Christian people. Even if your congregation has already taken a collection or made a grant for this Fund this year, may I ask, in this special emergency, that you will endeavour to secure for us an additional amount.

It will be far from creditable to our Church if we fail to implement the engagement entered into with our ministers, and especially with the ministers who served the Church in the earlier days of the country's history.

Can we expect a blessing, as a Church, if we fail to minister to the wants of these honoured widows, especially after the engagement entered into with their husbands re this Fund.

The Committee desire to lay this matter upon the heart of every minister in the earnest hope that he may feel it a personal burden and be unable to throw off the load until he has secured from his people a generous contribution. As the Church year ends on the 28th February all contributions should be forwarded so as to reach Dr. Warden prior to that date.

AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

Unless there is a very considerable increase over last year to the contributions of congregations, there will not be money on hand next spring wherewith to meet the annuities then due, even on the reduced scale heretofore paid.

This will come as a surprise to many. It is, however, easily explained. The revenue last year was insufficient to meet the expenditure of the year. As reported to the Assembly in June, the ordinary fund was in debt \$1,321 or \$964 more than it was year previously.

It is true that there was added to the capital \$45,000 on the 28th February last and \$20,000 in June, but a full year's interest on these amounts will not be available for the current church year.

The additional interest available is, however, offset by the action of last Assembly in deciding that, hereafter, the annual rates of ministers be added to capital instead of going to the ordinary fund and being available for the payment of annuities, as in the past.

These annual rates will, this year, about equal the interest available from the increased capital, so that unless the contributions from the church are very considerably in excess of those of last year, the revenue will not be sufficient to meet the expenditure and to remove the deficit at the close of last year.

The amount contributed by the congregations of the church, both for the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund and Widows' and Orphans' Fund is comparatively small, not quite \$14,000 in all.

A considerable number of congregations contribute nothing at all to these Funds. Were all to contribute and were the larger congregations of the church to deal more generously with these funds, the committee would be able to meet their liabilities and pay the annuities in full. Will not the elders of the church make themselves felt here?

It is hoped in connection with the allocation of moneys by missionary committees, in the next few weeks, that the claims of both the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund and the Widows' and Orphans' Fund will receive due consideration.—Com.

REV. GEORGE CUTHBERTSON died at Toronto, January 15, in his 74th year. He was of Scottish birth and a graduate of Glasgow University, but took his theological course at Knox College, Toronto. His first charge at Winterbourne, Ont., was succeeded by a pastorate of 14 years at St. Thomas, Ont. From there he accepted a call to Wyoming where he remained a quarter of a century, until his retirement from the active work of the ministry five years ago. He was for twenty-five years Clerk of his Presbytery.

The end came very suddenly. He was attending a social meeting of the session and choir of College Street Church and had just given an address when, without a moment's warning, he was called away.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.

CALLS FROM

- Union Church, Kobe, Japan, to Mr. Ed. A. Wicher, of Claude, Ont. Accepted.
- Minessing, Midhurst and Edenvale, Ont., to Mr. A. Robertson, of Baysville.
- Tidsbury, etc., N.W.T., to Mr. J. J. Ferguson, of Queen's.
- Richmond Bay East, P.E.I., to Mr. R. P. Murray.
- Victoria Church, Toronto Junc., Ont., to Mr. Geo. Pidgeon, of Streetsville.
- Mira, C.B., to Mr. Jno McKinnon, of Dalhousie Mills. Accepted.
- Aultsville, to Mr. W. Wadiell, of Shawville, Que.
- Bothwell, Ont., to Mr. G. C. Little, of Corbetton, Ont. Accepted.
- Middleville and Darling, Ont., to Mr. W. E. Wallace, of Utterson.
- Caledonia, Ont., to Mr. Wm. Wallis, Ph.D., of Port Dalhousie. Accepted.

INDUCTIONS INTO

- Nanaimo, B.C., Jan., Mr. Jno. Millar.
- Princeton, P.E.I., 15th Jan., Mr. E. J. Rattee.
- St. Andrew's, Arthur, Ont., 23rd Dec., Mr. Jas. Barber.
- Montreal Annex, 22nd Dec., Mr. D. J. Graham.
- Woodlands, Wales, etc., Ont., 30th Dec., Mr. W. C. McIntyre.
- Grenfell, N.W.T., 16th Dec., Mr. W. B. Tate.
- Ellisboro, N.W.T., Dec., Mr. R. C. Pollock.
- Miami, Man., 18th Dec., Mr. T. R. Peacock.

RESIGNATIONS OF

- Lower Stewiacke, N.S., Mr. F. S. Coffin.
- Thorold, Hamilton Presby, Mr. W. A. Cook.
- Dalhousie, N.B., Mr. Geo. Fisher.
- Wroxeter, Ont., Mr. R. S. G. Anderson.
- St. Andrew's Church, New Westminster, B.C., Mr. A. E. Vert.
- Fort Qu'Appelle, Mr. Jas. Laing.
- St. Sylvester and Leeds Village, Que., Mr. D. McColl.

OBITUARIES.

(See also previous page).

REV. J. A. PROUDFOOT, D.D., died in London, Ont., 14th Jan. He was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1821, and eleven years later came to America. He received his training for the ministry, together with Principal Cavan and other young men, under his father, Rev. Wm. Proudfoot, and was licensed to preach in 1847. After labouring for three years at St. Mary's and vicinity he was called to succeed his father in the First Church, London, where he remained until 1890. In addition to his congregational work he lectured in Knox College on Homiletics and Pastoral Theology from 1867 to 1901. On January 10 he suffered an apoplectic stroke and never recovered consciousness, passing away four days later at the ripe age of 82 years, fifty-four years in the ministry.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS, ETC.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces.

1. Sydney, Mira, 27 Jan., 11 a.m.
2. Inverness, Whyco., 3 Feb., 11 a.m.
3. P. E. Island, Charlottetown, 3 Feb.
4. Pictou, N. Glasgow, March 3, at 11.30.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro, Truro, 17 March, 10.30.
7. Halifax, Hx., 5 Feb, 8 p.m.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth, Yarmouth, 10 Feb.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 3 March.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 3 Mar.
13. Glengarry, Cornwall, 2 March, 8 p.m.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, Bank, 6 Jan., 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Arnprior, 20 Jan., 10.30 a.m.
16. Brockville, Iroquois, 23 Feb., 4 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 3 March, 9 a.m.
19. Whitby, Whitby, 21 April, 10 a.m.
20. Lindsay.
21. Toronto, Toronto.
22. Orangeville.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 24 Feb., 10 a.m.
24. Algoma, Copper Cliff, 3 March, 7.30 p.m.
25. North Bay, North Bay, 26 Feb., 9 a.m.
26. Owen Sound, O. Sound, 3 March, 10.
27. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 3 March, 10.
28. Guelph, Hespeler, 20 Jan., 11 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, Kx., Ham., March 3, 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Woodstock, 13 Jan., 11 a.m.
31. London.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 10 March, 10 a.m.
33. Stratford, Stratford, 3 March, 10.30.
34. Huron, Goderich, 20 Jan., 11 a.m.
35. Maitland.
36. Bruce, Paisley, 3 March, 11 a.m.
37. Sarnia, Sarnia, 3 March, 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 10 March.
40. Rock Lake, Crystal City, 17 Feb.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage, Arden, 3 March, 1.30 p.m.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa, Minnedosa, 17 Feb.
46. Melita.
47. Regina, Moosejaw, Feb.
48. Qu'Appelle, Grenfell, 3 Feb.
49. Prince Albert, Rosthern, Feb.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary.
51. Edmonton, Strathcona, 23 Feb., 8 p.m.
52. Kamloops, Revelstoke, 4 Mar., '03.
53. Kootenay, Nelson, 17 Feb.
54. Westminster.
55. Victoria.

Our Foreign Missions.

STATISTICS OF OUR KOREAN MISSION.

The reports of our Korean missionaries for the past year are given on pages 62, etc., of this issue, and are most encouraging. The following is a summary of the statistics of the mission in the two centre stations, the older one of Wonsan and the newer one of Song Chin :

	Wonsan.	Song Chin.
Congregations, self-supporting.....	7	2
“ imperfectly organized	7	2
Places of regular meeting.....	18	7
Communicants.	146	14
Added by confession in 1902.....	56	8
Baptized infants.....	26	3
Catechumens	135	24
Adherents.....	499	80
Sunday Schools.....	12	1
Sunday School pupils.....	359	30
Day schools (teachers).....	6	..
Church Day schools.....	6	..
Pupils (boys).....	50	..
“ (girls).....	10	..
Chapels and churches.....	5	1
Churches added during year.....	2	1

REPORT OF OUR WOMEN WORKERS IN KOREA.

Not all of them. There are half a dozen women, but only two report. Who can measure what our own missions, as well as others, owe to the missionary's wife, and yet as a rule, beyond incidental mention of their work, it is often unmentioned and unsung. Marriage means only self-effacement. Her work is assumed in her husband's report. But, though not fully told, let it not be forgotten.

The reports of the two unmarried women, Miss Louise McCully and Dr. Kate McMillan, which tell of a busy and successful year, will likely appear in full in the *Message*, the excellent organ of the Woman's Missionary Society, East.

Miss McCully states:—"I have taken this year six itinerating trips which have occupied in all 64 days and covered about 620 miles.

"Two of these were quite long, the first taking me down to the church at Sang Sin Won, 90 miles distant, and from thence nearly twenty miles farther to a place newly opened. I spent ten days at the church. The rest of the twenty-six days of this trip was spent principally among the heathen.

"The second trip took us as far as Chol Won, a distance of about 125 miles. We stayed for two days each in two small churches. In the second the women had never attended service and were very shy. Both going and coming we stopped at many places and had opportunity to preach the blessed Gospel to many who had not heard it.

"Three trips were made to Anpyon and neighbouring villages. In March I taught a class in Anpyon, and all the year I have endeavoured to direct the study of the Women's class there by preparing lessons which I have sent or taken to them.

"My last trip was made in June in company with Dr. McMillan to Hak Po and occupied seven days."

Dr. Kate McMillan writes:—"During the year, in company with other missionaries I made two itinerating trips into the country south of Wonsan, which occupied ninety-three days, and I was more impressed than ever with the greatness of the work to be done. I saw how much need little groups of people seeking after the light have of some one to teach and guide them aright, and the trials and constancy of these scattered native workers who have their entire village, and those even of their own homes opposed to them, how they will travel miles to meet with another family so that together they may keep the Sabbath, and also how ignorant in all places the women are. At the time of Mr. McRae's illness I spent three weeks in Ham Heung and learned what it is to be sick out in the country here. My enforced seclusion when there has given me greater sympathy with those of my sisters in this dark land who are not allowed outside their narrow homes."

The above are items from these two interesting reports, for which in full our readers are referred to the "*Message*."

FIRST LETTER FROM REV. J. H. BRUCE.

TO REV. W. H. GEDDES, AILSA CRAIG, ONT.

Chang-te-fu, Honan, Nov. 5, 1902.

I am glad to be able to report that in the kind providence of God we have at last reached Chang-te. We arrived at Chu Wang by house-boat on Thursday, Oct. 30, about 7 a.m. The previous night two of the four boats, Mr. Grant's and my own, anchored about six miles from Chu Wang as the crow flies, but about thirteen miles by river on account of the many bends.

It will serve well to illustrate the ignorance of the people to relate our experience while anchored there. We went ashore and soon met a party of several women and children who had just crossed the river by ferry and were proceeding to the village close by.

Mr. Grant inquired how far it was to Chu Wang. The little fellow in front replied that he did not know of such a place.

"What, you don't know where Chu Wang is?" (Chu Wang is a large market town of over 10,000 inhabitants.)

"No," he said, "I do not know that place."

A woman then spoke up and said "He is only a boy, what does he know?"

"Well perhaps you could tell me."

"Chu Wang? No, I do not know the place. I have never been there."

And yet this place, as we learned from the ferryman a moment later, was only about six miles away and these villagers had in all probability lived in that village all their lifetime.

I have learned since coming here that besides the three *fu* cities of from fifty to seventy-five thousand population each, there are 27 *shen* cities in North Honan with from 10,000 to 50,000 each, besides some 20,000 towns and villages with population ranging from 300 to 30,000 each—all this in the small part of the Province of Honan entrusted to us.

The faces of our missionaries have hitherto been seen in only a very few of these innumerable towns notwithstanding the fact that all of them except the doctors have been touring almost constantly and even the doctors have gone on many tours. If we are to do the work we must have more men.

Mr. and Mrs. Goforth have just returned from a town a few miles north—where they rented a warehouse for a chapel and have held meetings for three weeks or more every day from 10.30 a.m. to 12.00 p.m., and he reports that the hall was crowded most of the time and that great numbers were convinced of the truth of the Gospel and yet they hesitated to

make any open profession.

He returned on Saturday, two days after our arrival here, for the Presbytery meeting which was held yesterday and to-day Nov. 4-5. He purposes returning on Friday, and Mrs. Goforth with him, for another month, when the communion here will necessitate his return. We pray that God by His Spirit will convict many of their sin and enable them to believe on Christ for salvation.

We came from Chu Wang to Chang-te on Thursday, by cart, arriving early in the evening, about 7.30. We were warmly received by Dr. and Mrs. Menzies, Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm, Dr. Dow and Miss Pike.

I am delighted with all that I have thus far seen of the mission and of the methods employed. The station here is strongly established except that we are short of workers.

The compound—about five acres of ground, is enclosed by a high wall and contains several Chinese houses, some work-shops, a plain but comfortable chapel capable of seating three hundred or more, four houses for the missionaries and plenty of room around each.

They have been led step by step by the hand of God in the choice first of Chang-te as a mission centre and then in the location of the compound in a beautiful district a mile outside the walls of the city. I am located with Mr. Goforth or rather in part of his house. I have two small rooms, and when I get a stove and my furniture arrives I will have a home.

The Presbytery has arranged that the three *fu* cities, Chang-te, Wei Hui and Huai Ching shall be the strategic points at which centres will be formed for reaching the surrounding districts. To this end it will be necessary to build at both Wei Hui and Huai Ching. We need houses for the missionaries, chapels and dispensaries at each of these points. Dr. and Mrs. Menzies will likely go later to Huai Ching, where our dear brother Hood fell a prey to cholera while attempting to open that station alone (the cholera is not so prevalent now).

Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm and Mr. and Mrs. Grant are also to settle in Wei Hui, so that only Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and Dr. and Mrs. Leslie will be left here until Mr. Goforth returns. But he is constantly touring. There is unlimited opportunity for preaching here. May God give us the power and grace to avail ourselves of it. I will not need to urge that the kind friends at Ailsa Craig and Carlyle will be constant in prayer for us, as we also are for you.

I remain yours in the Masters service,

J. H. BRUCE.

LETTER FROM DR. JEANIE DOW.

Changte, Honan, Oct. 27, 1902.

Dear Mrs. Grier,

In this I enclose some notes for the RECORD, of a nine days' trip in the country with Mrs. Chang early this month. I enjoyed the days thoroughly. Some souls came in contact with truth—I hope with The Truth. We tried to make it possible that they might.

How needy the world is! The tremendousness of it grows more and more appalling. Would that God's vision of these millions of human hearts could be flashed into the home church and us their mouthpieces!

And oh, for more labourers in this field! God's way is perfect; one has no disposition to question the wisdom or the love of His taking away from this needy, needy region one who was distinctively a soul-lover and soul-seeker*, but one does wonder why the cry for men does not meet with some adequate response when the harvest is wasting. Souls counted by millions with none to care for, none to seek them. It is awful! It grows more awful. May it never seem less so until the need is met! May God thrust forth his servants into this part of His field.

By the end of this week or early in next we look for the Leslies, Grants, Miss MacIntosh and Mr. Bruce. After that follows meeting of Presbytery introduced by a day's conference on subjects of practical importance in the policy and conduct of the work; after that, Chinese communion, and then we hope our fall station classes in the country and here will begin. I'm just impatient for them to begin. The fall harvest is late this year and therefore the people are busy even yet, but their leisure time is in sight. We can go out just as soon as arrangements can be made.

* Rev. G. C. Hood.

Notes of the Trip.

Oct. 2.

Passed through a village to-day on the way to Shui Yie. Stopped for a few minutes' rest and met seven or eight women. One asked:—

"What is your object in passing through here?"

"We are preaching."

"What doctrine are you preaching?"

"The doctrine that saves the soul, that saves from suffering after death."

"Oh! we did not know about that doctrine."

She turned and explained to others who

just came up that these strangers were here to tell of the doctrine that saves the soul from suffering after death.

"Oh! we do not know about it. We do not know about it."

Mrs. Chang told something more of the kind of teaching this is and what it can do for us—but the cart is waiting—we must go.

"Well come again and tell us about this on your way back."

Do not know! And there are thousands and thousands just like these on every side of us.

Oct. 3.

Room filled from time of arrival yesterday afternoon. Not a few listened with interest.

A group of "doers of good works" come in. Some one whispers—"Preach to them. They are 'doers of good works.' Tell them about Jesus."

We tell them. There is a crush. One woman, after repeated attempts to stay near enough to hear, is unwillingly forced out of the room. Needy soul, will she ever hear the message again?

Four of the group stay with us until it is time to eat. A voice suggests that they go, but no—they come into the inner room climb up on the kang and learn the whole of "Jesus Loves Me"—learn it intelligently, too.

But we must help them to start to pray. A few simple sentences are suggested. "But how? Does it matter where or in what direction we kneel?" Well, we'll just kneel here on the kang and see.

They listen. The prayer is through. We prepare to rise; but no, down go the heads again, and—"what is it we say?" "Jesus we are sinners, we have no merit at all, only sin. Do Thou forgive our sin, cleanse our hearts and save our souls, when we die, into heaven."

Again the prayer is finished, again we prepare to rise, but the heads are bowed and the voices are saying, "Jesus, we are sinners—and so on to the end. They say they cannot leave home to come to the Fu to study. One says to her friends, 'When she goes away, what will we do then?'"

A few minutes more and they are gone.

In the afternoon we come on to the Shi Chien. Callers plenty.

After supper the candle is lighted. Six or ten women gather in and stand about the table (there are only two chairs in the room).

The faces are quiet; the night is still; the

time is short; life is uncertain; eternity is sure; one died for sinners; these have never heard before. The story is told. They do not seem to want to go. One woman, standing at the right hand corner, never takes her wistful eyes off the speaker's face.

4th.

This forenoon she came again with the same eyes, learned six lines of a hymn and told us that last night she could not sleep for thinking of what she had heard.

5th.

She came again this forenoon, learned four more lines of the hymn and then it was time to get dinner.

In the afternoon she brought her two sisters-in-law. "Tell them about that," she whispered, "tell them about Jesus, that one over there wants to learn."

Here is a girl of thirteen sitting on the end of a bench while a young woman learns a hymn. Her grandmother is at the door calling her to go home. She does not want to leave, but we urge her to go lest any should say she had been mesmerized. Still she sits.

Some one calls out "Let her stay and study" and another adds "You should learn this too," but with a toss of the gray head the hard-looking woman says, "Fifty or sixty years of age, what would I learn that for."

"But haven't you a soul?" Mrs. Chang adds "Don't you care what becomes of your soul?"

"Oh" is the answer, "let my soul go anywhere it likes."

6th.

Had two women to-day for a few minutes on their way home from the fields. They had their sickles in their hands. They had been cutting millet. There were but a few minutes. We want them to know why we came, what we have brought for them, and try to tell that God wants to give them happiness, that He can forgive their sins, that He wants to bless.

"To bless me! I've had a hard time all my life (and she looked as if she told the truth). Happiness for me!"

"Yes for you. There is a happy land. He wants you to enjoy it."

They rose to go and as they walked out their faces all but spoke;

"Stranger, your words are kind, you mean well, but no, no, this is not for us."

7th.

This afternoon our friend with the quiet voice and earnest eyes came in with her mother, a devout Buddhist, whom she had brought purposely to hear.

Mrs. Chang is an ex-Buddhist and glories in the opportunity to show up the deficiencies of Buddhism to its followers. They had a long talk on the futility of abstract contemplation, incense burning, abstinence from certain articles of food, extinction of natural desires and impulses.

Mrs. Chang told how full of regret she felt in the thought that her sister, like herself a preacher of Buddhism, had looked for truth all her life and died at length without finding the true Saviour because the true religion had not come this way during her day.

Our visitor seemed impressed. Finally she said "If it were not that this sister had come to tell us about the true God, about Jesus, we would not know."

This evening after supper an intelligent woman came in to enquire what this doctrine was that was being preached. She is a leader in the Shêng Tao (Sung Dow) sect—has a great many pupils in this region.

Hearing that we were leaving to-morrow (we had so intended) and fearing to miss the chance to find out what this new teaching was about, she left the millet she should be watching and came to see.

Mrs. Chang was born in the Shêng Tao and therefore knows its workings. They sat in the dim light, the one seeking to persuade, the other listening and seeking questions. This sect worship the sun, moon and stars. If this woman could be won her influence must tell on this region.

Every one of us slips on some occasion, and shame to his fellow who then refuses to stretch out the hand that should always be ready to help the man who stumbles.—President Roosevelt.

We can never be too gentle, too helpful, too intelligent, too lovable. So the utmost effort in these directions will not cause us to overdo the matter.

"Principle and inherited prejudice look so much alike that one is sometimes mistaken for the other."

"Hypocrites may be in the church visible, but they cannot get into the church invisible."

NEW HEBRIDES INCIDENTS.

BY REV. JOSEPH ANNAND, D.D.

Tangoa, Santo, 18th Oct., '02.

Dear Mr. Scott,

The good ship "Mambare," of the S.S. Co., which runs to these islands, is wrecked. On the 30th Aug., when about twenty miles from us, in the darkness of a dull moonless morning, being carried out of her course by currents, she grounded on the coral rocks off a small island. There was a heavy sea running, so it was expected that she would soon break up or possibly slip off the rocks and sink.

The passengers were summoned from their berths, hurried into the boats and sent out to sea in danger of being swamped in the billows. However, the boats managed to reach Malo in a few hours, and all landed in safety at a trader's station. The steamer neither broke up nor slipped off the reef, but instead the sea drove her more firmly upon the rocks, so the mails, stores and a part of the cargo were saved.

We heard of the wreck on the afternoon of the same day. Captain Rason, the British Commissioner for the group, who was a passenger, and Mr. W. Bowie came on to Tangoa by boat looking for H.M.S. "Phoebe," which fortunately they met as they were entering our harbour. The man-of-war picked them up and steamed away at once for the wreck. The next evening she returned with our mails and on the following day left for Noumea via the wreck and Fila. By her we sent our mails.

The loss of the steamer has not inconvenienced us to any extent, as we received our stores a fortnight after.

The settlers have been partially supplied with goods from the wreck. Four more men, one woman and three children for our new settlement were on the "Mambare." These with their baggage all arrived here safely by boats and a lugger. There are now fourteen colonists located on South Santo; five of them have families, only one of which has yet arrived. When all these come we shall have quite a large number of white residents.

Three new students, one of whom is married, came last month, and six have finished their course and are waiting an opportunity of getting home.

A few days ago we buried a middle-aged native whose life story will illustrate some of the cruelties of heathenism. About fourteen years ago he returned from Queensland, where he had been labouring for a time, bringing with him a fine healthy wife, a native of the

Banks Islands. They were a promising looking couple and when I urged them to join our school at once and hear what God had to tell them, they replied, "by and by."

Soon trouble began. Tabue saw another woman that he wished to take as wife number two. His lawful wife and others objected. He then ill used her, beating her unmercifully and threatened to shoot her. Finally, he beat her to death, and then the way was clear to get the one of his latest choice.

Again he was dissatisfied with his wife, used her shamefully, so that she too died after a few years of life such as a heathen only can suffer. He then bought a third wife who outlived him.

Three years ago when his friends decided to accept the Gospel he refused and went off to Malo and there joined the heathen party. Misbehaving himself again, one day he received a dose of poison in his pudding.

He was very ill for a long time, but recovering sufficiently to move about he came over to Tangoa apparently from fear. However, he never seemed to repent of his conduct or to seek a better life, and after lingering for a year and a half he died. Truly the way of transgressors is hard.

By the little auxiliary steamer "Hercules," of fifty tons register, which is to bring our alternate monthly mail, another settler arrived, making fifteen in all who have taken up allotments of five hundred acres each. They are now scattered along some nine miles of coast, with a few French and other lots between some of them. Tangoa forms a centre and is the chief port. Most of the men are now residing on their own land, some of them in grass houses and some in tents. Three or four have begun to experience island fever. However, with care, that need neither alarm nor drive them away.

Quite a number of the bushmen have been working for the settlers, but they are not always at hand when needed. The cheap labour question is the most difficult one to solve in this group.

On Sabbath our little congregation is enlivened by white faces. Mr. Cordin has kindly put his organ in Paton Hall, and plays it at our services as a support to the choir which is now strengthened by the colonists. On Wednesday evenings also Mr. Cordin plays an hour for the boys, when they learn new hymns as well as practice old ones. What changes have taken place on Tangoa within a few years or even months.

REV. J. GOFORTH'S ANNUAL LETTER.

TO KNOX COLLEGE ALUMNI.

T'su Chou, 23 miles north of Changte,
Nov. 1st, 1902.

I send a sketch of my work since reaching Changte-fu, 22nd Jan., ult.

I rejoiced to see the mission buildings at Changte all standing. The officials had protected them. This has been of immense help in starting work again. It gives us a base to work from. In many parts the mission buildings have been all destroyed.

But it was well worth while to give up home and friends and country to receive the glad welcome from those whom I once feared had all perished for Jesus' sake. Some bore the marks of the Lord Jesus on their bodies. All had passed through days and weeks and even months of suspense, not knowing what day might bring death from heathen hands. Now we all rejoice together on account of Divine deliverance. All are happy and hopeful. This trial by fire will not be in vain. It has purged out some who were no help to the church. God will more certainly use those who remain.

In making a fresh start after the Boxer upheaval it seemed to us best to spend considerable time at first in our central city of Changte-fu. Therefore since coming back I have devoted one hundred and thirty-nine days to street and chapel preaching in the city. It was proof to all that the Boxer movement had utterly failed to destroy the cause of Christ in this region. Here were His representatives again more aggressive and more confident of victory than ever before. The good news of salvation has reached many, for sometimes there were several hundred listeners at a time in our street audiences.

As to the results of this city work eternity only can reveal the full extent. However the immediate visible results are small after such liberal sowing of the precious seed. I gave three hundred and ninety-three addresses in these days of city work, from three hundred and eighty-five different passages of Scripture. The addresses given by Chinese brethren must have totalled eight or nine hundred, and yet we can only point to five who are now openly following Christ as the direct result of this seed sowing. But there are many others who did seem convinced and who did profess to accept the truth of God during those one hundred and thirty-nine days, but they have not joined with us. Only of this we are sure God's word will not return unto Him void.

Owing to devoting so much time to city work I have been unable to tour throughout the whole field. I have only visited seventeen places where we have Christians. In several of the more distant and central places we held communion services. We have so far this year baptized forty-three adults and accepted seventy-eight others as catechumens.

I was laid aside about two months with typhoid fever, yet I have been enabled since my return in January to give five hundred and thirteen Gospel addresses besides prayer-meeting talks and talks with students in the city at the B.A. examinations. We have also spent a good deal of time in conversation with official and other visitors. Then, too, there have been many things to attend to in connection with the care of the churches. We have always striven to sow bountifully and will rest in the assurance that we shall also reap bountifully.

Hereafter my time will be given mainly to preaching in the large populous centres throughout the Changte field. I despair of ever having time to work in the small towns of several thousand inhabitants. For some years to come I must confine my efforts to the larger towns and cities, spending a longer time in each place than I have done hitherto. After preaching for ten or twenty days in a place many become interested, but are not strong enough to withstand the inevitable opposition. We must remain longer with them and help them to combat the foe.

In the past while preaching in any place we have depended on the inns for accommodation, but always have found it unsatisfactory because we never had full control. In future I plan to rent a Chinese compound, take my wife and children along, and make it home for the time being. This will enable us to reach men and women at the same time. We will stay several months and then move on to another centre.

I have made a start according to this plan. I secured a compound twenty-three miles north at T'su Chou. It is a city as populous as Hamilton, Ont., and is the governing centre for five hundred and seventy towns and villages.

Work has now for over a month been going on here. We have a fine large room on the street for a chapel. At times it has been packed with men. The doors are opened about 10 a.m. each day, then we have men to talk to, with scarcely a break until 10 p.m.

Many shew signs of deepening interest. The wives and mothers of these interested men are coming daily to learn from Mrs. Goforth. The officials of this place have been very kind, sending us presents of food and calling in person to see us. This friendly attitude of the officials has had a good effect upon the people. Two men have already openly confessed Christ and many more are at the threshold. The prospects here for an ingathering are bright. Pray for us and for those who are just learning to love and serve Jesus.

The harvest is plenteous and the labourers few. Pray that many may be raised up to reap these fields. It is a mysterious Providence which has called dear Mr. Hood away from such a needy field. He was one of Christ's true nobility. We all loved him.

A LETTER FROM FORMOSA.

Our readers will recognize Mr. Koa Kau, the writer of the following letter, as the Chinese student who accompanied Dr. G. L. Mackay on his last visit to Canada, and who afterwards became Dr. Mackay's son-in-law. His letter is given literally, in order to show his use of the English language notwithstanding the fact that his visit to Canada was his only opportunity of acquiring it. It is interesting to note his sympathy with the development of Japan, notwithstanding the fact that the Japanese are the conquerors of his own country.

SS. "Tainan Marru,"

Pacific Ocean, Oct. 27, 1902.

TO REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

My dear Friend,

To-day I have a very good chance to write you a few lines as I have been not written you for a long time, since about 16 months. October 2, two of us was invited by Japanese minister (Rev. K. Kawai, of Taihoku Church), to visit the Japan Presbytery and Synod, churches and schools; we are just going back to Formosa, so to-day we are on the ocean yet.

On the 20th inst. we went with Rev. Kawai to Yokohama to meet Rev. and Mrs. Thurlow Fraser, but the steamer was late, she did not arrive to Yokohama until the 21st inst., so we did not see them, for 21st inst., we were to attend the Red Cross Society in Tokyo; on that day there were about 2,000 people came to the meeting. We saw the Empress twice,

where she came to the meeting. We have seen the parliament of Japan too—we also went to see Botanical garden and Zoological garden and dockyard, and saw them building several new ship, some of them are about 3,000 to 4,000 tons. I think Japan have nearly every kind of machines. They have wireless telegraphic and telephone and X-ray machine too, we saw our own bone by that instrument at Tokyo.

I am so wonder to see that Japan is in great progress during these few years, about 40 years ago Yokohama only have a few small houses, and now become the one of the largest seaport in the East country.

I am very glad to see many churches and mission schools and many missionaries in Japan. Yes, I am very happy to meet many missionaries and native (Japan) ministers and Christians there, for they are very warm hearted and kind indeed.

The Presbyterian Mission in Japan is growing very well, I am afraid we will behind them, so we must try to do our best work for our Lord Jesus Christ and He will help us.

But there is another thing we should compare, think that! Japan have hundreds of missionaries and millions of money were spent during these 40 years. We saw the largest church in Japan (maybe also largest in the east country.) It is a Greek church which was took about 8 years to finish it. I heard the Russian Government gave money to build it.

Since Dr. G. L. Mackay's death, I felt very unhappy and discourage, and now I am happier than last month, for I have visited many Ministers and Christians.

We are so glad that we have our free passage return ticket on first class cabin from the Government.

Well, my dear friend, I hope you and family are well, and send my kindest regards to all my Canadian Christian friends.

Your Formosan friend,

KOA KAU.

Christ is the chief object proposed to the sinner in the New Testament. The eye that sweeps round the whole circle of divine truth must rest in Him as the centre—J. A. James.

"If you get discouraged try the plan of encouraging some one else. There is no other way of getting cheer so quickly."

WORK AT WONSAN, KOREA, DURING 1902.

Names of missionaries. Arrived in Korea.

Rev. W. R. Foote.....	Sept. 1898.
Mrs. W. R. Foote.....	Sept. 1898.
Rev. D. M. McRae.....	Sept. 1898.
Mrs. D. M. McRae.....	Sept. 1900.
Miss Louise H. McCully.....	Sept. 1900.
Miss K. McMillan, M.D.....	Oct. 1901.

The work of Wonsan station comprises that carried on in the central church town of Wonsan, where all the missionaries make their home, with a large outlying district which is worked by itineration.

During the past year the Wonsan church has had Rev. W. R. Foote and Rev. D. M. McRae as co-pastors. Rev. A. F. Robb who has spent his first year in Wonsan in study has joined in the services and led the meetings when the pastors were absent.

The women's and girls' work has been under the charge of the women missionaries, Mrs. Foote, Miss McCully and Mrs. McRae with Dr. McMillan and Mrs. Robb to render what assistance they could in a first year on the field.

The Wonsan church has at this date 77 communicants with a class of catechumens numbering 48. The growth has been more marked in the deepened interest on the part of the Christians than in new members added. The contributions for ten months have amounted to 2602.27 Yang (\$200).

Wonsan station includes the large central church in the town where all gather on Sunday mornings and the two adjacent villages Sin Pungni and Kai Mal where regular Sunday and Wednesday evening prayer meetings are held.

The work of the sub-stations has been divided by giving Mr. McRae the district lying north of Wonsan which includes the provincial capital of Ham Hung, while Mr. Foote has taken the district to the south. Mrs. McRae has travelled with her husband and worked among the women of the northern circuit and Miss McCully has gone to the women in the southern circuit.

WONSAN SOUTHERN CIRCUIT.

Rev. W. R. Foote, Mrs. Foote, Miss L. H. McCully.

Sub-stations, 13; adherents, 161; catechumens, 27; baptized during year, 3; catechumens received during the year, 25.

In this circuit there are two unorganized churches with church buildings. Connected with each unorganized church are sub-stations.

Besides the sub-stations which can be grouped with others forming a church there are others which on account of distance from other Christians cannot be so classified and remain to be reported as isolated sub-stations. Of this latter there are several on this field.

Anpyon is the oldest unorganized church in this circuit, being opened in 1899. The church building was opened this year and is situated in the town of Anpyon where there are 8 baptized members, 8 catechumens, 7 families and a few single individuals, making a total number of 42 adherents. During the year this place has been visited several times by the missionaries and the progress during the year has been most gratifying.

The school which before this year has been tentative and sustained with some considerable effort has been re-organized and placed on a firm basis and a new teacher employed. The new church is free of debt. This church though not large, is in some ways setting a good example by not only managing its own affairs in a prompt and punctual manner but by taking steps to contribute towards the support of a home missionary.

There are two sub-stations connected with Anpyon situated in good centres for work. In these sub-stations are 3 baptized members, 3 catechumens and 10 adherents.

The other and largest unorganized church is in Ho Yang county with the central church situated at Sang Sin Won. This church was first visited by a missionary in 1900. The following year a church was erected. As this place is over 80 miles from Wonsan we have not been able to give it as much personal attention as we would like to have done. However the progress has been good. There are now connected with the church 2 baptized members, 15 catechumens, 15 families and 52 adherents. Connected with this church is the sub-station of Sok Sai Kol where there are 5 catechumens and 10 adherents. There are two other places in Ho Yang where there are believers which are not yet enrolled as sub-stations.

The isolated stations are far apart in many places, yet we trust they are centres around which other sub-stations will spring up so we can group them into churches.

This is a new field and we have not yet visited all the counties. There is no more fitting way to illustrate the beginning of work on this field than by the parable of the leaven. In only two places can we speak of the sub-

stations as forming a fair congregation and in very few cases are they in large villages but here and there dotted over this circuit are more than twenty places where Christians live, fifteen of which have been enrolled either as unorganized churches or sub-stations

WONSAN NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

Rev. D. M. McRae, Mrs. McRae.

Sub-stations, 20; adherents, 293; catechumens, 59; baptized during the year, 52; catechumens received during the year, 47.

In this circuit there are four unorganized churches the largest of which is in Ham Hung city the capital of Southern Ham Kyung province. This church including Ham Hung consists of 3 sub-stations with 22 baptized persons and 100 adherents. The church building has been enlarged and the boys' school on the church compound has more than doubled its attendance. Two boys from this school passed a most creditable examination into the catechumenate. Indeed the whole work in this place is most interesting and encouraging.

Ham Hung county contains one other unorganized church, that of Yun Mot Kol, one sub-station with 12 baptized and 21 adherents. Apart from these two unorganized churches there are three remote sub-stations one with four, one with two and one with 35 adherents making in Ham Hung county a total of 7 sub-stations and 162 adherents.

Hong Won county.—In this county, which lies north of Ham Hung, there is one unorganized church in the county town including one other sub-station, the total number of baptized members is 16, adherents 35.

Chang Chin county.—In this our only inland county, the work has just begun. We have 2 sub-stations with 18 adherents

Chin Pyung county.—In this county there is one unorganized church at Pan Chun. This church including Pan Chun, where a church building is being erected, consists of 4 sub-stations with 5 baptized members and 43 adherents. In this county there is also one remote sub-station making a total of 5 sub-stations and 47 adherents.

Ko Won county.—In this county work is beginning to open up and we have this year to report 2 sub-stations with 23 adherents. At one of these, Kon Nomi, we have 10 catechumens.

Moon Chun county.—In this county there are 2 sub-stations one with two baptized, and one with two catechumens.

This year we would earnestly plead for more

missionaries; two at least; to aid in these circuits, the rapidly growing work of which is already far beyond us.

WONSAN, REV. W. R. FOOTE'S FOURTH YEAR.

This year has been one of progress and encouragement. After our last annual meeting, as the weather was too cold to itinerate, I turned my attention toward class work. As I had three separate theological classes to hold I first prepared the lessons so the classes could follow closely one after another.

The first one, in Wonsan, was large and was in session two weeks. Several members of the mission took part in the teaching and also Elder Kim from Pyeng Yang whose services were much appreciated.

The next class was held in Anpyon where our congregation was strengthened as the result of our visit. At the close of the class the Christians bought a dwelling-house which they have by alteration and repairs made into a church. This they did altogether at their own expense. The school was also put on a better basis.

The last class was held in Ho Yang county. Each evening we held an evangelistic service and at the close of our visit the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper were administered. This point is over 80 miles from Wonsan. On our way going and coming we visited several points where we have work and found two new out-stations.

After a short rest at home Dr. McMillan, Miss McCully and I took a long trip of over 200 miles and called at several villages where we had done some seed-sowing, visited several new places and spent a few days in two Christian villages where we found churches. Both these churches are nearer Seoul than Wonsan so we proposed to our Seoul brethren that they allow us to withdraw from all places which can be more easily worked from Seoul than Wonsan which proposal was accepted, but in return we were given several additional counties on the east coast which can only be reached from Seoul with great difficulty.

After another breathing spell at home, I went 180 miles overland to Pyeng Yang to take part in teaching a large class of native agents at the summer theological class and to study methods employed in that very successful work. I returned home at the beginning of the rainy season where I remained two months spending the time with my language teacher.

Early last month, being clerk of the Council, I went to Seoul to attend a meeting of that body.

Such is a brief outline of my personal work. During the ten months since our last annual meeting I have been away from home 121 days, 76 of which were spent in itinerating in my own field. While at home local matters claimed considerable attention, among other things I conducted a special class in Bible study two afternoons or evenings of the week.

Concerning the work itself there has been good and steady growth. The unorganized churches have been strengthened and several new out-stations have been added.

Mrs. Foote's work has followed along the same lines as last year. An evening class for women was held once each week part of the year, assistance was given in the special class for Bible study and on Sundays and other days, as time permitted, work was done among the women. Thus has passed another year and at its close our thanks are due and hereby tendered to many who by words of cheer, fervent prayers and otherwise have brightened our pathway; but most of all to Him who has kept us an unbroken family and crowned our lives with many blessings.

WONSAN, REV. D. M. McRAE'S FOURTH YEAR.

In beginning this report of our fourth year in Korea we cannot but recall our closing words of last year, "We place our hope in the future." One year of that future has passed and what have we now to offer! Surely less than the least of our expectations, yet never before have we been able to record, as we now wish to do, so rich an abundance of the Father's love and so great an evidence of His tender care.

The very beginning of that future from which we hoped so much and which we had planned so full of classes and wide itinerating was, as you know, spent on a sick bed, and it was not till the month of April that we have ought to report beyond the great kindness of our fellow missionaries, as well as of our Korean friends, and that unity and blessing which we have reason to believe this illness under God brought to the native church, especially in Ham Hung.

ITINERATING.

As the greater part of my work has been done in the country I shall first report under this heading. I have been absent from Won-

san station in all 132 days; of these 98 were spent on my own circuit, 11 in Song Chin, when it was our pleasure to be present at the opening of the new church in that station, and 23 days attending the annual Presbyterian Council of Missions and meeting of the Executive Bible Committee in Seoul. Distance travelled 1,266 miles; of these 640 were on my circuit. During the year God has in a special manner blessed the work in Ham Hung circuit.

This year we have to report 13 new sub-stations. Last May I baptized 52 men and women, and after examination received 47 as catechumens.

This year the Hong Won Christians bought a building, and by making alterations and repairs fitted it into a place of worship. At Yun Mot Kol framed timber has been bought, a site for a new church building secured and work of erection begun. At Pan Chun a new church building is nearing completion. One school for boys has been opened at Hong Won.

CLASSES.

I held in all three central classes, the first at Ham Hung in which over one hundred were enrolled was begun by myself and carried on during part of my illness by my helper, the Wonsan evangelist and Mrs. McRae's Bible woman; the second and third held at Hong Won and Ham Hung respectively were encouraged and blessed by Mr. Robb's presence and aid; at each of these places the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed for the first time. As in previous years my helper Cha Eul Kyung has proved invaluable, going about to the various sub-stations preaching and teaching classes, the result of his work speaks for itself.

This year for the first time I had in my field a colporteur supported by the British and Foreign Bible Society, I found him of great assistance.

My work in Wonsan has been confined to language study, preparation for class work, Sabbath School and Sabbath and Wednesday evening services, the Sabbath School class of about 30 baptized men I found especially interesting.

Mrs. McRae's work has like my own been mostly confined to the country, over which she has travelled 530 miles by chair and 410 by steamer, she has been 95 days away from Wonsan, 30 days in Ham Hung at the time of my illness, 32 conducting classes with Mrs. Robb's kind assistance among the women of Ham Hung, Hong Won, Yun Mot Kol and Pan Chun, at which time they met 56 Chris-

tian women for regular Bible study besides the hundreds of heathen, 11 in Song Chin and 23 days attending the annual Presbyterian Council of Missions in Seoul.

This year she has had under her direction a Bible-woman supported by the British and Foreign Bible Society who has been invaluable in country work, teaching and selling books and assisting in classes. The Sunday class of little girls at Wonsan has been continued, but want of a building or a room limited further work among them.

During the month of July and part of August Mrs. McRae much enjoyed meeting with Miss McCully's midweek class of women during her absence at Song Chin, and rendering what assistance she could at the class held in Wonsan last February.

Looking to God for grace and wisdom, and with renewal of our hopes as expressed last year this report is respectfully submitted.

Wonsan, Oct. 1, 1902.

SONG CHIN, REV. DR. GRIERSON FOR '02.

Rev. Robert Grierson, M.D.

Mrs. R. Grierson.

Mr. John Grierson, not under appointment.

(Mr. John Grierson is coming home; Mr. and Mrs. Robb will be at that station this year.—ED.)

This station has now been opened a year and five months, during which time preliminary work in the shape of house-building has occupied the missionaries' time. It has at last been all brought to completion, so that now the missionaries will be free to do the more directly evangelistic work called for in this virgin field. There has been some growth during the past year, and in no part of the field has there been retrogression.

When the station was first opened in May, 1901, there was but one recent believer living there, and in the whole immense field attached there were only four other places where believers lived, and in each of these really only one believer of whom we felt sure. Not one of these was a regularly admitted catechumen or baptized person, so that the whole constituency consisted of five non baptized believers.

Now at the close of seventeen months there are, including Song Chin, seven places where a number more or less numerous regularly meet for worship, and one other place with one baptized believer alone. In the whole field there are now fourteen baptized adults, twenty-two catechumens and three baptized

infants. Owing to inability to travel to Kapsan, several promising groups of new Christians have not yet been enrolled as catechumens.

Counting these and the persons in the whole field whom there is good evidence to believe are Christians at heart, the whole constituency now, not including children, is over sixty people. It must be stated, however, that of the fourteen baptized persons only eight were added on profession of faith, the other six being received by certificate from Wonsan.

House-building, which was not completed at the time of last annual meeting, was stopped almost immediately thereafter by the onset of very cold weather, and not resumed until the month of April. Trouble with the Japanese contractor threw the house unfinished upon the missionaries' hands, and they were compelled to carry it on to completion themselves. In this predicament the assistance of Mr. John Grierson was valuable.

ITINERATING.

Owing to the necessity of constantly watching and aiding the building, this branch of work was much interfered with. Three short trips only were taken to visit the Christians at Puk Chung and Yea Dong, twenty-six days in all being so spent. Also one abortive attempt to reach Kapsan blocked after one day's journey by a flood of rain makes a total of twenty-eight days away from home and 279 miles travelled.

SUB-STATIONS.

These are Yea Dong, with four catechumens; Ankok, with four baptized and one catechumen; Puk Chung, one catechumen; Yang Gai, three catechumens; Whang Su, one baptized; Yu Po Dong, ten adult believers not yet enrolled; Myeng Dang Dok, ten adult believers not yet enrolled. At Puk Chung, Ankok and Yea Dong short study classes were conducted. The other stations have been visited by colporteur and helper during the year.

SONG CHIN STATION WORK.

Since last annual meeting the local church has grown in grace, in strength and in numbers. In place of some who returned to their homes in Ham Hung and elsewhere after helping in house-building other new believers have come in, and the Sunday services have averaged twenty-three persons during the past year. In Song Chin there are eight baptized persons and nine catechumens regularly enrolled. During the past summer there have

been classes for study on Tuesday and Friday evenings, besides regular Sunday and Wednesday evening services. The church building began last year has been carried on to completion. Forty-three Sunday collections amounting to 231 nyong have been devoted to the building fund, and they have besides this raised for the same purpose by special effort 212 nyong. The whole cost of the church building then, including the contributions reported last year, totals about 1,000 nyong or seventy-seven dollars Canadian currency. They also gave a collection of twenty-two nyong to the Bible Society. The opening of the new church on August 10, when Mr. and Mrs. McRae and Miss McCully from Wonsan and other Christians from out-stations were present, was a joyful day.

TRAINING CLASSES.

Only one was held for a fortnight in the spring in Song Chin for the whole field, and was attended by nine delegates from three of the sub-stations and local men, making a total of twenty-three. The subjects were "Bible Study," "Church History," "Biblical Geography," "Stereopticon Study of Scripture," "Life of Christ," etc., and the results as indicated by a written examination at the close were very satisfactory indeed. Mr. John Grierson's illustrated lectures on the "Tabernacle" and his stereopticon lectures on "Bible History" both at this class and at other times during the year have been very highly appreciated by the native church.

SCHOOL AND WOMEN'S WORK.

The weakness of the church and the heavy burden of the church building work has made it impossible to undertake the opening of a school for the children of the church, but they have been taught on Sabbath in the church and for a number of months daily by one of the Christians, who, while keeping shop at the same time, took care of four boys and instructed them in Chinese. The children also studied every day for a week in the missionary's house in the month of September.

The women of the Song Chin Church have been taught regularly on Sundays by Mrs. Grierson and her language teacher, and have made much progress in knowledge. After the middle of August also the women and children of the church met in the new church once a week for Bible study and study of the native script under Mrs. Grierson's supervision. In Yea Dong, too, as a result of a visit by Miss

McCully's Bible woman, accompanied by one of the Song Chin women, the wives of three of the Christians, none of whom had before attended service, were brought to regular attendance, and it is hoped to a saving knowledge of Christ.

MEDICAL WORK.

Owing to press of other work, medical practice was not begun in any formal way until July 1, when a daily clinic was opened in the hospital and continued until middle of August when it was discontinued because of a proposed journey to Kapsan. The number of patients seen was not great, owing to the news of the opening not getting abroad and the rainy season rendering travel difficult. Yet several operations under chloroform were done and a quantity of medicine sold. As it is now proposed that Mr. Robb occupy the hospital building until another residence can be erected the hospital work will be closed and the opportunity taken advantage of for long itinerating trips during the remainder of the year by the doctor.

BIBLE DISTRIBUTION AND PIONEER WORK.

One colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society has been working in the field since January 1, and another has been employed since the middle of August. These have sold a large number of Gospels and Bibles and tracts, and have done pioneer work in the northern field as well as visiting the sub-stations. Besides these a number of travelling merchants from south of Wonsan converted in Song Chin in 1901 have in their travels to the north preached the Gospel as far as the northern border, one even crossing into the Chinese and Russian territory across the river where there are large numbers of Koreans settled. Our field then besides the huge territory included in actual Korean soil takes in this multitude beyond the Tuman River, and we must aim at giving them the Gospel of salvation in their own language. God has given us a wide field. We pray for His Grace to open hearts to the Word and for more workers to carry the message over the mountains to this great population.

KOREA, REV. A. F. ROBB FOR 1902.

As a woodsman without his axe or a seamstress without her needle, so is a missionary without a knowledge of the speech of the people about him. The past year has been chiefly devoted by Mrs. Robb and myself to

the first great work of every new missionary—the study of the language.

The succession of strange sounds which assailed our ears on our arrival eleven months ago, no longer falls altogether meaningless on our ears, and the characters which then appeared so mysterious have now a familiar look. During my recent visit to Seoul, I passed the First Year Oral Examination given by the language examiners of the U. S. Presbyterian Mission (North), and expect soon to receive from them the questions for the written examination.

A month was spent in Ham Hung at the time of Mr. McRae's severe illness there. Late in the spring Mrs. Robb and I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. McRae on an itinerating trip of a month's duration in the Ham Hung district. Mrs. Robb aided by teaching the women reading and singing, and I was able to give assistance in the men's classes.

I have also had the privilege of assisting a little in some of the Wonsan church services and the prayer meetings at Kai Mal; and since July Mrs. Robb has had charge of a class of women in the Wonsan Sabbath School, with an enrollment of 20 members.

During the past month I attended with pleasure and profit a meeting of the "Council of the Presbyterian Missions in Korea" at Seoul. This was in some respects an epoch-making Council, as an Act was passed providing for the establishment in due time of a United "Church of Christ in Korea, holding the Presbyterian Form of Government."

Our Year in Korea has served to deepen our love for these people and our gratitude to God and the Church for the privilege of labouring here. We look forward joyfully to a life of service for Christ and the Church in Korea.

The Presbyterian Missions in Manchuria are now united under the care of the Irish Presbyterian and the United Free Church of Scotland. The following are the statistics recently given of the native church for 1901: "Chinese pastors, 2; elders, 27; preaching chapels, 37; churches, 20; places of prayer, 102; Christians who did not recant in time of persecution, 6,639; who recanted, but have been received back, 3,300; inquirers under instruction, 1,025, the total being thus 9,939 baptized Christians and 1,025 inquirers. Baptisms during the year numbered 127—36 being men, 13 women and 78 infants. There are 27 Christian schools, and church collections amounted to \$2,333.42 silver."

LETTER FROM REV. J. GOFORTH.

Chang Te Fu, Honan, Nov. 14, 1902.

Dear Mr. Scott,

About the end of June, when the drought threatened famine, Mr. Yao, the county magistrate, called to see me. Almost the first question he asked was, "Why doesn't it rain?"

It was a rare opportunity not to be missed. I replied, "You Chinese have sinned against the Giver of rain."

"How is that?"

You don't seek it from God, but have appointed others such as the god of war and the great water dragon to provide the rain. I showed him the first and second commandments and pointed out to him how all the woes of China could be traced to their rejection of the true God.

He admitted that of all the gods now worshipped by the Chinese not one is mentioned in the books of Confucius.

I turned up Deut., 28 chap., verse one, and had him read, "If thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments, the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all the nations of the earth," and verse 12, "The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure, the heaven to give the rain unto thy land in his season, and to bless all the work of thy hand; and thou shalt lend unto many nations and thou shalt not borrow."

He continued to read on down through the list of curses which follow disobedience. He was greatly surprised as he read verses 23 and 24, "and thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust; from heaven shall it come down upon thee until thou be destroyed."

It was such an exact description of North China's condition at that time that he could not fail to feel the force of it. Throughout an immense region for nine months previously there had been a succession of dust storms, but scarcely any rain.

For more than an hour I continued to turn up passage after passage of Scripture bearing on rain or the lack of it. I had him read while I explained.

Then he finally said, "There is no need that proclamations be put out commanding the people to cease from worshipping at the temples. You just go on preaching from your Bible and the people will forsake idols of their own accord."

Young People's Societies.

TOPIC FOR MARCH.

MISSIONS IN AFRICA.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

Africa amongst the continents is second in size, being next to Asia, and has a population of from 150,000,000 to 200,000,000. Yet but recently did churches and nations seriously give her their attention. The day of the black race has come, God has lifted the veil from off the Dark Continent, and suddenly the enterprise, the medical skill, the governmental diplomacy, the commercial power of the world are concentrated and with marvellous results.

EARLY MISSIONS.

When Peter preached his famous sermon at Pentecost, some of the "dwellers in Egypt" heard him, and no doubt some of the people of North Africa were amongst the converts.

Whoever first brought the Gospel to Egypt, certain it is that the church spread very rapidly. Tertullian said in 202 A.D., that the number of Christians in the cities was as great as the number of pagans. In the year 235 A.D., a Council was held in Africa which was attended by thirty-five bishops. The growth was so rapid that the Roman authorities became alarmed, and began a violent persecution. Persecutions are evidence of rapid growth, and also served to display Christian heroism.

GREAT INTELLECTS.

Some people think the African is naturally lacking in intellectual capacity. Yet of the twenty greatest names in the Christianity of the first four hundred years, one half are from Africa. Under the leadership of such men as Tertullian, Clement, Origen, Augustine and Cyprian the Gospel spread rapidly until there were nine hundred churches in North Africa.

Why did the work not go on until the whole of Africa was evangelized? The answer is that the Church gave herself over to theological disputations, and the fires went out. If instead of spending their strength upon theological controversy, they had obeyed the Master's command "to go" there might not have been two thousand years of darkness in Africa.

WHAT WE OWE?

We owe reparation for all the unutterable cruelty inflicted upon Africa by so-called Christian nations. The slave trade was one of the greatest curses that ever rested upon our race. How God regards it is seen in the penalty laid upon the American nation for having engaged in the inhuman traffic—five hundred thousand graves, the maiming of three hundred thousand men,—two hundred and ninety thousand widows, and the expenditure of three billions of money.

Yet it is said that the atrocities of trading companies in Africa were as bad as the atrocities of the slave trade. The rubber traders in the Congo Free State used to force the natives to bring in, gratuitously, india-rubber, and, unless they brought in a stated quantity, burned their villages and shot them down like dogs.

Sometimes a native soldier was sent out with so many cartridges, and to show that he did not waste his ammunition, was expected to take back a right hand for every cartridge used. On one day a missionary saw eighty hands brought in, and seventy on the following day. Happily the day for such things is nearly past. But we should compensate Africa for the past, and the best compensation is the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

WHITE MAN'S GRAVE.

The work of evangelization has begun, but at what a sacrifice of life! Of more than seven hundred explorers who travelled in Africa, about five hundred and fifty found there their last resting place. About one hundred missionary societies are working in Africa. Seven of these societies have given one hundred and ninety lives for Africa since 1833. Whilst a few of them served for thirty or forty years and a very few even longer, the average term of service was only eight years.

But who will say the cost is too great? It cost 20,897 men and 1,069 officers, and \$825,000,000 to establish the supremacy of Great Britain in South Africa. Probably in the future the price will not be deemed too high. What price, then, would be too high in order to place Jesus Christ on the throne in that

great continent? It will cost many lives, but they cannot be better expended.

For mission purposes Africa is naturally divided into four sections:

I. NORTH AFRICA.

This naturally falls into three divisions.

1. Mediterranean Provinces.—Morocco, Tunis, Algeria and Tripoli with a population of 25,000,000.

The "North African Mission" has one hundred workers employed there, whilst the British and Foreign Bible Society and other smaller organizations are at work, the North African Mission is the principle agency.

2. The Sahara.—This vast desert extending from the Atlantic to the Nile has an area twice as large as India, but has a population of only two and a half millions. Practically no mission work is done there.

3. The Nile Provinces.—Egypt, Nubia and Abyssinia. Egypt has been called "the gift of the Nile" that wonderful river that flows from Lake Nyanza to the sea, a distance of 3,400 miles, and carries 16,000,000 tons of deposit into Egypt every year.

The Church Missionary Society was the first to begin modern Protestant mission work there. They discontinued in 1865, and now the United Presbyterians of America do the principal mission work in Egypt. They have forty-one American workers and thirty-one native licentiates.

II. THE SOUDAN.

South of the Sahara desert, a vast, fertile and populous belt stretches across Africa called the "Soudan" or the country of the "blacks." It is divided into the Eastern and Western Soudan.

The Western includes the coast region which is deadly to the white man. The Moravians were the first, and began work in 1736. Others followed, but when the Church Missionary Society began in 1804, all others had disappeared. So deadly is the climate that out of seventy-nine missionaries sent out in twenty-two years, only fourteen remained. At present there are about a dozen societies, with two hundred and fifty missionaries in western Soudan.

In eastern Soudan the work is only begun, a vast population almost untouched—without a ray of light.

III. CENTRAL AFRICA.

In this section there are ten thousand miles

of navigable waters on the Congo, the Nile, the Zambesi, the Shiré, and three lakes, Nyassa, Tanganyika and Nyanza.

About twenty-five years ago, when a little company set sail to start the Livingstonia Mission on Lake Nyassa, they took two years' provisions, sailed to the Cape and then got a sailing vessel to take them up the east coast to the Zambesi. They then got a little vessel, sailed up the Zambesi, about 200 miles to the cataracts, then had to take their vessel to pieces, carry it seventy miles by road and then again sail to Nyassa another 300 miles. Now there is a railway built from Mombasa direct to Lake Nyassa, 572 miles.

So also is it on the west coast, ocean steamers can sail up the Congo 113 miles to Matadi. Then come 200 miles of cataract, which are overcome by railroad to Stanley Pool. From that point the main stream of Congo is navigable for 1,100 miles, and on all the tributaries of the Congo there are said to be 7,000 miles of navigable waters.

WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

On the Congo there are several missionary societies operating, such as the English Baptists, the American Baptists, the International Alliance, the Bishop Taylor Mission and American Southern Presbyterian Mission. In all they have 220 missionaries, but through absence on sick leave and other causes not more than one-half are effective at one time.

EAST CENTRAL AFRICA.

This is the region associated with the names of Krapf and Mackay and Hannington and Livingstone. When Livingstone died on his knees at Ilala, all Christendom awoke and turned to Africa. Then began a number of the most interesting and hopeful missions of modern times. The Scottish Free Church took up work on Lake Nyassa, the London Missionary Society took Lake Tanganyika, the Universities' Mission took up Zanzibar and the Church Missionary Society took Uganda on the north coast of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Many other societies operate there, and have in all between 500 and 600 missionaries.

In the Uganda Mission in the last ten years the number of baptized Christians grew from 300 to 30,000. There was then one church; now there are 700 churches. Twenty native evangelists have grown to 2,000. All these evangelists, the 700 churches, the numerous schools, the entire work is carried on by the native church. Not one penny of foreign

money is given for its maintenance. It is a remarkable illustration of what people in their poverty can accomplish when the love of Christ constrains them.

IV. SOUTH AFRICA.

It would take a volume rather than a paragraph or two to write the story of missions in South Africa. It is both voluminous and glorious.

Let us indicate a few lines of study.

1. "The natives."—There are three races:

(1) The Bantus on the east, including Kaffirs, Zulus, Matabele, Bechuanas, Basutos, etc. (2) The Hottentots on the southwest. (3) The Bushmen, a diminutive race living in holes and corners, mainly in desert places between and among the Hottentots and Kaffirs, and were treated by them as vermin, only fit to be destroyed.

2. "Colonization."—The Cape of Good Hope was discovered by the Portuguese, but they did nothing more.

The Dutch succeeded and made a deep impression on the religion, language and laws of the land. But they came into conflict with the native races and did not know how to treat them, nor did they feel responsibility for their evangelization. Over the doors of the Boer churches was hung the sign "Dogs and Kaffirs not admitted." They treated them like dogs, and when missionaries began to interfere in behalf of the natives there sprang up a strong feeling of hatred against missionaries amongst the Boers.

Then came British influence which opened up the wealth and resources of the country, and were the first to protect and deal honourably with the native races.

It was because of their interference in behalf of the native races that the Dutch were at intervals moving farther and farther into the interior, which is known as "trekking." They thus got new and cheaper land and got away from British control.

But the further they went inland the more they came into contact with the natives and the more frequent the collisions, hence a succession of wars that lasted for one hundred years.

The French Huguenot should not be overlooked. South Africa, as well as every country in Europe, gained by an infusion of the best citizens of France fugitives from Roman Catholic persecution at home.

3. "Mission Enterprise."—This is a very great and glorious history. There are in all

about 345,000 baptized natives and about half a million more who are adherents of the different evangelical churches. We can name but a few of the societies that operate there.

(1) The Moravians were the first. They began amongst the Hottentots, with whom the imperishable name of George Schmidt is associated. Their work spread amongst Kaffirs and Bushmen, and is still extending.

(2) The London Missionary Society came next, and, above all others, they had famous men. Of these Dr. Vanderkemp, Dr. Phillips, Robert Moffat and David Livingstone are the best known. This has been the pioneering society. It opened up new territory and then handed it over to other societies. It is thoroughly evangelistic in its policy and develops native independent churches which led to the Congregational Union for South Africa with 70,000 members.

(3) The British Wesleyan Methodist began early in the last century, and are doing extensive work in many provinces.

(4) Presbyterianism is strong because the Boers are Presbyterian. The Scotch Presbyterians labour chiefly in Kaffraria, and have two important educational institutions, viz., Lovedale in the south and Blythwood in the north.

Besides these should be named English Episcopalians, French Protestants, Berlin, Rhenish and Norwegian missionaries.

4. "Future Ministry."—Africa must be evangelized by Africans. The climate is deadly for the white man, and, besides, it cannot be concealed that there is a natural barrier between the white and black man. Civilization and Christianization may overcome it, but, in the meantime, we want missionaries who can get into sympathy. The negro of America is the suitable agent, and probably he will have a large part in the evangelization of his native land. In Lovedale there are 1,000 students and elsewhere a native ministry is being raised up.

5. "The Effects of the War."—Already that has been answered. It was demoralizing for the time, but the British Government protects native races, educates them and facilitates their evangelization. British rule will do for Africa what it is doing for India and for every other land it touches.

There is plenty of time for action, but none for waste; for improvement, but none for dissipation.

World=Wide Work.

PRESBYTERIANS THROUGH R. C. EYES.

BY MICHAEL F. J. MCCARTHY, AN IRISH R. C. BARRISTER.

"I am an Irishman ; I am a Roman Catholic ; I have a right to speak."—M. F. J. McCarthy.

"It has often struck me that the Roman Catholics of Belfast have an example before their eyes which should imbue them with the necessary courage to be the first Catholic body in Ireland to insist upon a fair division of authority in educational, charitable and church work amongst the laity and the clergy. The Presbyterian and Episcopalian Churches are the predominant religious bodies in the city, and our fellow Catholics must know countless instances of the marvellous success of individual members of those Churches in life.

How self-reliant, cheerful and industrious the Presbyterians are, for instance. It often edifies me to see the amount of really hard work done by them everywhere ; some of them in Dublin, for instance, are the most hard-working men I know ; at work late and early ; always at work, at full pressure. For six days of the week their energies are concentrated on their business, and they do not know how to idle, even when they acquire money. I believe that the strenuous, constant work of the Presbyterian body is one of the most salutary elements in the social life of Ireland.

AT THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

I attended for half an hour at the meeting of the General Assembly in Belfast in the year 1901, in the Presbyterian Church at May street. I had never been in a Presbyterian Church before that day, and its plainness and comfort came as a revelation upon me. The ground floor and the galleries were filled with comfortable pews. There was no dirt, no discomfort, no ostentation in the shape of expensive pictures, statues or altars. Indeed, a Catholic would not recognize the interior of the building as being the interior of a church. There were no draughts ; no expectorations on the floors ; no ragged people to be seen inside or outside of the building.

A Roman Catholic American, speaking the other day in Dublin, said : "I have not seen a clean church since I came to Ireland." He had been at mass in many of our Dublin

churches, and the dirt and discomfort of them amazed him.

The interior of May Street Church was, therefore, a pleasant sight to me, accustomed only to our priest-managed churches ; the comfort of the pews, the solidity of the fixtures, the sensible and solemn appearance of the place of worship.

When I looked round at the people who were in the church, I beheld a collection of ministers and laymen, old, young and middle-aged, sitting promiscuously in the various pews, chatting like the members in the House of Commons. A Presbyterian clergyman, the Moderator, sat in a chair on an elevated dais, like the chairman of a public meeting, attended by a secretary, who sat in a seat beside him.

There are no people who can more seriously and adequately discuss a vital question than the members of the General Assembly. It was, therefore, with regret that I found that the discussion in progress when I entered was of an unimportant nature. But, perhaps, for that reason I carried away a truer insight into the Assembly's working than if some great public question were being debated.

The conversational freedom in which the speakers addressed the Moderator impressed me curiously. There was no oratory, no grandiloquence, no perceptible pretence of any description. The men were speaking as if they were at home and as if they were really getting their thoughts out.

The Moderator was not addressed as if he were superhuman ; but the utmost respect was paid to his rulings and to his position—that highest species of respect which can only emanate from rational, free people. Presbyterians of wealth and of social distinction were sitting down in a casual way with their brother Presbyterians, no difference whatever being made between the members.

I saw no deference paid to money and rank, but I saw the highest respect shown to those who were described to me as men of proved personal worth. I saw no special seats for the rich and dark corners for the poor. Every man in that church got the same accommodation ; was equally free and equally fearless.

An elderly clergyman, to whom I was introduced while the discussion was going on, spoke to me just as if we were in a public assembly, to which nothing of a religious character attached. There was no awe, no mystery, no supernatural powers supposed to be resident in any of the fixtures of the building or in any of its occupants.

He beckoned to a member of the Assembly, sitting in a distant pew, who thereupon came across to us, and the clergyman introduced him to me as the Right Honourable ——. Many others were introduced to me in the friendliest way.

Meantime, I was much interested in the discussion which happened to be going on. The question was whether the General Assembly should interfere, or, as it was expressed, should "legislate" for the prevention of juvenile smoking. The debate was maintained heartily, openly, good-humouredly, fearlessly, to the amazement of me, a mystified Roman Catholic.

I should advise some of the advanced Roman Catholics in Belfast to attend for half an hour at a meeting of the General Assembly, and discover, therefrom, what it is we lay folk really lack. They may learn at the General Assembly where the Presbyterian gets his courage; where the Catholic gets his cowardice.

It was proposed that the Assembly should pass a law prohibiting smoking amongst young Presbyterians, on the ground that it was injurious to health.

Imagine my amazement, I bred in an atmosphere of priestly mystery and sententiousness, when a clergyman arose close beside me, and, addressing the Moderator in a strain of droll earnestness, said he would be no party to any "legislation" condemning or preventing juvenile smoking. His words were to this effect:

"How can I prevent a boy from smoking when I smoke myself? I won't give up smoking for the General Assembly or for any other power, and, if I do not give up smoking myself, I cannot see my way to preventing the boys of my parish from smoking, if they so will. How could I produce a pipe and light it in the presence of the public or of my friends, when I had just been snatching a cigarette, perhaps, out of a wee boy's mouth and denouncing him for smoking it as if he had been guilty of a crime?

"And what I cannot do in public I will not do in private. For, if it be wrong to smoke, it is as wrong to smoke in private as in public, and I have no notion of hunting the wee boys

all over the town, trying to take cigarettes from them when I see them smoking at the street corners, and then, maybe, lighting my own pipe the next minute."

The balance of sage opinion in the Assembly condemned the evils of juvenile smoking, but the humour and outspokenness of the speech I have paraphrased impressed me deeply. Such candour is never heard from our Roman Catholic priests, who, by the exigencies of their position, are posturers eternally trying to appear supernatural and ending by being unnatural; ever holding themselves in, afraid lest they should give themselves away, fearful lest the observant laity should detect a flaw in their miraculous armour.

Other speakers followed, some in favour of preventing juvenile smoking and others against it, and the result was, as well as I can remember, that no action was then taken.

Were a deputation of lay Catholics to visit the General Assembly and listen to its proceedings for an hour or two, they would leave the building convinced that the management of Church affairs amongst us Catholics is altogether wrong; and they would be forced to the conclusion, which I have long since come to, that the most effective way to develop the character of a Christian man in a Christian State is to give him an authoritative voice in the control of his Church, and of everything educational and charitable appertaining thereto.

He will then feel that he is a living member of Christ's brotherhood on earth, instead of being a voiceless slave, ever doubting, ever mystified, ever fearful, over whose head all the business of Christian economy is transacted as if he were a worm.

I dined with an ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, a clergyman of means, unattached to any particular church district, the Rev. David Arnott-Taylor, D.D., and there were two or three Presbyterian clergymen present.

Other Presbyterian clergymen came in after dinner. Freedom of discourse, buoyancy, heartiness and hope characterized those men. They were not constrained by the presence of Dr. Taylor, though he was an ex-Moderator, and though, in the capacity of Moderator, he had dined with the Queen when she was here in Ireland.

One Presbyterian clergyman does not expect another to be afraid of him. As far as I can see, and to put the matter in a nutshell, the Presbyterians seem to strive to be Christian

brethren in what they believe to be the true and practical sense of the words.

Their hopefulness is great; deep is their belief in the efficacy of Christ's death on the cross; they bring that hope and faith and charity into every incident and venture of their lives, and the result is good conduct and that help from God which self-help always brings.

Their clergymen are for them only brothers in Christ, set apart to do special work connected with the Church, and remunerated for so doing; having a special knowledge of the Scriptures and respected for that special knowledge; leading lives of edification and good example, and respected according to the probity of their lives.

Profession without practice will not satisfy the Presbyterian. No Presbyterian clergyman who is a bad man would be tolerated. Vice cannot take shelter behind the stock and collar of a man whose life is open to the light of day and who works no miracles, which, in the eyes of his congregation, can atone for personal lapses from right conduct. Neither drunkenness nor ill-temper, nor tyranny nor uncharitableness nor immorality would be condoned in a clergyman by any Presbyterian congregation.

The Presbyterian clergyman only bases his claim to respect on his attention to duty, on the edification of his life and the superior knowledge of Christian matters which he possesses. And the method of his selection is calculated to make him popular with his parishioners. When a vacancy occurs in a Presbyterian parish a deputation of elders formally visits several of the neighbouring churches, and they elicit the general opinion of the laity as to the clergymen in those churches.

Or, perhaps, the parish has already made up its mind as to its minister. The deputation hears the clergymen preaching from their own pulpits. If they are satisfied that any of those clergymen combines all the qualifications they desire in a minister for their parish, they select that clergyman; and, if he consents to be their minister, they give him a "call" to their parish. Ever afterwards they look upon him as their own free choice and loyally support him.

Would it not be a happy state of affairs for us if we were entrusted in our Church with such power as that in the selection of parish priests? Would it not be well for us Catholics if the condition of our Church were such that it

would bear the test of an open discussion of its affairs by clerics and laymen every year, such as we see in the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches of Ireland?

How brave and self-confident the lay Catholics attending such an Assembly would feel when they left its deliberations! Religion and Christ's simple, heart-stirring teaching would become for them a strengthening force in life, instead of a mystifying and disheartening force.

The more advanced Roman Catholics of Belfast should not be content with the position they occupy in their native city under the rule of their priests. Their importance is steadily decreasing. In 1861 they were 34 per cent., or over one-third of the population of Belfast; in 1871 they were only 32 per cent.; in 1881 they were only 28.8 per cent.; in 1891, 26.3 per cent., and in 1901 they are only 24 per cent., or considerably under one-fourth of the inhabitants of the city.—From Mr. McCarthy's book, "*Priests and People in Ireland*."

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. WM. WILSON.

I. APOSTOLIC ORIGIN.

Christianity was introduced into India very early—possibly during the time of the apostles. Fleets from Egypt, before the end of the first century, found their way to the western and southern coasts of India, and Christian merchants, dealing in cloths, spices and gems of Ceylon and South India, would carry the Gospel with them.

Pantaenus, head of the divinity school in Alexandria, in A.D. 190 visited India and found "that the apostle Bartholomew had already preached the coming of Jesus Christ, according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, which he brought back to Alexandria, written in Hebrew."* In 325, Johannes, a bishop of Persia, claimed, in some sense, to represent India at the council of Nicea.

II. NESTORIAN TYPE.

In A.D. 535, historic light becomes more distinct. Cosmos, a travelling merchant, tells us that he found Christian communities, churches and bishops in Ceylon, on the Malabar coast, at Kalyan, where a Free Church mission now exists, and in the island of Sokotra. By this time the Church had become permeated with Nestorianism. It spread over a large part of South India, and even to China.

*Jerome.

In the sixth century Nestorian missionaries from Edessa and elsewhere went abroad preaching the Word. The three Persian crosses discovered near Madras and in Travancore, and the Nestorian tablet found in 1625 in Shen-si, in China, indicate by their inscriptions the extent and the nature of Nestorian teaching.

At the present time the remnants of this ancient church, known as Syrian Christians, including the Jacobites, number about 571,000. Dr. George Smith, in his "Conversion of India," points out that it failed to utilize its opportunity, when the native princes and people of India gave it shelter at a time when Islam was crushing Christianity out of Western Asia. Because of its metaphysical speculations and its unscriptural teaching concerning the divinity of Christ, it failed to create a self-propagating Christian Church.

III. ROMAN TYPE.

Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, tells of Christian churches existing in the end of the thirteenth century, in several parts of India. But they were devoid of spiritual life and influence. Half a century later, Franciscan and Dominican missionaries commenced activities in India.

The first to begin Roman Catholic missions in India was John of Monte Corvino. Prominent among his successors was Jordanus, from whose letters two things are evident:—(1) That in the fourteenth century the Indian Christians had become very corrupt in doctrine and practice; and (2) that the Hindus were open to the Gospel.

He says, in reference to the latter: "Among the idolaters a man may with safety expound the Word of the Lord, nor is any one among the idolaters hindered from being baptized, throughout all the East." And again, "Whilst I was among those schismatics and unbelievers, I believe that more than ten thousand, or thereabouts, were converted to our faith." Other missionaries followed from time to time up to the beginning of the sixteenth century, but again Christianity failed "because of its using political methods and unspiritual weapons which our Lord Himself denounced."

IV. PORTUGUESE AND JESUIT EFFORTS.

The Pope speedily took advantage of the Portuguese intercourse with India to plant there the Church of Rome. In 1542, Xavier was sent out as head of the Jesuit Mission. He made Goa the centre of operations, but he

himself travelled far and baptized multitudes. His converts were required merely to recite the creed, to repeat a few prayers, and to receive the rite of baptism, while in life and character they differed little, if at all, from the heathen.

He was full of zeal and concern for the salvation of the people, but never acquired their language, doing his work chiefly through an interpreter. His experience alike among the poor and the rich led him to trust to baptism of children and their instruction as the chief means of gathering the people of India into the Church.

He despaired of converting Indian adults without the secular arm, and so in 1545 he asked John III. of Portugal for permission to introduce into India the "Holy Office of the Inquisition." This was established in 1560 at Goa, and for 250 years this device of Satan with more or less continuity did its accursed work. It was abolished under British pressure in 1816. This terrible engine was employed not only against Hindus and Mohammedans, but also against Jews and Nestorian Christians, with a view to their conversion to Rome.

When the Portuguese landed on the Malabar coast they found a community of Christians who did not recognize the Pope nor worship images of the Saviour and of the Virgin, nor adore the Mass, and they resolved that these heretics should be compelled to accept the teaching of the Romish Church or cease to exist.

In 1595 Archbishop Menezes set out with full power, commissioned by Pope Clement VIII., to destroy the independence of the Nestorian Church. It took but four years to do the work. The sacred books, missals, oil and church ornaments were publicly burned, and their religion publicly abolished. On the first opportunity, however, when the political power of the Portuguese was broken by the Dutch, a section of the Syrian Christians in 1665 renounced allegiance to the Jesuit bishops and they still retain their independence. They now number 248,741 and are known as Jacobite Christians.

Finding that the zeal and self-sacrifice of Xavier, the terrors of the Inquisition, and the temporal power of the Portuguese government, failed to establish the Romish Church in native soil, the Jesuits tried another plan. They disguised Christianity as a form of Brahmanism, and sought to catch the people by guile. Robert de Nobilis and other monks and priests

adopted the mode of life of Hindus, conforming to their customs in dress, food, caste, and idol worship with its indecencies and immoralities. They palmed off a version of the Gospels as a fifth Veda, and persuaded large numbers of all castes, high and low, to profess the Christian faith.

Much of their success was due to their system of industrial settlements. Many of their stations were centres of agricultural communities, and along with those who tilled the land were workers in iron, cotton and wool. The day was spent in organized labour, and the evenings in chanting and in religious service. This union of Christianity with labour gave a measure of strength and expansive power to the Mission.

But a deeper reason for the spread of Jesuit missions lay in their policy of evangelizing through the medium of a native priesthood. Said one of their order: "The Christian religion cannot be regarded as naturalized in a country until it is in a position to propagate its own priesthood." A college was established at Goa for the training of native preachers, but the general methods adopted had such inherent weaknesses, and were so contrary to the true nature of the religion of Christ, that with all its expedients Romanism failed to introduce the vital force of Christianity into the country.

Though it succeeded in enrolling vast numbers in the Church, yet after 400 years the Roman Catholic community is returned at about a million and a quarter, most of whom in character and intelligence are little separated from the heathen around them. They are superstitious, ignorant, without the Bible, trusting for salvation to sacraments and church rites, and largely dominated by the principle of caste. Save by natural increase, they are by no means a self-propagating church. Since the death of Xavier in 1552, Romish missions in India have increased in 340 years by only two-thirds, while Protestant Christians have increased in the last fifty years from about 91,000 to over one million.

V. DUTCH MISSIONS, 1639-1759.

The political power of the Portuguese was broken up by the Dutch, whose ships during the seventeenth century ruled the seas, as had those of the Portuguese in the sixteenth. During the period of Dutch supremacy in India lasting 120 years, the Reformed Church of Holland sought to use political power to establish Christianity.

This policy induced large numbers, especially in Ceylon, for the sake of political favours, to accept the Christian faith in ignorance and hypocrisy, only, however, to reject it universally when, in turn, the English conquests broke the Dutch power. The half-million of converts speedily disappeared when the Dutch penal laws in reference to religion were abolished. Like the Nestorians and the Romanists, the Reformed Church used means of which it said itself, "such things are not of Christ nor calculated to advance His Kingdom."

VI. LUTHERAN MISSIONS, 1705-1817.

In the Danish settlements at Tranquebar, in 1705, began what may be regarded as the first Protestant mission in India. Under the patronage of the King of Denmark, Ziegenbalg and Plutchau began to work along new lines and to adopt methods more in harmony with the nature of Christianity. They and their successors translated the Scriptures into the speech of the people preached in the vernacular and established village schools. For about a century the work was prosecuted, resulting in a community of 50,000 converts scattered along the southeastern coast as far north as Madras.

After Schultz, who translated the whole Bible into Hindustani, and the great and good Schwartz, the founder of the Tinneveli Missions, whose death was mourned alike by English governors and Hindu princes, came a succession of men of rationalistic type, and the work fell to pieces. The Danish and German missionaries pursued the fatal policy of making a compromise with Hinduism, recognizing caste as a social distinction and tolerating it even at the Lord's table. Distrust, dissensions, pride and jealousy rent the churches and destroyed all power to advance against hostile forces or even to hold the ground already gained.

With the gradual disappearance of the Danish settlements the mission stations were abandoned, and the churches became disorganized and the converts scattered. By the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the Lutheran Mission as a distinctive organization had ceased to exist, and its fragments were gathered, from 1816 to 1834, into the Church Mission Society and into other missions that came in to occupy the field.

VII. ENGLISH PROTESTANT MISSIONS, 1793.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century

the vital forces of Christianity had made but little impression on the great systems of Hinduism and Mohammedanism. The real conflict of Christianity with the old faiths of India began with the advent of the spiritual forces represented by such chaplains of the East India Company as David Brown, Claudius Buchanan and Henry Martyn; by such civilians as Charles Grant, William Chambers and George Udny, and by such missionaries as Carey, Marshman and Ward.

These forces had their origin in prayer and the study of Scripture, and were manifested in the revival of earnest religion in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and in an awakened interest in the condition of heathen people.

The result of this spiritual movement was the true beginning of Protestant missions at the commencement of the nineteenth century. In the settlement of the missionaries, Carey, Marshman and Ward, at Serampore, under the protection of the Danish Government, in 1800, and in the organization of the Christian forces along definite lines to meet the conditions created by the religions of the land, there began those persistent and ever multiplying and ever intensifying efforts to supplant these religions which have resulted in a Christian community of 887,468, and have done so much to produce the restless and fermenting thought of the New India of to-day.

These pioneers little realized the perplexing problems and the long task that lay before the Christian Church by reason of India's teeming multitudes, its vast congeries of races, tribes and peoples, so diverse in origin, custom and religion, its great variety of languages, its peculiar organization of caste, binding the whole as with chains of steel.

Much of previous effort to convert India had not only brought little or no permanent good, but had even left a heritage of evil that has to the present day handicapped the religion of Jesus in its conflict with opposing faiths. Further, the evil example of men from European lands, bearing the name of Christ, but disgracing it by dissolute lives, the intolerant and hostile attitude of the East India Company towards missions and its open support of heathen customs increased the difficulty.

Having been refused a passage on an East India vessel, Carey went to India in a Danish ship, landing at Calcutta, November 11, 1793,—a noteworthy date, for then there stepped on the shores of India a man of might, who,

before his day was done, dealt many a heavy blow at the gods of the land.

Six years of waiting, struggling for subsistence, superintending an indigo factory, studying Bengali and Sanscrit, preaching as opportunity offered, and then came Marshman and Ward, the settlement in Serampore under Danish protection and the beginning of organized labour in 1800.

For thirteen years these admirable men worked to good purpose, supporting themselves and their work by their earnings, teaching schools, translating and printing the Scriptures and preaching to the natives. After a stubborn fight in parliament by the friends of missions, a clause, giving a measure of freedom to missionaries to enter and work in India was inserted in the new charter of the East India Company in 1813.

Advantage was soon taken of this removal of the restriction. The London Mission Society, founded in 1795, had, in 1804, begun work in Travancore, in South India, and it now extended its operations. The Church Mission Society, the Wesleyan and the American Board at once sent forth representatives, and before the first quarter of the century had ended missions were planted in various parts of India. Great Britain, Ireland, America and Canada had begun to take part in establishing centres of Christian forces over the whole land. Societies and churches, one after another, have sent forth their contingents to take part in the great conflict.

There are now some sixty-four organizations working for the conversion of India. At the beginning of the century Protestant Christianity was represented by a few small, scattered and obscure communities of converts; at its close Christian missions were dotted all over the land from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. And beneath all diversity the native churches, united in a common faith, have grown to a community of more than three-quarters of a million, whose power and influence as a factor in India's future must now be reckoned with alike by the government and the people of the land.—From Mr. Wilson's book, "*The Redemption of Malwa.*"

To the effects of alcohol have been attributed by Field-Marshal Lord Napier and Lord Wolseley some 90 per cent. of the crime of the army, and by other authorities 70 per cent. of the hospital cases.

GROWTH OF MORMONISM.

The Mormon population of the United States has increased more rapidly during the last two decades, according to official statistics of the church, than in any other similar period in its history. The growth to Mormonism has never before been so general as at the present day.

Mormon converts are to be found to-day practically in every State of the Union and in every large city. Considerable bodies of Mormons are besides to be found in Mexico, in Canada and in Japan, while many converts are reported from England and European countries.

The statistics of the Mormon population in Utah are especially surprising: In 1870 the census gave the entire population of Utah as 88,374, and of this number some 80,000 were put down as Mormons. In 1900 the population was placed by the official census at 276,740, of which 220,000 were Mormons. In other words, there was a net increase of 140,000 in that State alone in thirty years. In this period about one-third of the entire number had located in regions outside the State.

The increase is remarkable, but has been far surpassed in the ten years following. In 1890 the Mormons claimed exactly 144,352 adherents in the United States. At the present date they claim a membership of 320,000.

The rate of growth during this period and the extent of territory affected were trifling when compared with the world-wide missionary work of the present day. In other words, Mormonism has more than doubled the number of its adherents during the last twelve years. If the recent activity continues, and everything indicates it will, the next decade will witness an even more amazing growth, not only in Utah, but throughout the entire United States.

The statistics of membership for the States other than Utah are equally surprising. During the last year there have been several thousand baptisms in the Eastern and Southern States alone. The present membership of the Eastern States is 1,187, and the number is being increased daily. (There are at present more than 200 Mormons in New York city. In Boston and the surrounding territory there are about 400.)

These figures do not begin to indicate, however, the entire story of Mormon results of missionary work. As soon as a sufficient number of Mormon converts are collected, it is a custom to ship them West without delay to populate the distinctly Mormon States, or to colonize the far West and help build up new Mormon communities.

There is a population, for example, of 6,000 Mormons at Alberta, in Northwestern Canada, while the Mormon population of Mexico numbers more than 3,000.

J. Fielding Smith, a man of great executive ability and of fine physique, is the present head of the Mormon Church.—“Chicago Record-Herald.”

“The complete Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for its ninety-eighth year, ending March, 1902, shows that the issues of the society during the year were 939,706 Bibles, 1,364,116 New Testaments, 2,763,599 Portions, making a total of 5,067,422, which is considerably in excess of the previous year. The total issues of the society, since its foundation in 1804, amount to 175,038,965 copies. The society is preparing with enthusiasm to celebrate its centennial in 1904. When any one considers these figures and adds to them the issues and circulation of the American Society, and then keeps in mind also the extensive circulation of the many commercial houses that make a business of publishing the Scriptures, it would seem as if there would be little difficulty in disposing of the pessimistic idea that interest in the Scriptures is waning.”

The following is a summary of the statistics given at the last General Assembly of the Welsh Presbyterian Church:—Chapels and preaching stations, 1,579, containing sitting accommodation for 500,000; Sunday school buildings, 976; manses, 191; chapel houses, 461; churches, 1,374; ministers, 834; preachers, 390; deacons, 5,732; communicants, 160,333; children in the churches, 74,521; candidates for membership, 2,532; total in the churches, 237,277; received into Communion during the year, 23,114; lost from Communion by death, transfers, etc., 20,872; Sunday-schools, 1,688, manned by 25,657 teachers and comprising 204,777 members; hearers in the churches, 323,951. The collections towards all purposes totalled £305,745. The Century Fund showed promises of £78,704, of which £56,095 has been paid.

“According to the latest statistics from Jewish sources, the largest Hebrew community in the world is in the City of New York, which contains more than 400,000 Jews, a number exceeding—according to some authorities—the entire population of the ancient kingdom of Judah. After New York comes Warsaw with more than the half of its population Jewish. Then comes Budapest with 170,000, Vienna and Odessa with 140,000, London with 120,000, Berlin with 110,000, Philadelphia with 100,000, Paris, Amsterdam, Vilna, Lodz, Lemberg, Minsk, Berdichel, Jitomir, Vitebsk, Kovno, Saloniki, and finally Jerusalem with about 50,000 each.”

A feature of the second General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Australia, which met recently, was the report of a Committee to consider and report on the Federation of Protestant Churches. They brought in a short creed which is to be submitted to other churches for their consideration as a possible basis for a practical federation.

Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

Pulpit and Pew.

LESSONS FROM PAUL'S CONVERSION.

BY REV. A. J. MOWATT D. D., MONTREAL.

"And Ananias departed, and entered into the house, and laying his hands on him, said: Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, who appeared unto thee in way which thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mayest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 9 : 17.

It is sometimes said that old-time conversions are rare to-day. Now, there is no doubt of Paul's conversion, and a most wonderful conversion it was. And there is no doubt of this also, that conversions were of almost daily occurrence in the old days of the Gospel. Let us call to mind

A FEW OLD-TIME CONVERSIONS.

There was Peter's conversion, when, on his knees, he woke up to the fact that he was a sinful man and so broke forever with his old life. There was the conversion of Nicodemus, when he was born again, he knew not how. There was that of the rich publican Zacchaeus, when he came down from the tree to take Jesus home with him. Then there were the no less wonderful conversions of the Magdalene and the woman at the well, and Mary of Bethany and her sister Martha and the woman of Syrophenicia and many another. Then later come those of Barnabas, who sold his all, and the distinguished Ethiopian riding in his state carriage, and Cornelius, and the lady-like Lydia, and the girl possessed with the spirit of divination, and the jailer with his sword drawn to kill himself, and many another with which we are familiar.

And we must not forget that there were seeming conversions which proved false ones. Judas was a traitor and betrayed the Master. Ananias and Sapphira died with a lie on their lips. Simon Magus turned out a fraud. Demas fell away after a Christian experience of seeming promise. And many another, when tried, was found wanting, a whited sepulchre, a gilded sham.

WHAT IS CONVERSION ; AND IS IT NECESSARY ?

Conversion is simply a turning to the Lord. A man is going he knows not whither, living in sin, walking in darkness, following the bent of his own wayward will. But there comes a break right across his life. It comes sometimes as suddenly as a flash of lightning. It

came that way to Paul. He was Saul then, Saul of Tarsus. You see him unhorsed, and on his face on the road, stricken down and asking what he must do.

And it comes that way still. I recall a case that impressed me much at the time. I was a student. There was a drunken German soldier. He had been drinking till he was well-nigh crazed. He came to an elder's house. The good old man was at work in his yard. The soldier came within perhaps twenty feet of where the elder was at work, and, without a word, stood stock-still like a soldier standing sentry. The elder paid no heed to him, and not a word was spoken. He stood thus perhaps an hour. I was not present all the time. Suddenly he fell on his face as if knocked down. And then in great agony he asked the elder to pray for him. The elder continued his work. I went to the elder and called his attention to the man's distress, and he said, "I am praying for him. Leave him alone; the Lord is dealing with him." I was not there to see how it ended, but from that on he was another man.

To others, again, conversion comes gently, sweetly and yet so real. It comes like the dawn creeping over the hills or like the spring stealing up the valley and opening buds and flowers. It came thus to Nicodemus and to the gentle Lydia, and it was beautiful to see how it woke them up to the new life and won them to the Gospel.

And conversion is largely of that type to-day, and we wonder why it comes not when already it has come, and there is the opening and renewing of hearts like the opening and renewing of flowers, and like the breaking forth of a new morning, and so all the birds are singing for the joy of spring has come.

But, whether suddenly and violently or sweetly and softly, conversion is a necessity. It was as necessary to Nicodemus as to Paul, as necessary to Lydia as to the girl possessed with the demon, and, although the change was more gradual in the one case than the other, it was none the less real and none the less necessary. Let us not think we are all right even though conversion has never crossed our life and lit up our experience with

a new light, and thus made duty and privilege a new thing to us. We are not all right; we are all wrong.

GOD'S PLACE IN CONVERSION.

Conversion can never be without God. Regeneration is at the foundation of true conversion, and regeneration is as real a creation as the making of a world, and there can be no creation without a Creator. Jesus was there when Peter found the light of life. He was there when Nicodemus was born again. And it was at His feet Mary chose the good part, and was it not His Word that brought conviction and conversion to the dark life of the woman of Samaria? It was the Spirit and the Word that opened Lydia's heart. And so with the others. Yes, in every case God was in it, and must be in it.

How real the Divine presence in Paul's conversion! There was a flash above the brightness of the sun, and that was Christ's glory. Instantly he was on his face, and Christ was so real to him. He heard His voice, felt His presence and saw what a mad way he was on. And now he wanted to know what he was to do.

Every effort has been put forth to explain away the reality of the Divine presence there on the road to Damascus. But Paul never had any doubt about it himself, and it completely changed and transformed the whole course of his career. It made a break right across his life, a break as real as when a man is born over again, or is dead and lives again.

And that is as true of conversion to-day as in his day. There is no conversion where the Divine Three-in-One is not in it. As Jesus was in Paul's, so He must be in yours. As the Spirit and the Word were in Lydia's, so also in yours, if there is to be any good in it. Think not that you are so good, that you need no turning, or that all the turning you need you can do for yourself. The turning a man does for himself is soon back to the old wallowing in the mire, the old selfishness and sin. Be afraid of the conversion that God has no place in. It may preach fine sermons as that of Judas seems to have done, and may make a fine show as that of Simon-Magus did, and sell much and give much as that of Ananias and Sapphira did, but it is a hollow, heartless thing, that will prove to be a cruel disappointment to all who have to do with it.

THE PLACE OF THE MAN HIMSELF IN CONVERSION.

And he is in it, very much in it. Peter was in his conversion. Nicodemus was in his.

Paul was in his. Lydia was in hers. The jailer was in his. They were all in it, more or less. It was theirs, and so they could not but be in it. Their place is secondary to God's place. His place is the first and chief place. Still their place has an importance of its own, a place of such importance that conversion cannot be without it.

Your will is in it, and you can say as Peter began to say: "depart from me."

Yes, we are in it, and we show we are in it by doing all we can to stand in the way of it and hinder it. That is the place too many of us have in it. A good man was asked what he had done for his conversion and growth in grace, and he answered: "I have opposed it and fought against it all the way through. That is what I have done." And it is more or less true of every converted and Christian man.

Paul did not say: "Depart from me, Lord; I have gone too far in sin to be turned from it. Leave me to go on to the bitter end, and thus see it through."

No. His first word was: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" You see, he was willing to be led, to be taught better, to do whatever there was to do. And there was a place for him in his own conversion. And the Lord told him what to do. He was told to go into the city, and there he would learn what to do. And the next you see of him is that of a poor blind man being led with slow and stumbling steps into Damascus.

And that is not all. He has three terrible days of it—days of fasting and prayer and darkness. Dr. Luke, putting it in words for his friend Theophilus, writes thus: "And he was three days without sight, and did neither eat nor drink." Who can enter into those terrible three days of such distress of mind that bodily wants were forgotten? He had thus a place of his own in his conversion, and a dark place it was.

And every true convert has a place of his own, a place of tears and prayers, a struggle between light and darkness, a wrestling like Jacob's, a fight for life; and he comes out of it, to limp the rest of his life, to see but dimly and indistinctly, with something of the battle he never gets quite over. Thus it was with others, and thus it may be with you. But fear not. The Lord who stood by Paul will stand by you, and so you will come out of the blind and black fight, not indeed without wounds, but with the shout and song of triumph.

THE PREACHER'S PLACE IN CONVERSION.

The Master leaves a place, not only for the convert himself in his conversion, but also for the true winner of souls. He who sent the flash—why did He not also send the light? But He left that for a humble earthly instrument, thus honouring the preacher and his message. And observe this also: Not only does He prepare the convert to receive the message, but He prepares the preacher, giving him his message, and encouraging him.

Who is Ananias? He is called a disciple, a young missionary that persecution has driven far away to Damascus, perhaps, and so he has kindled up a little light there, gathering the scattered embers together, and keeping them burning with his zeal. But he is in great fear, for he learns that the fiery zealot is coming to quench in blood and smoking ruins his little light. So he and his people are on their knees praying night and day that in some way the evil may be averted, and the purpose of the destroyer frustrated. And their prayers are heard, and better than they had prayed, for now a new member is to be added to their membership.

But you hear what a tremor the poor preacher is in. And no wonder. We would be in a worse tremor: "Lord," he says, "I have heard from many of this man. Oh it is just dreadful the way he has been harrying the saints. And he is coming here to do what he has done elsewhere."

But think of his wonder, when the Lord tells him, that the man is on his knees that moment; and is waiting his coming to bring him two great lights—light for his soul, and light for his eyes. And so soon you see him on his way to the street called Straight.

You see the young preacher coming into the house where Saul lodges. He is shewn to his room and finds him on his knees praying. Laying his hands on his head, as if in token of his new call, he addresses him thus in the name of the Lord: "Brother Saul, the Lord even Jesus, who appeared unto thee in the way that thou camest, hath sent me that thou mayest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

And so the light came—light to his eyes and light to his soul. And then he was baptized, and became a member of the little mission church at Damascus.

But, note this. You never hear of Ananias, before or after, doing anything that was

worthy of Luke's pen. You never hear of him preaching a great sermon. You never hear of him, like great Peter, converting thousands. And yet let Peter and all the rest of the great preachers take off their hats to this student preacher, for he is honoured by the Holy Spirit to do a work for the church that outshines and outrivals every other, inasmuch as it was for him to lead into the light, and baptize into the Christian Church, the greatest man that ever lived, the most remarkable saint that ever walked the earth, second only to the blessed Master Himself. What after all were Peter's three thousand converts to the one convert of Ananias? That one good work of an afternoon was enough to make the student missionary of an obscure mission church in a heathen city forever famous.

I wonder if Peter felt it a slight put upon him, or if James the Bishop of Jerusalem felt hurt, that the Holy Spirit honoured as an instrument in Paul's conversion one of their own students, and passed them by. But so it often is. Great men in the church are so often passed by, and somebody never heard of is raised up to do some great work to help some mighty man, some Paul, to the light.

And here we are to learn that the Divine Spirit may pass by the preacher in the Pulpit, to use some layman in the pew for the conversion of a soul. What he cannot do with his elaborate preaching, you can do with your quiet talk. Get close to a brother, and, laying your hand on him, speak tenderly to him, and you will win him, even as Ananias was able to win Saul of Tarsus.

We want more individual, personal work. Do you know of some young man in the city, some stranger that has few or no friends? He is in sore need of your Christian interest and counsel, your brotherly advice, your fatherly warning. Well then, hunt him up. Go to his room, and say as Ananias said to Saul: "Brother, the Lord has sent me to tell you of your call to a holy life, to Christian service." And so you may have the joy and honour of leading a soul into God's Kingdom, who, in the years to come may be a burning and shining light.

God has made everyday humanity, the common duties, the common affections, so fair, so full of tenderness, so full of claims on our love and admiration, that were we to watch for them and take their joy, the path would be filled with music and our souls with grace.—S. A. Brooke.

Pulpit and Pew.

A SCOT INDEED.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

He had demanded that afternoon to be told the truth, and the doctor, himself a young Scot, had told him plainly that he could not recover; and then he had asked, as one man speaking to another, both being brave and honest men, when he would die, and the doctor thought early next morning.

"About daybreak," said the Scot, with much satisfaction, as if, on the whole, he were content to die and much pleased it would be at the rising of the sun. He was a characteristic type of his nation, rugged in face and dry of manner, an old man who had drifted somehow to this English city and was living there alone, and now he was about to die alone, without friends and in a strange land. The nurse was very kind to him and her heart went out to the quiet, self-contained man. She asked him whether he would like to see a clergyman and said that the chaplain of the infirmary was a good man.

"A've nae doot he is," said the Scot, "and that his meenistrations wud be verra acceptable to English founk, but a've never hed ony dealin's wi' Episcopalians. He micht want to read a prayer, and I cudna abide that and mebbe I cudna follow the texts in his English tongue."

The nurse still lingered by his bed. He looked up at her and assured her he was in no need of consolation. "Saxty year ago ma mither gared me learn the wale (choice portions) o' the Bible, and they're comin' up ane by ane to ma memory, but I thank ye kindly."

As the nurse went back and forward on her duties she heard her patient saying at intervals to himself: "I know whom I have believed." "I am persuaded that neither life nor death," Once again she heard him—"Although the mountains depart and the hills be removed," but the rest she did not catch.

During the afternoon a lady came into the ward whose service to the Lord was the visitation of the sick; a woman after the type of Barnabas and Mary of Bethany. When she heard of the old man's illness and his loneliness, whom no friend came to see or comfort, she went to his bedside. "You are very ill," she said, "my friend."

"A'm deein'," he replied, with the exactness of his nation, which somewhat fails to understand the use of graceful circumlocution and gentle phrases.

"Is there anything I can do for you? Would you wish me to sing a few verses of a hymn? Some sick people feel much comforted and soothed by singing; you would like I think, to hear 'Rock of Ages,'" and she sat down by

his bedside and opened her book, while a patient beyond, who had caught what she had said, raised his head to enjoy the singing.

"Ye'r verra kind, mem, and a'm muckle obleeged to ye, but a'm a Scot and ye're English, and ye dinna understand". A' ma days hev I been protestin' against the use o' human hymns i' the praise o' God; a've left three kirks on that account and raised me testimony in public places and noo wud ye send me into eternity wi' the sough o' a hymn i' ma ears?"

For a moment the visitor has no reply, for in the course of all her experiences, during which she had come across many kinds of men and women, she had never yet chanced upon this kind of Scot. The patients in the infirmary were not distinguished by their religious scruples, and if they had some prejudices they turned on large and full-blooded distinctions between Protestant and Catholic, but never entered into subtleties of doctrine.

"Ye'll excuse me, mem, for I'm no ungratefu'," he continued, "and I wud like to meet yer wishes when ye've been so kind to me. The doctor says I canna live long and it's possible that ma strength may sune give way, but a'll tell ye what a'm wullin' tae dae."

The visitor waited anxiously to know what service he was going to render her and what comfort she might offer to him, but both were beyond her guessing.

"Sae lang's a've got strength and ma reason continues clear, a'm prepared tae argue wi' ye concernin' the lawfu'ness o' usin' onything except the psalms o' Dauvid in the praise o' God either in public or in private."

Dear old Scot, the heir of many a covenanting tradition and the worthy son of covenanting martyrs, it was a strange subject of discussion for a man's last hour, but the man who could be true to the jots and tittles of his faith in pain of body and in face of death was the stuff out of which heroes and saints are made. He belonged to a nation which might sometimes be narrow and over-concerned with scruples, but which knew that a stand must be taken somewhere, and where it took a stand was prepared to die.

The visitor was a wise as well as gracious woman and grasped the heart of the situation. "No, no," she said, "we will not speak about the things wherein we differ and I did not know the feeling of the Scots about singing of hymns. But I can understand how you love the Psalms and how dear to you is your metrical version. Do you know I have been in the Highlands of Scotland and have heard the Psalms sung, and the tears came into my eyes at the sound of the grave, sweet melody, for it was the music of a strong and pious people."

As she spoke the hard old Scot's face began to soften, and one hand which was lying out-

side the bedclothes repeated the time of a Scot's psalm tune. He was again in the country church of his boyhood and saw his father and mother going into the table seats and heard them singing:

"O thou my soul, bless God the Lörd,
And all that in me is
Be stirr'd up, his holy name
To magnify and bless."

"More than that, I know some of your psalm tunes and I have the words in my hymn book; perhaps I have one of the psalms which you would like to hear."

"Div ye think that ye cud sing the twenty-third Psalm?"

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want?" for a wud count it verra comfortin'."

"Yes," she said, "I can, and it will please me very much to sing it, for I think I love that Psalm more than any hymn."

"It never runs dry," murmured the Scot.

"So she sang it from beginning to end in a low, sweet voice, slowly and reverently, as she had heard it sung in Scotland. He joined in no word, but ever he kept time with his hand and with his heart, while his eyes looked into the things which were far away.

After she ceased, he repeated to himself the last two lines:

"And in God's house for evermore

My dwelling-place shall be."

"Thank ye, thank ye," he said, after a little pause, and then both were silent for a few minutes, because she saw that he was in his own country, and did not wish to bring him back by her foreign accent.

"Mem, ye've dune me the greatest kindness o' Christian cud dae for anither as he stan's on the banks o' the Jordan."

For a minute he was silent again, and then he said:

"A'm gaun' to tell ye somethin., an' a' think ye'll understan'. Ma wife and me was married thirty-five years, and ilka nicht o' oor married life we sang a Psalm afore we gaed to rest. She took the air and a' took the bass, and we sang the Psalms through frae beginnin' tae end mony times. She was ta'en frae me ten years syne, and the nicht afore she dee'd we sang the twenty-third Psalm. A've never sung the Psalm since, and a' didna join wi' ye when ye sang it, for a'm waitin' to sing it wi' her in oor Father's hoose the mornin's morn', whar there'll be nae nicht nor partin' evermore."

And this is how one English woman found out that the Scot is at once the dourest and the tenderest of men.—Selected.

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord
Who heaven and earth hath made.

Thy foot He'll not let slide
Nor will He slumber that thee keeps,
Behold! He that keeps Israel
He slumbers not nor sleeps.

PERSONAL CHARM.

The women who are most loved are not by any means always the most beautiful, but they have that indescribable something that, for lack of a better term, we call personal charm. Their natural and gracious manner, their thoughtfulness for others, the blended good sense and wit of their conversation, and, above all, their mysterious power of sympathy draw the hearts of friends to them as the moon attracts the waters.

It is strange how you are often thoroughly disillusioned the moment a woman opens her mouth. You think to yourself as you notice the classic contour of face, what a charming personality she must be! But the lines about her mouth as she begins to speak, her choice of words, her hard and rasping tone, lead to an instant revision of the opinion.

Again, have you not often found that a rather plain and unattractive face has been lit up in conversation with an inner light, that the liquid tones of a well modulated voice have stolen into your heart, and that delicacy of insight has captured your imagination? Beauty of spirit has more than made up for the lack of physical attractiveness. And there are no accomplishments of music, art or languages that are quite so winsome as sanity, efficiency and sympathy.—"The Watchman."

CAPTURING THE HOODLUMS.

It was at a mission Sunday school. "That Class of Boys" had been the torment of the school and the despair of the superintendent. No one could hold, interest or keep it within bounds. Teacher after teacher had tried and given up. At last Thomas Jones, a young limb of the law, was prevailed upon to attempt the task of teaching it.

"His first Sunday found the boys particularly anarchistic. No use, he saw at a glance, trying to teach the assigned lesson. So he closed his Bible and enchained the boys instantly by asking, 'Boys, did you ever see a dog fight?' They all had, and at his request each in turn related in his own words an instance.

"Then he began to ask questions about dogs and the difference between a boy and a dog, and so on and so on. It was a success. The boys leaned in towards the teacher and listened intently and answered his questions freely. There was no more disorder in that class.

"Neighbouring teachers turned about in their seat and looked with undisguised astonishment and immeasurable relief. The superintendent smiled a delightful smile. 'Don't I know human nature?' quoth he. Before the sharp stroke of the bell announced the closing exercises Thomas Jones had given his pupils a lesson that they never will forget on the moral nature of man, the immortality of the soul and the sinfulness and danger of sin, and had pointed them to the Saviour of the world.

"Say, fellers, one little chap observed to the others as they were going out, 'Say fellers, ain't he de boss teacher?'"—Ex.

THE TOUCH OF HUMAN HANDS.

Among the hills of Galilee,
Through crowded city ways,
The Christ of God went forth to heal
And bless, in olden days.
The sinning and the sad of heart
In anxious throngs were massed
To catch the Great Physician's eye,
And touch Him as He passed.

We have not in our hours of need
His seamless garment pressed,
Nor felt His tender human hand
On us in blessing rest;
Yet still in crowded city streets
The Christ goes forth again,
Whenever touch of human hand
Bespeaks good will to men.

Whenever man his brother man
Upholds in helpfulness,
Whenever strong and tender clasp
A lonely heart doth bless,
The Christ of God is answering
A stricken world's demands,
And leading back the wandering race
By touch of human hands.

"Women's Missionary Magazine."

NANCY LINCOLN'S BIBLE.

This is one of the interesting relics to be seen by the visitor to the Lincoln Museum in Washington. Its paper, printing, binding and general make-up are much the same as other books published 100 years ago. This volume came from the press in 1799. On the inside of the first cover is the name of the great emancipator, written by himself prior to the death of his mother, which occurred in his tenth year.

Out of this book the mother read twice daily to her children, and followed that reading with prayer. As a consequence Abraham became a lover of its contents and a close student of its teachings. President Roosevelt declares that he mastered it as he never did any other book. His fine diction was acquired in a great degree from its study and its precepts were largely instrumental in shaping his conduct and character.—"Christian Intelligence."

"What God may hereafter require of you, you must not give yourself the least trouble about. Everything He gives you to do you must do as well as ever you can, and that is the best possible preparation for what He may want you to do next. If people would but do what they have to do, they would always find themselves ready for what came next.—George Macdonald"

"Harsh reproof is like a violent storm, soon washed down the channel; but friendly admonitions, like a small shower, pierce deep, and bring forth better reformation."

LET DARKNESS CREATE SUNSHINE.

What can be more unkind than to communicate our low spirits to others, to go about the world like demons, poisoning the fountains of joy? Have I more light because I have managed to involve those I love in the same gloom as myself? Is it not pleasant to see the sun shining on the mountains, even though we have none of it down in our valley?

Oh, the littleness and the meanness of that sickly appetite for sympathy, which will not let us keep our sorrows to ourselves! Let us hide our pains and sorrows. But, while we hide them, let them also be spurs within us to urge us on to all manner of overflowing kindness and sunny humour to those around us. When the very darkness within us creates a sunshine around us, then has the spirit of Jesus taken possession of our souls.—Frederick Wm. Faber.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

One secret of success is belief in your cause. A person who is destitute of convictions will never make headway against temptation, trial and opposition. If the cause deserves support, then it should be served whole-heartedly.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

The greatest lack in character is that vacillation which produces lukewarmness in action. "I would," says the Spirit, "that thou wert cold or hot." Belief in one's cause goes far toward securing success.

Next comes belief in one's self. A proper degree of self-esteem is not vanity or foolish self-conceit. Overweening modesty is as perilous as overtopping pride. Poise is force. The man or woman who feels in him or herself the strength to do valiant service in any sphere is already a victor.

We do the greatest injustice to our children when we crush in them by too grudging praise or by too ready criticism the just feeling of self-respect which should be the possession of every human being. The one who believes in himself has a certain magnetism of control over others, which is worth as much to him as a fortune to the heir of millions.

Third, and best of all, is belief in God, without which the other beliefs are of very little use.

Our God is able to save to the uttermost. A strong tower is the Lord. The righteous runneth into it and is safe. God is our refuge and strength. Belief in God makes Luther fearless as he goes into the presence of his enemies. Belief in God is the secret of Cromwell's iron resolution. Belief in God is George Washington's invincible armour. Whoever believes absolutely in God will be forever and of necessity a conqueror over every obstacle and foe of this world and over principalities and powers of the world unseen.—Ex.

TWO PICTURES FROM LIFE.

A little company of women stood before the grated door of a long prison corridor. The gloom of a wintry day hung over everything within and without. On the inner side of that grated door were about a hundred men, who, according to the laws of that country, had been arrested for vagrancy, and were serving a three months' term of imprisonment.

There were old men and young men, hearty-looking fellows and emaciated ones, jovial faces and sad ones, hopeful looks and despairing ones. It was a sad sight, and touched the hearts of the women, who came two or three times a month to sing, read, talk and pray with them. The prisoners were always respectful and attentive, evidently enjoying the break thus made in their monotonous lives. Frequently they asked that certain hymns be sung, and joined in the singing and in the Lord's Prayer with seeming fervor, showing that they were not total strangers to religious services.

Immediately after the service, good literature was given them through a little square opening in the barred and grated door. They were so eager for reading-matter that they scrambled and fell over each other on their way to the door.

The service had seemed specially solemn and helpful on the day referred to, and the men's eagerness for the papers and magazines so painfully pathetic that I turned from the grating in a very sympathetic mood. But no sooner had we got beyond the door than we heard the men hurling oaths and vulgar epithets at each other, shouting coarse songs, and engaging in what seemed to be a general scrimmage. I listened in astonishment, and found my sympathetic mood undergoing a change, when suddenly another scene stood out clearly before my mental vision.

I saw a beautiful church, with costly, artistic windows, a fine organ, handsome carpets and furnishings; it was comfortably filled with a seemingly worshipful congregation. They sang earnestly and well; they bowed their heads devoutly in the subdued light of the beautiful church during prayer; they looked intelligently and interestedly at the preacher as he gave them a masterly, spiritual exposition of the text; with bowed heads they received the words of blessing and dismissal.

Then the organ peeled forth a sprightly air, and serious impressions seemed to depart. As the people filed decorously down the aisles, I heard remarks like these: "Now I know how to make my new gown; Miss A—'s dress is a dream." "Our soprano is getting to be a regular screech-owl." "Our pastor is as good as an opiate; I had a nice nap during the sermon." "Are you going to the opera to-morrow evening?" "Let's go to the country on our wheels after dinner." "Miss B— looks like a fright to-day." "I'd like to go to a church where they are not forever dunning a fellow for money." "No, I'm not coming to church this evening; once a day is plenty for me." "Lots of good things in to-day's paper," etc.

Involuntarily I said, "These people are professing Christians; those men in the corridor make no such claims."

SELF-RESTRAINT.

Without self-restraint the whole order and beauty and worth of life are destroyed. A well-balanced character implies an all-round effective control. One unbridled passion is not only a failure at a single point, but is an indication of failure at the centre also. In the best there are evil tendencies, and evil desires, that are ever claimant; so that in the ordinary conduct of life the habit of self-restraint is essential, if a straight course is to be steered, and even if fatal shipwreck is to be avoided.

A weak, undisciplined nature, however naturally sweet and gentle and pure, is sure to meet some day a concourse of circumstances, or an overwhelming temptation, which will end in moral disaster.

We constantly underestimate the power of a trained and restraining will, not only over outside circumstances, but also over the inner nature, amending constitutional defects, checking impulses, impelling to right courses of action, and thus altering the very character. Like every other faculty, the will needs to be educated and strengthened by the exercise of itself.—Rev. Hugh Black.

BE COURTEOUS.

A young lawyer of brilliant prospects, located in a Western town, began the practice of his profession.

One day soon after he had opened his law office, he was riding on the street cars, when an influential business man noticed him, and thinking to introduce himself and encourage the young man, he moved across to the other side of the car, by the side of the young lawyer, and said, "And what is your name?" "My name is mud," answered the young man curtly. "Oh," said the other, "excuse me for interrupting you."

The years went by and the young lawyer was successful, and finally aspired to a certain political office of prominence. The politicians said to him, "If you can secure the votes of the men working in — mine you are sure of election." He visited the mine, asked for the superintendent, who soon came into his presence. With much dignity the young lawyer said, "My name is —."

"Ah," said the mine superintendent, "when did you change your name?" "Change my name?" replied the political aspirant, "I have not changed my name." "Oh, yes you have, for you told me on the street cars a few years ago that your name was mud." "Oh, ah! I know—that was only a joke; have a cigar." "No," said the superintendent, harshly, "your name is mud at this mine for any favour whatever."

The election came off, and the young lawyer was defeated by just seventeen votes, and these votes were cast by men at the mine.

It pays to be courteous, to act the gentleman anywhere—everywhere.—Christian Standard.

HOW TO GET RID OF DOUBTS.

A young Christian worker suffered much by his hopeless and injurious efforts to gain some evidence from his emotions or his conscious course of conduct that he was truly a child of God and might trust as such. The more he studied himself the more he was dissatisfied with himself.

Again and again he heard it said, or he read the statement in books of religious counsel, that the way to be rid of doubts about one's spiritual condition was to be actively at work for Christ. Yet he knew that that was no prescription for his case. He was engaged in specific Christian work seven days in the week, and the more he did of such work the less spiritual comfort he had. He was a constant sufferer in his habit of searching his inmost being for evidences of his Christian fidelity that were not to be found there.

Some told him that he should carefully examine himself and decide what he would do in a test case, as showing whether he was a child of God or one of God's enemies.

This experiment he tried again and again, but he had to admit to himself that he was really seeking personal comfort or gain in this effort and not putting God's glory foremost, regardless of the feelings or interest of the one making the examination. He really gained nothing, while he lost strength and rest and peace in his desire to find a hope of salvation within himself. As the years passed on in this mistaken and useless search he had less and less enjoyment in Christian activities in which he still persevered, and he suffered more and more keenly in his self-reproaches because of his lack of hope and of spiritual repose.

One day this troubled worker said despondently to a mature Christian believer who had known the doubter from boyhood:

"I wish I could have some rest in my Christian faith."

"Why shouldn't you have? You know that you are a Christian and that Christ takes care of you all the time and for always," said the believer.

"No, I don't know that I am a Christian," replied the doubter, "and that's the trouble."

"You know that you want to be a Christian, and that if the choice were left to you and you understood it you'd decide for Christ's service."

"No, I can't say that I do know that," said the persistent doubter.

His friend, seeing the doubter's condition, caught hold of him and said sharply:

"My friend, stop that analyzing of your insides and look up. Turn away from yourself and look at your Saviour."

That blunt putting of the truth was a turning point in the doubter's mind and life. He had long enough sought help inside without gaining it. Now he looked up where it could be found and his being was at rest. From that day on to advanced age he could never be induced to examine himself for evidences of salvation. He looked up for help and he urged others to do likewise.

One day there came a student, brought up under Christian influences and said to this long-time, but now rescued doubter, "I am troubled all the time because I can't be sure that I'm a Christian."

His friend, reading his condition of mind, responded:

"Why should you be a Christian?"

"Why should I be a Christian? I don't know what you mean by such a question."

"Is there any command in the Bible for you to be a Christian? I don't remember any such. Is there any promise of salvation to Christians? Are you sure that you could be saved if you were a Christian?"

"You bewilder me," said the doubter.

"I want you, my friend, to look squarely at the important matter you came here to talk about. Whom did Jesus Christ come into this world to save?"

"Sinners."

"Are you a sinner?"

"Yes," came out heartily, "I've no doubt about that."

"You are not deceiving yourself now with a false hope my friend."

"I think not," and a feeble smile played over the doubter's face. "I think I can feel sure on that point whatever other doubt I have."

"Well, now, my friend, you see for yourself how the case stands. Jesus Christ came into this world to save sinners. You are one of that sort; I am another. You say that you can't satisfy yourself that you are a Christian. I was in the same fix for years. But you do know that you are a sinner. I also felt sure on that point. So I came as a sinner to trust Christ as a Saviour. I advise you to do the same, leaving out of mind for a century or so the matter of being sure of being a Christian. Let us trust the Saviour of sinners as our Saviour and let us find joy in working for Him."

And another troubled doubter became a cheerful, trustful, saved sinner by being helped to look outside of himself instead of inside. He was for years active in leading others, in the home field and in the foreign field, to trust the Saviour of sinners as their Saviour.

Christ is above us; let us look to Him. That is the direction to look in order to get rest and peace. It is so for those who are troubled with doubts. It is so for those who are ready to trust. This is a thought for all who would give help to doubters and who would lead to rest and peace troubled and anxious souls.

It is so with all who would look within for evidences of their acceptance with Christ. Christ, not the sinner, is the evidence. One who has once learned this lesson is not willing again to leave the sure reality for any fancied substitute.—"S. S. Times."

We can help make people bright by our keenness, but we can never accomplish anything toward making people good except by our tenderness.—C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

WHIPPED OUT.

Going one day into the temple Christ found that sacred place given to sacrilegious uses. Into the music of prayer had been thrown the discord of lowing oxen and bleating sheep and cooing doves. With the sound of praise was mingled the clink of silver and gold. The house of God had been turned into a cattle market and a bank.

It was a most flagrant attempt at mixing business and religion. But they could not be mixed. While outside that holy enclosure of stone it was proper that merchandise should be wrapped with piety, inside they must part company.

What was true then is true now. The sanctuary can give none of its space to beasts or birds or traffic; neither can it be made into a counting-room. Let religion help a man to push his plane or swing his hammer, or wield his yardstick or figure in his ledger, but let not his occupation control his religion. Within any temple of worship the notes of worldly affairs are strangely inharmonious. Religion should always be the mainspring of business, but business cannot be the motive force of religion.

Coming upon that scene Christ was justly indignant. What mattered it that the animals and doves were on sale for sacrificial purposes? The temple courts could not be turned lawfully into a stable or pigeonry. What mattered it also that the money on the tables was for the convenience of those who were to pay the temple tax? There was plenty of room elsewhere, in Jerusalem for exchanging Jewish shekels for Roman coin.

The Master gathered a few reeds that were within reach, twisted them into a whip, and, with that symbol of authority in hand, He drove forth those who had polluted His Father's house. At the same time He loosed the cattle and sheep from their fastenings, opened the cages of the doves, sending beasts and birds into the streets and overturned the tables, spilling upon the floor the money that had been piled in glistening heaps upon them. Over the sacrilege He spoke the words that showed His right for such an act of reformation: "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." It was an assertion of His divinity.

The lesson of that day is applicable to these days. Let those heed it who change God's house into a place of gain, even though they do so in the name and the interest of religion. While it may be a mooted question as to the propriety of holding bazaars and festivals for stiffening the backbone of church finances, there can be no question whatever about prostituting the sanctuary to trade. The example of Christ is a sufficient guide on that subject. Higher than the modern query, "What would Jesus do?" is the ancient fact of what Jesus did. He whipped out from His Father's house the merchants and bankers that labeled their traffic with religion.

Reverence is not the great characteristic of these twentieth century times. We need to have our consciences quickened in regard to the sacredness of edifices dedicated to the service of God. In many quarters it would not be amiss to have those same consciences touched with caustic in regard to the sacredness of God's Word. There are forms of scholarship that turn the leaves of the Bible with smutted fingers.

Still another desecration of the sanctuary in this age is the spirit of sensationalism that is rife among too many in the ministry. In such cases the silver trumpet of the Gospel is laid aside for a ram's horn, through which is heard the strident voice of the montebank and the buffoon. These have taken the cross of Christ apart and made it over into a table upon which they display the tricks of a master in sleight of hand. It is needed that Christ should step into many a temple of worship and cleanse it of stable filth.

But leaving out of view these glaring profanities in the house of God, there are still other ways of filling the courts of the Lord's temple with corruption. In this day of sharp competition in business and exacting demands in the social life, and with the presence in many so-called Christian homes of that modern monstrosity, the Sunday newspaper, what throngs go up to the sanctuary thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the world, carrying the odor of the world strongly upon them!

The noise of beasts and birds and the clink of coin echo, as of old, where such sounds should be hushed. No message reaches them from the pulpit. There is no preacher's voice that is loud enough to overpower the babel of worldliness in many a hearer's mind. As well might a robin attempt to outwhistle the shriek of a locomotive. This is a double desecration. It concerns two temples, that of the one reared for public worship and that of the heart.

Friend, thou canst not be a worldling and a Christian both. If Christ has once cleansed thee and thou hast soiled what His blood made white, be sure thy sin will find thee out. The Master will some day come to thy heart-temple, and in the sternness of love He will chastise thee for letting in evil practices there, saying, "Take these things hence. Knowest thou not that thou art a temple of the Holy Spirit?"

That temple, as well as every other temple of God, must be hallowed with holiness. Therefore, let not the feet of oxen and sheep bemire its floor; let not the cooing of doves rise among its arches; let not the shining of lucre eclipse the splendor of its walls. Wilful and persistent sin is as much out of place in a Christian's heart as would be a pigsty in a parlor. It needs to be whipped out.—"Presbyterian."

The day after we have yielded to a bad habit is not nearly so good a time to conquer it as the day before.

The Children's Pages.

A LETTER FROM MRS. GOFORTH.

Tzu Chou, Nov. 20, 1902.

My dear Young Friends,

You often hear about the heathen far away. Would you like me to tell you something of how and what they worship?

If you could come with me just outside our back gate you would see a great tree, very old, overhanging a creek. Upon the trunk of this tree are hung a number of little bannerets, and against it is erected a sort of altar upon which are placed bowls with food intended as offerings to the spirit supposed to inhabit the tree. I need scarcely tell you that the worshipper always eats the food finally. Many come from long distances to worship at this shrine.

It is not an uncommon thing, as one travels in China, to see trees similarly decorated as this one is by the poor blind seekers after some spirit that might help them.

Now let us leave the old tree and cross the creek. A few steps through a field brings us to the main road, and just beside the road stand two great stone images. They would almost frighten you they are so ugly. What are they there for? The drivers of the carts passing along the road get off their carts, take some of their axle grease and smear the noses and backs of these great stone images to make the spirit, which they think is inside, prevent their carts from upsetting.

But I want you to come a little further, if you are not too tired, and you will see almost in sight of these images several great mounds of earth. They look at a distance like little mountains. A long, long time ago, several hundred years perhaps, there lived a robber chief who caused these mounds of earth to be piled up. He wished people to think they were stacks of grain so that they would believe him to be very rich and powerful.

These mounds were never done away with, and now what do we see on one of them? Why a well-worn path winding up to the top where a shrine has been erected to the fox god. It is unspeakably sad to see old women, some over eighty years of age, leaning on a staff, scarcely able to walk, yet coming many miles to worship at this shrine.

Quite a number of these pilgrims have visited me, and, as I told them of the Good, Loving, Heavenly Father who was seeking them and of His sending Jesus to save them, many listened with tears, some striving to learn a few words of a prayer before they left.

A PRISON CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Two boys, sons of a parsonage in Ohio, were the objects of the love and solicitude of Christian hearts and the recipients of godly counsel.

In early life, each with the same opportunities, they chose the opposite paths. One chose rectitude, uprightness, father's advice, mother's ways. The other chose the opposite manner of living—grew up an outcast from society, was at home with wicked people, was seemingly content to live in poverty and even in squalor.

The careful son grew to manhood respected, trusted, loved; he became a minister whose blameless life touched and blessed thousands. The careless one led a life whose course was downward—blessing none, though touching many.

They became separated, not having known of each other for many years. The degraded man changed his name. No wonder! Under the assumed name he was sentenced to a Western State prison for fourteen years for murder. In prison was where I discovered his identity, although I had long known the brother, the clergyman.

The two men were now almost seventy years old. I arranged a meeting between them. The scene was affecting—the two white heads bowed upon each other, the one in grief, the other in shame.

Each was reaping the fruit of his sowing. One had honour, titles, worth, the confidence of mankind and their blessing. The other had dishonour, a false name, the maledictions of an outraged community.

Life is a matter of choice. Boys, which do you choose?—Boy's Lantern.

EVERYDAY LOVE.

A group of little girls were telling of the love each felt for their mother; and as the testimony went on, the strength of the statement grew, each child feeling obliged to surpass her mates. Finally, one said positively, "I love my mother so much I would die for her." The impressiveness of this declaration subdued the circle. The climax had been reached.

A wholesome turn was given to the situation by the quiet observation of a lady sitting near, "It seems very strange to me that a little girl who loves her mother enough to die for her doesn't love her enough to wash the dishes for her."—Congregationalist.

ALPHABETICAL MISSION EXERCISE.

Leader—What was Christ's last command ?

Children (in concert)—“Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.”

Leader—What was Christ's last promise ?

Children—“Lo ! I am with you alway.”

A stands for “All the world”

Of which our Saviour spake ;

B for the blessed Bible.

We to the world must take.

C stands for all us Children

Who know of Christ the Lord ;

D is for all the Doers

Of His most blessed Word.

E stands for Everybody

And for Everywhere as well ;

F for Forgetful hearers

Who of God's love ne'er tell.

G stands for God our Father

Who made and keeps us all ;

H for His Holy Spirit

He gives to those who call.

I stands for Idols many,

False gods that cannot hear ;

J for God's dear son, Jesus,

Our Friend, who is always near.

K stands for all the Knowledge

Stored up in God's own book ;

L for God's wondrous Light and Love,

Found there by all who look.

M stands for heathen *Millions*,

Who know nothing of the Lord ;

N is for *Now*, the Saviour's time

For teaching them His Word.

O stands for Our own paper,

Which tells of children's need ;

P for the Pennies we all give,

If we love Christ indeed.

R stands for all those Ready

Our Lord's command to obey ;

S is for those too Selfish

To give and work and pray.

T stands for Toils and Trials

Which our dear Lord did bear ;

U is for Up in Heaven

He's waiting for us there.

V's for the loving Voice we hear,

“I'm with you all the days ;”

W for the Work He bids us do

That *all* His name may praise.

Y stands for You, and M for me,

To whom these words He says ;

Z is the Zeal He bids us show

For *us* He lives and prays.

—“Over Sea and Land.”

TWO PICTURES FROM LIFE.

THE FIRST.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud house in Peking, China.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so because it was dying she was *afraid of her own baby* !

“It is almost time,” said the mother-in-law, glancing at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window, and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air. The mother shrieked, “My baby is not dead ! My baby is not dead yet.”

“But it has only one mouthful of breath left,” said the old woman ; “the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it ; the gods are angry with you.”

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart drawn by a black cow passed slowly down the street, the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the carter drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot ; no flower will ever blossom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails, “My baby is lost ; my baby is lost ; I can never find him again.”

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

THE SECOND.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its dainty crib, and it was whispered softly through the Mission, “Baby is dying.”

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the Comforter had come before us.

“Our baby is going home,” said the mother, and, though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

“We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He has but come for His own,” said the father reverently, and he threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, some one began to sing softly—

“Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and with one long gaze into the loving faces above, closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed in through the gate to the heavenly fold.

"Let us pray," said a low voice. We knelt together, and heaven came so near we could almost see the white-robed ones, and hear their songs of "welcome."

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Peking, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes, and laid her lovingly in her last resting-place. We decked the room with flowers and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery.

With a song of hope, and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the sacred spot where we laid her, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," says the baby's father; while baby's mother answers, "Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her again some glad day."

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian. —Clara M. Cushman in "Gospel in All Lands."

A STORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

An interesting story that I heard, writes Rev. Egerton R. Young, shows the Queen to have been free from narrow sectarian bigotry. The story came to me from the pastor of the young lady who plays a prominent part in the narrative. At the close of an address, as the audience was retiring, the minister of the church said to me—

"Do you see that fine-looking young woman passing down that aisle?"

"Yes."

"I have called your attention to her, as I have a very interesting story to tell you about her when we return home."

As near as I can recall his words later they were as follows:

"That young lady's name is Mary—. She has been a trusted servant in the Queen's household for ten years. Some time ago, with the change of Government, there came to wait upon the Queen some new ladies as officials in Her Majesty's household. One of these, a duchess, was a somewhat over-zealous Church-woman, and she determined that none but members of the Episcopal Church should remain in her Majesty's employ. One day as the Queen was passing down a corridor in her place, she suddenly came upon Mary. Seeing that something was wrong with the girl, the Queen said, in a kindly way:

"You have been weeping. What is the matter?"

"Mary tried to recover her composure, and endeavoured to evade the question. But the Queen, accustomed to have her questions answered, repeated the question, and added—

"If I can help you in your sorrow, you know I will gladly do so."

"Mary had not been ten years in the service of such a mistress without knowing her and so she candidly told her that the Duchess had given her notice to quit Her Majesty's service at the end of the month."

"And why, pray, have you been ordered to leave my service?" asked Her Majesty.

"Mary looked up and quietly said:—

"It is because I belong to the Methodist Church."

"Requesting Mary to accompany her, Her Majesty at once returned to her private library. Then she summoned one of her pages, and sent him with a quick request for the immediate presence of the duchess. As she entered, the Queen, turning to her, asked her reason for wishing to turn away one who served her mistress well."

"The duchess suddenly found herself in a very awkward position, and tried to stammer out something about the Queen's being the head of the Established Church, and that all in Her Majesty's service ought to belong to it. The Queen, thoroughly aroused, replied that as Queen of the British Empire, with its various churches, each striving to do its work, it was too late in the century for any persecution, or even dismissal from her service, of any of her faithful servants because they belonged to some other branch of the Christian Church than the Church of England. Then she requested the duchess to cancel any other dismissals she might have made. As the duchess left her presence, the Queen turned to Mary and kindly inquired about her church, and drew from her the fact that the principal cause of her tears was the fact that the duchess had forbidden her to leave the Castle that Wednesday, which for years had been her day off from service, and then she had been in the habit of attending her weekly class-meeting. She was especially grieved at the command for that day, as she and the others of her class had arranged to present a gift of remembrance to their leader."

"What is a Methodist class-meeting?" asked the Queen.

"Mary told her that it was a simple religious service, where a few persons met to sing and pray, and by mutual words of encouragement help each other to be better Christians. To all this and more did the good Queen listen, and then, speaking kindly to the maid, said:—

"Would that more of my servants attended such religious services! And now, Mary, what can I do for you to compensate you for the pain and annoyance to which you have been subjected?"

The noble girl replied that she wanted nothing for herself, as she was happy in the assurance that she was to remain in the service she loved. But later, in a delicate way she let Her Majesty know that there were some improvements being made in their chapel, involving considerable expense, and any help would be much appreciated. A handsome subscription was at once forthcoming, and faithful Mary retained her happy home in the palace of good Queen Victoria, with the privilege of going to her own church services."

THE PRICE HE PAID.

"I would give my eyes to have that."

It is just a bit of slang; nobody means it; but the other day I met a boy who had really given his eyes to have something, and he told me about it himself.

He was rather a lonely boy. He lived up in the woods, for his father was interested in the lumber business, and spent most of the year among his men. Jack, that was the boy's name, had lost his mother when he was only ten. His father was so busy that he had no time to look after him, and Jack went pretty much his own way. He was not a bad boy or troublesome at all; but he was full of life and fun, and he wanted to do everything that the men did and be as much of a man as possible.

So he learned very early to smoke tobacco. It made him feel big to go round puffing at a pipe or to carry a cigar in his mouth. He had enough spending money to get all the tobacco he wanted, and he came to want more and more, as is generally the way with young smokers. By the time he was thirteen, Jack was smoking, literally, from morning to night, and would as soon have gone without his meals as without his tobacco.

But now something happened that began to trouble him a good deal; he found that he could not see as well as usual with his left eye. When he read or studied his lessons his eyes pained him a great deal. The dimness of sight got worse and worse, until at last Jack told his father about it, and the result was that he was taken down to the city to have the oculist look at his eyes. And what do you think the oculist said, after examining the left eye carefully?

"How long have you been smoking, my boy?"

Jack tried to think.

"About three years, I guess; but perhaps its longer than that, I don't quite remember."

The oculist shook his head.

"I thought so," he said. "Well, Jack, if you give up tobacco, out and out from this very minute, I may be able to save the sight of your right eye. The nerves of the left are damaged beyond repair, I am sorry to say."

Poor Jack! He did give up tobacco, but it was too late. The right eye became dim in its turn, and though he has not entirely lost the use of it yet, he may be totally blind before many years have passed. What a price to pay for three years' use of tobacco! Jack feels that very strongly.

"If I had only known!" he said as he told me about it. "But I didn't know. Nobody told me. I hate tobacco now; I hate the very smell of it. But the mischief is done and it's too late, and I am blind. If I had only known!"

I wonder how many boys there are who, like Jack once, do not know what deadly harm tobacco can do to a growing body. The heart, the nerves, the lungs, the eyes, are all in danger when a boy in his teens begins to smoke. Though he may not realize it, he is

taking fearful risks. Is there any boy who reads this who needs Jack's sad little story to open his eyes? It is a sad story, and a true one, and so I write it out for other boys to think over.—Selected.

MILDRED'S GUEST.

Mildred Colton stood in the narrow hall window watching her mother as she stooped and slowly gathered up, one by one, the clothes that had been placed to dry on the closely cropped grass early that morning before Mildred was awake.

The current bushes by the fence in the yard seemed to nudge one another knowingly, while their leaves gossiped in surprise over the slow, languid movements of Mrs. Colton.

"It's but a short time that I've been away," mused Mildred, reflectively, "not quite a year, but she doesn't seem the same woman she was before I went to visit Aunt Mary—only that she's the same patient, loving mother; she wouldn't ever change in that respect, mother wouldn't"; and Mildred hurried down the stairs, out into the yard, and with her strong hands caught up the basket full of clean white garments, and started on a run toward the side veranda. "Stump you to catch me, mother mine!" she called.

She set down the basket, breathlessly, on the wooden steps, and waited for Mrs. Colton to come up.

"I'm not so spry as I once was Mildred, or I'd have taken the stump. Somehow, lately—you can't tell, Mildred," she broke off, abruptly, "how much good it does me to have you round again!"

"But what were you going to say? Confess!" demanded Mildred, gently drawing her mother down on to the step beside her.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Yes, it was something, too! No secrets! Don't you recall how we made an agreement once—or, rather, I did, and you consented—out under the greening tree? It was when I had climbed into the tree to feed the little robins, and had torn my dress. I was trying to hide the tear with my apron when you came out. But you saw it, and then we agreed always to tell each other everything."

"As I said, dear, it was really nothing, only I feel—well, sometimes I have dizzy spells. I guess it's because I'm tired after the spring cleaning; I'll get over it in a little while."

Mildred looked anxiously into her mother's face. "Now that I"—

"Have you got your trunk unpacked?" hurriedly interrupted Mrs. Colton, in order to change the subject, "You know somehow I can't make myself realize that you've come home to stay, and will not until your things are hung up, and the trunk's in the attic once more."

"I was just finishing unpacking when I saw you taking in the clothes. I'll go right up and then, little mother, you may just inform Mrs. Henry D. Colton that her daughter's got home to stay; that she isn't going off for a year again, leaving her with oceans of work to do."

Mrs. Colton only partially succeeded in suppressing the "thank look," as Mildred used to call it, that crept into her face, it couldn't be wholly shut out, even if she did regard it as thoughtlessly selfish.

"Well, what are you going to do?" Her chum's picture on the bureau seemed to ask the question, as Mildred sat down on the floor to meditate.

"Something; I don't know what. That's the thing to be decided. I wonder if I could do it!" she exclaimed!

She turned quickly to the picture. "This I can tell you. I've decided so much! I've changed my mind about inviting you here this summer, as I'd planned. Instead of you, I'm going—Can't tell any more now. I've got to hurry and get unpacked, so as to go down and help mother"; and a look of secret expectancy took possession of Mildred's face.

"You're going to help in my plan," she said, laying aside a large gingham apron that she had worn in the studio while at Aunt Mary's; "I'll not hang you up." This time it was a dark calico dress she had taken away from home, but which had hung for nearly a year on a closet hook in her aunt's city home, waiting in vain to be used.

"I'll not have any need of you," and in another pile she placed a thin evening dress. "Nor you, nor you, nor you," and the useless pile grew perceptibly larger.

"There!" when the floor was cleared once more; "now I'm ready to begin preparations. I hope all she needs is rest. Don't you tell, you gingham and calicoes, what we're going to do! We'll keep it secret, not even telling father and the boys."

The next morning Mildred opened the blinds and aired out the parlor chamber.

"Going to have company?" asked Ralph, inquisitively, noticing the raised windows.

"Some time, I imagine," was Mildred's evasive answer. "It's always well to be prepared."

That afternoon Mildred drove with her father to the village. Her errand was to get some stamped linen and embroidery silk.

"She has always been fond of needlework, but in late years her tastes have had little chance of being gratified," thought Mildred, as she entered the one store in the village where fancy goods were sold.

"I know these will please her," thought Mildred, as she selected the delicate materials. "They'll bring back the old delight she took in such things before the work grew so heavy."

"Your mother's just about worn out; I almost wish I'd got her a tonic," said Mr. Colton, abruptly, as they drove toward home. "I wish, now you've got back, we could induce her to go away for a spell. She hasn't been away from home over night for nineteen years; not since your grandmother died. It hasn't been my fault," apologetically, "for I've done my best; but she just will not go!"

Unmindful of her promise to the gingham and calicoes, Mildred confided to her father the plan she had determined upon while unpacking and putting away her things.

"It seems just as though some one was coming," thought Mrs. Colton, as she peeped into the spare room, which Mildred had so tastefully arranged. She was on an errand upstairs, and had to stop a moment to get her breath.

"I hope no one will come, though, till I feel better'n I do now." She closed the door softly. "I'd like to stay in there a week and just rest!"

"Don't be in a hurry to get back, father," cautioned Mildred, meaningly, the next day after dinner. "Keep mother out just as long as you can."

As soon as they had driven away, Mildred ran upstairs to add the finishing touches to the parlor chamber. She drew in the easy couch from her own room and threw over it a gay covering. On the table by the window she placed her set of George Eliot's works, a birthday present from Uncle Charles.

"Mother's always wanted to read George Eliot's other books since she read Adam Bede. Now, mother mine, you're going to have a chance."

In a dainty workbasket she placed the stamped linen, and with it the bright coloured silks. "They will rest her," she thought eagerly.

On a little stand by the couch were laid the last numbers of three of the current magazines, and beside them a box of delicious chocolates, the contribution of Ralph and Eugene.

Mildred stepped back, flushed and happy, and viewed the room. "There, I musn't forget the pillow for the couch, and the hassock!"

Mildred was at the door when her father drove up. "Just come right upstairs, mother," she said, her voice slightly betraying her excitement, as soon as Mrs. Colton had laid aside her wraps.

"Is anything the matter or anybody here?" she asked, wearily.

"Nothing the matter, but I've a guest here," and Mrs. Colton wonderingly followed Mildred up the front stairs.

"Oh!" was her little cry of delight, as she saw the evidence of comfort scattered about in the spare room. "But where's your guest, Mildred?" she asked, looking round. "Who is it?"

"There, where you're standing—the best little woman in the world—you! You're just to stay here and be my guest, and rest, and read, and embroider, and have no particle of care until your long visit's over. Now I want you to take a nice refreshing nap, and when supper is ready I'll call you. I'll have to leave you for the present," and she softly closed the door before her mother could recover from her surprise or make even the slightest remonstrance.

When Mildred went up, two hours later, to call her mother to supper she had just awakened from her nap, the first one she had taken in daytime since she could remember.

"I feel refreshed already, Mildred," she said.

"This is just the beginning of a long, long visit, mother mine," replied Mildred, gladly; "and the roses will be again in bloom," touching her mother's cheek, tenderly, "when the visit's over!"—Forward.

"HONOUR BRIGHT."

"Yes, mother, I will, honour bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise."

"No, my son: I never did." And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft, brown curls lovingly, as she looked down into honest eyes that never, in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years, failed to look straight-forwardly back at hers.

"Well, mother, you never will. I'll be home by ten sure. Now I'm off." And Harry sprang down the steps and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Arthur Mayhew, had invited him to a birthday party; and Arthur's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends, for Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew and grown-up sister Nell, had, to perfection, the knack of making a good time for young folks.

No wonder that Harry couldn't believe his own eyes when, in the height of the fun, he looked up and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten. No one looked as though even thinking of going home. But Harry's "honour bright" promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart, as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game. Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks.

"It isn't late," he thought irritably. "Mother's only nervous." Then his cheeks reddened and he straightened up quickly.

"Who had a better right to be nervous?" he thought fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother! And he knew little May was not well. She had been fretful all day. And he had promised. Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good-night, and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"May is worse," she whispered huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor—quick."

And Harry ran—ran as he had never dreamed he could. The old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time, and drove off down the hill at a pace that brought night-capped heads from darkened windows and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in the "holler."

The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over May. But he was a skilled physician and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said impressively, "ten minutes later it wouldn't have been very much use to call me or anyone else."

Harry listened silently, but when they were once more alone, he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa and told her of the resisted temptation.

"And, O mother," he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honour bright!' I feel as though I'd just escaped from being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie," said the happy mother, stroking the bonnie head on her shoulder.—"Selected."

"TWO MILLION BOYS."

The New York "Tribune" is authority for stating that the liquor traffic costs more every year than the whole civil service, to army, navy and Congress, including the river and harbour and pension bills, all that is paid for local government, all national, state and county debts, and all the schools in the country. "In fact," says the "Tribune," "this country pays more for liquor than for every function of every kind of government."

And the "Union Signal" adds: "Two millions of our own boys, the boys of this nation, must be selected out of every generation to go into the saloon hopper. Sixty thousand boys are drafted every year into the army of drunkards, to take at the saloon bar the place of the sixty thousand bloated drunkards who have been drawn forth from the street and buried with the burial of a beast."—Sel.

HOW BOYS CAN DULL THEMSELVES.

A number of observers have been engaged in studying the effects of alcohol on the senses. At no time in these examinations did the senses become more acute, but always diminished from the first use of spirits. In all the five senses, a marked paralysis or slowing up and diminished acuteness followed the use of small doses of alcohol.—C. H. Shepard, M.D.

Half a pint of beer can blunt the senses to a slight extent. This fact has been proved by special instruments devised by me for the purpose, though the person who has taken the beer will probably declare that he does not feel any difference.—J. J. Ridge, M.D.

Alcohol diminishes the senses, slows all the brain functions and brings them below their normal acuteness. It diminishes the power of reason and judgment.—I. D. Mishoff, M.D.

SOMETHING FOR GIRLS.

Don't talk about your troubles, above all, any ill-health or sickness. Nothing is so tiresome as to hear long tales of illness and suffering, unless it be to bear those afflictions. You deepen, strengthen and prolong the effects of sickness by dwelling upon it in thought and speech. You can hasten your recovery by enjoying your return to health, and showing your delight in it, and that is the only way you should allow yourself to remind others of the ills you have endured.

Never speak of strictly family affairs, and especially be careful not to allow yourself, under any provocation, to criticize any member of your family in conversation with even your dearest friend. And avoid, too, much talk of every kind about your own nearest kin. You are, naturally, deeply interested in your brother's college experiences or your sister's party, but it is all rather colourless to people outside of your own house.

There is nothing more becoming to a girl than a womanly reserve about her personal and family affairs. Beware of going into details in conversation upon such subjects. They are tiresome to any thinking person who has to listen.—"Woman's Home Companion."

Receipts

For the month of
Dec., by Rev. Robt.
H. Warden, D.D.,
Agent of the Church.
Address: Presbyter-
ian Offices, Toronto.

KNOX COLLEGE
FUND.

Reported	\$896
Beaverton, Kx.	25
Mrs J R Fairbairn	2
Winthrop	6
E McKee	1
Ayr, Kx	14 02
Dutton	5
Nelson	1
Woodbridge	8 37
Crysler	2
Finch	3
Holstein	1
Garden Hill	2
Ailsa Craig	5 93
Crinan	12
Scarboro, Kx.	22 35
White Lake	1
Oro, Guth ce.	25
Warton	3
Centrevil	21
W Lorne	4
Londesboro	6 88
Winterbourne	5
Greenbank	6 61
St Cath. Haynes	7 08
Sydenham, Kx.	2
Innerkip	7 25
Kent Bridge	50
Wick	14 82
Cranbrook	1 50
Paisley	24
Ayr, Stanley	5
English Sett.	9
E Normanby	50
Flesherton	2 50
Woodland	3
Fergus, St. A.	2 55
S Mountain	25
English Sett.	3 38
W Whyts	1
Collingwood	5 45
Colborne	6
Pinkerton	2
Utica, B e d alb.	2
Parry Sd. St. A.	3 80
Goderich Tp. Un.	1 50
Ham, Wentworth	5
Caradoc, Cooke's	2

\$1,194 70

QUEEN'S COLLEGE

FUND.

Reported	\$197 33
Dutton	5
Woodbridge	5
Crysler	2
Finch	3
Tor. St Jas Sq.	50
Markham, St J.	1 56
Scarboro, Kx.	3 03
Warton	3
Centrevil	21
Kent Bridge	85
White Lake	1
Cranbrook	1
Flesherton	2 50
Fergus, St. A.	1 50
S Mountain	25
Winchester Spgs.	6
Collingwood	5 45
Pinkerton	1
Utica, Breada'b.	1
Parry Sd. St. A.	3 80

Ham, Wentworth	5
Lachine, St A.	14 50
Caradoc, Cook's.	2
	\$336 79

MONTREAL COLLEGE
FUND.

Reported	\$368 58
St Louis de Gonz	5
Dutton	5
Crysler	2
Finch	3
Garden Hill	1
Ailsa Craig	5 93
Markham, St J.	1 57
Scarboro, Kx.	1
Beauharnois	4
Chateauguay	2
Markham, Burns.	6
White Lake	1
Cranbrook	1
Bristol	5 49
Flesherton	2 50
S Mountain	25
Collingwood	5 43
Pinkerton	1
Ham, Went	5
Lachine, St A.	14 50

\$441 27

MANITOBA COLLEGE
FUND.

Reported	\$559 91
St L de Gonz	3
Edmonton	13
Dutton	5
Woodbridge	5 62
Holstein	1
Wolsley	1 55
Garden Hill	1
Madoc, St P.	14
Ailsa Craig	6 05
Grand end.	3
Crinan	4
Markham, St J.	1 57
Scarboro, Kx.	4 05
Beauharnois	4
Chateauguay	2
Woodville	14 70
Winterbourne	2
Markham, Burns	5
Ayr, Kx	10 50
Kent Bridge	50
White Lake	1
Cranbrook	1
Flesherton	2 50
Fergus St A.	1 18
S Mountain	25
Presb Ch, Ireland	242 92
Collingwood	5 45
Pinkerton	1
Goderich Tp Un.	2 50
Ham, Went	5
Caradoc Cook's	1 00

HOME MISSION

FUND.

Reported	\$34,376 23
Crowland	12 25
Vasey	7
Brucef'd Un ce.	40
Beaverton, Kx ss	6
Stewartville	60
Stewartville	1
Dowditch	12 77
St L de Gonz	10
Admaston ss	5 10
Winthrop	9

Brucef'd Un ss.	5 50
Millbank	43 12
" ss	83
Russel ss	5
Oak Lake 1st.	10
Carholme	1 85
Reston	13
Tavistock	7 50
Caledon, St A.	4 75
Burnside	9 65
Lyons hall	5 50
Ninga	6
Proof Line	8
Longburn, etc.	1 50
Moore, Kx	2
Edmonton	34 05
Lochaber, etc.	16 50
Riverside	4
Blu-vaie ms.	8
Unising	1 64
A E McDougal	1
Sarnia, St A.	62 50
Dutton	20
Salem Un ss.	3 26
Nelson	12 85
Anon	125
Finch	12
Portland	5
Keene	30
Wolsley	1 70
Garden Hill	10
Per Agent, Hx	617 24
Special int.	168 75
Blake	37 77
E Garafaxa	20
Sarnia, Albert	9 20
rianan	55
Louth	1
Swansea	16
Balgoin	5
Martint'n, St A.	10
St George wfms.	5
Friend	5
Maple Val ss	14
Per Rev Dr G	1
McKee, Scot-	1,545 52
land	5
Beaver Lake	7 75
Alma	13 95
White Lake	20
Tenthgivers	40
Warton	5
Beauharnois	75
Chateauguay	18
Merrinton	10
Scotstown	14 55
Lost Rivers ss.	3
Lake View ss.	3
E Wawanosh	1
Peterboro, St A.	2 0
Cornwall, Kx	250
Croftwood	7
Rockway, Louth	5
ss	9 69
Warwick, Kx	6
Centre Bruce	11 01
712	7 50
Inf	250
Mrs S Begg	10
Deseronto, ch, R.	40
W Lorne	18
Londesboro	19 25
Simcoe boys mb.	5
Egremont	15 60
Virden ss	80
Winterbourn	13
Raleigh	3 90
reen bank	23 41
Martint'n, Burns.	5
Sydenham, Kx.	10
Holstein ce	19 50
Brussel, Mel yps	50
Chippewa ss.	8 76
E W Williams ss	11 12
Fairbairn	4
Jas A Grant	25
Virden L A	9
Innerkip	22 45
Ailsa Craig	52 10
S Plympton mb.	12
Kent Bridge	2
Drysdale ss	2

Keady	5
Stony Mount	8 75
Bath	3 25
Sandhurst	5 75
Hay Bay	9 20
Ernestown	4
Edenvale ss	5
Cote des Neiges	32 34
Mooretown	1
ranbrook	44
Killarney	3
Ridgetown ss	6
Paisley	6
Ayr, Stanley	24
Oshawa boys mb	10
Nelson	5
Ravenshoe	4 70
E Normanby	4 30
Flesherton	12 25
Wo diand	23
Fergus, St A.	15 50
Grenville	7 35
Ellisboro	34 50
Mother & son	5
Tham offering	25
S Mountain	26 88
Athelstane	8 35
Ottawa, St A.	30 75
Pres Ch, Ireland	726 66
Wm Whyte	2
Southwold	10
Friend	15
Lake Charles	3 25
D M S	17
Winchester spg.	8 35
Ash Grove	4
Collingwood	107 75
Barrie wfms.	10
Bolton	100
Midhurst	1 50
Kingston, Cook's	4
Georgetown ss	13 66
Colborne	21 75
Dunwich, Duff	28
King ss	20
Pinkerton	7
Corbony y p	25
Brooklin	6
Launcester, Kx	20
Utica, Breadal	5
Parry Sd. St A.	32 90
Watford ss	20
Jno. Irvine, Vanc.	30
Welland	32 55
Corbetton	3
Keady	3
E Normanby	4
Riverview	2
Ham, Went.	40
Teeswater, Kx.	105
Lachine, St A.	95 80
Caradoc, Cook's	12
Ott. St Pa Guild	15
Wroxeter	7 48
	\$40,838 84

HOME MISSION

RESERVE.

Beq W McCaa, 150

Egmondvil., 150

ROBERTSON MEMO-

RIAL.

Reported	\$4,590 86
Rev W W Hardie	2 50
Tor, St P	2
Per Rev Dr G	1
McKee, Scot'd.	24 30
Zephyr	1
Rev John Hogg	12

AUGMENTATION
FUND.

Reported	\$3,422 42
Mrs J R Fairbairn	2
Miss Roger	2
Mitchell	11 50
Moore, Burns yps	20
Sarnia, Alb yps	20
St L de Gonz.	10
Strangfield	7
Wintthrop	6
McKillop	3
Ham, Macnab	99 35
Dresden	2
Reston	15
Proof Line	11
Longburn, etc.	1 50
Moore, Kx.	2
Edmonton	35
Crysler	4
Finch	6
Wolsley	1 10
Eden Mills	8
Garden Hill	10
Special int.	37 09
Gol smith	1 25
Ailsa Craig	18 67
Sarnia, Alb.	4 74
Crinan	22
Swansea	3
Motherwell	6
Scarboro, Kx	7 20
Alma	2 75
White Lake	10
Oro, Guth, ce	5
Warton	2
Beauharnois	25
Chateauguay	8
Creedford	3
No. 712	5
W Lorne	10
Simcoe boys mb.	2
Winterbourne	3
Inwood	4 40
Martint'n, Burns	15
Portage du Fort	6 92
Sydenham, St P.	21
Kent Bridge	1
Keady	1
Peterboro, St P.	80
Cranbrook	6
Ayr, Stanley	8
Oshawa, boys mb	5
Ham, St P.	148 65
E Normanby	4
Flesherton	1
Woodland	2
Fergus, St A.	3
Ellisboro	13
Thank offering	25
S Mountain	2 25
Southwold, etc.	5
D M S	17
Collingwood	43 14
Kingston, Cook's	4
Colborne	10
Woodville	15 20
Pinkerton	11
Brooklin	11
Utica, Breadal	3
Jno Irvine, Vanc.	15
Corbetton	4
Riverview	3
Goderich Tp Un.	10
Ham, Went	15
Lachine, St A.	41 25
Caradoc Cook's	8

\$4,437 38

FOREIGN MISSION
FUND.

Reported	\$34,359 85
Ornstn ss	16
Streetsville	35
St L de Gonz.	8 62
Winthrop	9
Brucef'd Un ss	5 50

Russell ss 5	John Irvine 20	Ministers' Rates.	S. Mountain 50	Greenbank 3 57
Dresden ss 8 28	orbetton 2	Reported . . . \$2,637 24	Tiverton 5	Dominion City 2
Reston 15	ss 2 06	T G Thompson 8	Winchester Spg. 5	Martint'n Burns 3
Favistock 7 50	Lachine St A 41 90	J L Campbell 5	Collingwood 18 30	Sydenham, Kx. 3
Nassagaweya 10 50	Caradoc Cooks 4	Dr A Mackay 8	Colborne 7	Kent Bridge 1
Longbun, etc. 1	Wroxeter 25 90	W M Martin 8	Pinkerton 2	Cranbrook 2 62
Nelson 63 35	Warwick, Knox 17	W M Roger 20	Brooklin 1	Ayr, Stanley 1
Moore, Kx 4		Jas Murray 8	John Irvine 10	Hibbert 10
Edmonton 4	\$36,035 82	Dr W McLaren 8	Goderich T'p Hu 1	E Normanby 25
Bluevale ms. 5		W T Morison 8	Ham, Went 4	Woodland 1
Rev W Paterson 14		K McEnnan 8	Lachine, St A 32 75	Ellesboro 1
Dutton 15		J R Munro 8	Caradoc Cooks 5	S. Mountain 25
Ne son 1		W Lothead 8		Sunny Brae 3
Mont, Ersk jce 15	RESERVE FUND.	A C Stewart 8	\$2,093 63	Mont, Chal 12
Campbell'd ss 20	Beq W McCaa . . \$150	J R McLeod 8		Collingwood 8 85
Woodbridge 37 25		J R Fraser 8	Ministers Rates	Colborne 5
Keene 10		J Black 8	Reported . . . \$91 91	Pinkerton 1 80
Wolseley 1 50	WIDOWS' AND OR-	D Kelso 8	W M Martin 6	Brooklin 50
Garden Hill 4	PHANS' FUND.	A C Reeves 8	W M Roger 10	Utica Breadal 2
Pipestone 14	Reported . . . \$2,305 55	P Straith 8	Jas Murray 6	Goderich T'p, Un 1 50
Tor, Bloor 128	Grandview 8 04	J R Bell 10	A C Stewart 4	Ham, Went 10
E Garafraza 12 67	Beaverton, Kx 15	A A Graham 8	R Fowle 4 50	Caradoc, Cooks 2
Mono Centre 5 06	Mrs J K Fairb'n 2	W W Crow 8	H Crozier 2 50	
Sarnia, Albert 5 55	Miss L, Roger 2	C D Campbell 25 22	J H Turnbull 7	
Crinan 50	St L, de Gonz. 2	A W Crow 8	J R Fraser 7	
Beaver Lake 6	Straighfield 2 50	D M Mackintosh 8	J Becket 9	
Alma 3 90	Winthrop 5	F Ballintyne 8	D Kelso 3 75	FRENCH EVANGELIZA-
White Lake 8 50	McKillop 2 34	R Pettigrew 8 00	L W Thom 16	TION FUND.
Two 10th Givers 10	E McKee 2	W McConnell 8	J B Mullan 6	Reported . . . \$6,596 38
Wiarion 5	Reston 1	W T Prittie 20 60	D H Geddes 12	Vassey 2
Beauharnois 60	Pricieville 19	John Hogg 12	D Sutherland 3 50	Beverly 30
Chateauguay 13	Longburn, etc. 1 15	D Patterson 40	W G Hanna 1 75	Beaverton, Kx 20
Mrs W S Lowe 20	Moore, Kx 10	J Waddell Black 20	J R Bell 9	Streetsville 25
E Wawanosh 2	Dutton 10	Nas Buchanan 159 1	J Steele 6	Bury's Green 8
Bruce Presby 1 20	Crysler 3	A M Hamilton 16	W W Crow 6	Point Fortune 7 27
Southampton ss 4 35	Finch 4	J A McDonald 8	J Sieveright 10	St Ls de Gonz. 21
Laurel ss 15	Holstein 7 50	H Cameron 25	M P Floyd 3	Kadies 1 50
Black's Cor ss 15	Garden Hill 2	H D Leitch 14 20	D Findlay 3	Winthrop 3 65
Creedford 2	Beaver Lake 1	Wm Simons 35 70	A MacWilliams 7	E McKee 2
Centreville 59 60	Alma 3 85	W D Bell 8	J Buchanan 12	Paris 11
Eramosa Ist 5	White Lake 2	J R Craigie 8	F Ballantyne 7	Dresden 5 16
Warwick, Kx 6 30	Wiarion 5		F H Larkin 9	Reston 1
No 712 7 50	Beauharnois 13		Arch Blair 7	Pricieville 4
Mrs S Begg 10	Chateauguay 5		Dr McLeod 9	Proof Line 15
Brigden 3	Admaston 6 80		W McConnell 7	Bluevale m s 5 50
Deseronto Childr 25	Barrs 12 77	AGED AND INFIRM	John Hogg 12	Dutton 15
W Lorne 18	Northcote 4 63	MINISTERS' FUND.	P Nicol 8	Nelson 1
Holtein ce 19 50	Creedford 1 50	Reported . . . \$1,705 16	A M Hamilton 7	Crysler 6
Fergus, St A ce 5	Rosemount 2	Beaverton, Kx 15	J A McDonald 6	Finch 50
Virden ss 1 50	Beechwood 2 85	St L, de Gonz. 2	F Fleming 4	Keene 12
Winterbourne 12	West Lorne 1 50	Winthrop 5	Dr Findley 7	Wolseley 1 65
Martint'n Burns 8	Simcoe boys m b 1	Ham, Macnab 53 85	F O Carriere 2	Garden Hill 2
Sydenham, Kx 20 55	Greenbank 4 10	Pricieville 5	H Edmison 9	Westville 10 70
Fairbairn 2	Martint'n Burns 60	Longburn, etc 1	T A Nelson 6	Parsboro 3 70
J A Grant, Brandon 2	Sydenham, Kx 79	Dutton 5	D A McKenzie 7	Nashwak, Stanley 2
Sydenham, St P 60	Beauharnois 2 50	Crysler 3	Prof J Ross 16	Salt Springs 18
Jos Dadds 8	Manfield 3	Finch 4		N, Glasgow Jas 23 25
Pictou, St A wms 50	Fairbairn 3	Holstein 5 50		Pic on Prince 39
Keady 5	Innerkip 2 60	Garden Hill 91	\$1,191 91	Yarmouth 10
Cote des Neiges 29 08	Ailsa Craig 12 06	Ailsa Craig 13 47	ASSEMBLY FUND.	Doak'n Blisf'd 5 30
Cranbrook 27	Kent Bridge 10 60	Crinan 6	Reported . . . \$2,376 34	Cape North 10
Killarney 3	Hensall 10 60	Alma 3 65	Bury's Green 1	Glac Bay 29 13
Paisley 6	Peterboro St P 35	White Lake 2	Winthrop 5	Bridgeport 17 25
Ayr, Stanley 24	Cranbrook 5 75	Winthrop 2	Hensall 13 23	Louisburg 8 50
Oshawa boys mb 8 50	Ayr, Stanley 9	Beauharnois 13	Reston 1	Sydney, Fal 4 30
E Normanby 5	Oshawa boys mb 9	Reston 1	Moore, Kx 3	Whitney Pier 6 65
Blytheswood las 13 45	Bristol 1 50	Winthrop 5	Crysler 3	Leitchs Creek 2 62
Woodland 15	E Normanby 1 10	Chateauguay 5	Finch 3	L, Barney Riv 1 25
Fergus, St A 7	Fle-herton 1 19	Centreville 6 65	Nashwak, Stanley 1	Merigomish 1 43
Ellisboro 2	Hampstead 2 21	Mrs B, Quebec 5		Hopewell 5 42
Thank offering 25	Woodland 1	Bechwood 1 75		Sunny Brae 5
S Mountain 18 45	Fergus St A 2 05	West Lorne 2		St Paul's 3
Athelstane 8 35	Ellisboro 1	Simcoe boys m b 2		N, Glasgow Un
Otta, St A 30 75	Mother and Son 5	Winterbourne 60		meeting 16 31
Carrington 20 50	S Mountain 7	Martint'n Burns 12		Westvil 2 68
Jake Charles 3 25	Tiverton 7	Fairbairn 1 45		Durham 2 30
W Whyte 1	Winchester spg 5	Innerkip 95		Lochaber 12 34
L Megantic 3	Collingwood 18	Hensall 15		Stellarion ce 5 04
Tor, St Marks	Colborne 8	Peterboro St P 65		Charl'ta Zion 75
in cl 2 55	Pinkerton 1 95	Cranbrook 1		Pictou, Prin, Kx 6 15
Rev M Mackenzie 45	Brooklin 1	Ayr, Stanley 10		Trenton 3 30
Collingwood 103 45	Parry Sd, St A 23	Oshawa, boys mb 2		Riv John, St G 3 85
Colborne 10	J Irvine, Vanc 1 50	Bristol 5 50		Hopewell Un 24 75
Petrola 3 37	Goderich T'p, Un 1	E Normanby 1		M Musquod 97
Dunwich, Duff 26 50	Ham, Wentworth 4	Flesherton 1 15		Metalce 10 60
Pinkerton 7	Caradoc, Cooks 3	Woodland 1		Sarnia, Albert 4 42
Cromarty yps 15	Wroxeter 50	Fergus St A 3		Crinan 17
Brooklin 8 83		Ellisboro 1		Teeswater 75
Lancaster, Kx 11	\$2,673 01			Beaver Lake 1
				Alma 50

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The Record.

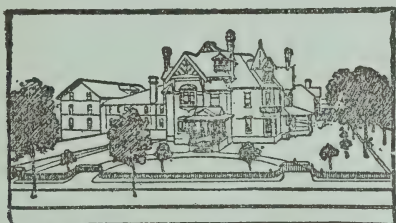
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"The narrow way may have hills, but no pitfalls."

"What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. Start right."

Make life a ministry of love and it will always be worth living.—Browning.

"Don't wait for extraordinary opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great."

"Find your purpose and fling your life out to it. Try to be somebody with all your might."

Happy the man who can endure with equanimity the highest and lowest fortune.—Seneca.

Life is a mirror; if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.—Thackeray.

"It is no wisdom to go to the edge of the precipice—the safe path is the middle of the right way."

"Neither adversity nor prosperity ever changes a man; each merely brings out what there is in him."

"Sermons are theories until tried. No one has any right to criticize their worth until he has tested them."

"Don't brood over the past nor dream of the future, but seize the instant and get your lessons from the hour."

"What things will seem of first importance when we meet Christ? Ought we not to make them of first importance now?"

"God's presence dignifies life. The fisherman's craft with the Master on board becomes the admiral's ship of the world."

"When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."

"Our true growth is more known by our growing downwards in humility than by all the outward things put together."

No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm. If the sarcasm is clever enough it may crush a man, but it never draws a man nearer to God.—Faber.

"It is a mistake to consider as wasted the power that is devoted to the help of others. That is the only part of our power which is really saved."

"It is a mistake to believe that happiness is on sale in the world's markets. All the gold the West is insufficient to purchase true happiness."

"Faith is not sense, not sight, not reason, but a taking God at his word—believing that Jesus is enough for all the emergencies of his people's wants."

"One of the rarest things in social intercourse is the disinterested desire to please. Charm of manner cannot be put on and taken off at will like a garment."

Religion soothes and comforts the poor and the downtrodden. Irreligion and anarchy excite them and drive them to desperation and murder.—Rev. James T. Coffey.

If you would fall into any extreme let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed that it resists rigour and yields to softness.—St. Francis de Sales.

To become like Christ is the only thing in the world worth caring for, the thing before which every ambition of man is folly, and all lower achievement vain.—Drummond.

"Every fresh reading of the Bible even by one who has known most of it can, by God's blessing, bring a fresh and illuminating view of it, suited and helpful to our common minds."

"An Irishman told a preacher that what took hold of him so in the sermon was the preacher's perseverance—'the way ye wint over the same thing agin, and agin, and agin.'"

"Unless a person knows how to use in some way what he learns, he is like a carpenter carrying to and fro a great load of boards, with no saw, hammer, or nails, to fashion them into useful form."

The highway of holiness is along the commonest road of life—along your very way. In wind and rain, no matter how it beats—it is only going hand in hand with Him.—Mark Guy Pearse.

Great battles are really won before they are actually fought. To control our passions we must govern our habits and keep watch over ourselves in the small details of everyday life.—Sir John Lubbock.

There is no one in the world of whom we are oftentimes so utterly ignorant as we are of the person who walks in our own shoes, and the things which we least anticipate are our own pitiful falls into sin.—Cuyler.

A week filled up with selfishness and a Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises will make a good Pharisee but a poor Christian. Sunday is not a sponge with which to wipe out the sin of the week.—Beecher.

"On the walls of an old temple was found this picture: A king forging from his crown a chain and nearby a slave making of his chain a crown, and underneath was written: 'Life is what one makes of it, no matter of what it is made.'"

An intemperate man is a man who runs to excess. There is an infinite number of ways of running to excess, as many ways, in fact, as there are human passions and desires. There is an infinite number of ways of being intemperate.—Jefferson.

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No. 3

CHURCH DIVISIONS AND UNION.

The division of the Church into denominations, and the union of the denominations into one, two sides of the same subject, furnish a fruitful and much written theme, much written but little examined, for the writing and speaking on the subject are almost universally along one line. The divisions are usually branded as an evil to be deplored and the union lauded as an ideal to be sought after, and, where possible, attained.

The expression of an opposite opinion is liable to be construed as a lack of Christian charity, but the weighing of opinions and their reasons is the way to truth, and hence for what it is worth is ventured the statement that denominational divisions, as at present existing in the Christian Church, or along similar lines, are, under existing conditions, and among imperfect men and women, better for the advancement of the Kingdom of God in the world than the obliteration of denominational lines and the merging of the Christian churches into one great uniformity.

At the outset it may be fairly claimed that the greater part, probably four-fifths, possibly nine-tenths of what is spoken and written in depreciation of denominationalism is not by those who are the most active in evangelical Christian work. Much of it is by those who have no part in such work.

It comes from various quarters. Rome points to her own unity and to the divisions of Protestantism as a proof that she is the true church. The sceptic laughs at the different denominations, calls them "religions," and asks which one of the many is the true. A favourite theme with some writers when short of subjects is the unfortunate condition of the Church with its divisions, and this finds a ready assent from multitudes of readers.

Most important of all, because sincere, is the sorrow of quite a number of well meaning Christian people, who do not look very closely into the matter, but take for granted that such divisions are very hurtful, and that the union of the denominations would be a long step to-

wards the millennium, and perhaps divert some of the energy that had better be thrown into the work of their denomination, into longing for the time when denominations will be no more.

But what are denominations? Nothing but the regiments in the one army, having, it may be, a distinctive name and uniform and tradition. They are "divisions" in the Church of Christ, not in the sense of rents or cleavages, weakening the Church, but like the "divisions" of an army, making it mobile, adding to its strength.

Moreover, the divisions of an army are not all alike. The different regiments have different names, different uniforms, are sometimes armed differently, but all are leal to king and country, and their great aim and ambition is to make their regiment as effective as possible in the service of that country.

So the denominations of the Evangelical Christian Church have different names, and differ in some minor details of doctrine or polity or form of worship, but all are loyal to Christ and the Church, and their great aim and ambition is to make their denomination as effective and successful as possible in the service of the Church.

There are sometimes rivalries and jealousies between denominations, that should not be, just as there may be between some of the best regiments in the British army, but these are not the fault of denomination, but of sinful and selfish human nature, which is found shewing itself in all places in life, often between members of the same church.

A few of the advantages of the present condition of the Church, more or less important, may be noted :—

One of these is that in matters of doctrine, non-essential but yet not unimportant, men form slightly variant opinions, and they like to hear subjects which they deem important receive due emphasis in the teaching and preaching to which they listen. The division of the Church into denominations affords them this privilege.

Men vary, too, in regard to the outward form

in which they wish to give expression to their religious feelings in worship, and while the attitude of the soul towards God is the all-important question in Christian worship, some men find that attitude helped by a simple service, others by a more elaborate ritual. These two types of mind may be equally sincere and devotional, but they prefer to give expression to their devotion in different styles of service.

But there is a larger good than the mere comfort or pleasure of the worshipper, there is the winning of some to the Church and to Christ who otherwise would not be won; e.g., the methods of the Salvation Army win some who would not be won by the more quiet and stately service of the Church.

But why not adopt these methods in the Church?

Because some would thereby be repelled from the church. Paul became all things (that were not sinful) to all men if by any means he might save some. The difference between the different evangelical denominations is but the Church of Christ becoming all things to all men and thereby saving more than would be saved if it were fashioned after the model of any one of them in polity and doctrine, or if all were embraced in one.

Much of the complaint against denominationalism is that in small places there are sometimes two or three churches where one would hold all the people and their burden would be lighter. There is much truth in this, but there is also a reverse side just as true.

It should be borne in mind that the spiritual good of a people is not necessarily best gained where there is the least need for effort. Struggle is a condition of all life. Stagnation means death, and this is true in the spiritual as the natural world.

Then, as stated above, the methods, perhaps the ritual, of one church will attract some to the church that would not be otherwise won and a larger good be accomplished.

And yet again, where there is but one large church in a community, there is no need for effort. A few absentees, more or less, are not missed. There is not the same necessity for looking after every careless one, and when such are brought in there is little for them to do to awaken and sustain their interest.

On the other hand, several churches, even though small and struggling, look after and seek to win and enlist every one because the need of all who can be gathered is keenly

felt, and when gathered in they are set to work.

This may not be an ideal condition, but it is a method of dealing with existing conditions, and so long as the Church of Christ has to work with imperfect human nature, so long will the present methods, imperfect though they be, best fulfill the end for which that Church exists.

If members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada wish to further the interests of the Kingdom of God in the world, they can better do it by throwing all their energies into the work of the denomination with which they are connected than by scattering their efforts, just as a soldier can best serve king and country, not by running around among the regiments, firing a few shots with each, but by fighting in his own.

The Saviour's prayer for His people "that they all may be one" is fulfilled not by uniformity in name and form, for "God looketh at the heart," not at the "outward appearance." "Unity of spirit in the bond of peace" is the answer to that prayer, a unity which may exist between different denominations, a unity which frequently does not exist between the members of the same congregation. The charity that is of the essence of Christianity is sometimes more lacking in the spirit displayed by so-called non-denominational organizations towards the churches than by any of the churches towards each other. What is needed is that all alike get nearer to Christ, and then they will be nearer to each other, like the spokes of a wheel or rays of the sun, converging towards their centre.

It is needless to state that while the principle of the above article is true, there are instances especially in Home Mission work, where common sense and Christian charity must be the guide to what is best, while Foreign fields present their own problems to be dealt with in a similar way.

It may also be added that in the Home field our Church has been oftener sinned against than sinning.

In spite of all that is said regarding divisions, the unity of Christ's prayer does largely exist. The Church of Christ is essentially one.

A steamer was voyaging to the East. On board were several missionaries of different denominations. To one who was speaking of Christ and His claims a sceptic said in a loud voice: "Shew me which of all these religions is the right one and I will consider it, but so

long as you are divided among yourselves do not come to me."

There were many standing around on deck. The man addressed said to them, "to shew that we are one, please join with me in the prayer which our Lord taught His disciples." Together they knelt, and with one heart prayed, "Our Father who art in Heaven."

NOTES HOME AND FOREIGN.

First, second and third prizes, forty, thirty and twenty dollars, will be given for the three best articles, not to exceed 2,500 words (between two and three pages), received at this office on or before the first of September next. They may be on any subject connected with the history, doctrine, polity, worship or work of our church, anything in short that would be suitable as an editorial article for our church magazine and helpful to the great body of its readers.

The articles are to be signed by a motto, and accompanied by the name of the writer in a sealed envelope, which will be opened after the award is made by a committee of competent judges. All articles received will be the property of the RECORD. The writing to be plain and clear and only on one side of the paper.

A fitting memorial to the late Principal King, of Manitoba College, is "The Theology of Christ's Teaching," a goodly volume of nearly 500 pages, just issued by the Westminster Co., Toronto. It is his lectures to his students. Its aim is to set forth the teaching of Christ regarding the great doctrines of Christianity, and those who have heard and known Principal King know how clearly and well he could do that. It will be of deep interest and value, not only to ministers and students, but to many others. Rev. Prof. Orr, D.D., of Glasgow, who writes the introduction, and Principal Caven, in a recent article, speak of it in terms of warm commendation.

Very sad was the death of Mr. George E. Macmillan, of P. E. Island, who was in Montreal studying for the ministry. On Sunday, 8th Feb., he underwent an operation for appendicitis. Complications followed, and two days later, Feb. 10th, another operation was necessary, in which he passed away.

Rev. E. G. Robb, a graduate of Knox, who has laboured for the past two years in B.C. was appointed to Honan at the last meeting of the F. M. Com. The needs of the Honan field are such that it will be necessary to appoint at least two others, and the death of Mr. Hood makes it important that still another should be sent if possible. These, however, have been deferred to the May meeting of the Committee. All these appointments have practically been forced upon the Committee by the imperative demands of the work, and will mean increased expenditure and larger giving, but the Church has yet far to travel before she reaches what she can fairly call her duty in this regard.

A summer school for S. S. teachers will be held in the Presbyterian College, Halifax, July 14-24. Prof. Geo. W. Pease, of the Bible Normal College, Hartford, will deliver ten lectures on Pedagogy, the Child Teaching and Training Method in S. S. Work. Board in the College will be five dollars for part or all of the ten days. Professors of the College and ministers and laymen of the church will take part in introducing the different subjects. All communications to be addressed to Prof. R. A. Falconer, Pine Hill, Halifax.

Three new men have been appointed by the F. M. Com. to India. Rev. R. A. King, as elsewhere noted, to Indore; Dr. J. M. Waters, A.M., and Mr. D. M. Davidson. Dr. Waters is a graduate of Trinity Medical College, has had a business training and has laboured in the Home Mission field. Mr. Davidson has experience as travelling secretary of the Presbyterian volunteer movement, and will graduate in the spring from Knox College.

Rev. R. A. King, of New Westminster, B.C., has been appointed by the F. M. Com. as principal of Indore College, Central India. Mr. King was born in Edinburgh and at nine years of age came with his parents to Canada. They settled in Manitoba, near Brandon. He studied at Manitoba College and afterwards in Edinburgh, after which he laboured for several years in the Home Mission field in the Northwest.

Dr. McClure hopes to return to China in July, and it is probable that others appointed will go out at the same time.

There has been more done in our Church during the last two years in clearing off debt from churches than perhaps in any five, perhaps any ten, previous years. The Century Fund movement has been a great factor in this, nearly a million of dollars being raised by it for church debts, and this effort has had two years to work in of prosperity unequalled in the past. This freedom from debt is not that ease may be enjoyed, but that churches may be the better able to address themselves to the great work of missions Home and Foreign, which needs so much to be done.

On Feb. 5th ult., at Coburg Road Church, Halifax, Rev. J. D. Mackay, late pastor of the church, was designated to the work to which he has been appointed by the F. M. Com. as missionary to Demerara. A few days later, 9 Feb., Mr. McKay, together with Mr. Cropper, who is returning, sailed for his field in the tropics.

Two large orphanages are to house and train the famine orphans saved by our mission in India. One for the boys at Mhow is about completed, the other for girls is to be erected at Rutlam. Grand results to the mission will come from this department of our Women's Work in the West.

The plague in India still rages and the death rate from it is over twelve thousand weekly. It has made its appearance in Rutlam, one of our stations, and the death rate by last reports was from 25 to 50 per day. It is largely confined to the natives, and unsanitary conditions favour its spread.

Rev. W. R. and Mrs. Mackay are hard at work at the language in Macao. One thing that gives our church a special interest in this work is that it is our first occupation of Canton province, whence come all the Chinese in Canada.

Two congregations in our church have a membership of over one thousand, Knox, Galt, 1,016, and Cooke's, Toronto, 1,262.

Rev. James Hastie, Okotoks, Alberta, is interim moderator of the session of Calgary.

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The Foreign Mission Committee, E. D., has under consideration the appointment of another missionary to Korea. The workers there are appealing for more help. The work is growing so rapidly, the doors opening so widely that they cannot enter in and overtake it. One of our young ministers well fitted for that work, Rev. Geo. E. Forbes, has offered to go. A number of special ten-year subscriptions have been made for his appointment, and the Con- vener, Rev. Dr. Falconer, appeals in the name of the Committee for larger support for the F. M. Fund to meet necessary additional ex- penses, such as house, etc.

Rev. Dr. Buchanan has long been a sufferer from frequent attacks of appendicitis. A few weeks since an operation was imperative to save life. His many friends will be glad to know that he has made a good recovery and returned to his work among the Bhils.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE U. S. A.

This is a subject of deep interest to Cana- dians. Rev. Macleod Harvey, formerly a pastor in Nova Scotia, and these last four years in Worcester, Mass., writes in a Maritime paper of the duty of ministers and elders to young people leaving home:—

I want to get the attention of every minister and elder of the Maritime Synod for this sub- ject, which has burned into my soul.

It would be a safe guess to say that the majority of our country congregations in the Maritime Provinces have more of their young people in New England than in the home church. A considerable proportion of these come and go, but a very large proportion of them remain in this country. Many young women marry here. Many men settle down in business (or in sin) and do not care to return to the home land.

Among the very best workers in all of our Presbyterian churches are men and women from the Canadian provinces. What could our Presbyterian Churches do here without the whole-souled men and sweet Christian girls from the Presbyterian Church in Canada?

And not only are they in the Presbyterian Church, but in many places they form the backbone of Congregational and Methodist Churches. At a banquet of the Maritime Pro- vince Association held last week in this city, a letter was read from the Mayor, in which he spoke of the general high character of our pro- vincial people who live here.

But while all that is pleasing and what we have a right to look for, there remains an awfully dark side to this subject. There are thousands who were at one time in the communion of the Presbyterian Church who have been caught in the whirl of New England pleasure and vice, and are lost not only to the Church, but to God. They leave their home church without bringing their church letter with them, wander around among the different churches without feeling a responsibility for any, are gradually led away into Sabbath desecration and the ignoring of all that was once held sacred, and infidelity and vice are only a short distance along that road. Every pastor in these cities could sad tales unfold. Let me summarize a few long, sad stories.

A member of a Presbyterian Church left his name on the home church roll. Here he drifted from God. He married a Roman Catholic woman. He sold rum, committed murder and is to-day in States prison. When I visited him it was a pathetic story he told me of his Christian mother and his early and later life.

Another, a sweet Christian girl, member of a church in Nova Scotia, a school teacher, led astray, only the minister who visited her in the hospital learning the sad tale. Her family at home and the home church, please God, will never know it.

Another, now a Christian Scientist, whose name has been dropped from the home roll by mere lapse, without an effort having been made to have her join another church.

Oh, pastors, elders and parents, what are you thinking about that you do not give more attention to your absent members? Few are more faithful in caring for the people at home; few are more careless regarding their absent ones.

Your members leave home expecting to remain away for a few months or a few years at most, and then return. You tell them, or many of you do, that they had better not take their church letter. They do not like themselves to sever their connection with the church, so dear because of early associations. Their parents are hopeful of that tie helping to bring them back. They are also somewhat suspicious of the orthodoxy of the States. In many cases when the young people write home asking for their letters, they are discouraged from taking them.

Now after having given four years to this New England work, let me speak as having

some knowledge of the case. And let me make it as strong as I am capable of doing. If your young people when they come here bring their letters with them and unite with some of our evangelical churches, there is a strong probability that they will develop under the pressure of evil surroundings into stronger Christians, and return to you, if they do return, better than when they came to us.

But, on the other hand, if they keep their connection at home, until perchance their names are erased from their roll the probability is considerable that they will not withstand the awful pressure of the syndicates of sin that here seek to destroy.

To give a little idea of the magnitude of this work I may state that in this city there are not far from two hundred young people from "down home" who regularly or irregularly attend our church. In one hospital, the Bloomingdale Insane Hospital, there are twenty-five employees who attend our church that are Presbyterians from the Provinces. I can count ten such in one other public institution. And a choice lot of young people they are. Our Canadian Church may well be proud of them.

But in this work we need and must have the active help of the home churches if we are to do the most that is possible for those brought up in the Presbyterian fold. They make the best people on earth when led right and the worst when they go astray.

We, ministers and elders, are responsible for the shepherding of our people so long as their names are on our rolls. As soon as they have been recommended by letter to another church, our responsibility is shifted to that other and not till then.

I tell my people that when they leave us to go to another city or back home, I want them to take a letter from our church to the one they go to. I want them to be really cared for in another church.

I had a call from a pastor who is especially successful in his work with young men. He told me that in his church he insisted upon members taking letters of dismission when they expected to be absent for six months. That time may seem to some short. But surely a year's absence demands that attention. In our church the system is so simple and superior to that of some other churches that it is only the matter of a moment to give and a moment to receive such letters. Yet the result of such care is incalculable.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS, ETC.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces.

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness, Orangedale, 5 May, 11 a.m.
3. P. E. Island, Charlottetown.
4. Pictou, N. Glasgow, March 3, at 11.30.
5. Wallace, Parrsboro, 24 Feb., 7.30 p.m.
6. Truro, Truro, 17 March, 10.30.
7. Halifax, Hx., 17 March, 10 a.m.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 3 March.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 3 Mar.
13. Glengarry, Cornwall, 2 March, 8 p.m.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, Bank, 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Carlton Pl., 20 April, 7.30 p.m.
16. Brockville, Iroquois, 23 Feb., 4 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston, St. A., Kingston, 10 Mar., 1 p.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 3 March, 9 a.m.
19. Whitby, Whitby, 21 April, 10 a.m.
20. Lindsay.
21. Toronto, Toronto, 2nd Tue. monthly.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 3 March.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 24 Feb., 10 a.m.
24. Algoma, Copper Cliff, 3 March, 7.30 p.m.
25. North Bay, North Bay, 26 Feb., 9 a.m.
26. Owen Sound, O. Sound, 2 March, 10.
27. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 3 March, 10.
28. Guelph, Rockwood, 17 March, 11 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, Kx., Ham., March 3, 10 a.m.
30. Paris.
31. London, St. Thomas, 3 March, 10.30.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 10 March, 10 a.m.
33. Stratford, Stratford, 3 March, 10.30.
34. Huron.
35. Maitland.
36. Bruce, Paisley, 3 March, 11 a.m.
37. Sarnia, Sarnia, 3 March, 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 10 March.
40. Rock Lake, Crystal City, 17 Feb.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage, Arden, 3 March, 1.30 p.m.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa, Minnedosa, 17 Feb.
46. Melita.
47. Regina, Moosejaw, Feb.
48. Qu'Appelle.
49. Prince Albert, Rosthern, Feb.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary.
51. Edmonton, Strathecona, 23 Feb., 8 p.m.
52. Kamloops, Revelstoke, 4 Mar., '03.
53. Kootenay.
54. Westminster.
55. Victoria.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, ETC.

CALLS FROM

- Montclair, N.J., to Mr. R. G. Davey, of Toronto.
Accepted.
South Qu'Appelle, Man., to Mr. H. Ross, of Minn., U.S.A.
McDonald's Corners, Ont., to Mr. Wm. A. Guy, of Bath.
King St. Ch., London, to Mr. Jas. Rollins, of Elmvalle, Ont.
Powassan and Chisholm, to Mr. R. McNabb, formerly of Beachburg, Ont.
St. Andrew's Lindsay, to Mr. Jas. Wallace, lecturer at Queen's University.

INDUCTIONS INTO

- St. Andrew's, Winnipeg, 26 Feb., Mr. J. W. McMillan.
Bothwell, Florence and Sutherland's Cors., Ont., 30 Jan., Mr. G. C. Little.
Harbour Grace, Nfld., 19 Jan., Mr. D. A. Frame.
St. Andrew's Ch., Nanaimo, B.C., 13 Jan., Mr. Jno. Millar.
Victoria Ch., Toronto Junct., 3 Feb., Mr. G. C. Pidgeon.
Minesing, Midhurst and Edenvale, Ont., 5 Feb., Mr. A. Robertson.
Canard, 24 Feb., Mr. A. M. McLeod.
Aultsville and Pleasant Valley, Ont., 29 Jan., Mr. N. Waddell.

RESIGNATIONS OF

- Chalmers' Ch., Toronto, Mr. R. G. Davey.
Corbetton, Ont., Mr. G. C. Little.
Napanee, Ont., Mr. W. W. Peck.
First Church, Port Hope, Ont., Mr. A. G. Sinclair.
St. Paul's Ch., Smith's Falls, Ont., Mr. T. Nixon.
Wroxeter, Ont., R. S. G. Anderson.

NEW CHURCHES OPENED AT

- Orrwold, Man., 28 Dec.
Oneida, Ont., 11 Jan.
Midland, Ont., 1 Mar.
Reston, Man., 1 Feb.

It will require the opening of the books of remembrance at the judgment bar to exhibit in its completeness the responsibility of individuals in each other's actions. How this partaking in other men's sins will complicate the decisions of that day! How interwoven will be the web of human influence!—Theodore L. Cuyler.

A true and faithful Christian does not make holy living a mere accidental thing, but it is his great concern. As the business of the soldier is to fight, so the business of the Christian is to be like Christ.—Jonathan Edwards.

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always—this is duty!—*Amiel's Journal*.

LETTER FROM YUKON.

BY REV. GEORGE PRINGLE.

Hunker, Sept. 11, '02.

Dear Dr. McLaren,

I have been much more comfortable this year. A good log cabin built by the miners and furnished by the ladies has been a haven of rest to me for the last six months. A carpenter, Louis Couture, is at work to-day building an 8' x 10 addition, kitchen and caché where I can put the "truck" that accumulates, is necessary, but doesn't look well in the parlour, *i.e.*, the cabin.

I have been holding regular fortnightly services on five outer creeks, Last Chance, Hunker, Gold Bottom, Gold Run and Eureka, besides making a trip to Duncan accompanied by my brother and an occasional visit to Montana and other creeks.

On Hunker we have thoroughly renovated the church; re-papered and fixed up inside; on outside put tar-paper, ship-lap and two coats of paint, added a neat porch and good board and tar-paper roof, built outhouses, leveled around church and banked it up, and bought a steamboat bell. We have a very fine little frame church now.

On the creeks around Hunker P. O. the people raised by subscription about \$600. This, however, I obtained their consent to turn in for the paying of the work on the church. The school is held in the church, and in another 8 or 10 months the rent paid into my hands will gradually make up this amount. I will report it, therefore, as I receive it.

On Gold Bottom Creek, near Discovery, we have put up a log building to be called a Public Hall, but built principally for use in preaching services.

At Gold Run I raised about \$800 for the building of a church. We have occupied it now for six weeks. It is a fine log structure, hewed inside, 10 foot wall, tongue and groove flooring, neatly made seats. We have it all paid for but about \$150. We have bought good Reed organs for both Gold Run and Hunker, and have had forwarded from Toronto a library of 200 books for each place.

Sunday Schools have been established on these two creeks. Service is held at Hunker on every Sunday evening, the Sunday I am not there being looked after by some of the people. The Superintendent of Hunker Sunday School, Mr. McAllister, is very faithful and successful. The whole charge of Sunday School

falls on him, as I am working elsewhere at that hour.

Miss Hanna, the nurse here, is also one who deserves to rank among the best of our Home missionaries. She has always been ready to take the heavy end in everything we have undertaken. She is a grand woman.

Among my right-hand supporters on Gold Run are the Robinsons, B. H. Jordan and Ben Shelton. Mrs. Robinson has been like a mother to me; Jordan is a young fellow who stands high in the estimation of the miners and acts as superintendent and organist of Gold Run Sunday School.

I was ordained in Dawson on Wednesday, Aug. 13, 1902. Trials held in afternoon before Committee of Presbytery consisting of Rev. A. S. Grant, Rev. D. A. McRae, Rev. John Pringle and Mr. Arnold, an elder. The evening service attended by about 200 people was very impressive. Mr. McRae addressed the people, Dr. Grant the candidate, John Pringle preached the sermon.

There were only about a dozen of my own creek people in Dawson at the time who happened to hear of it. They attended. Tuesday I received word that I was to be ordained next day and had no chance to announce it on the creeks, so that McRae addressed Mr. Grant's people, not mine.

On returning to Gold Bottom I found a reception awaiting me.

LETTER FROM ATLIN.

BY REV. R. TURKINGTON.

To Rev. Dr. Warden,

I am on the last quarter of my first year in this place. On the whole the past year has been fairly prosperous in many ways, though not so much so either spiritually or financially as we had hoped it would be. We have had some drops and are looking and praying for the showers.

You expressed a hope that we would not need the whole of the H. M. Grant, this year, but I fear we shall need it in full as there have been some extra pulls on the people this year. The congregation at Discovery built a small room at the end of the church where I could stop over night when working on that end of the field. I generally stay in Discovery Thursday and Friday nights of every week. This little building with its inside furnishings cost \$150.00.

Then the two-congregations of Atlin and Discovery raised, at a special collection, \$85.00 in response to a call from the Toronto ladies for the woman's ward at the Pres. Hospital in this place.

Besides the Atlin people had to make some very necessary repairs on the inside of the church building which cost about \$90.00 and now I am sending you a cheque for \$30.00 which was taken at a special collection for the Home Mission Fund.

All these items mean a good deal to a small handful of people over and above their ordinary givings.

I realize to some extent how much help the Committee needs from every minister and missionary, but I also feel that Discovery and Atlin are both going to have a hard pull to come out near clear at the end of March. They are both behind at present, but perhaps by a hard struggle they may reach the end of my first year with them without much debt. However, the managers feel, in the face of the present circumstances, that they cannot pay any more this year than the amount they promised last spring.

The prospects for the future are brightening all the time. Last summer was the best year the camp has had, and there is much more work and activity in every way this winter than there has ever been in any previous winter. We are all looking to the coming summer to see a great forward movement in the development of the camp, and the time may not be very far distant when the church here will be self-sustaining and will then be able to pay back to the mother church part at least of what they have received.

The attendance both at Sabbath and weekly prayer-meetings has kept up very well so far, although we have had a good deal of severe weather this winter.

Last night at midnight the thermometer registered 40 below zero and to-day at noon, although the sun is shining, it is 34 below zero. When you consider that our church buildings are not of the warmest kind, only shells, no storm windows and only a single floor, you can understand that in very cold weather only those who are interested in church life and work will come out.

The work at the hospital is going along nicely and our new nurses have made a name for themselves. The ladies of Toronto could not have made a better choice for the work in this place, and the board of managers realize

what it means to the hospital work here to have sent in two nurses so efficient in their work and highly endowed with good wholesome common sense.

A poor fellow was brought to the hospital yesterday evening after lying on a hand-sled for three days, while his two partners and some dogs drew him over the snow. They had very little to eat and had only an old tent to protect them from the biting frost at night. They were out prospecting and the wind blew a tree across their tent. What a blessing a hospital is to such a poor fellow.

B. C. HOME MISSION NOTES.

BY REV. DR. HERDMAN.

The Synod of British Columbia, territorially considered, includes all Alberta, with a little of Assiniboia and all British Columbia, and the Yukon thrown in.

There are six Presbyteries in this Synod; two in Alberta, named Edmonton and Calgary; two in the interior of British Columbia named Kootenay and Kamloops; two on the Coast, Westminster and Victoria.

In all, there are fully 100 Mission congregations and about 12 augmented charges in the Synod, besides 23 self-sustaining congregations. Of the Mission fields, nearly one half are in Alberta, and it is in Alberta that the greatest movement in the way of incoming immigration and of the building of Churches and organizing of work is taking place.

Since entering upon my duties last July, I have had the pleasure of opening or helping to open seven churches, of which six were in Alberta or Assiniboia; namely:—At Frank, Medicine Hat, Edmonton, Long Valley near Lacombe, the Scandinavian Presbyterian Church at Wetaskiwin, and the church at Raymond, in the Mormon belt.

Individual Missions are supported by the following congregations: St. Andrews, Vancouver, Knox Ch., Calgary; an individual donor in First Presbyterian Church, Vancouver; and a loggers' Mission is now being put on the list to be supported by Mount Pleasant, Vancouver. Besides, a further help along these lines is being volunteered by a member of Knox Church, Calgary, to the extent of \$50; by the Sunday School of Cranbrook and by some other Sunday Schools and Young Peoples' Societies in the Synod; so far as the raising of small amounts, separate from the

givings of their congregations to the general Home Mission Fund, is concerned.

At the same time, I wish frankly to say that our larger congregations in this Synod should fairly be expected to do a little more to show their interest in the Home Mission work that is almost at their doors.

Each Presbytery has a Home Mission Committee and the names of the several Conveners should receive honourable mention. Rev. D. G. Macqueen, of Edmonton, for the Presbytery of Edmonton; Rev. Charles McKillop, of Lethbridge, for the Presbytery of Calgary; Rev. G. W. Fortune, of Cranbrook, for the Presbytery of Kootenay; Rev. J. C. Stewart, of Kamloops, for the Presbytery of Kamloops; Rev. G. A. Wislon, of Vancouver, for the Presbytery of Westminster and Rev. W. L. Clay, of Victoria, for the Presbytery of Victoria.

As to the work among the foreign populations, Rev. G. F. Vetter, is carrying on work among the Germans (Reformed Church) at Glory Hill and vicinity, near Edmonton, and in the same Presbytery, Rev. N. P. Grose, of Wetaskiwin and Rev. J. Pind, of Millet are doing strong and stirring work among the Scandinavians and Danes of Northern Alberta. In the Presbytery of Calgary, our Scandinavian workers are Rev. A. Linde, and Mr. H. E. Hegh, who labours in Claresholm and Lethbridge Districts.

Another very interesting work is in the Presbytery of Calgary and is in the Mormon belt; Rev. Gavin Hamilton, is our tried and faithful missionary at Cardston; Rev. A. McIntosh, has just had the joy of having a neat little Church dedicated to the service of God in the new and growing Town of Raymond; while in Mountainview, we have a Church, but for this winter are without any stated supply.

A question of considerable importance as to the administration of mission matters within the Synod is that of co-operation. There seems to be little doubt but that a plan could be devised with careful safeguards, whereby overlapping would be a thing of the past,—mission money would be saved, and more of the spirit of brotherhood be introduced into the working out of church life in many communities.

The contributing of \$250.00 a year for three years (separate from general congregational giving to the Home Mission Fund) is what is meant by "taking up a Mission." Where one congregation cannot do this, two or three may combine (or their Sunday Schools or Societies). Reports will be sent regarding the field to the

congregation contributing on this behalf. These reports all come through Rev. Dr. McLaren, Home Mission Secretary.

THE SCHOOL AS A FACTOR IN FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

BY REV. E. H. BRANDT, PRINCIPAL OF POINTE AUX TREMBLES SCHOOLS.

Do you know that the old Province of Quebec in which we are living is one of the most Roman Catholic countries of the world.

The majority of its inhabitants are French; they claim to have kept the customs, language and faith of their mother country; they are settled on the shores of the beautiful St. Lawrence on rich farms; slowly they clear up our great forests, and now villages are seen where stood years ago the centenarian trees.

In their humble houses French Canadians have always a place for strangers; they are hospitable, kind to the needy; they are intelligent, industrious; they have many good qualities, but we are sorry to say they have not what we have, the Gospel.

Some are opposed to French Evangelization, on the ground that the French Canadians are a kind and zealous people, and that they are as well as we are on the way to heaven.

We know that they are faithful, but, according to the Gospel, shall we be saved by faith in what is true or in what is false. If zeal only is required for salvation, what is the use of going and preaching the Gospel to those who are in the darkness of heathenism and have so much zeal that they give their own life to please their gods?

It is also widely believed that French Canadians have the Scriptures at home and that the Word of God is preached by priests.

We French missionaries know by experience what to think about these false assertions.

Some incidents gathered here and there will show that our countrymen do not know the Word of God and have priests who do not encourage its reading.

(a) The first time I knocked at a door to distribute the divine Book, suddenly a man rushed on me, and putting his fist in my face he shouted: "Tell us something about potatoes, cows, horses, but nothing about your Book. We have our priest and we do not need any book. Go away from us."

(b) The same year a woman bought a Bible from me. Before paying for it she said she would see some one. A few days after I was in

again. Showing me my book she said: "You are an imposter. I will prove it by the first page of your book where I see the date 1810. Does not the true Bible date from the time of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

The priest was the man that woman saw; he profited by her ignorance and made her believe, as a good Jesuit, that the date of the printing of the book, 1810, was the year of the foundation of the Protestant Bible.

Two years ago I had a long talk with a man at Baie des Chaleurs, in which I related to him many stories of the life of Christ.

That man knew almost nothing of the Bible. He never saw one, and he was about fifty years old and a settler of the Province of Quebec. I take this one among thousands of others I met because more than any others he manifested to me his ignorance.

Two years ago I entered, near Rimouski with one of our converts, the house of an old French Canadian couple. They had asked for me. As soon as we were in the old woman wanted to hear me speak about religion.

"Well, madam," I said, "I believe in God the Father, in Jesus His beloved Son; I am a great sinner, and I believe that Christ died for me on the Cross and that His blood cleanseth me from all sins; my hope is in Jesus; I believe that Mary is in heaven because she believed in her Son, and that heaven is for all those who trust Jesus. My ambition is to please my Saviour; I preach His Gospel because I want others to know what He has done for the world That is the reason why you saw me passing so often on this road and why I am in your house to-day."

"Oh! my husband," said the old woman, "what do we hear? How we have been mistaken! Could we recognize in this gentleman, the man which was so much despised by our priest last Sunday. We have been told that you were a dangerous man, that the devil was your companion and that you cursed whatever you touched. Thank you for having come."

Everywhere among their own people you will find priests forbidding the reading of the Bible, sometimes burning the divine Book and persecuting those who read it. All kinds of arguments will be used to prevent the people from reading the Word of God. The end justifies the means. It is always good, exceedingly good, when it is *ad majorem gloriam Dei et ecclesie*, to the greater glory of God and the Church.

So dear friends, French Canadians need the

Gospel. We possess it and we must give it to them; we cannot enjoy privileges of truth and suffer that thousands of others will be without it at our very door.

We understand French Evangelization is not only putting a Bible in the hands of our countrymen, but preaching the Gospel to them, educating them and teaching them how to become true Christians and true patriots. Let me show how the Pointe aux Trembles schools are a factor in that great work.

HOW POINTE AUX TREMBLES SCHOOLS HELP.

1. First of all we find our schools engaged in missionary work because they distribute the Word of God.

Who knows how many thousands of Bibles have been sold and given away, how many sermons have been preached, how many prayers have been offered, how many hymns have been heard in these halls since fifty-five years in these institutions.

We believe that the Bible is an incentive to knowledge, that when a man loves the reading of the Bible he will soon look for other truths. The study of the Word of God opens the mind to other studies, and when you see a Bible in a house you may be sure to find other books.

You enter the house of a Huguenot in France or of an English farmer in Canada; it may be a poor house, but there is an atmosphere of joy, comfort and light around you. You usually see some books, newspapers or magazines; the people in those houses have a general notion of many things. They know something about history, geography, etc. During the long evenings of our Canadian winters the whole family often unites in the reading of interesting things.

In French Canadian houses through the country you find little of the kind. No books, no family libraries, no magazines, often no newspapers. Why? Because the Bible, the master of books, the Book of books, never entered these homes. You may find a weekly newspaper and very often a pack of cards and a dozen of clay pipes hanging in a rack on the wall. It is a naked home, a garden without flowers.

You will find there men and women twenty, forty, sixty years old not able to read. They will tell you, "Once we knew how to read, but we have forgotten." Do you know any Protestants who have forgotten how to read?

Why have they forgotten? Because there was nothing of interest to read at home.

On Sunday you will see our French Canadians on our squares in Montreal playing football, base-ball, canoeing on the river and organizing races for horses, and shooting parties Why do you see French Canadian homes deserted on Sunday? Because there is nothing to keep them. Put the Bible into these homes and the many interesting books that follow it, and many of these homes will be transformed.

We understand this at Pointe aux Trembles schools, and our pupils have books to read and they like reading, and if you ever enter the home of an old pupil of our schools, you will see what a difference there is with that of the neighbour still attached to the traditions of Rome.

2. Our work is helpful to the Church because we have under our care the youth of the country.

The Jesuits have said: "Give us your children till the age of twelve and we answer for their faith." It is a fact that pupils of the Jesuits are distinguished among other men; the disciples of Loyola have the talent to mould young minds to their system.

In churches, ministers are working generally on old characters, but in schools we have the children of a nation, those who will be the men of to-morrow. How important it is to direct in the right way that rising generation.

Dear friends, do you want to see to-morrow in our Parliament honest men desiring the general welfare of our country; do you want to see some day this beautiful Canada of ours independent from Rome; do you wish to see our men, our deputies, our senators governing our land without the advice of the head of the Church at Rome? Do you long to see that day when our governors will be able to say, "We do not want our province to be Romish; its capital is Quebec and not Rome; we are a free people and we want to govern ourselves."

If your desire is so, let us remember that Pointe aux Trembles schools is a place where many of our young French Canadians are preserved from the influence of the Jesuits, and that we would like to have a school large enough to receive these English Protestant children who are sent to convents for the sake of learning French.

3. Pointe aux Trembles schools are also helpful in that work of French Evangelization

because we carry on a general mission work. Thirty-one counties of our Province are represented in our schools. What does that mean? It means that in thirty-one counties there are French Canadians liberal enough to send their children to a Protestant school, that next spring one hundred and fifty-five boys and girls will be scattered all over our country, with Bibles in their trunks, verses and chapters written in their memories and their hearts. It means that in many homes the glorious story of Calvary will be related, that hymns will be sung in French where litanies of the saints have been heard for many years in Latin.

Our schools are a help to our missionaries in their work, because it is there that they send the children whose parents have accepted the Gospel. How many converts would have been without education if Pointe aux Trembles schools had not been established. Settled among Romanists and persecuted, these parents were not numerous enough to have schools of their own or provide for their private teaching.

And we may say that Pointe-aux-Trembles schools are the spiritual home for our converts. There are very few of them who cannot count a friend, a brother or a sister among our pupils. The principal of these schools receives letters from all the missionary fields and so the schools are in touch with all our workers and converts.

4. Another important work carried on in our institutions is the training of our missionary workers. We prepare teachers, missionaries, colporteurs; every year two or three of our pupils enter the Presbyterian College, Montreal, to prepare themselves for the work of the ministry. With the rest of our scholars we have the privilege to prepare Christian farmers, dentists, druggists, doctors, lawyers and professors. We do not know how great and salutary is the influence of the Gospel school.

One of our missionaries, visiting his old and dear school told me lately: "The study of philosophy and theology is very dry, the systems of the great masters of thought are not able to give faith. How glad I am to have been at Pointe aux Trembles; there I laid the foundation of my faith and there I chose my vocation. Oh, blessed school I shall never forget thee!"

5. Now we may congratulate ourselves for

having operated another reform in our midst. I find it in the very name of our schools. Pointe-aux-Trembles.

The "tremble" (poplar tree in English) is a tree pretty common on the grounds of the schools; its leaves are constantly trembling; and we dare say that the place where are built our schools is worthy of its name. It is certainly a "trembling" place, not for pupils and masters, but for the priests. They have trembled enough to build schools to retain around them their children. Fifty years ago, for example, there was at this village of Pointe-aux-Trembles, some nine miles from Montreal, only a small school taught by a girl; now there is a large convent for girls, also a big school for boys taught by two friars from France. Why are the Roman Catholics of our village so privileged? Because we Protestants have a big school so near. Thus you see that priests are compelled to build better schools owing to the presence of ours in their midst.

6. Finally, we show the influence of our institutions by the character of our teaching. Our teaching is "intellectual," "historical" and "religious";

(a) It is "intellectual" because we try by all means to reach the intellect of our pupils in breaking the seal which is over the text-book. Our aim is not to fill their minds with so many pages of history, geography, arithmetic and literature, as it is done in most of the Roman Catholic schools, but our aim is to explain the lessons so that our scholars may understand them; so well, so fully, that they could not forget them.

To-day we do not need men merely of memory, but men with good understanding, able to distinguish between right and wrong, able to think for themselves and solve the problems of life.

(b) Our method is also "historical", we do not tell our pupils as they are told in seminaries, believe this, for it is the teaching of the Church. We lay before them facts. The history of the religions of the world with their teachings is carefully studied. We open the great book of the past and show to them the evolution of human thought; we put no pressure on their reason, but we leave them the responsibility and duty to choose the right path in the great search of truth.

Our pupils come to us with wrong notions. For example, they willingly believe that Luther and Calvin were bad men, drunkards and impostors, that Father Chiniquy died as a man

rejected from God, that Roman Catholics have been persecuted by Protestants, that the St. Bartholemew massacre was made by Protestants, that the religion which has the greatest number of adherents is that of the pope.

That is the way history is written at Rome, and wherever the pope has dominion. Lately Leo the XIII. offered prizes to the best writers of history. We already know which authors will get the prizes and approbation of the Holy see. It is those who will write history flattering Rome.

In Roman Catholic seminaries the Church is the criterion for everything, the pope is the limit of knowledge, you are not allowed to think otherwise than himself. He is an infallible source, you have only to sit down near the well and drink, closing your eyes. Examination into things is prohibited for it would be simply ridiculous to reason about or question what is produced by an infallible source. As soon as a man seems to take his flight towards the regions of science and learning he is no more the friend of that system.

I met some time since, on Notre Dame street, Montreal, the nephew of one of our great men in Parliament. "My uncle is a great man," said he, "among the French Canadians, but why is he great? Because he is not a slave of Rome. Though a Roman Catholic he is independent of our priests. The Jesuits are after him, they try to knock him down, but they will not succeed."

The words of that man were significant; he was brave enough to tell the truth.

(c) Our teaching is also "religious."

We aim at developing the moral and spiritual as well as the intellectual. Our schools are Gospel schools, their characteristic is an open Bible. Take off the divine Book from our program and we will lose our power in the evangelization of our country.

In these young boys and girls under our care, we see not only intellectual faculties to cultivate, but above all characters, souls to edify, feelings to direct, consciences to enlighten.

It is a great mistake to blot out the Bible from the program of any of our Protestant schools. The Scriptures are the source of all moral and religious knowledge and we do not see why in universities and colleges the study of the Word of God should not have a prominent place.

In Roman Catholic schools a teacher is

constantly watching the pupils. At night the lights are never put out in dormitories and a friar keeps a close, a night long watch on the boys, during recreation scholars are never alone, when parents visit their children at the schools the sentinel in black again walks up and down carefully watching, and if some action has not been witnessed then the confessional box is ready to receive the pupils once a month. For punishment they will receive so many strokes, they will have to kiss the floor, kneel down for many hours in the midst of their fellow-students.

That is the way of educating men and women in Romish schools. What is the result? To make instruments in the hands of the clergy. When these scholars have left schools, in which they acted in a constant fear of the superior, they look as children, and children they remain all their life. They cannot think aright for themselves, cannot vote by themselves.

At Pointe-aux-Trembles our discipline is quite different; we do not aim at making slaves of our pupils, but we develop freedom and love in them according to the Gospel. Be grateful, scholars, do we say to them, for Jesus loved you and He gave His precious life for you, when you were his enemies; for thousands of young children and friends in Canada love you though they do not know you; they provide for your education.

Dear friends, would you like to see our Province united in the same faith, raised to the level of the other Provinces, not behind Ontario, Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the new provinces in the far West, when a free system of education is proposed give us such schools as Pointe-aux-Trembles.

Let us work together, to erect schools all over our Province, where high walls and gates of iron will be the Commandments of the Lord, and whose spies following constantly the scholars will be good sense and a conscience enlightened by the Gospel of Christ

Rev. C. B. Ross, Lachine, writes most hopefully of a recent visit to Pointe-aux-Trembles mission school:—"As my visit was unexpected, I was enabled to judge of the work done by the school perhaps better than if it had been announced and special preparations made. I was thus enabled to see the ordinary work of the classes under ordinary conditions; and, from all I saw, I am more than ever con-

vinced that excellent work is being done by this institution.

"An earnest spiritual tone pervades the instruction, and upwards of thirty conversions, on the average, occur annually in the Mission Schools, which is a much larger proportion than that to be found in the great majority of our congregations.

"I would again commend these schools to the liberality of the members of our church. They are doing an excellent evangelistic and patriotic, as well as educational work. Many of the scholars have been lifted from intellectual and spiritual darkness into the light of education and the light of the Gospel. I firmly believe that no better investment of their money can be made by Christians than in the maintenance and extension of these schools. The money thus spent will be repaid a hundred fold in the spiritual and intellectual uplift given."

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting 3rd Feb., ult., in Crescent St. Church, Montreal, which marked the coming of age of the "Woman's Missionary Society" Presbyterian Church in Canada, received reports of progress on every hand. The Treasurer reported receipts for the year \$3,508.22. This sum was divided among the three branches of work—Home, French and Foreign. In the latter there was a new feature, the appropriation of \$1,000 towards the opening of mission work among women in Macao.

The claims of Home Missions were set forth by the Home Mission Secretary, Dr. E. D. McLaren. The back-bone of the settlers in the Northwest are Canadians from the older provinces, who must be followed by the Gospel which alone can help them overcome the temptations which they will meet. The majority of foreigners are ignorant and if left in their ignorance will become a menace politically as well as morally. On the support that is given Home Missions to-day depends both the Home and Foreign Mission work of the future.

An excellent paper by Mrs. J. D. Anderson, of Beauharnois, Que., a daughter of the late Rev. A. B. Mackay, D.D., of Crescent Street Church, Montreal, on methods of work in women's missionary auxiliaries, which was read at the meeting, will be helpful to women's auxiliaries everywhere, and will be given in next issue of the RECORD.

Our Foreign Missions.

LETTER FROM DR. MARGARET McKELLAR.

Neemuch, Central India,

15th Jan., 1903.

Dear RECORD,

No more blessed or glad Xmas was ever spent in Neemuch than that of 1902.

We were a large party of missionaries, thirteen in all, including our visitors. Our day began before daylight with the exchange of mysterious looking parcels, the contents of which were as eagerly looked at as those of the myriads of little stockings which would be opened in Christendom.

Every Indian Christian, big and little, was remembered, and the giving brought its own joy, for, is it not true now as ever that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

This Xmas day was unique, in that we had the comfort and satisfaction of worshipping in our new mission church for the first time.

The opening of a church in Canada is of such common occurrence that it ceases to mean much, but how different in this heathen land where churches for the worship of the true God are few in comparison to the number of temples and altars on every hand erected to false gods.

To the missionary a church means fruit from his labours. He sees assembled within its walls men and women, the true church, who have "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God."

To the heathen a church means that the ambassadors of Jesus Christ have come to stay, and, much as the bigoted ones dislike it, they have to witness their country folk coming one by one under the banner of the Cross.

Preaching Halls and Assembly Halls there are in other stations of our mission, but this is the first real "pakka" church in Central India. It is built on the mission compound at a little distance from the ladies' bungalow, partly in the shade of a fine spreading Pipal, one of India's many sacred trees. The natives doubtless think that we chose the site because of the tree.

The building is a substantial stone structure

roofed with flat red tiles and floored with Neemuch flagstone (for which this place is famous). The foundation is 65 x 50 ft. on which rest the nave, 62 x 26 ft., and the aisles joined to the nave by massive stone arches.

On either side of the platform, which is graced by a plain but neat pulpit, is a small room. Doors and windows at regular intervals admit a flood of light and insure a free current of fresh air, while several small windows just beneath the eaves of the nave, but above the roof of the aisles, help in giving good ventilation.

The main entrance is at the end opposite the platform, and, on entering, the first thing to attract the western eye is the rough interior of undressed bluish grey stone which gives an impression of solidity never given by a smooth plastered wall.

On the wall over the pulpit is a neatly painted scroll with the words in Hindi, "O praise the Lord all ye nations." Beneath this, just for the day, in letters of evergreen on a white background were the words in Hindi, "God is love."

The whole of the church round the platform, pulpit and organ was tastefully decorated with plants. Palms, crotons and tall lilies framed the centres of the carefully grouped foliage.

Without benches or chairs there is a seating capacity of about 600.

The beauty of the whole thing is that the building has been erected at the expense of the congregation. For sixteen months all the members, with the exception of two or three, have been giving the Lord His tenth, and have been bringing it into His house. This with the accumulated collections of many years has all but paid the cost of building. What balance remains we hope to see paid off soon.

The famine girls of the Orphanage were so anxious to have a share in the building that they denied themselves meat for a month, and thus gave an offering of \$6. A second gift of \$10 they gave was one that had been given to themselves for a treat.

When funds were called for the famine in China the children gave up their treat and said, "Send the money to China, to the

famine sufferers." When our Honan missionaries saw that the need was not very pressing they returned the gift, and, after all its travels, it was finally given as an offering to the church. The widows, too, gladly gave up some of their bread for a time, so that they might have it to say, "We helped build the church."

We were glad to have Rev. W. A. and Mrs. Wilson back from Canada in time for the opening. It is some seventeen years since they began work in Neemuch and had to win their way to the hearts of the people, so to them, more than to any others of us, the contrast of the "then" and the "now" must be great.

Nine o'clock came in the morning and with it a congregation of some 500 souls. How happy they all looked!

There were some 230 girls from the Orphanage with shining faces and sparkling eyes. One hundred of them had walked bare-footed from the Orphanage, a distance of nearly four miles. What mattered it if some of their feet were blistered and swollen with their eight-mile walk; had they not worshipped in their own church? The rest of the children came in twelve springless, two-wheeled ox carts and formed quite a quaint procession going through the cantonment.

When all had arrived at the church, they filed in two by two and took their seats on a rough carpet on the stone floor. From the youngest to the oldest every head was bowed and a silent prayer uttered; then they waited reverently for the service to begin. The women from the Widows' Home, eighty in number, came in perfect order, and one would think from their decorum that all their lives they had been accustomed to coming to church. The bright coloured "chaddars" (head cloth) of the women contrasted strikingly with the white ones of the children.

The remainder of the congregation was made up of our other Indian Christians, some others who believe with their hearts, but have not yet confessed openly the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, natives from the bazaar, who came out of curiosity, a few European well wishers and a sprinkling of British soldiers.

The exercises of the first hour were all in Hindi.

It was proper that "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," should be the first note of praise to fill the building. As Mrs. Wilson played, the organ solemnly pealed out "Old Hundred" and in doing so fulfilled a prophecy

uttered by the late Mrs. Ewart. When Mrs. Wilson brought the organ out ten years ago Mrs. Ewart said to her "You will yet have a church in which to put the organ," or words to that effect.

Then followed the singing of several hymns, interspersed with reading of Scripture, prayer and an impressive dedicatory sermon by Mr. Wilson.

In the course of his remarks he said that there was no institution like the Christian Church in other religions. The church is a place where the whole Christian congregation comes together at appointed times, to worship God in prayer, praise and preaching, while heathen temples are for the idols and only large enough, as a rule, to admit, at one time, two or three worshipers, who perform their devotions independently of one another. Singing too at public worship is peculiar to the Christian congregation.

At the close of the sermon thirteen more women and a little child from the Widows' Home confessed Christ in baptism. We pray that these souls may be but the earnest of many who shall find Christ within those walls.

The next act of worship was making an offering to the Lord. The collection amounted to 240 Rs. (rupees) (\$80).

Immediately at the close of the Hindi service, one in English was conducted by the Rev. D. Cock. The key note of his sermon was "Separation."

"Christianity," he said, "is the only religion that requires a man to have a clean heart. It might, in fact, be summed up thus, to be made clean in the precious blood of Christ and to be kept clean by the power of the Holy Spirit."

Mr. Smith, one of our assistant missionaries who helped Mr. Harcourt so much in superintending the erection of the building, spoke a few earnest words in which the clear Gospel call was sounded in the ears of all who were present.

We regretted that the Rev. J. R. Harcourt could not be present with us, but duties in Mhow prevented his partaking in the consummation of the work in which he helped so materially.

At 3 p.m. another service in Hindi was held, at which our four oldest men, who are the honoured officiating elders in the congregation, gave short addresses. So you see our church was well opened.

I CANNOT DIG, TO BEG AM NOT ASHAMED.

BY MISS MARY E. LEACH.

Mhow, 3rd Jan., '03.

Dear RECORD.

Ambitious young India, in the person of a Brahmin youth, attired in blue trousers, rather soiled white coat, cardinal striped stockings turned down to form a ruffle to the top of the shoes quite two sizes too large, came marching up the roadway of the Canadian Presbyterian mission bungalow at Dhar, to the verandah, where Dr. Margaret O'Hara, Rev. F. H. Russell and I were standing.

As he approached Dr. O'Hara whispered, "He likes to use his English, we'll talk to him in English."

By this time the youth had reached the verandah, and, leaving his shoes at the porch he came beside us, and in a high-pitched voice said "good afternoon."

We replied to his greeting, and Mr. Russell asked him what he wanted.

"I want to read the Bible."

This was a laudable ambition, and no one felt inclined to discourage such a praiseworthy undertaking.

"What part of the Bible do you want to learn to read," asked Mr. Russell.

"The Psalms, sir," was the reply.

Then he proceeded to tell us that he had one or two friends who also wanted to learn the Bible, and Mr. Russell began to think of ways and means of giving them instruction if they were so anxious to learn.

However, he did not commit himself, but told the lad to come back in a day or two and he would see what arrangement could be made. Still the youth hovered around and seemed anxious to say more.

Then Dr. O'Hara asked him if he would recite for us. With pleasure he would, and, after a little urging and finally a request to "please begin," he began an extract from "Smiles" on "Success."

It was very funny; the high-pitched voice, the monotonous, sing-song intonation and the peculiar pronunciation made us wonder if our Hindi sounded to him like his English to us.

The selection concluded, we thanked him and said "good afternoon"—but he did not return the greeting, nor did he go away, so Mr. Russell turned to go into the house.

This movement loosened the young man's tongue and thus he spoke:—

"My second request is this."

Visions of this youth and his companions intently studying the sacred Scriptures for the mere love of their contents, which we had conjured in our minds on hearing his first request, vanished like the morning dew before the rays of the sun.

"What is your second request," asked Dr. O'Hara.

"I would like some of your plants and some cuttings of your rose bushes" was the modest reply.

"Oh but these have cost us a good deal of money and you can't have them. No we cannot grant this request."

Then the missionary relenting, pointing to a large pot near by said: "You may have some of that if you care to take it."

"Very well" agreed the lordly Brahmin. "Your man there" pointing to a man who was working in the garden. "Can dig it up for me."

This was too much for the worthy missionary, who saw no disgrace in a man working with his own hands, and she promptly informed the aspirant after knowledge and rose cuttings that her man could not do it, that if he wanted the slips he must take them himself, whereupon he concluded the interview by remarking "I cannot dig; good afternoon;" and departed as he came, only perhaps a little wiser, having discovered that missionaries learn during their sojourn in this land that things are not always what they seem, and that it is wiser to defer conclusions until all requests have been preferred.

There are so many in India like this youth. It is the loaves and fishes that attract. There is no beauty nor comeliness to them in Him that they should desire Him.

Yet it was for these as much as for us He died, and He will not rest satisfied until he has seen the travail of his soul, until the heathen has been given unto Him for an inheritance and the uttermost part of the earth for his possession.

In bringing this about you at home as well as we are fellow labourers with God.

"Faith is the victory."

While I sought Happiness she fled

Before me constantly,

Weary, I turned to Duty's path,

And Happiness sought me,

Saying, "I walk this road to-day;

I'll bear thee company."

THE WORK IN TRINIDAD FOR 1902.

Summary of Statistics.

	Tuna- puna.	San F'do.	Princes- town.	Couva.	Total.
Canadian mis- sionaries....	2	2	1	1	6
Ordained na- tives.....	2	2	0	0	4
Catechists....	8	13	16	12	49
Bible women..	3	3	3	5	14
Baptisms (ad- ults).....	28	72	19	32	151
Baptisms (chil- dren).....	64	63	37	39	203
Baptisms, total	92	141	56	71	360
Marriages....	10	23	13	20	66
Canadian lady teachers....	1	1	1	0	3
Schools.....	16	17	15	9	57
Boys on roll	1,073	1,060	894	516	3,543
Girls " "	408	453	376	275	1,512
Total, " "	1,481	1,553	1,270	791	5,095
Average daily attendance.	891	893	609	416	2,839
Total enrolled for year. ...	2,130	2,321	1,842	961	7,254
<i>Communicants:</i>					
" Dec. 31, 1901	161	415	155	129	860
" ad'd in 1902	21	43	36	7	107
" died.....	8	10	2	2	22
" removed...	6	5	3	0	14
" gone to In.	0	0	0	0	0
" suspended.	6	4	4	0	14
" in good st'g	162	439	182	134	917
" net in'crse.	1	24	27	5	57
<i>Sunday Schools:</i>					
No. schools	15	21	24	16	76
" No. on roll	610	1,143	1,130	758	3,641
" Daily ave'g	394	849	549	448	2,240
<i>Contributions:</i>					
" Proprie'r's \$1,080	\$264	\$96	\$288	\$1,728	
" Na. church. 1,105	\$2,915 02	\$1,257 20	\$1,230	\$6,507 22	
Average, per communic't.. \$6 82	\$6 64	\$6 87	\$9 17	\$7 33	

JOHN MORTON,
Secretary to Mission Council.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE FUND.

BY REV. JOHN MORTON, D.D., PRESIDENT.

The teaching staff continued as in 1901, except that, during the absence of Mr. Macrae, Mr. Thompson took his class.

There were two classes, a senior and a junior. The number of students was 14. In the senior class were several who were school teachers, who should complete their course in another year. These ought to prove very valuable in the work.

We have others among our teachers who are also preachers, but who cannot attend College on account of the School work. One problem before our College is how to teach and train

these men. The work in their case, and probably in the case of some others, must be to some extent extra moral, supplemented by short terms in school holidays. For this work text-books are necessary, and on general grounds it seems desirable that the results of Reverend Lal Bihari's studies on "Hinduism and Mohammedanism in relation to Christianity" should be secured and printed while he is yet with us. This applies to others also of our teachers.

Some changes in the College work will probably be made in the near future and will be duly reported.

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR'S MISSION WORK

OF REV. JOHN MORTON, D.D., TUNAPUNA,
TRINIDAD.

During the year Rev. H. H. Morton had charge of the schools and of finance. In all other matters we worked in common along the lines reported last year. I attempt only to indicate marked features of the year's work.

I. CONSOLIDATION.

1902 has been largely a year of consolidation. Our people have been enrolled according to locality and by families. Out of one general roll 17 duplicate books, one for the missionary and one for the district, have been constructed, by which every adherent can be identified at a moment's notice. The time and toil given to this will, we are sure, bear good fruit in promoting fellowship and organization and in enabling us to keep in touch with our widely scattered flock. Our roll shows 1,790 baptisms in this district commencing November 10, 1881, with Alexander Campbell Blackburn, called after a brother minister, now of Merigomish, then in Trinidad.

II. SEPARATION.

The separation between the heathen and Christian community has become more marked from the fuller recognition on both sides of what the Church means. While this has its discouraging aspect we hope it is a step toward a higher Christian ideal and a more effective tribal conscience which will promote discipline and good morals.

III. INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

The gift of carpenter's tools reported last year has given an impulse to industrial training. A number of our lads have been taught to earn a living chiefly in carpentry and agriculture.

IV. HINDI PRINTING.

A supply of Hindi type has been purchased locally for \$500 and an edition of Hindi hymns will be issued with the New Year. On hearing of this movement Mr. George Cadbury, of Birmingham, very promptly and generously sent \$120; Mr. William A. Cadbury, \$150, and Mr. Peter A. McGregor, of New Glasgow, \$25, as a mark of their special interest. As the superintendence of this new departure falls on myself I was slow to undertake it. Though we have met with even greater difficulty than was anticipated, I believe we have been providentially guided and that the time has come for a local Hindi Press.

V. THE GOSPEL.

While recognizing the fact that man's nature is complex and that he needs work and food and a healthy human interest, we do not for a moment overlook the chief means and the great end. The Gospel has been proclaimed widely and faithfully. The help of my son as assistant has not reduced the number of my services, but has enabled us to give double attention to all the outlying stations.

The faithful Rev. Andrew Gayadeen still holds the Caroni quarter and has given full proof of his ministry.

Rev. Paul Bhukhan was removed to Sangre Grande, 24 miles east from Tunapuna, a district that is fast becoming important and where there is scope for years of toil.

VI. OTHER WORKERS.

Mrs. Morton's health has been good throughout the year. She has worked on her usual lines, Sixty-four names have been added to her temperance roll. The "Girls' Home" has been in operation since June. Six girls have been in training besides two motherless little ones. In this work she has been ably assisted by her Bible woman, Deborah Talaram. Two of the girls are to be married very shortly and new ones are expected to come in.

Over 60 girls have been trained in this home, 16 of whom have been married to teachers or catechists. With very few exceptions the girls have done exceedingly well. The cost of the home was \$139.25. \$36 of this was earned by teaching sewing in the Tunapuna school, and \$25 came as a donation from Mrs. Riddell, of San Fernando.

At the Yaws Hospital a Sabbath morning service for about 150 children was kept up in Hindi and English, which was frequently taken by Mrs. Morton.

Our mission band under her direction earned \$43.08. Sewing in the schools was superintended as usual, and five evenings in the week she conducted a night school for working lads assisted sometimes by Mr. or Mrs. Harvey Morton.

This school has been at work for four years at a cost of not more than \$1.50 a month, besides lighting. The average attendance has increased from 19, as reported last year, to 32. Five of the advanced lads are taking a primary catechist's course under myself and are helping in Sunday School work. The eldest of the five also takes services. Besides helping in the night school Mrs. H. Morton assisted in the Tuna-puna Sunday School and helped to brighten our services by her singing.

VII. SPECIAL THANKS

are due to Messrs. George and William Cadbury, of Birmingham, who, besides the donations previously referred to, have each contributed one hundred pounds sterling to our funds.

Thanks are also tendered to all our helpers and contributors.

I feel grateful to the Foreign Mission Committee for providing me with an assistant, without whose services the special work indicated could not have been undertaken.

Miss Blackadder speaks for herself.

THIRTY-SECOND YEAR'S MISSION WORK

OF REV. K. J. GRANT, D.D., SAN FÉDO, TRINIDAD.

Brevity has been enjoined, hence in this our thirty-second report we will avoid details that might be of interest.

This district is credited with two Canadian Missionaries, but Mr. Fraser has not been above four months in residence during the past two years, owing to his appointments by Council in other fields. His weekly visits, to pay, give out medicine, attend to matters of discipline in out-districts, together with Miss Archibald's visits to country schools, have given relief from an anxious and yet necessary part of the work.

Our eldest daughter, after about two years' service in the Girls' School, recently retired, being physically unequal to the work. The Central School in which she taught shows a daily average (boys and girls) of 210. This is the practicing school for the students of the Training School who, to attend an hour daily for practical teaching, simply descend a staircase to enter the several class-rooms. The cost of the Training School is wholly met by Government,

On the same floor with the Training School is Naparima College. From the teaching work Mr. Frank Smith, after three years, and Mr. Harry Kent, after one year's service, retired five months ago and have been succeeded by Mr. C. M. Pasea, B. Sc., A. B., and Mr. E. W. Coffin, B. A., both graduates of Dalhousie, Halifax.

The Local Cambridge examination of the students of Naparima College, taken in December, and reported on in March, was highly creditable to the teaching staff. Only one boy failed.

In Church Finance this year has been a testing one. A resolution passed two years ago committed the Central Church to self-support, but the unprecedentedly low price of sugar made the year a hard one. Curtailment was the order in every department, hence the meeting of engagement in the matter of salary required a struggle.

To this was added the cost of flooring a part of the Church, setting up 22 new pews, putting in three Gothic windows, painting the church inside and outside, and the up-keep of the Sabbath School. Total raised by the San Fernando Church, \$1,910.52. In this we include a bequest by an East Indian of \$100.

I may add that the Gothic windows were a gift by a Chinese member in memory of her late husband and his mother; and that the women of the Church through the Society of Happy Workers raised \$100 by special effort.

Our people gave willingly and generously and a most hopeful feature is the interest shown by the women, young and old, in the finances of the church.

Of our staff of preachers three have led conspicuously in Christian liberality, viz., Babu Lal Bihari, A. Girdhari and C. Prayag. Their instructions and example have told mightily. To many of our dear Indian workers we are greatly indebted for faithful and fruitful service.

We have pleasure in reporting unabated interest in Sabbath and day school work, and, in a word, everything that makes for expansion and stability.

We would not have you think that we always sail in smooth waters and that the currents and breezes are always favourable, but we have so much to comfort and cheer that with every opening year we should take up a new song.

Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Lo! I am with you alway.

SIXTEENTH YEAR'S MISSION WORK

OF REV. W. L. MACRAE, PRINCESTOWN, TRINIDAD.

In April we left our field on furlough. Mr. Fraser, who then removed to Princetown, endeavoured to "Hold the Fort" here while keeping a grip of his work in the San Fernando Field. Under the pressure his health gave way and for five weeks he was so seriously ill that his life was despaired of for some days.

An extra man, who could devote his whole time to vacancies of this kind, and at the same time be ready to fill up a gap when one should occur, would be a wise provision and one that would promote the best interests of this Mission.

Until the month of April, in addition to the usual work, plans were made for the remaining months, which Mr. Fraser and Mr. Soudeen faithfully carried out. Two school houses were built, one at Brothers Settlement and the other at Chirkoo Village. The former was included in the estimate and the cost of the latter was covered by the sale of two teachers' houses and small savings in several directions. The Jordan Hill School was then removed to this village and amalgamated with the Cedar Hill school, the village being midway between the two. Thus one large school now does the work (and that to better advantage) of two small ones.

Two new men, Paul Niamat Khan and Peter Topaulsing, have been under training as catechists, and are giving promise of future usefulness.

The Friday afternoon class was regularly sustained. In this connection Mr. Soudeen has rendered invaluable assistance as well as in all other phases of the work, particularly the finances.

The Mission Band, under Mrs. Fraser's direction, did excellently.

Although the year has been a trying one, the contributions of the Native Church have exceeded that of last year by \$100.

The Sunday Schools have contributed (including the Children's Day Service) \$124.62, the Princetown Sunday School alone \$64.56, Mr. Ferreira's class topping the list with \$26.26. This we think a creditable showing, as the average attendance is only 49, and, with three exceptions, all Indian children.

We are now back to our work again after a very pleasant and profitable furlough, and as we begin the year with renewed health and vigour we look forward with greater hopefulness than ever to the great work before us.

TWELFTH YEAR'S MISSION WORK

OF REV. A. W. THOMPSON, COUVA, TRINIDAD.

The plan of previous years was followed in working out the general problems of the Couva district during 1902.

A comparison of the "returns" hereto appended, with those of past years, will show that the trend of things keeps steadily upward. All through the year our constant aim has been to awaken the minds of our Christian people to a right appreciation of the responsibility that rests upon them for the conversion of their fellow countrymen and of the need of individual personal effort as well as worthy liberality if this is to be accomplished.

A "forward movement" is already under way.

The following table gives the statistics for the year :

Canadian missionaries.....	1
" lady teachers.....	0
Catechists.....	12
Bible women	5
Ordained natives.....	0
Baptisms (adults).....	32
" (infants).....	39
" total.....	71
Marriages.....	20
<i>Schools :</i>	
Boys on roll.....	516
Girls "	275
Average daily attendance.....	446
Total enrolled during year.....	961
Communicants, Dec. 31, 1901.....	129
" added during the year.....	7
" died	2
" in good standing, Dec. 31, 1902	134
Sunday schools.....	16
Number on roll.....	758
Weekly average.....	448
<i>Contributions :</i>	
Proprietors.....	\$ 288 00
Native church.....	1,230 00
Average, per communicant.....	9 17

Break off some one evil, seek to uproot some one sin, cut off some one self-indulgence, deny thyself some one vanity ; do it as an offering to God, for the love of God, in hope to see God, and some gleam of faith and life and love will stream down upon thy soul from the everlasting fount of love. Follow on and thou shalt never lose that track of light.—Edward B. Pusey.

EIGHTH YEAR'S MISSION WORK

OF REV. S. A. FRASER, SAN F'DO, TRINIDAD.

We resided in San Fernando three months this year, from the first of January to the first of April, when it fell to our lot to take up the work of Mr. Macrae in Princetown during his absence on furlough. I spent Monday of every week and also Tuesday of every other week assisting in the work of San Fernando country district.

Miss Archibald took charge of the sixteen schools in the country during my absence and kept the account books of this district for the year.

She also, assisted by Rev. Lal Bihari, did a very important work in going over our large Baptismal Roll and searching out the whereabouts of every man, woman and child, and writing their names in a small district book for the use of each catechist, and a duplicate book for the use of the missionary when he visits that particular locality. All removals from or to any district will now be noted and books compared once a month. In this way we will be able to know where every Christian is and keep track of our people as they move from place to place.

In Princetown I had the valued assistance and counsel of Mr. Soudeen. The year has been in some respects a trying one, particularly in this district on account of the low price of sugar, which resulted in the abandonment of some estates and the curtailment of work on others. Some of the poor people were unable to sell their canes at any price. This made it difficult to realize the estimated amount of contributions from the native Church.

Our staff also suffered considerably from fever, and to make matters worse I took ill with a bad form of malarial fever, said to have been contracted in Couva last year, which laid me up for five weeks. As Mr. Macrae was in his district the first three months and the last two weeks of the year, I leave the report of the work done to him.

In San Fernando twelve catechists were employed the first half and fourteen the last half of the year, doing the same work as reported last year. With one or two exceptions they have done faithful work. All are given instruction every Friday in addition to the college training a number are receiving.

Three Bible women were employed under Miss Archibald, doing for the women what the catechists do for the men. Regular meetings

were held in a number of places, besides teaching and visiting heathen women in their homes. There is much need for a further extension of this work.

Rev. D. Ujogar Singh has been ill for the whole year with chronic asthma. He could not do more than supply occasionally for us on Sabbaths.

We are doing our best to inculcate into the minds of our people the idea of self-support.

Thanksgiving services were held in five of our outlying districts, to which the people brought of the fruits of the land and offered them as a thanksgiving. We realized in this way \$216.

The contributions in this district show an increase over last year of \$558.19. Of this amount \$100 was a bequest from a member to Susamachar church. \$247 was a special amount raised by the congregation of Susamachar for the painting and re seating of the church. The balance of \$211.19 was an increase in the ordinary contributions. The total contributed for the year by the native church was \$2,915 02.

Our schools, with a total enrollment of 2,321 and daily average of 893, have done excellent work. In the Government examination of five schools there were only three failures.

Religious instruction is faithfully given for three-quarters of an hour every day in all our schools. Large numbers of the heathen children can give not only the Titles and Golden Texts, but also a short account of the lessons for the quarter. As a result one influential heathen complained very bitterly against one of our teachers, that he had spoilt all the boys so that he could not get them to dress up as formerly to represent the gods in a heathen play.

To curtail expenses and pay our debt we closed two of our small estate schools, but the total average for all is only nine less than last year. Dewi school received Government aid from the first of April.

The Government have again changed the school laws raising the minimum attendance required from 30 to 40, rendering it more difficult to maintain existing schools or get aid for new ones.

Sunday School work as usual has received a considerable amount of attention. The attendance is not so large as at the day schools on account of the prejudice of the heathen against sending their children to a purely religious school.

We have put forth a special effort to get all

our school children to pledge themselves against the use of liquor and tobacco. Rum, ganga and opium licensed to be sold by the Government are the curse of this island and the greatest enemy to our work.

We sold old Shady Grove College house and erected a new one on the old site in which we are now comfortably settled. This makes the sixth house we have moved into since our return from Canada three years ago.

We are pleased to say we have succeeded in wiping out our debt.

A call comes to us for a catechist to labour in a place twenty miles distant from here in the woods. We hope to be able to respond this year. Notwithstanding drawbacks and hindrances the work of the Lord is progressing steadily—Jesus shall reign.

We wish to thank all the kind friends at home for their contributions of clothing, Sunday School cards, papers, etc., and especially the Kirk congregation at Gairloch for their substantial help.

SECOND YEAR'S MISSION WORK

OF REV. H. H. MORTON, TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD.

The work of the Tunapuna Field that has fallen especially to my charge has been our schools and finance.

I have had fifteen schools assisted by Government, and one unassisted, to supervise.

A school has been opened at Cumuts in the woods. It is assisted by Government in place of the Arouca school which was given up in April when the Government withdrew assistance.

The fifteen assisted schools cover a district 35 miles east and west by 15 miles north and south. The unassisted school is situated in the woods at Las Lomas. It is hardly accessible except in the dry weather.

In the assisted schools, during the first hour's instruction, the scholars are taught reading, hymns, catechism and Bible knowledge in their own language, while the other four hours are devoted according to Government rule entirely to secular instruction in English.

The most important and difficult part in supervising our schools is to secure efficiency in religious instruction and to interest and impress the children. Every month a new Hindi Hymn is given out to each school to be learnt with a certain portion of the Hindi catechism and of the "Story of Jesus." On my visits to the schools the children are closely

examined, their progress noted, and marks awarded to the teacher accordingly.

For the last two years prizes have been awarded to the teacher who secured best results. The prize this year fell to David Lakhm, the teacher of our Maracas school. This method of examining and encouraging is found to be very beneficial both to the teachers and scholars.

In connection with our Maracas and Tunapuna schools some carpentry has been taught with good results.

Several of our schools also have a garden cultivated and cared for by teachers and pupils.

This year a special effort has been made to lead our school teachers to take more direct part in Sabbath services. Some have come forward and done good work among the people of their district in addition to their day school and Sunday school duties.

Among our teachers there are seven who can take full charge of a religious service, some doing so regularly.

This year we have had four night schools in operation at Tunapuna, St. Joseph, Woodbrook and Longdenville. Most of the night school scholars are working boys, some of whom have attended our day schools. To many it has been their one opportunity. Here they have learned to read the Bible in their own language, and in some cases to read and write in English as well. In these night schools Christian and heathen lads alike meet. Many careless ones have been brought in and several have professed Christ.

The average attendance at the four night schools is:—Tunapuna 32, St. Joseph 23, Woodbrook 13, Longdenville 17.

These schools have been proved to be a very effective method of work among the people, which we hope to extend and further develop during the coming year.

I have to report that I am now able to instruct and preach with more freedom in Hindi. I have had charge during the year of three services each Sabbath in Hindi (with often one or two Sunday Schools thrown in), and two weekly night services. At these latter our magic lantern has been greatly used as an aid to instructing the people.

Seek to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindnesses of God in your daily life.—Alexander MacLaren.

LETTER FROM REV. J. GOFORTH.

Chang-te-fu, Honan,
15th Dec., 1902.

Dear Dr. Warden,

* * * I am glad to say I have completely recovered from the attack of typhoid last summer.

I started a work in Tsu Chou, a city of about 50,000, twenty miles north of Chang Te. We never had any Christians in that city until now. I gave two months to the work there this autumn, Mrs. Goforth and the children being with me part of the time. I secured a good large building for chapel work and had it filled most every evening, besides country people coming during the day, sometimes to the number of fifty at a time.

The evident work of the Spirit was such that I arranged to leave Mr. Ho, the helper, in charge, aided by three other native brethren. They will carry on the work while I open up chapel work again in this city.

I have been leaving home about 11 a.m. and spending the time until sundown at the street chapel. Then after supper I go back to the chapel again and spend several hours during the evening.

We have hearers all through the day, but the evenings are especially encouraging, the room being filled for hours at a time. We rejoice greatly for the opportunity, for men are being moved Godward.

Since I returned in January we have baptized 47 adults and accepted 112 as catechumens in these two fields.

Our missionary, Mr. Foote, of Korea, writing to the Agent in Halifax, says:—"It would be difficult to find a happier band of missionaries than your own in Korea. I suppose before this you have heard of baby Grierson's arrival. All members of the mission are well. Mr. and Mrs. McRae and Miss McCully are in Song Chin, and will take part in the opening of the new church to-morrow. Three other new churches have been added last year. The work is advancing along all lines and our report for the year better than ever before. The natives, too, are more help than in the past, and will count more in future work."

Try to make an instantaneous act of conformity to God's will at everything that vexes you.—Edward B. Pusey.

World-Wide Work.

"PRIESTS AND PEOPLE IN LOUTH AND ARMAGH."

BY MICHAEL F. J. MCCARTHY, AN IRISH R. C. BARRISTER.

"I am an Irishman ; I am a Roman Catholic ; I have a right to speak."—M. F. J. McCarthy.

It has often struck me that the county of Louth is the most "northern" of the Catholic counties, not from a geographical point of view, but in the characteristics of its people. Donegal is, geographically, the most northern, but it is really "southern" in the character of its poor inhabitants.

The county of Louth contains 60,171 Catholics as against 5,669 members of the Reformed Churches, and is, therefore, more than nine-tenths Catholic, and the population, which in 1891 stood at 71,914, has decreased to 65,820 in 1901.

Louth contains a high percentage of illiterates, namely, 23.7 per cent. or nearly a fourth of the population. But the inhabitants are industrious, and there are few better farmers found in Ireland than those of Louth. The number of people in receipt of poor law relief in 1901, as inmates of workhouses and outdoor, was 1 in 30 of the population.

The county is in the arch-diocese of Armagh, and, therefore, under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Logue, who rules over an important and powerful ecclesiastical establishment in this small area. There are 85 priests stationed in Louth, 21 monks and 77 male Catholic teachers. There are 167 nuns and 139 female Catholic teachers.

There is an Industrial School at Dundalk in which there are 61 Catholic girls under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, and there is another at Drogheda, under the care of the French Sisters of Charity, in which there are 101 Catholic boys, supposed to be destitute vagrants, who have to be reared by the nuns at the expense of the State. The amount of public money drawn by the nuns for those two schools amounts to £3,479 per annum.

Toting up these figures we find that the clerical army and followers in the small county of Louth number 750 souls, male and female, over whom the priestly organization is the absolute autocrat and master.

I find that the Imperial and Local Government establishments in Louth consist of 79 Civil Service officers and clerks, 162 police, 47 municipal, parish, union and district officers, 29 other local and county officials, 33 female Civil Service officers and 25 female municipal officers ; total, 375, or barely one-half of the Catholic clerical establishment.

The military army stationed in Louth amounts to 23 officers, effective and retired, 447 soldiers and non-commissioned officers, 3 militiamen and 34 army pensioners ; total, 507.

Louth is considered in Ireland to be a very strongly garrisoned county, but we find that the soldiers of the King within its borders only amount to two-thirds of the army under the command of Cardinal Logue.

The number of professional men in Louth is higher than in other Catholic counties. There are 21 solicitors and barristers, 27 doctors, 29 civil engineers and 12 architects ; total, 89, or about one-ninth of the clerical standing army. It is worthy of notice that while there are 167 nuns, there are only 16 midwives to attend to the 8,453 wives in the county of Louth.

There are 5,482 Catholic children attending the priest-managed National Schools, 2,996 boys and 2,486 girls. The future of those 5,482 children is entirely in the priests' hands ; for, though their education is paid for by the State, it is the priests who control the teachers, whom they can dismiss, if they do not please them, at three months' notice.

There are five Monastic and Convent National Schools in the county, at which 728 boys and 1,910 girls receive an education. These schools are conducted by teachers who have not passed the National Board's examination and who are only partially under the control of the Board, but who nevertheless, receive a substantial Government grant.

They are, if such a thing were possible, more completely under the control of Cardinal Logue than the ordinary National Schools, and the 2,638 children who are educated in them are sent forth into the world, well primed with mental subservience to the priests, and, to that extent, unfitted to compete with the Protestant youth whom they will have to meet in the open competition of the world.

The Christian Brothers have three schools in

the county which do not receive a national grant and which are attended by 858 pupils, who receive at the hands of the Brothers an education of which religion—that is, subservience to the priestly organization—is the prime essential. It is needless to say that the 161 vagrant children who are educated in the Industrial Schools are also turned out of those institutions as the obedient servants of the priest.

The Protestants have two superior male schools in the county, at which 67 pupils receive a superior education, and the Catholics have one superior male school attended by 93 Catholic boys. The Protestants number less than one-tenth of the population, and, therefore, if 67 youths be the proper proportion of Protestants to receive a superior education in Louth, there should be, at least, 600 Catholic boys receiving a superior education in the county, whereas there are only 93.

Those 93 Catholic boys are under the control of the Marist Fathers at Dundalk, and will, doubtless, be turned out of that sacerdotal school saturated with all the puzzling materialism of our religion, as it is applied to secular life, and a large percentage of them will become priests.

There are two convents in the county which are described as giving “superior” education, at which there are 139 girls, only 23 being boarders, the rest being day pupils. As I do not consider the education of these convents to deserve the name of “superior,” it is not worth discussing the proportion which the number bears to the population of the county.

It is to be noted that the number of pupils attending them, 139, is only four-fifths of the total number of nuns in the county, and, as these Convent Schools are mostly used as feeders for the religious communities, we may take it that a large percentage of the girls attending them will join the Orders of Nuns who manage those schools.

The Religious Orders stationed in Louth are the Franciscans, Augustinians and Dominicans at Drogheda, the Dominicans, Marists and Redemptorists at Dundalk, the Christian Brothers at Drogheda, Dundalk and Ardee, Dominican Nuns at Drogheda, Sisters of Mercy at Dundalk and Ardee, and Sisters of Charity at Drogheda.

In the centre of Louth, midway between Drogheda and Dundalk, in the backward district of Dromin, the Rev. Doctor Mannix, a theological professor from Maynooth, attends

at the dedication of a new church early in 1902.

“Explain it as we may,” he says, “it is the fact that Catholics have often much to learn from their non-Catholic neighbours in industry and thrift and energy and enterprise. There is something amiss when profitable and honest and honourable employments and departments of industry are left almost wholly in the hands of non-Catholics. There is something wrong with the education and habits and traditions of Irish Catholics when they can be beaten on their own ground, when they can be forced to emigrate, while non-Catholics can remain and live and prosper in the midst of Catholic communities.”

It is well to have such a confession from Maynooth, and times are changing indeed, when such an admission is made by a priest. But priests have a habit of decking themselves in borrowed plumes, a knack of re-echoing the words of those who are anxious to help the people, while they are by no means imbued with a desire to act upon those borrowed sentiments.

Let me remind Dr. Mannix that he came from Maynooth to Dromin to dedicate a new church, and that all over Ireland the dedication and foundation of new churches and new convents are proceeding apace. Vast sums of money are being taken from the Catholic people to put up those buildings, and to maintain the priests and nuns who occupy them. The churches and the convents, the fat priesthood and the teeming nunneries are the tangible results of Catholic Emancipation for Ireland so far.

There is nothing in the law at present to prevent a body of Catholics in the Dromin district from coming together and starting a local industry, any more than there is to prevent them from building their new church.

Dr. Mannix says: “The stagnation and decay and hopelessness that have settled on Catholic Ireland are, no doubt, largely due to centuries of misgovernment and enslavement.”

Who are the enslavers? Who keep the Irish Catholic mind in subjection? Who denounce a “free mind” and “free thought” as if they were diseases.

But, putting that aside, there has been nothing in the law for the past seventy years to prevent lay Catholics from pursuing every branch of industry and holding all descriptions of property.

Why then are they stagnant while the priest is abnormally active? It cannot be lack

of capital, for £60,000 can be readily subscribed for a new church anywhere in Ireland. We find, in this very diocese, that Cardinal Logue is able to collect over £30,000 at a single bazaar for the interior decoration of his cathedral. What then prevents the lay Catholics from advancing themselves in the world while the priests flourish so amazingly? Why is there "stagnation and decay and hopelessness" to puzzle the inquiring mind of Dr. Mannix?

Is it not because of the upbringing of the lay Catholics, because of the timidity and want of self-help implanted in their minds? Is it not the result of that upbringing that they are prepared to expend millions of money in building churches and convents and endowing priests and nuns, and thus leave themselves without a ten-pound note to start a fresh industry? Must not the "stagnation decay and hopelessness," the "something amiss with the education, habits and traditions of Irish Catholics," be laid at the door of the priests from whom the Irish Catholics receive their education.

Cardinal Logue, as we shall see, comes to Bessbrook to found an expensive convent for which there is no necessity. All the factories and business of Bessbrook are the work of Protestant brains and hands. The Protestants have no Cardinal Logue to mystify and interfere with them.

If there were a Protestant Cardinal Logue perambulating about the country, making his disturbing and mystifying speeches, and if the Protestants maintained their Cardinal Logue and his big army of priests, monks and nuns in riches, and expended all their available capital in beautifying his churches and glorifying himself; and if, in addition, they were supporting an Italian priesthood, we should find the Protestants in as stagnant a condition as the Catholics are. And a Protestant Dr. Mannix from a Protestant Maynooth would be moving about asking the winds to tell him the cause of Protestant stagnation.

We Catholics must remove the cause of this "stagnation, decay and hopelessness" in ourselves. Nobody can do it for us, least of all the priests, who only know how to be idle, to beg, to posture and to talk.

We must have the courage to confine the priests to their religious business, and win from our sacerdotal masters the same freedom of mental development in youth and civic action in manhood as the lay Protestants possess

If the mind does not work freely and straightly the entire life is warped. It is in the school that the mind receives its bent, and for the past half century the priest has been in the school making or rather marring the mind of the nation. Hence it is that the nation is "stagnant, decaying and hopeless."

Let an Irishman be ever so industrious, let him amass a respectable sum of money, the priest will come to him on his deathbed and take that money, entirely or partially, from his natural heirs and inheritors, and remove that money from useful circulation in industrial pursuits and apply it to the purposes of sacerdotalism.

In every country of Europe where the Catholic religion is the dominant one, any progress has always been made in despite of the priest, for the priest, when allowed free play, submerged the laity. The priest can claim no share in the prosperity of any European Catholic land.

There was a time in continental Catholic lands when the priest controlled the education of the youth and handled large sums of State money for that purpose. But the Catholic governments of those countries took the education out of the priests' hands, and the countries progressed as soon as that was done.

When that has been done in Catholic Ireland Dr. Mannix's prophecy may come true: "The day will come, when, without parting one jot or tittle of her faith, without losing any of her Catholic traditions, without relinquishing her high spiritual ideals, Ireland may be able to hold up her head amongst the nations."

But Dr. Mannix is egregiously wrong in adding that the "priests and people of other Catholic lands have done" what they have done "with the encouragement and blessing of the Holy Father." That is not so. The Catholics in other lands who are progressive have not had their progress encouraged or blessed by the Holy Father. They are in a condition of revolt against his authority, and they resent his interference in anything which concerns their secular affairs.

Irish Catholics are misled into believing that Protestant nations, when they treat the Pope politely and kindly, agree with him or are prepared to accept his authority. Even continental Catholic nations will not accept command or guidance from him. Catholic Ireland alone, garrisoned with new churches, convents, monasteries, reformatories and industrial schools—the home of sacerdotalism—still look

up to the Pope as if he were the possessor of power.

Since the dethronement of the Pope in 1870, and the emancipation of Italy, British people no longer fear the Pope. They see us, his followers in the British Empire, an impotent minority numbering, at our own liberal calculation, ten out of three hundred millions. The Englishman, with his characteristic kindness towards minorities and toleration of every religious profession, is kind to the Roman Catholics and polite to the Pope.

But, despite the disappearance of all overt danger from Papal inspiration in England, there is still a very real danger and evil consequences flowing from it in Catholic Ireland. The United Kingdom suffers to some extent thereby, but we, Irish lay Catholics, suffer much more.

Our people are kept in a state of continual unrest and discontent. Their thoughts are fixed upon church building, convent building, useless religious observances, and their energies are wasted in the expenditure of money for sacerdotal purposes. The mind of the child is enslaved in the priest-managed, state-subsidized school. Therefore, it comes to pass that the kindness which the fair-minded English people extend to the Catholic minority of the United Kingdom is misplaced and actually injurious to us, whenever it takes the shape of pecuniary endowment for the priesthood or vests public patronage in the priests' hands.

Travellers from Dublin to Belfast cannot fail to observe what I shall call the Meigh (Mike) district on the borders of North Louth and Armagh, and partly in both counties. It is situated in the hilly country north of Dundalk, and culminates in the wedge-shaped and mountainous Carlingford peninsula. It is inhabited almost entirely by Catholics, and the holdings are as small in many cases as the holdings on the De Freyne or the Dillon estates in Mayo.

It is a pleasant, highland country, consisting of hills and dales amongst the mountains, and has long been a fruitful subject of cogitation with me every time I pass through it on my way north or on my return journey southward. Dull indeed should be the traveller who could fail to be struck by its peculiarities. There is a Catholic chapel in the midst of this district, though there is no town within its borders.

The houses of the peasantry are situated on the slopes of the hills, at the foot of the mountains and along the valleys, as thick almost as monuments in a cemetery. The little white-

washed homesteads and the little farm buildings around them are, in many instances, scrupulously clean and well kept. In many other cases they are ruinous and badly kept. But there is a spirit of helpfulness and energy in the little settlement which is entirely absent from what are called the congested districts in Mayo.

If this locality were situated in the west it would be a congested district, and fat officials would draw large salaries for coming down to inspect it and to deliver lectures and write voluminous reports upon it. But, being on the borders of the north, and at the English side of the island, the inhabitants, though Roman Catholic, retain sufficient self-respect to be self-supporting.

I have often wondered how such a number of people managed to live on such small holdings and in such hilly ground. Their little fields on the mountain sides are kept by sheer labour from relapsing into the region of heath and furze, but there is no particular brightness shown in their cultivation. I have never seen any public advertisement of distress in this district, nor has it, to my knowledge, ever come before the public looking for alms or pity. These North Louth peasants are permeated with the spirit of self help which animates their Protestant neighbours in the county Down and the county Armagh, just as are the inhabitants of the whole county of Louth.

I can imagine that, prior to the famine, when Ireland contained a population of over 8,000,000, the entire face of the country must have presented some such spectacle as that witnessed to-day in the Meigh district. If genuine self originated, self-supporting industries were started on a considerable scale in Catholic Ireland, with which charitable and religious communities should have nothing to do, a copious supply of labourers could be drawn from the Meigh district. If the Meigh people got facilities for self-development and self-improvement in their own land, they would develop into a race of which any country might well be proud.

Like all the rest of Catholic Ireland, at present, the district is in a kind of suspended animation. Up there in the hills, with the Protestant north on one side of it beyond Carlingford Lough and the Catholic country with its large tenantless pasture plains like Spanish *despoblados* on the other side, Meigh occupies a Tantalus-like position.

If it were in England the people would be

sure to start some genuine home industry by which they would attain to comfort and wealth on their own soil ; but in Ireland there is nothing for this Catholic population but the mysteries and stupefaction of religion for one half the year and annual migration as pedlars to England for the other.

A servant girl from one of the towns, not in the Meigh district, got married recently. Previous to marriage she went home to her parents, and, on the eve of the wedding, the neighbours brought presents to the bride. Instead of being of a useful nature the gifts consisted of quarts of whisky, or a pint of whisky and a pint of wine.

After the marriage the wedding party assembled at *déjeûner* and the priest who performed the ceremony honoured them by his presence. He sat at the head of the table and filled out "tumblerfuls" of wine, which he handed to the females present, each of whom approached the priest and made a curtsy as she took her tumbler of liquor from his hands.

To the men who were present the priest handed "cups and tumblerfuls" of whisky. After the company had imbibed freely the priest arose and went round with the bridecake, which he sold in pieces to the men and women present. Each one paid him for his or her slice, taking the piece of cake and dropping the money on the plate instead of it.

When the priest had gone the entire round of the company he took the proceeds from the plate and put them in his pocket, and he shortly afterwards took his departure from the house.

This habit of "selling the bridecake" by the priest is very prevalent at weddings of poor Catholics throughout the north of Ireland. It is a degrading habit to the priest, and even more degrading to the company, for when the priest, to whom they look up so much, can stoop to such ignominy, what can be expected from the poor people who follow his example.

In addition to the proceeds of the sale of the bridecake, which, at this servant girl's wedding, I am told by an eye-witness, amounted to over £5, the priest also received a fee from the bride and bridegroom.

Thus all the kindness of the young couple's friends in this instance went to the support of the priest and the publican and the drink manufacturer, and the married pair did not receive a single useful present either in cash or kind to help them to start in life.

I regret to record an equally odious custom,

prevalent in the north of Ireland, namely, collections on the dead bodies of poor Catholics. I am happy to say they are not made in the portion of the south of Ireland to which I belong. The custom is as follows: "If the priest comes to the funeral a collection is made up for him before the dead body leaves the house for the cemetery."

In some instances this is done in a particularly repulsive way. The coffin is laid on chairs outside the door and a large dish or plate is placed upon it, and all those present come forward and place their offerings in the plate.

In one instance north of this densely populated district which I am describing, a widow offered the priests of the parish a lump sum of £5 if they would consent not to have such a collection. The priests refused the offer, for not alone would the collection amount to more money, but they said they could not set the precedent of breaking through an old-established and lucrative custom.

When the dead body is brought to a church the collection for the priest is made by himself at the altar rails.

In the south of Ireland, if the friends of the deceased cannot pay, the priests absent themselves from the funeral, and the poor people are always buried without any service and without the attendance of a clergyman.

I have often felt that it was disrespectful to the remains of a human being, belonging to a Christian community, to be thus interred without a service. But now I think the omission is preferable to such loathsome money-grubbing over the bodies of the dead as that which prevails in the North amongst our fellow Catholics.

One of the most remarkable towns in the United Kingdom is situated a little to the north of this Meigh district. Indeed, it is the nearest town to the district on the north; Bessbrook contains a population of 3,400, yet it does not contain a single public house. It is a Protestant town, and it is full of industry, content and happiness.

Into this town come Cardinal Logue and Bishop O'Neill, on the 10th April, 1902, for the purpose of founding a new convent to be worked by Sisters of Mercy. It is to cost a large sum of money, and the plausible pretext upon which it is founded is thus put by Cardinal Logue:

"Let us educate our young children; let us make them intelligent; let us make them capable to labour for their subsistence and in an

intelligent way give them a thorough, good, practical education. I think that in that way we could do more to make them contented and keep them in their own country, than trying to give them charity, to raise little sums of money to help them in any little difficulty they might have. I think no money is more usefully spent or contributes more practically to the beneficial welfare of the people than money spent on education."

Nobody contests these sonorous principles, but they do not apply to the business which Cardinal Logue has in hand.

A stranger would obviously be led to the conclusion that it was the education of the Catholic children of Bessbrook which was alone to be advanced by the convent.

That is not the case. Those children can get a free National School, with a fully qualified teacher paid by the State, without any cost to themselves. In the Sisters of Mercy Schools the teachers will be religious ladies who have no special qualifications for teaching, having passed no examination. Therefore, it is not true to imply that it is purely in the interests of education that this convent is started in Bessbrook.

Again, a stranger reading that statement of Cardinal Logue's would imagine that Cardinal Logue and his colleagues were in the habit of giving, or that they contemplated lending, little sums of money in charity from their enormous wealth, to help the poor Catholic people in the vicinity.

Such an inference is misleading. Ask the Meigh pedlars if the priests have been accustomed at any stage of their existence to help them in that way. You will find that it is the Meigh peasant pedlar who gives the money to the priests instead of receiving it, and, as the priests have no intention now of either giving or lending or collecting money for our poor people, the statement is out of place. Those Sisters of Mercy will be an additional burden on the poor Catholic community in the district.

In the usual sequence of events it would not at all surprise me to find those Sisters of Mercy scouring the country in search of vagrant children and starting a profitable "Industrial" School in which to keep them at a pension of £23 or £24 per head, as a means of increasing their slender resources at the cost of the taxpayers.

It is mendicancy, not self-help, that will be fostered in Bessbrook by this convent. It is

misdirection and stultification, and not education, which will emanate from it.

It will be found to have been a bad day for Bessbrook when that convent was established in its midst, and those who participated in it will be proved, as in so many other districts of Ireland, to have been engaged in a bad work and not a good one. A good, honestly conducted National School under a respectable lay teacher, involving no burden on the poor people, would give far better education to the Catholic children of the locality and leave their spirit of self-help unbroken.

Cardinal Logue stated that he had "ascertained from Mr. M'Keown" that the spot marked out for the new convent had been an old graveyard, and he adds: "Wherever you find in Ireland a cemetery that was attached to an ancient monastery, you may be sure that there you have the relics of saints, so that this hill is sanctified by its holy traditions."

I doubt it; even on the authority of Mr. M'Keown. I believe that wherever an ancient monastery was situated you have the relics of idlers, and numbers of idlers, whose lives are black spots upon the pages of our unfortunate country's history. And it would be as hard to find a saint's bones there as to find a saint amongst the twentieth century people who are met there to found this convent.

When Cardinal Logue was in Rome he tells us "they"—doubtless, the Roman Mr. M'Keowns—"brought him into the sacristy of the Church of St. Paul to see the chamber of relics, and he was deeply impressed to find amongst those relics the skull of St. Celestine. It had a deep interest for Cardinal Logue, as an Irishman, and especially as the unworthy successor of the great apostle whom St. Celestine sent to preach the faith."

It is fourteen hundred years ago since St. Patrick died. Can Cardinal Logue point to one admirable or noteworthy deed—except, perhaps, the transient enthusiasm of Father Matthew—worthy of imitation done by an Irish priest since Patrick's death?

We know little of St. Patrick for certain, except that Cardinal Logue and his predecessors have been trading on his name, and, on the strength of his achievements, have been leading idle lives for centuries.

Granted that St. Patrick was a good man, that is no reason why an Irish bishop should extract money from the poor laity of his diocese for useless objects and keep them back in life.

and Christians in the native States, to supply information to those engaged in industrial mission work, to promote co-operation in theological training, to start, if practicable, a weekly after the model of the London "Spectator," etc.

Naturally comity and co-operation were prominent in the Conference, as were such union societies as the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Sunday School Union and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour. The resolution recording the Conference's appreciation of the work of the Association is as follows:

"We hereby accord our hearty and thorough appreciation of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in India, Burma and Ceylon. We commend its general principles and methods. We affectionately accord to our brothers engaged in the work, our prayers and our fellowship, and we emphasize the strong claim which the Young Men's Christian Association work in India has already established upon the prayers, sympathy and support of the home churches."

The largest of the committees was concerned with the native church, thus placing emphasis on the factor which will count for more than anything else in India's evangelization.

A note of urgency was another marked characteristic of this gathering. A striking appeal to the churches of Christendom was drawn up, in which, after showing what had already been done, the duty of those at home was plainly pointed out, and the churches were begged for an increase in the missionary staff—both male and female—sufficient to make it possible to bring the Gospel to every person in the Empire.—"The Intercollegian."

WHY SHOULD WE HELP FOREIGN MISSIONS?

BY RIGHT HON. THOMAS SINCLAIR, P.C., D.L., OF
THE IRISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

1. Sympathy with Foreign Missions is in line with obedience to the teaching of our Lord. When He said, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also must I bring," He did not leave the bringing of it to His followers, in the great farewell saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Foreign Mission work is thus a test by which the sincerity and unreservedness of our obedience to the Saviour

may be tried, "If a man love Me, he will keep My words."

2. He who co-operates in Foreign Mission work enjoys the dignity of being a fellow-worker with Christ. What He Himself thinks of that dignity may be gathered from another saying—"He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father."

Thus it would seem that the humblest disciple who, in the power of the Spirit given to the Church, is instrumental in turning a sinner to God, accomplishes, in the Master's judgment, a greater work than any of His own miracles. The limitations of His ministry deprived Himself of the opportunity of evangelizing the Gentile nations, and this greater work He passed on to His followers. With it He bids us occupy till He come. Can we ask to share in a more honourable service?

3. By supporting Foreign Missions we are only repaying our indebtedness to the foreign missionaries of olden days who evangelized our own distant island home. Through the work of these men, animated as they were by the spirit and teaching of Jesus, our ancestors have lived for centuries in its elevating light. As we think, then, of the millions in India and China who in their own way are groping after God, and, as we realize the intensity of their Macedonian cry, none the less real because inarticulate, we shall surely seize the spirit of the words, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

4. Sympathy with Foreign Missions enters into a true conception of citizenship in our great Empire. Never before in our national history has the Imperial idea taken such masterful possession of the popular mind. That idea is pregnant with beneficent results to the world in the interests of material progress; but the Church must take care that it is consecrated as well to the advancement throughout the earth of the Gospel of Christ.

It is a noble ambition to seek to plant in India or South Africa the root principles of our own greatness as a nation or to aim at maintaining in China our just influence as a great commercial power; but the ambition is not full-orbed nor is it worthy of professed followers of the Saviour unless it also embraces the determination to confer upon the teeming millions which inhabit those vast countries the knowledge of that Christianity which is the prime factor in Anglo-Saxon civilization. It is worth living in Christian Britain to have

been brought to the kingdom for such a time as this.

5. The Foreign Missionary cause is a winning cause. The Church of Christ will one day embrace a multitude which no man can number of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues. The man who befriends the cause may be certain that, whatever disappointments and discouragements may meet him now, he shall be at last a sharer with his Lord when He sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied. In view of considerations such as these, we may well thank God and take courage.—Ex.

WORLD-WIDE METHODISM.

The Methodist Church membership returns for the year, now issued, include probationers, but not young people enrolled in junior society classes. The increase in the returns of the Australasian Methodist Church is the result largely of union which took place last year.

The following are the figures: The Wesleyan Methodist Church in Great Britain: 2,238 ministers, 20,228 local preachers, 496,710 church members, 7,379 Sunday Schools, 130,688 officers and teachers, 971,223 Sunday scholars and 8,534 churches.

In Ireland and in connection with Foreign Missions, the French Conference, also South African and West Indian Conferences: 980 ministers, 6,964 local preachers, 234,296 church members, 2,995 Sunday Schools, 12,563 officers and teachers, 164,354 Sunday scholars and 4,341 churches.

The Primitive Methodists: 1,548 ministers, 16,016 local preachers, 195,651 church members, 4,107 Sunday Schools, 58,881 officers and teachers, 450,396 Sunday scholars and 5,112 churches.

The Methodist New Connexion: 207 ministers, 1,171 local preachers, 42,929 church members, 457 Sunday Schools, 10,726 officers and teachers, 83,905 Sunday scholars and 672 churches.

The United Methodist Free Churches: 444 ministers, 3,302 local preachers, 93,684 church members, 1,361 Sunday Schools, 24,852 officers and teachers, 192,579 Sunday scholars and 1,390 churches.

The Bible Christians: 212 ministers, 1,483 local preachers, 28,877 church members, 600 Sunday Schools, 7,490 officers and teachers, 43,991 Sunday scholars and 650 churches.

The Independent Methodist Churches and Wesleyan Reform Union combined have 415 ministers, 479 local preachers, 16,493 church

members, 317 Sunday Schools, 5,569 officers and teachers, 47,469 scholars and 348 churches.

The Australasian Methodist Church: 932 ministers, 8,452 local preachers, 131,774 church members, 4,103 Sunday Schools, 24,135 officers and teachers, 232,247 Sunday scholars and 5,901 churches.

The Canadian Methodist Church: 2,030 ministers, 3,367 local preachers, 291,895 church members, 3,425 Sunday Schools, 33,296 officers and teachers, 272,566 Sunday scholars and 3,413 churches.

Wide-world Methodism yields the following totals: 47,787 ministers, 104,516 local preachers, 7,651,605 church members, 80,644 Sunday schools, 798,158 officers and teachers, 6,415,954 Sunday scholars and 86,731 churches, a large increase on the returns of last year.—Ex.

THE REAL INDIA.

BY MRS. JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

As I recall my three months in India, I see, as in a fantastic dream, enormous crowds of people, sad faces, slow movements and brilliant garments; long dull streets with smoky fires in front of the houses in the evening; ever-present tanks, where people are always bathing or washing their garments; peacocks, goats and monkeys in the streets; carts drawn by dirty white bullocks; naked children with cords around their waists, "so their mothers can catch them if they run away" as someone suggested; crowds at railway stations, each with a brass bowl and a bundle of ragged bedding; great audience rooms, filled with men, always and only men, dark, slight, bright eyed, and either bare-headed or turbaned; and vision after vision of unreality.

A city like Jeypore, as I remember it, seems an impossibility now that I am among the ordinary unpicturesque scenes of the West. The broad streets of this beautiful city are bordered with pink houses. Elephants, monkeys, cows and tens of thousands of pigeons are as welcome and as common there as men and children.

Women are rarely seen, only the lowest classes being allowed to go out of their houses. I never saw women doing anything in India, except the Ayahs and the women who gather the droppings of the horses and cows in the streets, and make them into the cakes which, when dried, are the common fuel. But the men are arrayed in all the colours of the rain-

bow. A gentleman in a long green coat with large bright blue peacocks printed on it attracts no attention whatever. And, if you observe his neighbour's clothes, you will find them equally absurd.

But my recollections of India are not amusing. It was not the gay garments, but the sad faces; not the brilliant bazaars, but the listless movements; not the curious carts and foods and animals, but the atmosphere heavy with sorrow and despair, that after all I was most conscious of. I have been told by other travelers that, if I had not been so much with missionaries, and observed the native people closely as they came to call upon my husband, I should have seen only a bright panorama, and have reveled in the beauty of colour which an Indian city exhibits. It may be so; but I am sure I saw the real India.

And what a congeries of people it is! Our servant was guaranteed, when we engaged him in Bombay, to speak all Indian languages. And he certainly knew many. But, when we reached the Malabar Coast he could understand no more than we what the people said.

When we were in Calcutta the Indian National Congress was in session. It was a splendid spectacle, a picture in miniature of the gorgeous East. Many languages were spoken by these representatives of the different parts of the peninsula. Hindi, Bengali, Marathi, Tamil and Punjabi, and the Congress could never have been held, for these people could not have communicated with each other in words, but for the fact that they all knew the *English* language! This is one of the few bonds of unity in this much divided population.

Another bond is the Hindu religion. Of course, we met many Mohammedans in Northern India, and in the extreme north we came across a mongrel sort of Buddhism, half Shiva worship and half degraded Buddhism; but almost everywhere, whatever the language, the religion was Hinduism.

And here all picturesqueness and brilliancy ceases, and filth and squalor and superstition and degradation hold full sway. There is no dignity or worship, with orderly congregations, inspiring preaching, elevating music.

Going in and out of the temples at all hours are individuals, each performing his solitary act of worship. Some are placing flowers in old beer bottles before a hideous black image; others are crowding around a poisonous-looking pool, dropping into it yellow flowers and handing coppers to the attendant priests;

others are worshipping a cow, and kissing various parts of her body; others are sitting or standing motionless, saying over and over again a sacred word; others are monotonously and slowly walking around and around some sacred spot or symbol. Of all the sad things in this sad country, the religion is the saddest.

Ordinary travelers see no women of the better class. I saw some of these hidden in their homes, and wondered that they did not go mad. It is only because they are children intellectually that they do not.

In order to understand at all what their lives are like, you will need to take out of your life all receiving and paying visits, reading, writing, gardening, music, art, all church and philanthropic work, all meetings, lectures, concerts and out-of-door recreations, and actually all intercourse outside your own household. You must reduce your home to a few dreary rooms and a small court, or yard (and these you must share with other women), and your duties to seeing that your husband's food suits him, and that your children do not disturb him!

The women whom I visited wished to know if I had sons; how could I leave my children in America and come to India with my husband, and looked at my clothes and ornaments. Then conversation ceased. They had nothing else to say. They were gentle, affectionate-looking creatures, delicate in appearance and attractive. I found myself speaking to them in the tone I would use to a child.

Their rooms were bare and comfortless, with none of the exquisite neatness and order that one would find in the room of an English or American gentlewoman. They were not only without a single object of beauty, but were invariably disfigured by a group of the hideous black or brass idols which are omnipresent.

These women were of the better class, and were destined to spend their whole lives in the back rooms of their husband's house, their only breathing-place being a small naked yard into which their rooms opened. Idle, listless, superstitious and ignorant to an amazing degree they live and die.

And these women are said by everyone to be the strength of Hinduism! It is all they have, and they cling to it, believe in it and undoubtedly get some comfort out of it. They teach their little sons to worship, they tell their children the stories of the gods, they mark the foreheads of the little ones with the red-painted symbol of Shiva or Vishnu, and

they impress upon both husband and children the patriotic duty of holding fast to the national religion.

To many such women the Bible women have access, and into these darkened minds in hundreds of comfortless homes the knowledge of Christ's revelation of our Heavenly Father is entering.

Through the women of India many wise people believe the great and wonderful country will some day be brought to Christianity. In some way the kingdom of the world is to become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, but, if India is Christianized through the influence of its women it will be another instance of how God makes the weak things of the world and the despised things bring to naught the things that are. For there is nothing weaker nor more despised than the ordinary Hindu woman.—*Mission Studies*.

BISHOP TUCKER OF UGANDA.

"Five-and-twenty years ago, in a British city, a young artist was engaged in painting a picture, which he hoped would find a place in the Academy. It was the figure of a lonely woman struggling up a street on a wild, stormy night, the sleet driven by the wind into her face, a little baby at her bosom. And doors and windows were shut in her face. The picture was called 'Homeless.'

As the man painted it and the artist's imagination filled his soul, it seemed to come to him as a living reality, and he put his brush down, and said, 'God help me! Why don't I go to lost people themselves instead of painting pictures of them?'

Then and there he consecrated himself to God. He went to Oxford University, and in due course he entered the ministry. He went to work in the slums of one of the great cities, and fought the devil and drink, as few men have done, for two years.

Then there came a change in the ministry of that church. I heard of him, and asked him to come and work with me. Never had a man a better brother worker than I had for five years in him.

But the first thing he said when he came was: 'I am not going to stop with you very long. I want to go to that part of the world where men seem to be most lost. I have come to the conclusion that East Africa is the place where I am most wanted.' There were

reasons which delayed him for the time, and which were doubtless of God's ordering.

One day there came a message from the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, asking whether he would be willing to be the leader of a party that was to go to Uganda. The hindrances to his going were removed. He was consecrated Bishop of Uganda in succession to the devoted Hannington and Parker. He went out, and for ten years he has filled that important post, and brought to it not only an enthusiastic love for souls, but also rare gifts of administration, a statesman-like ability and spiritual forces which are moulding the Church of Uganda on strong and healthy lines.—Prebendary Fox, in *C. M. Intelligencer*.

VALUE OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.

In the most thickly populated district in India less than 5 per cent. of the people live within five miles of an educated physician, native or foreign. (Wanless.)

In Japan so impressed have the Buddhist been with the value of Medical Mission work that they are building a large hospital for the poor.

The treatment for headache in China is to pierce the eyeball or ear to let the pain out, causing, in consequence, incurable blindness or deafness.

Of the first seven who became Christians in Siam four were the direct result of Medical Missions.

Five years ago lady medical missionaries commenced work in the town of Medak, in the Nizam's dominions, India, they were met with bitter opposition. To-day (1903) the chief priest of the Mohammedans has become their champion, and says they hold the hearts of Medak in the hollow of their hands.

Dr. Mott, speaking in 1877, said: "A missionary was a good thing, and anyone who knew the work they did must say so, but a medical missionary was a missionary and a half, or, rather, he should say, a double missionary. It was impossible to estimate the value of a missionary going out with a thorough knowledge of medicine and surgery."

It is not keeping expenses down, but keeping faith and enthusiasm up that gives a clear balance-sheet.—*Baptist Missionary Herald*.

Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ—2 Cor. 10: 5.

Continued from page 124.

None of our bishops deserve thanks for the deeds of Patrick. They must be judged by their own conduct. Stephenson was a great engineer, so was Watt; but no engineer of the present day can afford to live idle by preaching the glories or by treasuring up the relics of those famous men. That would not be the way to advance the science of locomotive engineering.

The less our priests preach about St. Patrick and Pope Celestine the greater will be their wisdom. They have more pressing duties to perform in the world. If St. Patrick had rested content with belauding and trading upon some man who lived before himself, and if, under Patrick's influence, Christian Ireland had sunk to the bottom of the scale of nations while Patrick went on building and begging and living in the indolence of riches, Patrick's name would be but a by-word, a memory to be despised and forgotten.

I believe that if Patrick lived to-day he would raise up the peasants of Ireland; he would not keep them down as our priests do. Each man in his day must do his own work. And, it is not because one man plays his part well in his time that successive generations of men are to stand idly prating about what that man did, and amassing money on the strength of it.

Cardinal Logue's Christianity is out of date. It is time the voice of Christ Himself, or a new Patrick, rang out in the valleys of Meigh.—*From "Priests and People in Ireland."*

THE OUTLOOK IN CHINA.

BY REV. C. W. MATEER, D.D.

The events of the last two and a half years have lifted China out of the obscurity of the past and given her a prominence in the eyes of the civilized world that she never had before. The responsibility for that insane attempt to drive all foreigners out of China, commonly known as the Boxer Movement, is fastened forever on the Government of Peking. The result, however, was the very reverse of what was intended. Instead of driving out foreigners it has advanced the position and enhanced the prestige of both merchants and missionaries.

A wonderful conversion has taken place. The Empress and her advisers now profess themselves friendly and ready to have their people accept the civilization of the West. How far this profession is sincere is a question.

It is the virtue of necessity rather than of choice. The old conservatism is sure to oppose obstacles to progress, undoing with one hand what is conceded with the other. The Government, however, is powerless to stop the tide of progress now setting in.

On the people the general effect of the chastisement administered by foreign nations has been to open the door and dispose them to receive the Gospel. A far larger number than ever before are ready to receive instruction and enter the Christian Church. Their motives may not always be the best, but the fact remains that the opportunity offers and calls for labourers to meet it.

A still more significant thing in the present situation is the general movement in favour of educational reform. An edict, wrung from the Empress by the pressure of the times, has modernized the official examinations and ordered the opening of schools at the provincial capitals and elsewhere for teaching western learning. The young men are eager to learn. Multitudes have become convinced that the future development of China lies in this direction.

It is needless to say that Government schools will be irreligious. Indeed, there are indications already that they will be anti-Christian. China, with that fatuity which has characterized her course in the past, stands ready to oppose the Christian education which alone can save her. This fact accentuates all the more the demand for education by Christian men in Christian schools. It will tax the resources of mission societies as well as of private enterprise to fill the measure of this great opportunity.

The slaughter of 132 adult Protestant missionaries and 56 children and about twenty thousand native Christians may seem a high price to pay for the advantages gained, but God knew the situation, and the results will easily justify the wisdom of His providence. The death of so many consecrated men and women, the greatest single holocaust ever offered on this altar, has stirred the heart of the Church and called forth a new consecration of her sons and daughters.

The faithful testimony of Chinese Christian martyrs has vindicated the character of Chinese converts, proving that the power of the Gospel to inspire men to heroic courage and endurance is as great as it ever was. Consul Goodnow, of Shanghai, though not himself a professing Christian, recently said he would never

again call Chinese Christians "rice Christians," as their conduct under persecution had abundantly proved that this term was a slander.

The courage and faith of the Chinese Church are stronger than they were before the outbreak. They have proved themselves in the fire and are stronger by that proof. Their faith has been answered by a great deliverance and is now more confident than it ever was before. The net result of this baptism of blood will be a higher consecration and a more aggressive spirit than has characterized the past.

The darkest cloud on the horizon is the aggressive hostility of the Roman Catholics. Shortly before the outbreak the French Government had secured from the Chinese official recognition of Roman Catholic bishops and priests, so that in case of persecution or of litigation affecting Roman Catholic converts, the bishops and priests may claim audience of the magistrate and the privilege of sitting in a quasi-official capacity in trying the case.

The net result of the recent outbreak has been to add very largely to the prestige of foreigners, and of this prestige the Roman Catholics are inclined to take full advantage. Their converts not only domineer over Chinese who are heathen, but oftentimes persecute Protestant converts in the most relentless manner. Recent letters in the Shanghai papers give particulars of persecution in certain localities that seem almost incredible. Unless something can be done to bring about a better state of things the consequences will be serious.

Politically, China is in a state of unrest. No man is able to predict what the future may bring. One thing, however, seems clear, viz., that unless a statesman appears in China whose patriotism shall rise above his devotion to the effete old Tartar dynasty, which now ministers to his covetousness and shall move him to strike for something higher and better, the old regime will probably go on indefinitely.

Recrudescences of Boxerism there will no doubt be, especially in the south and west, but the Government will suppress them, as they are quite able to do. The Government is bound by the recent treaty to maintain order, which it will do, in its fashion, as long as foreign nations keep the pressure on. This they are pretty certain to do for some time at least, or until China shall learn the lesson which she must learn before she commands the respect of civilized nations.—"The Assembly Herald."

THE FOURTH GENERAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE OF INDIA.

The Fourth Decennial Conference of missionaries from all India met in Madras for eight days during the middle of December last. Though it was the successor of important gatherings which had met at Allahabad in 1872, at Calcutta ten years later, and at Bombay in 1892, this conference differed from its predecessors, and, in some respects, surpassed them in importance.

Unlike those which had gone before it, this gathering was delegated and its 250 members or there about being deputed by fifty-four missionary societies were able to take action upon resolutions presented, though no mission was bound by the decision of the entire body.

About half the time was devoted to work in committees, each of which prepared resolutions on the branches of missionary enterprise assigned to them. The last four days were devoted by the conference as a whole to hearing the resolutions of the various committees and acting upon them. This had the advantage of permitting select groups to canvass thoroughly a definite line of work before the large company acted upon it, but at the same time it prevented the entire representation from hearing pros and cons of difficult problems.

Able speaking and sound statesmanship were characteristic of the various sessions, and it was remarkable that in so diversified a body there was practically no exhibition of temper or unfriendliness. This was partly due to the devotional address given each morning, which had to do with the high levels of Christian experience. The conference was an object-lesson of mission unity, the memory of which will long sway the churches in India. High Churchmen and Independents, Lutherans and Calvinists, Methodists, Baptists and Friends met together and were one body in Christ Jesus.

Nearly every resolution had a definite aim, and this had to do with practical questions. It is noticeable that many forms of work, about which there is practical agreement, were briefly disposed of, while less well understood issues were placed in the forefront. The most influential committee of the Conference had before it the problem of arbitrating in questions arising between missions.

A committee on literature with branches in every language was established, and other committees to guard the cause of justice in public questions, to watch over the rights of missions

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Pulpit and Pew.

CORNELIUS.

BY REV. ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D., EDINBURGH.

Cornelius had been sent out from Rome to Cæsarea very much as our English officers are sent out to India. The Romans both despised and hated the Jews, as we, with all our proverbial pride, neither despise nor hate any of our subject races, and, sharing both that despite and that hatred, Cornelius had come out to his centurionship in Cæsarea. But Cornelius was no ordinary Roman centurion, and he soon discovered that the Jews of Cæsarea were no ordinary tributary people.

The wide and deep contrast between Italy and Israel soon began to make an immense impression on Cornelius' excellent and open mind. Israel's noble doctrine of Jehovah and His Messiah; the spotless purity of Israel's morality, with the sweetness and the sanctity of its home life; its magnificent and incomparable literature even to a man fresh from Athens and Rome, and its majestic and overpowering worship;—all these things immensely impressed Cornelius, till, by the time we are introduced to him, Cornelius is already a devout man and one that fears the God of Israel, and prays to the God of Israel always.

It was one of the conspicuous characteristics of Cornelius that all his servants, both domestic and professional stood on such a friendly footing with their master. His family religion, as we would call it, was one of the most outstanding and attractive things about Cornelius. Long before Cornelius was baptized man at all this mind of Christ was already found in the centurion. "I call you not servants," said One whom Cornelius did not yet know. "For the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends: for all things that I have learned of my Father I have made known unto you." So did Cornelius.

Cornelius was already one of those Christian gentlemen who hold their commissions in the army less for their own sake than for the sake of their soldiers; and their landed estates less for their own sake than for the sake of their farmers and gardeners and coachmen and grooms; and their factories less for their own sake than for the sake of their factory hands;

and their offices less for their own sake than for the sake of their clerks; and their shops less for their own sake than for the sake of their shopmen and their shopwomen; and their houses at home less for their own sake than for the sake of their children and their domestic servants and their ever-welcome guests.

Of all holy places in the Holy Land, few places, surely, were more the house of God and the gate of heaven in those days than just the Roman castle of Cæsarea, where the centurion of the Italian legion lived in the fear of God, with all his household and with all his devout soldiers, who were daily learning more and more devoutness from the walk and conversation of their beloved and revered centurion.

Well, one day Cornelius was fasting and praying all that day till three o'clock in the afternoon. It must have been some special and outstanding day in his personal life or in his family life, or in his life in the army. We are not told what anniversary day it was, but it was a day he had never forgotten to commemorate in prayer, and he has never forgotten it in alms nor in thank-offerings since; no, nor ever will.

It had just struck three o'clock in the afternoon when an angel descended and entered the barrack-room where Cornelius was on his knees. For "are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

"What is it, Lord?" said Cornelius, looking up in holy fear. "Thy prayers and thine alms," said the angel, "are come up for a memorial before God."

We have no Bible dictionary on earth that is able to explain to us the language of heaven, and thus we are left to compare Scripture with Scripture in this matter of a memorial. "This shall be told for a memorial of her," said the Master of angels, when the woman poured the alabaster box upon His head. And this remarkable and unique word stands in the text in order that we may exercise some understanding and imagination and encouragement in our alms and in our prayers in our day also.

There was joy in heaven—this is part of what a memorial in heaven means—over every

good deed that Cornelius did and over every good word that Cornelius spake both to God and to man. They had their eyes upon Cornelius, those angels of God, because he had been pointed out to them as one of the heirs of salvation.

And, you may be sure, they did not keep Cornelius' alms and prayers to themselves, but, the holy tale-bearers that they are, they sought out the prophets and the psalmists who had prophesied concerning the salvation of the Gentiles, and told them that the great work had begun at last in the conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch and the Roman centurion.

And it was not left to their winged visits up and down with the last news from Cæsarea, but there were great books kept also, and one of them with Cornelius' name on it, with all his prayers and all his alms, day and date, times and places, opportunities and people, with all their other circumstances and accompaniments.

The memorial books are kept with such scrupulous care in heaven, because so much already turns there, and will afterwards turn there, on things that we might quite overlook down here.

And those great volumes, kept with such insight and truth, lie open before the throne of God for a memorial, for the instruction of His angels and for the joy of all the already saved; how it was decreed from all eternity that Cornelius should be a centurion; should be commissioned by Cæsar to Cæsarea; should be an open-minded man; should open his mind to the Old Testament and to the temple; should begin to pray and should sometimes fast that he might the better pray, and should be always waiting to see what he ought to do; all that was written in the book of his memorial concerning Cornelius.

And, as time went on, Cornelius' memorial volume grew till there was written in it how Peter came to him and how he was baptized, and how he finished his course and kept the faith, first at Cæsarea and then at Rome, till it was said to him that, as he had been faithful over a few things in Cæsarea, so let him come up to where his memorial was written and he would be set over twelve legions of angels. "For," says John Calvin on Cornelius, "God keeps a careful memorial concerning all His servants, and by sure and certain steps He exalts them till they come to the top."

Now, the main point is, what about your memorial and mine? What about your alms

and your prayers and mine? What about your fastings and shut doors and mine in order that we may have a day now and then of undistracted and concentrated and self-chastening prayer? Has there ever been joy in heaven over your prayers and your alms and mine? Real joy in heaven among the angels and the saints of God? And do the faces and the wings of those messenger spirits shine as they carry the latest memorial that has come up to heaven concerning us to tell the news of it to those in heaven who loved us on earth? Let us pray more and give alms more, if only to add to the joy of God's angels and saints who remember us and wait for news about us in heaven.

But, a man of prayer and a benevolent man and a man with a memorial in heaven as Cornelius was, he had still much to learn. He had still the best things to learn. He had still to learn Christ. And the difficulties that lay in the Roman centurion's way to learn Christ you have simply no conception of.

Till you read the Acts of the Apostles, as not one in a thousand reads that rare book; nay, till you have to teach that rare book to others, you will never at all realize what the centurion had to come through before he could be a complete Christian man. Nay, and what Christ's very best apostles themselves had to come through before they would have anything to do with such an unclean and four-footed beast as Cornelius was to them.

It was twelve o'clock of the day at Joppa, and it was the very next day after the angel had made his visit to Cornelius about his memorial. And Peter, like the centurion, was deep that day in special prayer.

Now, Peter must surely have been fasting far too long, as well as praying far too earnestly, for he fell into a faint as he continued to pray. And as he lay in his faint he dreamed, as we say; a vision was sent to him, as Scripture says.

And in his vision Peter saw heaven opened above him and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners and let down to the earth, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth and wild beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air.

And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter, kill and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord, for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean. And the voice spake unto him

again the second time, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.

And scarcely had the sheet been drawn up to heaven when three of Cornelius's servants knocked at the tanner's door, and asked if one Simon Peter lodged here. And when Peter saw the three men and heard their message from Cornelius, he at once comprehended and fully understood the heavenly vision.

And the vision was this. Cornelius and all his soldiers, devout and undevout, and all his domestic servants and all the Roman people, good and bad, and all other nations of men on the face of the earth; all mankind, indeed, except Peter and a few of his friends, were bound up together in one abominable bundle. And Peter was standing above them scouting at and spitting on them all.

All so like ourselves. For, how we also bundle up whole nations of men and throw them into that same unclean sheet. Whole churches that we know nothing about but their bad names that we have given them are in our sheet of excommunication also. All the other denominations of Christians in our land common and unclean to us. Every party outside of our own party in the political State also. We have no language contemptuous enough wherewith to describe their wicked ways and their self-seeking schemes. They are four-footed beasts and creeping things.

Indeed, there are very few men alive, and especially those who live near us, who are not sometimes in the sheet of our scorn; unless it is one here and one there of our own family or school or party. And they also come under our scorn and our contempt the moment they have a mind of their own and interests of their own, and affections and ambitions of their own.

It would change your whole heart and life this very night if you would take Peter and Cornelius home with you and lay them both to heart. It would be for a memorial about you before God if you would but do this.

If you would take a four-cornered napkin when you go home and a Sabbath night, pen and ink, and write the names of the nations and the churches and the denominations and the congregations and the ministers and the public men and the private citizens and the neighbours and the fellow worshippers—all the people you dislike and despise and do not and cannot and will not love. Heap all their names into your unclean napkin and then look up and say, "Not so, Lord. I neither can speak well nor think well nor hope well of

these people. I cannot do it and I will not try."

If you acted out and spake out all the evil things that are in your heart in some such way as that, you would thus get such a sight of yourselves that you would never forget it.

And, for your reward, and there is no better reward, like Peter, you would one day come to be able to say, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons. But in every nation and church and denomination and party of men, and among those I used to think of as four-footed beasts of the earth and wild beasts and creeping things, God has them that fear Him and that work righteousness and that are accepted of Him."

And then it would go up for a memorial before God, the complete change and the noble alteration that had come to your mind and to your heart. For you would be completely taken captive before God by that charity which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, thinketh no evil, believeth all things, hopeth all things. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these is charity.

Such are some of the lessons it is intended we should take to heart out of the story of Cornelius, the Roman centurion.

THE "HEART OF JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL."

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

For the Young People.

Have you ever read Wesley's journals? I suppose not, because they comprise twenty-six volumes, parts of which have never been printed. So you have not read them.

But parts have been published in four considerable volumes of about 500 pages each. It is not likely you have read these either, especially if you are a Presbyterian, for not many Presbyterians know much about John Wesley.

Well, a new volume has appeared of about 500 pages, in which the best things are selected, with the title of this article. It is an attempt to get people to come into touch with the greatest man of the 18th century in England, a man that influenced England more than all the politicians and soldiers and millionaires combined.

Not that you may become Methodists, but that you may have fellowship with one of God's best, in long journeys, in all kinds of places during a period of fifty years.

Oh, what a life! How small and indolent and cowardly it will make one feel! How much you will rise in your conceptions of what God can make of a frail creature like yourself!

John Wesley's life nearly covered the century. He was born in 1703 and died in 1791. His journals cover fifty-five years of that time. He noted systematically, and almost daily, what he was doing, and remarked on things as he found them.

There were no railroads then, and to this day railroads and even enterprising tourists rarely reach the out-of-the-way places visited by him. He travelled chiefly on horseback, and at the rate of about 8,000 miles a year for many years.

In an appreciation, given in the beginning of the volume, it is stated that he preached each year not less than 5,000 times. There must be some mistake about that I think, yet he did begin preaching at four and five o'clock in the morning, before men went to their work, and preached many times in the day.

When he was an old man, he wrote that he could preach three times a day for three days in the week, but that when he went beyond that allowance, he felt it too much for his strength.

What audiences! He sometimes preached to 20,000 people at one time, and with delight he notes in his diary that he learned from persons standing at the outer edge that he was heard. What a voice he must have had!

As we might expect, his voice gave him trouble. Sometimes when his throat is sore he fears to begin the service, but when he gets through, his throat is better and the pain gone.

He is fine company as he brings you to see the gaols and the mining districts and the camps, where the people of England were as heathen and hostile to the Gospel as Chinese in China are to-day.

He tells you about the Criminal Code, and the brutality of the judges and the harshness of the magistrates and the ignorance of the people, and the indifference of the Bishops and Clergy, the absolute deadness spiritually of the whole of England.

He is an interesting talker about all sorts of things. One day he was reading the writings of Swedenberg, for whom previously he had great respect. But as he read some of Swedenberg's visions his faith vanished, and he sums him up by saying he was "the most ingenious, lively, entertaining madman that ever set pen

to paper." That is Swedenberg about as nearly as he can be put.

He walks with you through Westminster Abbey, talks about the tombs and points out his favourite ones. The inscriptions inscribed on some of these tombs suggest the reflection which he quotes:—

"If on the sculptured marble you rely,
Pity that worth like that should ever die;
If credit to the real life you give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live."

His impressions of Edinburgh with its castle and crags were delightful, but says he, "How can it be suffered that all manner of filth should still be thrown into its streets? How long shall the capital city of Scotland and the chief street of it stink worse than a common sewer?" Of course we remember that that was one hundred and fifty years ago.

Wesley was riding one day towards Northampton when he overtook a serious man with whom he got into conversation. The stranger soon gave expression to his Calvinistic views, to which Wesley gave no reply. But the stranger was not satisfied, and pressed him to find out whether their views agreed.

Wesley suggested they had better keep to practical things, lest they should get angry with one another. They did so for a time, but the debatable question was dragged in again and they got warm. The stranger told him he was rotten at heart, and that he might be one of John Wesley's followers.

"No, I am John Wesley himself," was the reply. Upon this the stranger tried to run away, but Wesley says "I was the better mounted of the two and kept close by his side, trying to show him his heart, till we reached Northampton." I see the twinkle in his eye as he afterwards tells that story.

He visited Epworth, after a long absence, wondering whether any would be found there not ashamed to own him. What a reception he got as he preached standing on his father's tombstone!

When there he learned that a waggon-load of his followers—the new heretics—had been dragged before a magistrate. When the magistrate asked what they had done, there was silence; the persecutors forgot that question.

At length one said, "Why, they pretend to be better than other people, and besides they pray from morning till night."

The magistrate asked, "Have they done nothing besides?"

"Yes sir," said an old man "an't please your worship, they have 'convarted' my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb."

"Carry them back, carry them back," replied the justice, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

Read the book through; it will give you ten times more real pleasure and profit than the books you read, i.e., if you are like other young people I happen to know.

You are of course aware that in Westminster Abbey there is a slab to the memory of John Wesley. But he has a more honourable epitaph than that. When he died in 1791, there were in England 79,000 Methodists and 312 ministers, and there were in the United States and Canada 40,000 more.

At the Ecumenical Conference, held in London in 1901, they reported 7,659,285 members, 89,087 churches, 48,334 ministers and 104,786 local preachers. All this the result of John Wesley's work, of course not forgetting the credit due to Whitfield and Charles Wesley, but John Wesley was the chief factor.

THE TEST OF POSSESSIONS.

BY MALTBY D. BABCOCK, D.D.

The young ruler went away sorrowful, "for he had great possessions." Yes; but he went away sorrowful because he did not possess them—they possessed him.

Jesus did not ask all rich men to give up their riches. The test that He put upon this one was to open his eyes that he might see that God was not supreme in his life. He thought and went away, how unhappy!

He had thought he was within a step of perfection, for he had been keeping all the commandments. Had he kept them because God was first in his life? Gold, not God, mastered him.

But he may have been a conqueror finally. He did not know Jesus then as he may have known Him at Calvary. After Pentecost many who had lands sold them and laid the price at the apostles' feet.

"And you must love Him ere to you He will seem worthy of your love." And you must know Him and be helped by His spirit ere you can make the supreme renunciation. When you know Jesus better, as you can if you wish, you will be able to do anything He asks you to do. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." It is Jesus who can make us live, having all things and yet possessing nothing—pleasing Him first and always, with or without great possessions.

THE LONELINESS OF AGE.

The loneliness of age! How few think of this, and treat with tenderness and consideration those who have outlived their generation and whose early companions and friends have been taken from them? Unable to engage in the activities of life they are no longer brought into contact and sympathy with those around

them, and no tie of common interest and mutual dependence binds them together. They necessarily, to a great extent, live in a world of their own, with which those around them are not familiar.

The communing of their hearts are with the scenes of the past and the companions of other years who have long ago passed away. Lover and friends have been taken from them and their acquaintances laid in darkness. The forms they admired and loved are gone, the eyes that looked into theirs with the tenderest affection are sightless and the voices that cheered and stirred their souls have long since been silent. Their early world of hope and joy has become a desolation, and they sit in silence contemplating the ruin that has been wrought. They are

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,

to pass on to the reunion that awaits them and the glad greetings of those they love. Who would not do what he can to cheer the loneliness of the aged, to smooth their pathway and comfort them in their declining years?—*Churchman.*

THE TRUE WAY OF FILLING CHURCHES.

The "Presbyterian" of Philadelphia, after discussing the various unscriptural expedients adopted so disastrously by some ministers to build up large congregations, closes on this wise:—

However successful or non-successful the special efforts may be to fill our churches, we are satisfied that in the long run nothing but the spiritual elements of the church thoroughly aroused can make it a living, staying and drawing power.

The Holy Spirit is the source of its life and interest. Where he dwells in the heart and life, the subjects of his influence will love, observe and magnify the ordained ordinances through which he operates to the mind's instruction, the soul's quickening and the life's improvement.

When he is poured out in convicting, converting and sanctifying efficacy, sinners will flock to Zion's gates and inquire the way of life and find the path of peace and salvation. When the minister, officers and people are baptized anew with his vivifying power, they will have a winning influence upon those without, and the multitude will come more under the means of grace.

The great need, therefore, in all our congregations is an enlarged and enlarging inducement from on high. This will be more effective than all our human devices and agencies.

Prayer will bring down this rich and distinguishing blessing. The Holy Ghost descended upon our Lord while he was praying. The Spirit has come to his servants in all ages since, in answer to earnest supplication, and he will do so still whenever devoutly and believingly sought for, and whenever he does, the complaint of empty pews will cease.

The Children's Pages

THE STORY OF BLIND DAVID.

In the early part of 1879 there came to me in Allahabad a young Hindu totally blind, seemingly about eighteen or nineteen years of age. His face was scarred with smallpox, which, when he was very young, had entirely deprived him of sight. He had no recollection of the light. He was needy and helpless; so after ministering to his wants we preached to him Jesus. He said he had heard of Him in his home in Rajputana and was anxious to know more of Him.

He eagerly received the Word, and it was evident that the Light had begun to beam on his soul. In a few days he was converted and his whole face shone with joy unspeakable. We baptized him on June 4, 1879, and called him, by his own request, David.

David became a communicant and rejoiced in the privilege. He had eager avidity for class and prayer-meeting. "We cannot but speak," was the inspiration of his testimony. Not obtrusive but irrepressible—he loved to speak of the goodness of his Lord. With bright and earnest face, in joyful tones he would speak of the beauty of the King. Not one who heard him but was touched to the heart, and many wept with silent joy while the sightless saint "told his experience." It was easy to shout "praise the Lord!" after hearing him, and somehow the meeting seemed to have gotten wings and soared nearer to the Throne.

"Brother Osborne, where's the meeting to-night?" He was told it was some distance in the suburbs of the city. Of course he could not get there. But there he was, in advance of all the rest, running over with joy—happy, expectant and hopeful.

"How did you get here, David?"

"Why, I walked it, of course," with as merry a laugh as ever broke the sadness of this sorrowful world.

"Of course!" We marvel, but he simply confides in his Father and rejoices in His guidance. You call it instinct—intelligence; he has no such idea. I have seen him traversing plains, crossing ditches, moving across thoroughfares, avoiding trees and holes with remarkable precision, nor once encountering an accident. Sometimes standing still, doubtful of the nearness of a bank or boulder, he smites his side with a short stick, while he gravely listens for a sound his ear alone can catch. "Oh!" his face brightens and off he goes with rapid strides, steering clear of bank and brake, stalking joyfully along as securely as on stone pavement.

David was an ardent lover of God's Word. He would come for his "daily portion" and sit with his face all aglow as the Father's message was unfolded. When we paused at the close of a chapter a voice would wistfully ask, "Won't you read some more?" One day, after receiving his portion with more than usual delight, he lingered as though unwilling to depart.

"Brother Osborne—"

"Yes, Brother David."

"Brother Osborne, I—I wish—I could—"

read!" was uttered in broken syllables with a wistful tenderness.

"Why David, my dear brother, how can you read? You are blind, you know."

"That's true," he sadly replies, "but I have heard that there are Scriptures for the blind with raised letters; haven't you?"

"Why, yes, I have heard of them and seen them, but I haven't got them and don't know where they are to be had."

A moment's pause; then, as naturally and as joyfully as the birds sing:

"Won't you pray my Heavenly Father to send me these Scriptures?"

Perplexing—wasn't it? Why should this blind man prefer so strange a request? It was decidedly awkward. Small faith is usually speechless under these circumstances. But there are certain pious platitudes which come to one's help in such an emergency, and so I mumbled something about the necessity of "submission to God's will," "pious contentment" and so forth, oblivious that there is neither "submission" nor "piety" in unbelief.

David heard the homily through, and utterly unchilled, with a vivacity which seemed unbecoming, said, "I am going to pray." Cheerful as usual he strode on his way. Some two or three months passed; David came and went for his "daily portion," but the conversation above reported was not reverted to. The hope was felt that the blind disciple had been taught the lesson of "sweet submission."

One morning destined to be underscored in the calendar of memory—while out on pastoral work—glancing behind, I saw Brother David in evident pursuit. His strides were unusually long and the clatter of his stick sounded ominously. There was an eager joyousness in his face, and—yes—there was a somewhat heavy package under his arm.

"Brother Osborne?" he shouted with a loudness and emphasis which were startling.

"Yes," I replied, "what is it?"

"Stop," he said, "if you please."

"Well, David, what is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing; only I wanted to show you something." Producing the package, which was stitched in cloth, he said, "Some one pushed that under my arm as I walked, and I wanted you to see what it contained."

"Oh!" I made sure it was some gift of clothing from one of the many kind friends who ministered to David. And so I carelessly cut the stitches open and unwrapped the package, when lo!—an English copy of the Gospel according to St. John, in characters for the blind!

For once I was glad that David was blind! Speechless again; was it "sweet submission?" At length I asked—"Who gave this to you?"

"I don't know," replied David (and let me add, the name of that donor has not transpired to this day); "but what is it?"

"Why, this—this—is a copy of St John's Gospel in characters for the blind!"

"Oh! bless the Lord! I knew my Heavenly Father would send it to me! Now, Brother Osborne, won't you pray my Heavenly Father to teach me how to read?"

"Now, Brother David, I certainly will." It was as the clearing of one's eyes from a smoky mist.

And so David prayed and toiled, and being already able to speak English well, very soon he was able to spell along the precious lines. If he was joyful before he was fully radiant now. He had the mine all to himself and could extract the rich nuggets at pleasure.

"Why, Brother Osborne, I shall be able to preach with you now!"

And so we stood in the streets together, David and I, and the blind reader attracted a great crowd, and if he didn't preach, he "told his experience."

But David was not altogether pleased with his performance. The volume was bulky; he had to hold it with one hand and trace the letters with the fingers of the other. "I lose my place sometimes, you see. I wish I could have something to hold the Book, so that I could use both my hands."

In a few days David appeared with something unusual slung around his neck. "What is this, David?" we asked in consternation.

"This!" replied the blind disciple, looking somewhat surprised at our obtuseness: "Why this is a hanging desk for my Gospel. See here how beautifully it works." And so adjusting it around his neck and spreading his precious Scriptures upon it, with both hands at liberty, he carefully traced the letters with his fingers, and, as the scarred face turned upward with an expression of loving reverence, the words never seemed more sacred as he read with lingering pathos:

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—Dennis Osborne, in *Bombay Guardian*.

THE MAN AND HIS HOUSE.

When John Quincy Adams was eighty years old he met in the streets of Boston an old friend who shook his trembling hand and said: "Good morning! And how is John Quincy Adams to-day?"

"Thank you," was the ex-President's answer. "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon; but he himself is quite well, sir; quite well." With that the venerable sixth President of the U.S.A. moved on with the aid of his staff.

It was not long afterward that he had his second and fatal stroke of paralysis in the Capital at Washington.

"This is the last of earth," he said. "I am content."—*Youth's Companion*.

A BROKEN HEART.

One morning last winter a policeman came into the Jefferson Market Court, New York, in charge of a stout lad of 20. The boy stared vacantly about him, and his face, which was honest and good humoured, was bloated with a long and heavy debauch. Close behind him came a little old woman, decently clad. Her hair was white and her countenance pale and anxious.

"Who's this, officer?" the justice said, when the boy's turn came.

"It's John Cleary, your honour. We've got his mother to enter complaint against him for habitual drinking. We think if he had a month at the island, it would give him a chance to pull up."

"You can do nothing with him yourself, Mrs. Cleary?" said the kindly magistrate, who, used as he was to scenes of suffering, was startled by the dumb agony in the old woman's face.

"I cannot, sor. It's five years since he took to the drink. It's not Johnny's fault. There's four saloons near by. He was as good a boy as ever mother had. He's good now when he's himself."

"He's mad when he is drunk," the police man interrupted. "He tried to kill her twice."

"Sign the compact, Mrs. Cleary," the magistrate ordered, nodding to a clerk who had laid a printed form on the table before her, saying: "Write your name on that line."

She took up the pen, and then turned to the justice again. Her thin face was bloodless.

"Sor," she said, "he's all the child I've got. I've been fightin' the devil for him for five years. If I sign that paper, I'll hev let him go. He'll never forgive me. He'll never come home again."

"It's the only chance to save him," the officer said.

She wrote her name. John was told to stand up.

"Now, go into the witness box," a policeman directed her. "You must swear agen him."

Her foot was on the step. She suddenly turned. "I can't swear agen him! I can't." She clutched her breast with both hands. "It's killin' me! Johnny, come here!"

Her son sprang toward her, but she fell at his feet. She was dead when he lifted her.

"Mother! mother! I'll quit the drink!" the startled lad cried, but she did not answer. The physicians said it was heart disease.

An ambulance was summoned. Some one whispered to the justice.

"Discharged," he said, and the wretched lad followed his dead mother home, to be properly held by his vile habit to a life of shame ending in a pauper's grave.

Such robbery and murder, legalized, licensed robbery and murder may be seen on every hand. Reader, cry to God in prayer, and to our rulers cry in indignant protest and demand that shall swell to thunder tones: "The saloon must and shall go!"—*Pres. Banner*.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

AS MET WITH IN THE BIBLE.

On the seventh day God ended his work.
On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent.
Abraham pleaded seven days for Sodom.
Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.
Jacob served seven years for Rachel.
And yet another seven years more.
Jacob pursued a seven days' journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream, by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month, the children of Israel fasted seven days, and remained seven days in their tents.

For seven days the land rested.

Every seventh day the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days. On the seventh day they surrounded the wall seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.

In the tabernacle were seven lamps. The golden candlestick had seven branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the River Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered bullocks and seven rams for an atonement.

Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross on which He hung for seven hours, and after His resurrection appeared seven times.

In the Apocalypse we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven virgins, seven angels, and a seven-headed monster.—"Home Magazine."

THE MISSING FIVE CENTS.

Holding out his hand for the change, John's employer said; "Well, my boy, did you get what I sent you for?"

"Yes, sir," said John, "and here is the change, but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two change, and there's only seventeen according to my count."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money?"

"No, sir; I counted it over in the hall, to be sure it was all right."

"Then perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change?"

But John shook his head. "No, sir; I counted that, too. Father said we must always count our change before leaving a store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks grew red, but his voice was firm. "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All I know is it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for that five-cent piece that is hidden inside your coat sleeve?"

John looked down quickly, and caught the gleaming bit with a cry of pleasure. "Here you are! Now it is all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. I was certain I had it when I started from the store to return."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said, with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not—two important things for an errand boy. I think I'll try you young man, without looking farther."

At this John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally he said, in a low voice: "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown; "and if you would have done it you would have lost the situation, that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over so small a sum as five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."
—Pansy.

A RARE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

If you had asked her about her accomplishments, she would have told you that she had none, and would have been quite sincere in her answer. She did not know how to play the piano, and she had never tried her hand at water colours or crayon sketching. She had never found time for embroidery. She got off the key when she tried to sing. In fact, one might run through the list of what are called accomplishments without naming one at which she was expert.

Yet this sunny-faced, sweet-voiced girl had one accomplishment which outweighed all those she lacked, says an exchange in relating the above. Wherever she went gloomy faces grew cheerful. You have seen drooping plants freshen at the touch of the summer rain, and it seemed as if her presence revived drooping hearts in very much the same manner.

She was a happiness-maker. Children stopped fretting when she came near. Old people came back from dreams of the past and found the present sweet. Without being wise or witty or beautiful, there was an atmosphere of peace about her like the fragrance of a flower. Her smile had the comforting warmth of sunshine. The tones of her glad young voice stirred the heart like a song.

You girls who are fitting yourselves for life, and to adorn life, will do well to take into account this rare and valuable accomplishment. You have missed part of your preparation unless you have mastered the art of making happiness.—Ex.

THE STORY OF A WEDDING.

We have had a wedding at our place to-day, and I want to tell you about it, as well as about those who were married. The bride is a young widow about twenty years old.

About seven or eight months ago her husband died, and after that the robbers, who are very numerous about the country village where she lived, threatened to steal her, and if she were not ransomed, sell her to some man for a wife.

The family, Li by name, were very much frightened, and for awhile the girl went to different houses in the village to sleep, and thus keep the robbers from knowing her whereabouts. But that did not last long, for the robbers threatened those who protected her, and she was in a great dilemma.

At last her brother-in-law, one of our Christians, brought her into the city under soldier escort and left her under our protection, although she did not live in our compound. Well, even this arrangement could not last long, as it was too expensive supporting her in the city.

One night, just as Mr. Grier was retiring, the brother-in-law came to discuss once more the girl's case. If he took her home he was afraid the robbers would steal her, and to support her in the city was costing more than half he earned, viz., five cents per month for room rent and fifty cents for board (you see the people up here, to use a Chinese expression, get over the days very poor).

Her father, who had not seen her since she was two years old, did not want her; so what was to be done? The girl was young, good-looking and without a home.

Mr. Grier at length said: "Why not find her a head?" (A head in Chinese means a husband). The brother-in-law was willing, and went home to consult the relatives while we were to inquire and find out the girl's mind in the matter. She, very hesitatingly, said "no!"

Well, on our place we have a gatekeeper, a widower of long standing, who has long wanted a wife, but failed to get one. His name is Chang. A few days later our teacher came in and began talking about the girl and the prospects of a marriage. Mr. Grier asked, "How about Chang?" He said he had been thinking about him also, and so he got some woman to ask the girl if she would be willing to marry him, and she said she was willing.

Mr. Chang was also asked and he said he was willing, and so it seemed that the prospect was fairly bright; but nothing could be done till the brother-in-law came back, and when he did come there was trouble.

He reported that an uncle of the girl who had paid no attention to her for all these years now entered protest and declared he would begin a lawsuit against the brother-in-law if the girl were not forthwith returned. (We afterward learned that the uncle simply wanted to get a little money out of the affair.)

But the matter had proceeded too far, and both lovers (?) were in for it. Indeed, the girl said that she would commit suicide if she did not get her man, and as this is not at all infrequent among the women, and an argument which almost always brings the men to terms, so it had its weight in this case.

With a lawsuit on one hand and a suicide on the other, the brother-in-law was in a great strait. However, according to Chinese law, in the case of a second marriage, the girl is her own mistress, and no one can prevent her from marrying whom she pleases.

So at last a paper was written and signed by the girl with witnesses, relieving the brother-in-law of all responsibility in the matter, and taking it entirely upon herself, so the way seemed clear once more, and the wedding was consummated.

The bride was attired in a blue cotton upper-garment and plum-coloured pants, gifts from Mrs. White and myself; the groom in a much faded calico garment. The bride was led into the chapel through one door; the groom came in through another, and both took their stand before Mr. Grier.

At first they faced him, but slowly the groom began to twist about until when Mr. White began to offer prayer he had his back fully turned to his bride. As soon as all was over, they both made a bee-line for their respective doors instead of going out together.

At length, after much persuasion, the groom was induced to come and lead the bride to the room prepared for their temporary use, and then began the noisy, rude congratulations. All day the bride has been sitting on her bed in a tiny hot room crowded with onlookers who have come to tease her.

Not long ago I sent for her to come here to have her front hair pulled out, which is according to Chinese custom, at least it is customary in this part of the country for all married women to have a smooth, high, square forehead; an open face as it is called; this distinguishes her from an unmarried woman. No tidy Chinese lady will ever allow the hair to grow again on the forehead after it has once been pulled out.

I have just been to my helper's room to watch the hair pulling, and what do you reckon I saw on entering the room? On the bed sat Agnes White trying to bind up her little bare feet with a long strip of black cloth to make them look like the Chinese bound feet. Standing in front of the bride was our Isabel, rubbing lime into the bride's forehead to prevent pain, and helping to pull out the hair. But here the children come, so I presume all is over.

[This story is by a lady missionary in China in a missionary paper.—Ed.]

Manners are the garments of the soul. They do not form character, but character without good manners is a prince in rags.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH, WEST.

	Estimates for year ending Feb. 28, 1903.	Received to 31st Jan., 1903.
HOME MISSION FUND.....	\$102,000.00	\$64,253.62
AUGMENTATION FUND.....	30,000.00	11,067.09
FOREIGN MISSION FUND.....	80,900.00	32,997.31
FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.....	25,000.00	11,792.85
POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES.....	10,000.00	5,307.64
WIDOWS' & ORPHANS' FUND.....	15,000.00	5,252.64
AGED & INFIRM MINISTERS.....	13,000.00	4,362.76
ASSEMBLY FUND.....	7,000.00	3,609.18
KNOX COLLEGE.....	11,000.00	2,946.45
QUEEN'S COLLEGE.....	5,500.00	956.83
MONTREAL COLLEGE.....	5,000.00	1,326.24
MANITOBA COLLEGE.....	2,600.00	657.44

The congregations in both Eastern and Western Sections of the Church contribute for French Evangelization, Manitoba College and the Assembly Fund. The amounts named for the other schemes require to be got from the Western section alone.

Rec'd in February

By Rev. Robt. H. Warden, D.D., Agent of the Church, Presbyterian Offices, Toronto, and allocated to the Schemes as directed by the donors.

Friend, Toronto.....	\$ 3	Amos.....	13 92	Griswold, etc.....	128	Fergus, Mel ss.....	2
Plum Creek.....	48 25	L'Original.....	46	Chater.....	60	Tor, Bloor mb.....	20
Rev A J MacGillivray.....	8	Carleton Pl, St And.....	20	Mansewood, Bos.....	19 26	Maple Valley.....	10
Anon, Toronto.....	5	Oneida.....	12	Rev S Childerhose.....	6	Elmvale.....	52 50
Rev Neil Morrison.....	5	Orangevil Pres.....	63 70	Rev W P Walker.....	9	Roxboro.....	80
Apple Hill.....	19 10	Kingston, Cooke's.....	14	Wales.....	48 35	Rev M McGillivray.....	7
Gravel Hill.....	8 67	Lakiviere.....	103	Rev C B Ross.....	3	Hillsburg ss.....	19
Ch of Scot, Col Com.....	968 88	Belleville, John ss.....	50	Rev T G Thomson.....	6	E Oxford, St A.....	70 85
J McCaig.....	1	Creemore, wfms.....	25	Boisevain, St A.....	55 20	Vaughan, Kx.....	51
Toronto, Knox.....	439 85	Rev D MacDonald.....	4	Collingwood.....	3	Nassagaweya.....	63 50
Rev Dr Murray.....	14	Thunder Hill.....	5	Martintown, St A.....	24 70	Lower Economy ss.....	1
Rev John McNair.....	10	Mekiwini.....	16 50	Wpg, St And ce.....	150	Rev A Stevenson.....	2
Amos.....	35 21	Carleton Pl, Zion.....	345	Palmerston, Kx.....	119	Rev D P Oswald.....	3
Hibbert.....	16 40	N M & Mrs Riddell.....	50	Rev J M Aull.....	6	Riverview ss.....	2 70
St Henry ss.....	6	Exeter, Caven.....	10 80	Garafraxa, St Johns.....	31	S Luther, Eben.....	2 25
Smith's Falls.....	5 09	Chiselhurst.....	6 90	Mimosa.....	61 10	Manchester.....	80
Bristol Cors ss.....	6 55	Huntsville ce.....	25	Scotch Sett ss p cl.....	11 50	Ilderton.....	12 14
Barrie ss.....	66	Two friends.....	6	New W'm'ster, West ss.....	9	Sarnia, St A ss.....	60
W'mstown, St And.....	33 50	Rodney.....	34 89	Russell ss.....	5	Vano, St A.....	180 75
Bobcaygeon, Kx.....	22	New Glasgow.....	13 70	Everett.....	2 17	Kylstone ss.....	5
Guelph, Chal.....	125	Carleton Pl, St And.....	50	Rev Dr McMillen.....	19	Rev J W Cameron.....	6
Mrs M Blue.....	1	Rev J F Scott.....	15	Elgin, Que ss.....	50	Rev John Eadie.....	6
Everett ss.....	1 25	W Flamboro.....	73 90	Appleton, St And.....	50	Poht Edwaid.....	6
Harrowsmith ss.....	5	Dunwich, Chal.....	28 85	Rev John Neil.....	220	Inwood.....	5
Galt, Kx.....	18 55	Botany.....	6	Bury's Green, St J.....	22	Rev Priu Caven.....	22
W'mstown, Heph.....	210 78	Rev J W Mitchell.....	60	New Toronto ss.....	2 15	Blytheswood.....	13 10
Children J M Gill.....	250	Petrol, wfms.....	60	Rev M McKinnon.....	44 62	Lake Road.....	19 50
Rev D Currie.....	15 00	Wawanesa.....	69	J R C.....	31	Tait's Corners yphms.....	25
Binscath.....	16	Canmore.....	16 75	Port Albert, St And.....	32	Holstein ss.....	5
C McGregor.....	1	N Williamsburg, St A.....	95	Edmondville.....	97 81	Rev John Ross.....	6
Lefroy.....	2 25	Rev Jos Hogg.....	18 50	Friend.....	50	Rev Prof McLaren.....	100
Swan Lake.....	12	Chesterfield.....	103 65	Rev D B Macdonald.....	6	Mitchell, Kx.....	9 30
Rev A B Dobson.....	14	Humessville.....	118	MacGregor.....	92	J Jarvis, Kx.....	47
Watford.....	23 13	N Easthope.....	16	Mt Brydges, Cooks ss.....	1	Hamilton, Ersk yps.....	99
Chater.....	5	Fergus, St A ss.....	25	Komoka.....	34 50	Mt Forest.....	85 70
St Andrews E.....	65	Acton, Kx.....	19 75	Rev Dr Carmichael wpg.....	134 15	C W Davis.....	50
Colquhoun.....	67	Leury ss.....	4 20	Thamesford, St A.....	134 15	Rev J A Matheson.....	6
Rev Dr Fotheringham.....	8	Mont, St Gabriel.....	25	Rev A P Logan.....	5	Swinton Park.....	3 90
Campbellford.....	55	Dundas, Kx.....	69 45	Oshawa ss.....	23 60	Priceville.....	29
Arkona.....	5	Monck.....	72 98	Rev J Gaudier.....	10	Marham, St And.....	59
W Adelaide.....	12	Bracebridge.....	54	Farrington.....	143 23	Rev Jas Malcolm.....	6
Millbank.....	7	Crystal City.....	100	Rev D P Oswald.....	10	Teeswater mb.....	18
Oro, Esson.....	11	Rev G R Lang.....	3	Tavistock, Kx ss.....	9	Clinton, Willis.....	31 73
Windsor, NS, St Johns.....	5 64	Scotland, Stafford.....	75	Rev J A McKeen.....	6	Morder, Kx ss.....	15
Leith.....	11	Campbellford, St A.....	4 50	Columbus ss.....	33 63	Rev Dr Campbell.....	10
Bolton, Caven.....	19 75	Rev K McDonald.....	7	Stirling.....	15	Deseronto Ch Rdmr mb.....	40
Riverside.....	50	J B Henderson.....	250	Erin, Burns ss.....	16	Aleck McBain.....	10
La Guerre.....	10	Minden, Kx hmb.....	4	Malta.....	2	Annerstburg, St A.....	5
Rev Dr Patrick.....	20	Friend.....	5	Port Lewis.....	4 58	Kingston, Cooke's.....	36
Nashville.....	15	Petite Cote ss.....	15	Rev J H Edmison.....	7	Rev W Robertson.....	15
B Carnaghan.....	18	McKenzie.....	4	Gamebridge.....	10 50	Nairn, St And ss.....	4 32
Blake.....	3 60	Rockwood.....	16 38	Metcalfe.....	19 45	" " ss.....	6 63
Moore Line.....	7	Mrs A S Morton.....	80	Rockland.....	11 06	" " ce.....	1
		Springville ss.....	9 36	Rev J McD Duncan.....	6	St Laurent ss.....	11 57
		Motherwell ss.....	25	Rev R P McKay.....	6	SS No 5 Tp Guleph ss.....	5
		Rev Dr Wilkie.....	14	Waubuno, Guth.....	23	T A Dawes.....	100
		Smith's Falls, St P ss.....	2	Rev D Johnston.....	73	Westport, Kx.....	10
		Hargrave ss.....	2 55	S Plympton.....	94 13	Argyle Culross.....	13
		Nelson, St Pauls.....	11 73	London, St A Chin ss.....	36 50	B, Waterloo.....	6
		Tor, Old St And.....	251	Rev J S McIlraith.....	10	Melrose.....	40 75
				Glenmorris.....	125 57	Melrose ss.....	2 25
				Rev John McLean.....	8 54	Lonsdale.....	12 54

Lonsdale ss.	3	25	Rev H C Sutherland.	14	Hillsburg.	32	35	Rev Jas McIlroy	7
Shannonville.	9	25	Tor Bloor	514	Scotch Bush St A.	36	09	Rev W T B Crombie.	6
Ready yessa	30		Rev M McLeod	8	Douglas, Zion.	49	95	Rev Dr Armstrong	15
Corbett.	13		Tor, St Jas Sq ss	144	Truro, St Paul's.	25	44	Tor, Chin Mis.	30
Marsville ce.	7		Tor, Em	101	Manotick	43	79	Glencoe ss.	13
Rev J M MacLennan.	12		Dal Mills & Cote St G.	285	Rev D McLeod	6		Glencoe	21
Franktown.	15		Brampton ss	5	Hamden wms	15		Rev Jas Hastie.	6
Beckwith.	26		Normanby, Kx	36	McLeod's Crossing ss.	1		Brookville 1st.	850
Rev M H Scott	15		Rev T Scouler	5	Rev John McLung.	7		Kintyre yphms.	59
Rev J J Cochrane	15		Miss Mitchell, repymt.	50	Nairn, Beechwood.	15		Fitzroy Hrbr	7
Rev D O McArthur	12		Minicoe ss.	5	Gamebridge	20	60	Miss Mac Martin	5
Brookville, 1st ss.	200		Drumbo, Willis	77	Jas Robb	5		Manitow, St And.	155
Rev R Laird	14		Casselman.	16	Annan	10	25	Castelford, etc.	42
Rev W Cooper	9		ss	8	Per Rev AP Ledingham	44	38	Rev T Bennett.	10
Rev H Siuclair	9		Warwick, Kx ce.	21	Rev S J Taylor.	6		Mofat	34
Rev S W Fisher.	6		Douglas	36	Rev CH Vesot	6		Rev Wm Burton	4
Rev Robt Hughes	10		Finch New St Luk ss	50	Scarboro, Zion.	42		Rev J W Mitchell.	3
Rev R C H Sinclair.	6		Woodville	97	Hills Green	15	94	Rev D G McQueen	7
Mrs	2		Eldon, St And.	87	Rodney	16		L J T Killarney	1
Mrs Macdonald	1		Rev John Wells.	9	Glenallan	6	75	Rev J Wells.	1
Brucefield, U ss	51	63	Neepawa u ss.	10	Per A Leslie	40	70	Req W W Hardie.	9
" ce.	32	54	Lucknow ss	3	McCrimman ss	7		Winnipeg Wmster.	221
Rev W D Bell	1		Rev Jas Cumberland	7	Dawn	10		Rev. G R Lang	14
Strongfield ss	1	12	Amherst Is'd, St Pa. ss.	40	Per A J McKenzie.	161	02	J R Moodie	250
Rev H. McQuarrie.	10		Mrs Helen Burnet	4	Rev J D Anderson.	18	13	Wester, St And.	133
Suthwyn in fel.	4		El-ra, Kx	116	Beauharnois, St Ed.	13		Rev Jas Little.	10
Suthwyn	4	40	Rev J G Stuart.	11	Chateauguay, St And.	4	75	Bryarston	10
Springfield	11	85	High Bluff	11	Mont, Am. Pres ss	30		Flos, Knox	15
Amherst Isd, St Pa	53		Janet W Carter	50	Rev M J Ceith	8		Elmvale, ce	5
Rev J W Macmillan.	6		Rev D N Coburn	42	Rev D N Coburn	2	28	Caraduff	35
Mont Chal ss	109	35	Valcartier prin cl.	5	Port Dalhousie	3	08	Rev P Musgrave	9
Rev J A Claxton	8		" guild.	73	Launcester, St And	21	13	St Thomas, Alma.	38
Cameron	10		Eramosa Isd	40	Daybreak	1	75	Morden, Knox ss	22
Lucknow	154	85	Russelton	7	East Zora, 10 line un ss	1		DrFW and Mrs Kelley	50
Bowmanville, St Pa.	5	25	W Adelaide.	4	Belmont, Kx.	1		Rev K MacLennan.	6
Strabene	9	70	Aarkna	4	Kilmartin	1		Acton, Kx.	16
Reid's Mills.	66		Sarnia, Albert.	13	Amherstburg	1	10	S. Kinloss.	49
Hallville	75	50	Merrickville, etc.	26	Almonte, St John's.	50		N Brant ss.	4
Rev Wm McDonald	6		Stratford, St A ss.	4	Avonlea, Oswald	13		Ota, Bank ss.	50
Rev Wm Farquharson.	9		N Bend.	8	Evonlea, Oswald	76	50	Mont, St Johns ss.	11
Bainsville, St A.	92		W Brant	50	E Gloucester.	26	28	Que, Ch. Hal ss.	50
Rev John McDougall	6	40	Rev A Gaudier	45	Rev DY Ross.	7		Bog H Robertson	25
Deseronto, Ch Rdeemr	11		Chesterville.	45	Ormsdown, St Pa.	3	45	Up Melbourne ss.	5
grmb	11		Rev John Fairlie.	10	" "	115		Lake Megantic.	4
Lake Megantic.	2	92	Vankleek Fall.	41	Allans Cors ss	3	97	Rev A Henderson	79
Rev E A McKenzie	8		Launcester, Kx.	133	Mont. St Paul's ss.	50		Rev R H Gilmour	6
Fairfax	20		S Westminster, St A ss	31	Rev Alex Hamilton	12		Mosa, Burns	180
N Augusta, etc.	4		Rev A A Thomson	7	Rev J F McLaren	6		Rev D G McQueen	5
Lachute	425		Lacroix ss.	122	Inge-solf, St Pa.	233	22	Rev G Milne	9
Mont, Ersk	1,200		Streetsville	116	Fergus, Mel ss.	100		Picton, St And ss.	7
Rev J R S Burnett	14		Belmont, Kx.	65	Galt, Kx ss	93	37	Rev Frank Davey	10
Prescott ce	18		Kilmartin	65	Almonte, St Johns.	393		Bradford	55
Senator McKeen	250		Miss A E Kirkland	2	Tor, Central.	671	55	Rev Dr J F Smith.	14
Rev J M Miller	3		Rev W MacWilliam.	9	" "	400		" DMJ "	32
Southwold, McBride's	581	65	Dauphin lad aid.	10	" " bcl	46	45	Strabano.	74
Millerway ce	3		Rev J D Morrison.	10	" " ss.	248	70	Hyde Park.	54
Rev Dr McKae.	10		Arkona	17	Lingwick	96		Rev W A Wylie.	14
Dunnville ss.	23	80	Rev W S Wright	7	Upper Canard ss	2		London, St And.	809
Gravenhurst	15		Calgary, Kx	53	Newburgh, Camden	41	60	Caledon, St And.	2
Shakespeare ss	26		Rev Robt Stewart	6	Heckston	47		St George.	64
Sunnidale Cors, Zion	9	40	Jas Cook	15	Rev J Gandier	8	40	Viola Dale ss	3
Snowflake	10		Gamebridge ce.	4	Princeton, Yonge's.	56	85	Rev F M Dewey	6
Rev. E. A. Wicher.	10		Dunsford	4	Rev John Neil	71	73	Per Dr Milne Rae Edin	307
Yonge, Kx	23	05	Westmeath	19	Elmvale ss	6	58	Harrington	1
Dundalk, Ersk	29	65	Rev Dr Talling	12	Marthaville	10		Rev P F Langill	09
Southampton	24	80	Rev J H MacVicar	34	Enniskillen.	7	67	Mont, Wster ss.	12
Rev D Curry	7		Rev H Sinclair	139	Rev A A Laing	6		Havelock ss.	35
Markham, Mel Guild	4		Kilsyth	139	Rev J H Barnett	9		Burustown.	65
Guelph, Chal	752	51	Rev D L Campbell	7	Rev R Hume.	40		Eden Mills.	25
Port Elgin ss	25		Dorchester	46	Scarboro, Kx ss.	90		Rev E F Seylas	3
Albani Ind Home	2	80	Galt, Kx	205	Tor, Southside	9		Rev Dr MacNish	9
S River ss.	7		Blenheim. ss.	10	Carlukie, St Pa.	79		Lynedock, m b	8
Rev A S Ross.	7		London, New St Ja. ss.	28	Lobo, Mei	9		Scarboro St And.	243
Vanc St And wms	11	60	Rev F W Farries	10	Rev A McLean.	14		" ss.	29
Rev J M Macalister	14		Tor, College St	671	Rev Abraham.	136	08	" Zion ypa	6
St Columbia ss.	9		Douglas ce	2	Oshawa	10		Rev S side ss	2
Rev J A Macdonald.	6		Rev J P Falconer.	6	Rev F L Dodds	31	50	Rev W J Booth	4
Rev Jas Douglas.	9		Rev Dr Fletcher.	10	Bowmauville, St Pa.	84	31	Mrs Janet Walter, Tc-	3
Arden, St And.	51		Cavers Mission ss.	1	Allandale.	84	31	ledo	3
Smith's Falls, St Pa.	682	23	Rev Hugh Cameron	6	Durham.	39	29	St Mary's First.	208
Rev W K She. rer.	8		St Cath, Haynes Av ss	35	Welland	27		Manor.	51
Almonte, St And.	372		Rockburn, Gore.	21	Esqueving, Bost.	5		" ss	20
Rev T A Sadler.	6		Mt Pleasant ce.	30	Chris, Wren, Uxb.	6		" J W S " Manor.	75
M K, Livingstone Crk.	5		Belmont, Kx ss	28	Rev T D McCullough.	25		Billings Bridge.	82
Seymour, St And.	127	56	" yps.	20	Mrs A R Creelman	27		Newtonville.	11
Crowland ce	5		St Lambert yps	5	Three Rivers.	6		Billings Bridge ss.	28
Summerstown, Sa.	29		ss	30	Rev J R McLeod	10		Rev Dr Gray.	8
Columbus.	25	75	Rev Orr Bennet.	6	Kearkerville, St A ss	20		Carberry	18
Hon F H Bronson.	1,100		Bryson ss	3	Aberarder	150		Woodland ss	4
Ballinafad.	20	13	Rev D B McRae.	6	Fergus, Mel.	50		Rothsay, Calvin ss.	65
" ce	12	50	Cranbrook, Kx	17	Seaforth 1st.	50		Palmerston, Kx inf cl.	3
Lizzie Rowe	5		S London, Kx	273					

Mont, Stanley.....	150	Lanark, St And.....	116	Keene ss.....	100	Maple Valley ce.....	25
Richmond.....	30	Iroquois.....	24 50	Rev D D McDonald.....	7	Tor, Ch of Cov.....	43 58
Alberton ss.....	1 50	Dixons.....	7 50	A R Goldie.....	10	Botany, St John's.....	3 20
Prince Albert St Pa.....	54	Tor, Central.....	20	Chesterville.....	4	Unionville ss.....	5
Cranbrook ce.....	25	Rosthern, Duck Lake.....	10	Lindsay St And ss.....	19 02	Kintyre.....	150 40
Glengary ss assoc.....	220	Emerson.....	70	Chippawa.....	19 45	Norral.....	121
Otta, St Pauls.....	249	Rev A MacTavish.....	9	J A Forsyth & family.....	13	" ce.....	15
Corunna.....	7 50	Parry St, St And.....	5	Friend.....	6	" ss.....	34 91
Beeton.....	86 32	Viriden, Carmel.....	40 50	Gorrie ss.....	4	Keady ss.....	10
Streetsville y p ms.....	26	Sarnia, St And ss.....	46	Gorrie.....	43 08	London, Ist.....	255 82
" ss.....	25	Bavistock, Kx.....	90	Elgin ss.....	21	Albemi.....	28 75
Ayr, Knox.....	18 18	Strathroy, St And.....	226 65	Dundee Zion.....	104	Vancouver, St And.....	137 95
Rev R Fairbairn.....	7	Camlachie, Kx.....	53	Fesserton.....	14 75	Sandon.....	2
Paris ss.....	9 01	Que, Chal.....	1,976 05	Stratford kx ss.....	70	King St A.....	7
Mont, Inspector.....	10	Parkhill, St Pa.....	58	Erin Burns.....	6 45	Rev Dr Mackay.....	6
Toronto Bloor.....	697	Kintore.....	100 60	Pictou St And.....	20 60	Beechwood ss.....	12 75
Cordova.....	3 30	Demorestville.....	5	Hartney ss.....	12 00	Kingsbury, etc.....	118
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Blake.....	2 46	Leeds Village etc.....	184 25	Newcastle.....	54 54	" be.....	25
Stouffville, St James.....	77 20	Rev N D Keith.....	7	E Adelaide.....	9 57	Rev R V McKibbin.....	7
Rev R W Leitch.....	10	Huntsville, St And.....	26 25	Melita.....	57 50	Rev W H Jamieson.....	7
Drummond Hill.....	20	Varna.....	15	Rev Wm Forrest.....	2	Doon.....	20 90
Plum Creek ss.....	10	Malagawatch.....	1	Brooke 10th Line.....	15 31	Kirkton ss.....	53
Kendal Ont.....	3 72	Rev A Russell.....	10	Bathurst S Shbk.....	44	Westmeath.....	3 25
Mont, St Johns.....	49 40	N Fork ss.....	23	Burnbrae, St And ss.....	6	Tor Col St, bel.....	25 81
Athelstan.....	10	Durham ss.....	13	Carlisle.....	8 50	Dresden.....	5
J Helmkey.....	10	Winchester ss.....	50	Welland.....	10 52	Rev N Lindsay.....	6
Ethel.....	51 95	Chatham, St Mungos.....	18	Cardinal.....	37	Hx St And.....	32
Carluko, St Pa ss.....	25	Chatham, St Pauls.....	359 16	Mathville.....	22 10	Rev Dr Black.....	8
Ham, St Johns.....	280	Alex Neilson, Sorbro.....	250	Rev G McArthur.....	15	St Marys Kx ss.....	25
Brampton, Mt Pleas ss.....	19	Scarboro, Mel.....	300	Mrs Geo Holmes.....	661 85	Deseronto ymb.....	15
Orillia b cl.....	35	Rev R M Croll.....	4	Tor, Erskine.....	60	Mt Albert.....	37 50
Rev M McLeod.....	25	Petrolia.....	228	" Cook's ce.....	60	Rev John McNair.....	6
Rev John Rennie.....	8	Neepawa Kx, wms.....	24 10	" ss.....	90	Appleton.....	68
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Rev A Wilson.....	9	Beachburg.....	225 00	Paisley, Kx.....	22 80	Mrs Adam Speers.....	5
Huntsville ss.....	6 72	Bishops Mills.....	30 75	"Tithe Giver.....	20 60	Rev Wm Millar.....	9
Blackheath ss.....	10	E, Oxford.....	15 25	Rev A W Crow.....	6	Rev Wm Hodnett.....	8
Kingston, Cooke's.....	5	Gravenhurst ss.....	28	Olds.....	29	Waterdown ss.....	13
Gairloch, N S.....	15	Willoughby.....	3	Glanwilliam.....	18 50	Treherne.....	20
Dunwich, Chal yphms.....	23	Beauharnois ss.....	30	Rev J C Forster.....	10	Elphin.....	25 35
Elora, Chal ss.....	2	J W Kilgour.....	50	Geo Hyde.....	25	Miss J Byers.....	5
Mont, Chal.....	210	Rossland ce.....	10	Woodville.....	20 10	Ham Presby.....	134 96
Russell & ce.....	150 43	Chilliack ce.....	10	Port Hope, Ist.....	81	Peterboro St Pauls.....	1035 53
" M C C.....	8	Sapperton ce.....	10	Bouldarie ss.....	2 40	" Misses Dickson.....	250
Carluko ce.....	14	Mt Pleasant ce.....	25	Mont, Victoria.....	32	" Mrs Walsh.....	250
Komoka ss.....	10	Miss Orr Mt Plea.....	1	Bridgen.....	6 56	" Mrs Hazlett.....	250
Rev J B Hamilton.....	15	Alex Smith.....	25	Mont, Annex.....	17	Windham Centre.....	57
Glenmorris.....	4	Mont Wester.....	5	E Zorra, Burns.....	39 60	Warkworth.....	75 50
Rev J B Hamilton.....	15	John Pennman.....	50	Van Vlack.....	7 50	Pleas Valley.....	18 70
Teeswater, Knox ss.....	37	Caledon Mel.....	12 72	Admaston.....	9 71	Geo Rutherford.....	50
Mrs M Elliott, Lon.....	100	Westfield.....	15 70	Barrs.....	10 70	Napanee.....	121 45
Wpg, Chinese.....	50	Starbuck.....	13	Northote.....	6	Rev W W Peck.....	14
Mrs J Emily Steel.....	50	Blythfield.....	23	Mont, St Matt ss.....	100	Pembroke Cal.....	267 50
New Westminster St A127.....	10	Oak Bluff.....	13 75	N caradoc.....	60	Rev D W S McTavish.....	5
Rev T S Glassford.....	7	Summerville ce.....	3 60	Napier, St And.....	30 30	Ottawa Kx.....	441
Ross.....	116	Cote des Neiges ss.....	10	Ancaster, bees.....	8	Inwood.....	8 25
Allandale.....	5	Wpg Wmstr.....	80	Cobourg, ss 7.....	3	Essex.....	23 60
Chathamworth ss.....	2	Rylstone.....	46	Rev Dr Moore.....	9	Tor Chinese.....	44
Uxbridge etc.....	73	Rossburn.....	40 25	Tor, St Ja Sq.....	3,137 01	Langside.....	22
Rev Geo Ballantyne.....	7	Gamebridge.....	10 33	Mr, Mss Jos Henderson.....	450	Ham Kx ss.....	10
" Friend.....	2	Rev John McFarlane.....	7	Prescott.....	36 26	Tor St And.....	1,349 06
Rev H H Macpherson.....	14	J C Holden.....	25	Cote des Neiges.....	235 81	Rosseau mbd.....	5
Snow Road.....	24 80	Rev R Drinnen.....	110 25	" W B D.....	10	Rev T Nixon.....	6
Hawkesbury, St Pa.....	99	Rev J C Tibb.....	7	Matawatches, etc.....	10 33	Paris.....	404 64
Mont, Erskine.....	3,355	Tor Wmin'ster.....	1042 95	Gravel Hill.....	5 25	West Logan ss.....	4
Rev G C Heine.....	6	Preston ss.....	9 87	Apple Hill.....	22 75	Perth Kx ss.....	50
Lachine ce.....	25	Tor Chal ymb.....	131	" ce.....	12	Westmount St And.....	781
Carleton Pl Zion.....	71	Elora Knox ss.....	18 50	Mrs D D McLennan.....	5	Mosa Burns.....	38 45
Leamington, Kx.....	114			Rev Hugh Cowan.....	8	Winslow.....	51
J B A M Hardie mem, 25							

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH, EAST.

Receipts.

Received during January, 1903, by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, Agent at Halifax, Office, Herald Bldg.

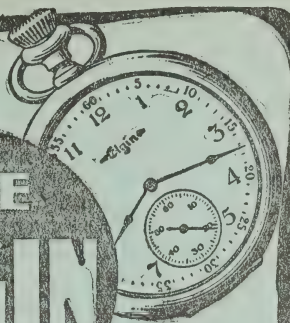
FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Reported.....\$24,128 41
Div Un Bank.....8 75
Thos Young.....20

New Glasgow mb.....	12 80	Marion Bridge.....	36	Windsor, St John's ce.....	20
Mayfield mb.....	7 20	Maitland, St Dav ss.....	14 50	Truro, Bera miss.....	75
Moncton, St Johns.....	52 09	St Johns, St And E End		Cent, Economy.....	5
Port Daniel.....	7	ss.....	66 53	Millerton, Chelmsford.....	
Truro, St Paul's ce.....	10	Upper N Riv ce.....	10	Derby.....	14 50
W Riv Sta, Beth.....	7 20	Students' Assoc.....	10	Students' Assoc.....	10
Mrs Geo Thompson.....	10	Springfield, etc.....	1 1	Torpaupique.....	15 35
Ship Harbour ce.....	1 50	Hx, Coburg Rd.....	12 36	Deaktown.....	22
S Richmond.....	13 90	Campbelltown, St And	34	Larktown, Falls.....	11 15
Strathalbyn jms.....	45 17	" Friend," Lorne.....	2 01	Mickfield ss.....	6 56
Chatham, St Jo ss.....	5	Windsor, St John's ss.....	25	Mrs E K Richardson.....	100

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The "Land" like the "Book" never grows old. Every Bible reader would like to see it, but few can do so. The next best thing is to see it through the eyes of those who have been there. Mr. MacPhie makes one see it about as clearly as any writer we have ever read, and more so than most. He takes one to place after place of Bible history and story, points it out in vivid picture, and makes that history and story live again, and that is the secret of an interesting book on Bible lands.

The cleansing of a soul at the time of regeneration will no more keep a Christian forever pure than a single ablution of his face or form would make his body clean for a lifetime. The world soils our souls every day. Each unholly thought, each angry word, each act of deceit, each covetous desire, each unsincere, unbelieving prayer, each cowardly desertion of duty, leaves an ugly spot. "Create in me a clean heart" is an every hour's prayer for a Christian's whole life.—T. L. Cuyler.

An old coloured man, an ex-slave, who went by the name of the "Corporal"—was drawing near life's end. The doctor said to him, "Corporal, it is only right to tell you that you must die." "Bless you, doctor; don't let that bother you; that's what I've been living for," said Corporal, with the happiest of smiles.

In that well-known treatise on prayer, "The Still Hour," Prof. Austin Phelps says: "No large growth in holiness was ever gained by one who did not take time to be often and long alone with God." He might well have added that no growth in *happiness* is possible without this.—C. E. World.

"We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and of
gain,
By the pride deposed and the passions slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly
meet."



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He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—Goethe.

To persuade one soul to lead a better life is to leave the world better than you found it.

If religion has done nothing for your temper. it has done nothing for your soul.—Clayton.

True success and true happiness are only to be had in giving up our own will.—General Gordon.

Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.—John Bunyan.

It is worth while to do even the smallest kindnesses as we go along the way. Nothing is lost.—J. R. Miller.

There is no use in turning a new leaf unless we improve our handwriting at the same time, and watch out for blots.

"I never knew the blessedness of giving until I became a tithe-giver," testifies a new Legionary from Maine.

Take care of your secret life; let it be such that you will not be ashamed to read it at the last great day.—Spurgeon.

There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

Your "few things" may be very few and very small things, but He expects you to be faithful over them.—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Learn to respect yourself.^a He who seeks only for applause from without has all his happiness in another's keeping.—Oliver Goldsmith.

Thoughtlessness is never an excuse for wrong-doing. Our hasty actions disclose as does nothing else our habitual feelings.—Walter Taylor Field.

It is impossible to mentally or socially enslave a Bible-reading people. The principles of the Bible are the groundwork of human freedom.—Horace Greeley.

There is often a world of difference between things as they seem and things as they are. The shallow person contents himself with the former; the wise search out the latter.

Economy no more means saving money than spending money. It means spending and saving whether time or money, or anything else, to the best possible advantage.—John Ruskin.

Disappointment is always hard to bear, but it may be made easier if we endeavour to bear it bravely, finding comfort in the thought that things are seldom so bad that they cannot be mended.

Self-improvement is impossible without self-help; self-help is impossible without self-control; self-control is impossible without self-respect; and all these are impossible without the help of God.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

God's mercies are a fountain which flows without pause. "He delighteth in mercy." If so in relation to the necessities of the body, how much more in relation to the wants of the soul!—Newman Hall.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—Abraham Lincoln.

Habits of prayer are enforced by Christ's example. A place, a time, a habit, these are the essentials of a growing intimacy with God in prayer. Get acquainted with your Father by being with Him every day.

What is needed is not to get into a praying frame, but to maintain a praying character, to be always in the will of God, so that no employment or enjoyment shall be inconsistent with prayer.—G. Campbell Morgan.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end!—Thomas Carlyle.

To do good is Christ-like. Jesus bestows His favours freely and abundantly. There is no selfishness in His nature. All who possess His mind and spirit go forth as beneficent agents, to gladden and bless all with whom they come in contact.

Be sure that straightforwardness is more than a match at last for all the involved windings of deceit. In your daily life do what you feel right, say what you feel true, and leave, with faith and boldness, the consequence to God.—F. W. Robertson.

Reverence is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is pure and bright in your youth, for what is true and tried in the age of others, for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead and marvellous in the power that cannot die.—Ruskin.

Cheerfulness is one of the crowning graces of Christian character. A bright and happy disposition is one of God's best gifts, more precious than wealth or beauty. But with the person who would follow the Saviour, this cheerfulness should be a matter of principle, if not of temperament.

It is a common mistake to suppose that the only man who is in danger of avariciousness is the rich man. A poor man may be as greedy of his little as a wealthy individual is of his much. A beggar may grasp his dime with as tight a clutch as the millionaire his bunch of stocks. Greed is a thing of the soul, a quality of the inner man. Its measure is not the size of the outward possession, but the spirit of the interior life.—New York Observer.

GO YE INTO
PREACH THE GOSPEL
ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE.

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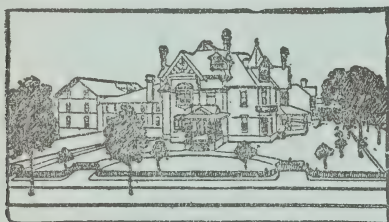
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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

APRIL, 1903.

No. 4

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

The Twenty-Ninth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada will meet in the City of Vancouver, and within St. Andrew's Church there, on Tuesday, 9th June next, at 8 p.m.

The Committee on business, consisting of the Clerks of Assembly together with Clerks of Synods and Presbyteries, who may be Commissioners, will meet in St. Andrew's Church, Vancouver, on Tuesday, 9th June, at 4 p.m.

The best possible arrangements will be made with the railway and steamboat companies, and circulars will be issued in due time giving detailed instructions to Commissioners.

Presbytery and Synod Clerks are instructed, in view of the meeting being held in Vancouver, to take orders that all papers to be laid before next Assembly be in the hands of the Clerk of Assembly, at least twenty-one days before the date of said meeting.

For the better ordering of the business of the General Assembly, will Clerks of Presbyteries kindly aid the Assembly Clerks by complying with the following requests?

1. Send list of Presbytery's Commissioners, as soon as they are appointed, to Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., 68 St. Famille street, Montreal, and all other papers for the Assembly, to Rev. R. H. Warden, D.D., Confederate Life Building, Toronto.

2. Furnish the P. O. addresses of all Elders to whom commissions are given as well as the charges to which ministerial Commissioners belong, as this will facilitate direct communication with the Commissioners and greatly aid the work of preparation for the Assembly.

3. Have all returns to Remits, and other matters that may require separate consideration, on separate sheets.

4. See that documents for submission to the Assembly are written on foolscap paper, only on one side of the sheet, and with a wide margin on the left.

5. Instruct parties who have causes coming before the Assembly to have copies of all papers bearing on such causes printed for the use of members of the Assembly.

ROBERT CAMPBELL, } Joint Clerks of Assembly.
ROBERT H. WARDEN, }

SYNOD MEETINGS.

The Synod of Montreal and Ottawa will meet in St. Paul's Church, Smith's Falls, Ont., on Tuesday, the 13th of May, at 8 o'clock in the evening.

J. R. McLEOD, Clerk.

Three Rivers, Que.

The Synod of Toronto and Kingston will meet in Knox Church, Toronto, on the second Tuesday, (12th) May, at 8 o'clock in the evening.

JOHN GRAY, Synod Clerk.

Orillia, Ont.

The Synod of Hamilton and London will meet in Knox Church, Woodstock, Monday evening, April 27, 1903, at 8 o'clock. Clerks of Presbyteries will please forward to the Clerk of Synod all papers intended for the Synod at least eight days prior to the date of meeting. The Business Committee will meet in the same place at 7 o'clock in the evening. Members of Synod are requested to purchase single tickets and obtain standard certificates at the starting point.

J. H. Ratcliffe, Clerk of Synod.

St. Catharines, April 1, 1903.

PRESBYTERIAN SUMMER SCHOOL AT KNOX COLLEGE.

Whilst all details have not yet been arranged the following have been agreed upon:

1. That the summer school shall be held for ten days, July 6 to 16, in Knox College, Toronto.

2. There shall be three sessions each forenoon. The first hour, 9 to 10 a.m., shall be devoted to Bible Study. The second hour, 10 to 11 a.m., to the study of the Art of Teaching in Connection with Sunday School Work. The third hour, 11 to 12 a.m., to the study of the Principles and Methods of Mission—Home and Foreign.

3. An evening session will be held each day from 9 to 9.30 p.m. when addresses of a more popular and inspirational character will be delivered by prominent men. These meetings will be open to the public.

4. Each afternoon will be left free for recreation, excursions, etc., and arrangements will be made to provide such outings as will make attendance at the school an enjoyable and profitable holiday.

5. Arrangements are made by which delegates can reside in the Knox College residence during the ten days while the school is in session.

6. Six dollars will cover all expenses of board, lodging and registration—the registration fee being intended to help to cover the necessary expenses, such as printing, etc.

From July 14-24 will be held a Summer School for S. S. teachers in the Presbyterian College, Halifax., under the auspices of the Maritime Synod. Prof. Geo. W. Pease, of the Bible Normal College, Hartford, will deliver ten lectures on teaching method in S. S. work. The professors of the College, ministers and laymen of the Church will take part. Board in the College building, five dollars for the ten days or part thereof. Fuller notice later. All communications to be addressed to Prof. R. A. Falconer, Pine Hill, Halifax.

The Board of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, has nominated Rev. Mr. Croskerry, a young minister in Ireland, to the chair in Pine Hill vacated by the removal of Dr. Gordon to Queen's. Mr. Croskerry is a son of the professorial chair and has had a distinguished college career.

A meeting that has been called "historic" was held in Toronto on St. Patrick's Day, 17th March inst. It was the first time that representatives of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches in Canada, as a whole, have met to consider the question of co-operating to prevent overlapping in the Home Mission fields of our land, and to secure the greatest possible efficiency in Home Mission work. A plan was drawn up about a year ago and endorsed by the General Assembly in June last and a Committee appointed upon the subject. This Committee opened correspondence with the other churches. The General Conference of the Methodist Church approved and appointed a Committee consisting of their missionary superintendents and these representatives of the two churches met as above on the 17th ult., and considered the whole subject with great fulness. A sub-committee representing

both churches was appointed to prosecute the work in the effort to reach a clearer and more definite basis of agreement in the matter. The land is wide. It is fast filling. A great work is to be done and must be done now, and these two great missionary churches should see to it that their forces are utilized to the best advantage in winning our land for Christ.

The most important things in the world's history and the greatest steps in her progress do not make the most noise, nor attract the most attention. Two of these steps that mark a permanent advance in human liberty and freedom from civil and ecclesiastical domination have recently taken place in two of the leading nations of Europe, and but little has been said of them. A sensational murder case often occupies a larger place in the news of the day than these two events.

One of them is a recent ukase of the Emperor of Russia, by which a much larger measure of liberty and self-government is granted to the people than ever before enjoyed in that land of despotic authority, and the relief of the peasantry from the system of forced labour which has so long burdened them. It is a step in the direction of constitutional liberty and self-government, and the greatest step forward in that country since the emancipation of the serfs nearly a generation ago.

The other is the final refusal by the French Chamber of Deputies, in their vote of March 9, of all authorization of the religious orders of the Church of Rome in France as public instructors, and the decision to establish a system of Government schools open everywhere to Government inspection.

Russia has long been fettered by civil despotism, and France by ecclesiastical despotism, but in both the bands are breaking.

It is a poor testimony to the religious system that has dominated France for centuries that now the nation shakes itself free as from a bondage.

The worst feature is that some of these religious orders are taking refuge in Britain and Canada.

A correspondent writes of a beautiful new church opened at Oneida, Ont., by Rev. A. Grant, of St. Mary's, a former pastor, and, best of all, but a very small debt which it is expected will be subscribed at once.

THE ATLIN HOSPITAL.

The annual meeting of the Atlin Nurse Committee (auxiliary to the Home Mission Committee), was held in Knox Church, Toronto.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were encouraging and full of interest. The need of a woman's ward had been so great that an addition to the hospital has been built costing one thousand dollars. A deficit of \$215.50 still remains on this addition, and it is important that it should be paid off as soon as possible. It was decided to call this new ward "The Charlotte Macdonald Ward" in memory of the late President, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald.

Miss Mitchell, one of the nurses who had recently returned from Atlin, gave an account of her three years' experience there, and made her hearers feel that the hospital had indeed been a blessing to the sick who were so far from home and friends.

After the resignation of Miss Mitchell and Miss Bone, two other trained nurses, Miss McTavish and Miss Smith, were engaged; they entered on their duties last autumn and have already done good service.

The Committee have suffered during the past year in the loss sustained last August by the death of their beloved President, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, who, from the commencement of the work, had given much of her time and strength to it. Her clear judgment and wise counsel are greatly missed, but she has gone to receive the reward, "well done good and faithful servant."

Again the Committee have been called upon within a few weeks to mourn the loss of another of their principal members, Mrs. (Justice) MacLennan, who, first as President and then as Treasurer, was unwearied in her interest in the Atlin Hospital. Her gentle life was an example to all, and, though she is dead, her memory will ever live in the hearts of those with whom she laboured for the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

The Committee are grateful to friends from every part of the Dominion who have helped them in the past, and trust that this year they will again bear in mind the Atlin Hospital, as owing to the extension of the work the expenses will be greater than ever before.

The officers for the new year are: President, Mrs. R. S. Smellie; Recording Secretary, Miss Inglis; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. E. Long, 29 Cecil street; Treasurer, Miss Helen Macdonald, 33 Charles street, Toronto.

The following is an extract from a letter received by Rev. Dr. Warden from Rev. E. Turkington, of Atlin:

"The work at the hospital is going along nicely and our new nurses have made a name for themselves. The ladies of Toronto could not have made a better choice for the work in this place, and the Board of Managers realize what it means to the hospital work here to have sent in two nurses so efficient in their work and highly endowed with good, wholesome common sense. A poor fellow was brought to the hospital yesterday evening after lying on a hand-sled for three days, while his two partners and some dogs drew him over the snow. They had very little to eat and had only an old tent to protect them from the biting frost at night. They were out prospecting and the wind blew a tree across their tent. What a blessing a hospital is to such a poor fellow."

ITEM FROM H. M. COM. MEETING.

BY REV. DR. HERDMAN.

Train, near Field, B.C., 1st March.

To the RECORD:

To the Home Mission lists of the Synod of British Columbia eighteen fields are to be added, of necessity, this spring. Of these not the least interesting or strategic is the Peace River.

Four and five hundred miles north and northwest of Edmonton, encircled triangularly by the Smoky and the Peace Rivers and the Rocky mountains, awaiting the advent of the rancher and the farmer and the railways, blessed in summer with long sunlight and in winter with warm Chinook winds, lies a goodly land whose name is on many lips. Singly or in broken groups, by devious trails and circuitous waterways, hunters, traders, ranchers, speculators, adventurers and trampers of all kinds are finding their way thither through all the seasons. It is time that we went, too, for these men need spiritual help in their struggling, crowded days.

The part of the Peace River country from which our call comes and into which our missionary will go is the Grand Prairie country, a territory, except at connecting points, topographically distinct from the Hudson Bay Posts and the missions of the Roman Catholic and Anglican communions. These churches deserve much honour for their pioneer and courageous work amongst Indians, half-

breeds and the occasional trader and hunter. Our work will be in the newer reaches of country where ranches are being taken up and cattle and horses are being driven in and where no church has yet established a mission.

At the just-over Vancouver meeting, and by the initiative of the Presbytery of Edmonton, a missionary was appointed, not an untried labourer, but one who has already carried through for the Church faithful, arduous work in the Calgary district—Mr. Robt. Simpson, of Manitoba College and the Glasgow Bible Training Institute.

In a parenthesis I would remark that a lady offers some money to help in the building of a church, and her offer is accepted for this field. A Winnipeg congregation asked recently for information about this mission and may contribute some proportion of the salary that will be requisite.

A transportation outfit will be needed for our young missionary and his bride, for he will probably begin work by founding a home, and the wedding-journey will, in that case, be hundreds of miles long by saddle, cart and boat from Central Alberta and Central Arthabaska. Here let me note this fact in hope that these lines may meet the right eyes and heart.

The late Dr. Robertson and the Presbytery of Calgary discussed the taking up and organizing of this very mission field a year and a half ago, and the Superintendent of Missions then remarked that a business man in one of the large cities had promised him some time previous that so soon as the church was ready to proceed to the far north of the Territories or along the Mackenzie River he was ready with some specified financial aid.

The name of this friend of the great North land and even of his city has passed from my memory, but the time has come for the work which has been talked about so long to go into action. Indeed, in advance even of Mr. Simpson's movements, and in about a fortnight's time, one of our preachers goes up to study out the situation at first hand.

P.S.—I take the opportunity of acknowledging with thanks the receipt of \$50 for porch or vestry for the new church at Raymond from a donor in Quebec Province whose letter is marked "private."

J. C. H.

It is a matter for thankfulness that a larger proportion of English immigration is coming in this spring.

PARRY SOUND, NIPISSING, ALGOMA.

Dr. A. Findlay is a veteran in Home Mission work and for years his energies have been concentrated upon the districts of Parry Sound, Nipissing and Algoma. He states that the chief industries in the districts are mining and pulpwood lumbering. The great difficulty has been to secure suitable men for the winter mission work, but this spring the staff will be increased, and with the development of the country there is a consolidation of the fields.

That the religious work is keeping pace with the growth of the country is seen in the number of new churches built and in the development of congregations. In the Presbytery of North Bay three fields have passed from the mission stage to that of augmented charges. In Algoma three have passed from the augmented list and have become self-sustaining. There is encouraging development in the Temiskaming district, and the mission at Liskeard, under Mr. Pitts, has become a regular charge, and new stations will be opened and additional men employed as the settlement goes on.

The work among the railway men and lumber camps is an important one, and is entirely carried on by the Presbyterian and the Roman Catholic Churches. Rev. Laverie is employed among the railway men and moves from point to point along the line. Rev. W. G. Brown itinerates among the camps on the C. A. R. and his work is much appreciated by the men, while Rev. Mr. Pelletier is employed in the Algoma lumber camps and has the advantage of speaking French as his native tongue. In the Bala field on Lake Muskoka Mr. Donald McKay has been called and will be settled early in the season. There are in the district under Dr. Findlay's supervision seven self-sustaining charges, seven augmented charges and about 90 mission fields, comprising some 220 preaching stations. The idea of self-help is steadily indoctrinated and the average contributions to the general work of the Church are good.

As an example of the growing work in Manitoba and the Northwest, twenty-seven new fields are being opened in that Synod, thirteen groups of missions have been advanced to augmented congregations, six augmented charges have become self-supporting and two mission fields have become self-sustaining.

IN MANITOBA AND N. W. T.

An interview with Rev. Dr. Carmichael, our Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba and N. W. T., is given in the *Presbyterian*. Speaking of the Prairie Province and the Territories of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan:—"Into this great extent of country, population, impelled by the unceasing land hunger, is pouring in a steady stream. Referring to the tremendous influx into the Western States in recent years, he said that we are being faced in Western Canada by the same experiences, and, while the problem has hitherto been a comparatively easy one, the question by which we are now being faced is whether, when our population is as great as that of the United States, we shall be as Canadian and religious in sentiment as they are American and religious.

"There will probably be 150,000 new settlers this year, and the danger that threatens us is that there may come in such a tidal wave of immigration from foreign countries and the United States as to overwhelm us and render it impossible to keep pace with it.

"Both in the East and West the Church is waking up to the gravity of the situation and girding herself for the struggle that is certain to come. It is being realized that individual and national life are kept pure and strong not by railroads and schools alone, but by the Gospel being made the foundation of all our life.

"The work among the foreigners is one that is giving grave concern. The Galician work is likely to become one of the most important and will enlarge as the years go on. Much has already been done to disarm prejudice and opposition by our educational work which is now being assumed by the Government. A campaign of direct evangelistic work is being inaugurated, and a most gratifying feature is that some of our most prominent and gifted ministers have offered themselves for the work.

"The work of medical missions is also being pushed, and the establishment of hospitals at Teulon and in the Rosthern district will be of great assistance to the foreign work. In view of the enlarging work in all directions the great need is a revival in the homes of the Church, so that not only means may be forthcoming but men of the best and strongest type."

That new Western land in the future depends upon its impress to-day.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND ALBERTA.

Rev. Dr. Herdman's summing up of the conditions of the field of which he is superintendent as told in the *Presbyterian*: "Alberta is a country of farms and ranches; British Columbia is a land of mountain and valley and sea-washed coast, the mountains rich in mineral wealth, the valleys exceedingly fertile and the sea swarming with valuable fish.

Moral conditions differ as much as the physical conditions. The religious difficulties of British Columbia are not those of Alberta. Thus in the Pacific Province intemperance is an open and terrible foe. The bar-room is a centre for all kinds of movements, and the number of bar-rooms is very large. The number of places for the sale of liquor in the numerous small towns of the Province is so great that they must be reckoned as a factor in the prevalent commercial depression.

In Alberta, on the other hand, there is a stronger temperance sentiment. In some districts an effort is being made to keep out liquor altogether, and in certain towns lots will only be sold on condition that the premises are not to be used for the sale of intoxicants.

But Alberta has its own special difficulties in the way of religious work. The growing and aggressive settlement of the Mormons presents a problem. Then the ranching industry which scatters the settlers at such wide distances apart makes it difficult to gather congregations together for worship or to maintain public or Sabbath schools. A proposal is to be brought before the General Assembly to establish boarding schools at one or two centres like Calgary and Kamloops for the education of the children of these scattered ranchers.

Notwithstanding the difficulties that exist in all parts of this field the situation is full of encouragement. The large congregations are taking a deeper interest in the evangelization of their respective districts. Sabbath school work is being taken hold of heartily at many points. Godly men and women in the congregations are coming forward as volunteers in various branches of the work, and the results of their labour are manifesting themselves.

The results which are most to be desired, true spiritual results, cannot always be outwardly discerned or expressed in figures. To have souls brought to Christ is the high reward of all our labour.

"My Word shall not return to me void" is true of our Home Mission work, East and West.

HOME MISSION APPOINTMENTS.

At the meeting of the Home Mission Committee West, 10 March, ult., the following Ministers were appointed to the different Presbyteries in Ontario and Quebec. The appointments to Presbyteries in Manitoba, N. W. T. and B. C. are left in the hands of the N. W. Committee.

To Quebec Presbytery.—Revs. A. Stevenson, J. S. Stewart, J. L. Callan, J. McKenzie, E. G. Walker, G. W. Thom, Messrs. O. F. McCutcheon, W. L. Tucker and J. R. Shearer.

To Montreal Presbytery.—Rev. James Beatt, Messrs. E. H. Gray, J. C. Robinson.

To Ottawa Presbytery.—Revs. P. Matheson, A. G. Cameron, James Taylor, N. McLaren, Messrs. G. W. Mingie and W. Ross.

To Lanark and Renfrew Presbytery.—Revs. M. D. M. Blakely, G. D. Campbell, Mr. J. M. McDonald.

To Brockville.—Rev. J. A. McConnell and Mr. J. Y. Ferguson.

To Kingston.—Revs. R. Fotheringham, K. C. McLeod and A. Akitt, Messrs. H. D. Borley, M. A. Lindsay, J. N. Beckstedt, L. H. Woods, J. C. McConnachie, A. T. Hadden, W. L. Bennett, C. C. Whiting, R. Brydon and J. H. Hutchinson.

To Peterboro.—Rev. T. W. Goodwill, Messrs. S. H. Pickup, W. M. Potter, Percy. B Thornton, A. R. Evans.

To Lindsay.—Revs. James Gilchrist, James McMillan and Mr. James McCormick.

To Toronto.—Messrs. W. W. McLaren, R. B. Cochrane, L. H. Currie, D. A. McKerracher.

To Orangeville.—Messrs. J. R. Watts and A. F. Roadhouse.

To Barrie.—Rev. H. N. Konkle, Messrs. Gavin Morton, W. McKay, James Petrie, F. Welsh, J. C. Bain.

To North Bay.—Revs. R. Miller, W. G. Brown, J. Steele, W. Hay, R. B. McKibbin, J. Burnet, J. Becket, J. Garrioch, J. H. Laverie and W. Gribble, Messrs. W. J. McQuarrie, D. McFarlane, F. S. Eastman, P. Taylor, Catechists—Messrs. J. McCorkindale, D. H. Reid, W. Andrews, W. H. Alp.

To Algoma.—Revs. N. C. McKenzie, M. W. Byron, James Anderson, J. A. McDonald, J. P. MacInnes, James Sieveright, Messrs. G. Munro, J. A. Petrie, S. H. Moyer, J. M. McKenzie, P. J. D. Pringle and H. D. Robertson.

Catechists—Messrs. J. H. Armstrong, T. E. Bennett, D. B. Smith, C. W. Leigh.

To Owen Sound.—Revs. T. A. Nelson, W. A. Stewart and J. I. Manthorne, Mr. J. J. Cowan.

To Saugeen.—Mr. R. B. Stevenson.

To Guelph.—Rev. A. McClelland.

To Hamilton.—Rev. J. W. Mitchell, E. B. Chestnut, R. McDermott, Mr. Geo. Shearer.

To Paris.—Rev. J. D. Edgar.

To Chatham.—Messrs. M. F. Munro, R. R. Glenn and A. Campbell.

It is interesting to think of what all these appointments mean of destiny to the many in the mission fields to whom these men come with their message.

Okotoks and High River, Calgary Presbytery, have been divided, Okotoks remaining in charge of Rev. James Hastie, late of Cornwall, while Rev. J. S. Shortt, of Davisburg (De Winton P. O.) is moderator of Session at High River, to which Gladys mission field asks union.

MINISTERS' OBITUARY.

REV. ADAM GUNN died 1st March, at Estevan, N.W.T., in his 57th year. He was born at E. River, St. Mary's N.S., entered Dalhousie University, 1868, graduated in 1872 and completed his theological studies at the Presbyterian College, Halifax, in 1875. He was settled shortly afterward at Gore and Kennetcook, N.S., remaining for some sixteen years, when he accepted a call to Cardigan, P.E.I., where he laboured for ten years. In the autumn of 1902 he resigned and went to the Northwest and was appointed by the Home Mission Committee to Portal, Estevan and Coalfields, N.W.T. His work was successful, the group was organized into a congregation and his induction was appointed for 10th March, and so soon as a manse could be prepared his wife and family, who were still in Cardigan, were to go West. But these bright hopes were not to be fulfilled. After a few days' illness he passed away. And the lifeless remains were all that came back East to the sorrowing family.

REV. W. E. LOCHEAD died, at Brantford, Ont., 9 March, ult., aged 72 years. He was ordained to ministry in 1859, and labored at Renfrew, at Garden Hill, and at Fenelon Falls. On account of his health he returned from active work and resided during the last few years at Brantford, until his death.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.*Synod of the Maritime Provinces.*

1. Sydney, Sydney, 24 March, 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Orangedale, 5 May, 11 a.m.
3. P. E. Island, Charlottetown.
4. Pictou, N. Glasgow, 5 May, 1 p.m.
5. Wallace, Oxford Jct., 19 March, 1.30.
6. Truro, Truro, 19 May, 10 a.m.
7. Halifax, Hx., 30 April, 2.30 p.m.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth, Lahave, 5 May, 2.30.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 7 July, 2 p.m.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox.
13. Glengarry, Alexandria, 14 July, 10.30 a.m.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, Bank, 5 May, 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Carlton Pl., 20 April, 7.30 p.m.
16. Brockville, Brockville, 7 July.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston, St. A., Kingston, 10 Mar., 1 p.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 14 July, 2 p.m.
19. Whitby, Whitby, 21 April, 10 a.m.
20. Lindsay, Uxbridge, 17 March, 11 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, 2nd Tues. monthly.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 5 May
23. Barrie.
24. Algoma.
25. North Bay, North Bay, 26 Feb., 9 a.m.
26. Owen Sound, O. Sound, 7 July.
27. Saugeen, Holstein, 7 July, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Rockwood, 17 March, 11 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, Kx., Ham.
30. Paris.
31. London.
32. Chatham, Windsor, 14 July, 10 a.m.
33. Stratford, Stratford, 12 May.
34. Huron, Clinton, 12 May, 10.30 a.m.
35. Maitland, Wingham, 19 May, 1.30 p.m.
36. Bruce, Paisley, 7 July, 10 a.m.
37. Sarnia, Sarnia, 3 March, 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior, Aug.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 10 March.
40. Rock Lake, Baldur, 8 July.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage, Arden, 3 March, 1.30 p.m.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa.
46. Melita.
47. Regina, Moosejaw, Feb.
48. Qu'Appelle.
49. Prince Albert, Pr. Albert, 1st week Sept.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary, Macleod.
51. Edmonton, Ft. Saskatchewan.
52. Kamloops, Revelstoke, 4 Mar., '03.
53. Kootenay.
54. Westminster.
55. Victoria, Victoria, Aug.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, &c.

CALLS FROM

- Glenallen and Hollen to Mr. J. J. Monds, of Knox College, Toronto.
- Shoal Lake, Man., to Mr. J. S. Davidson, of Blantyre, Ont.
- Sunderland and Cresswell, Ont., to Mr. F. C. Harper.
- Hillsbury and Bethel, to Mr. S. B. Russell, of Bradford, Pa., U. S. A.
- Thorold, to Mr. Thos. Wilson.
- Mandaumin, Ont., to Mr. Burkholder.
- Woodville, Ont., to Mr. W. M. Kannawin, of Omemee.
- Dalhousie Mills and Cote St. George, to Mr. W. A. Morrison, of Granite, Vt.
- Fleming, N.W.T., to Mr. J. Leishman.
- Sturgeon Falls, Ont., to Mr. Mann.
- Bank Street Church, Ottawa, to Mr. J. H. Turnbull, of Bowmanville.
- St. Andrew's Church, Levis, Que., to Mr. W. W. McCuaig.

INDUCTIONS INTO

- Nanton, N.W.T., 13th Feb., Mr. Wm. Mackay, St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, 26th Feb., Mr. J. W. Macmillan.
- Walkerton, Ont., March, Mr. Thos. Wilson.
- London, Ont., 19th March, Mr. Jas. Rollins.
- Kaslo, B.C., 5th April, Mr. Jas. Hastie.
- Vernon, B.C., 3rd March, Mr. R. W. Craw.
- Qu'Appelle, N.W.T., 10th March, Mr. H. F. M. Ross.
- Powassan, Ont., 12th March, Mr. R. McNabb.
- King Street Church, London, Ont., 19th March, Mr. Jas. Rollins.
- McDonald's Corners, etc., Ont., 7th April, Mr. Wm. A. Guy.

RESIGNATIONS OF

- Cumberland, B.C., Mr. K. J. Glassford.
- Thamesville and Turin, Chatham Pres., Mr. Jno. McInnis.
- Latona, Ont., Mr. Graham.
- First Church, Port Hope, Ont., Mr. Sinclair.
- Baltimore and Cedar Springs, Ont., Mr. Hunter.
- Underwood and Centre Bruce, Ont., Mr. Jas. Fitzpatrick.
- St. John's Church, Hamilton, Ont., Mr. John Young.
- Darnoch, Ont., Mr. W. J. Graham.
- East Templeton, Que., Mr. D. J. Scott.
- Maisonneuve Church, Montreal, Mr. W. W. MacKerracher.
- Economy, N.S., Mr. A. Gray.
- Kempt and Walton, Hx. Presby, Mr. Ma-son.

NEW CHURCHES OPENED AT

- Granton, Ont., 15th March.
- Cargill, Ont., 23rd Feb.

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY AUXILIARIES.

BY MRS. J. D. ANDERSON, BEAUHARNOIS, QUE.

At a Convention of Sabbath School Teachers held last September the question was asked, What new methods can we adopt to better hold the scholars we now have and attract others? After much discussion the conclusion arrived at was that not so much the introduction of something new, but rather the more faithful use of the means already employed would accomplish the desired ends. The same question is repeatedly put in connection with our Missionary Auxiliary work, and the same answer might well be given.

As we stand on the threshold of another year's activity, may it not be advisable to pause for a moment to take a backward glance over the year or years of our existence and to ask ourselves if we, as auxiliaries and individual members of auxiliaries, have done all in our power to ensure true success.

We are told in First Corinthians, 4-2, that "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." Although these words apply particularly to ministers of the Gospel, still they are applicable to every one who through the Gospel has accepted Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour.

As stewards it is our duty to impart this life giving knowledge to all who are yet dead in trespasses and in sin, whether at home or abroad.

So the question comes home to each one of us to-day, Have we each been faithful in the various duties devolving upon us as presidents, treasurers, secretaries, representatives and individual members?

We suppose that there are few auxiliaries, from the largest and most influential to the smallest and weakest, but those of its members who have its best interests most at heart feel that there is room for improvement, if not in one way, then in another.

It would be a discouraging sign if we were perfectly satisfied with our meetings and the results attained, for then the tendency would be to fold our hands in calm self-complacency and slowly but surely slide downwards, as we are all aware that, where there is not progress or at least strenuous exertion to hold what we have, there is of necessity retrogression.

Some auxiliaries for various reasons and in spite of vigorous effort to the contrary grow smaller and smaller until it hardly seems worth while to hold a regular meeting at all, but if

there are only the one or two gathered together in His name, these meetings may eventually prove stronger than the strong, as we shall presently see. That each individual member is accountable for the success or non-success of any society may be taken for granted, so every one, without exception, must consider herself responsible.

Those who are appointed as leaders feel the weight of this responsibility possibly more than those who follow, but it is the privilege and duty of the latter to greatly assist the ones they have voluntarily placed in office, while it is only right that the office-bearers should make all the work in connection with an auxiliary as helpful and interesting as possible.

When deciding at what hour the monthly meeting should be held it is necessary to consider what will best suit the majority of women who are likely to identify themselves with the society.

For example, if those we expect to become members are employed from seven in the morning until six at night, it is not very practical to hold the meeting at three o'clock in the afternoon. Eight in the evening would, in all probability, double or even treble the membership.

On the other hand, many will be more apt to attend an afternoon meeting where social engagements demand the evening hours.

In country districts the same thoughtful consideration will likely result in a higher average attendance. In small towns and villages it is often easier for a woman to get out for an hour in the evening after the head of the house returns from his daily occupation, for where there are small children and no domestic help it is absolutely impossible for the most enthusiastic woman to get away during the day-time; but in a farming community where the men are usually somewhere about the premises, and bad roads with long distances to be considered, an early hour will likely be preferred by most, as daylight is indispensable.

The place for meeting is another point that deserves faithful and thoughtful consideration. In the city we suppose the church parlours are usually chosen as the most suitable. Where this is impracticable it is customary to go to the houses of the different members in turn, and this plan has its drawbacks. There are sure to be some, possibly only one, in the community who cannot invite the meeting to her home, and for that reason only refrains from uniting with us.

Then, again, if any are absent from the service on Sabbath when the announcement is given as to where the meeting will be held during the week, that is ample excuse for some to make into a reason for remaining at home, even though they were present when the arrangement was made the month previous. Some folk have poor memories, but if it was an understood fact that the missionary meeting met for a specified number of times, say for six months or a year at one particular house, surely it could not be so readily forgotten.

This might mean no small inconvenience, but if we each truly realize our individual responsibility as faithful stewards, the difficulty would not be to find one willing woman, but to choose from the many who would consider it a privilege to have her home so used in the interests of the Society.

Sometimes it has been found helpful to introduce the social element into our auxiliary meeting, and where there are new families coming in it is a pleasant way of introducing prospective members to the work and workers. Also, if any in the country districts drive a long distance on a cold winter day in order to attend a meeting, a cup of hot tea or coffee will be found to go a long way towards warming the heart to the missionaries, especially those in Greenland, Labrador and the Yukon.

But in this, perhaps more than in any other department of the work, the faithful steward must exercise considerable discretion, for to-day as in the days of old by the Gallilean lake there are those who may be tempted to follow from motives not the best.

In the matter of contributions we sometimes find that a very serious drawback to growth is found where there is a stated membership fee. We are quite sure that no one wishes this to be the case, but we are apt to overlook the fact that some are very sensitive upon this point, and if they cannot contribute as others do they will not attend the meetings. There are countless women in our church who cannot promise to give even a small sum yearly. We have heard more than one make the statement, "We do not have enough to provide for the necessities of life; it is impossible to give what we have not got."

But why for this reason should they be deprived of coming to hear what wonders the Lord hath wrought? To these women more than to any other class will the missionary auxiliary come as a tonic, lifting them out of themselves and their daily toil. They will re-

turn from the meeting helped and refreshed and their homes enlivened as a consequence.

God honours us by using our poor means to carry on His work, but He is not dependent upon what we give; if such were the case, alas for the nations that sit in darkness! There are many professedly Christian women who spend more on candy and perfume, not to mention jewellery and gewgaws in a single year than they give to the evangelization of the world in ten, ay, twenty years.

Are we each and all faithful in this respect, giving according as the Lord hath prospered us, not cast down if we have only our daily bread and raiment fit provided, knowing that if there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath and not according to that he hath not.

The stronger a society is numerically and financially the more good work it can accomplish, so far as mere human judgment can determine. But, our Master to whom alone we must give account, can use cents as well as dollars. Financial strength as well as numerical strength does not of necessity accomplish the highest work. Free-will offerings enclosed in an envelope and called for periodically, with mite boxes distributed among all who are favourably disposed, will be more apt to cause an increase than a decrease of revenue, and, at the same time, remove any hesitancy on the part of any who feel they cannot belong because they cannot promise to give.

We come now to consider the material required for our monthly meetings. In this age of literature it hardly seems possible that any auxiliary should suffer from a dearth of missionary intelligence. There is really no time in our already overcrowded days, either in town or country, for much in the way of original papers unless we can secure the co-operation of the young ladies and older girls. But in most congregations there are some who take the *PRESBYTERIAN RECORD*, and if *Foreign Missionary Tidings* is also subscribed for there is ample material in either for several meetings.

A capital way in which to procure news direct from the scene of action is to write the name and address of a missionary belonging to our Church, selected each from some different field, upon a slip of paper, and invite the members to take one or more of these slips and write to the person specified a long and newsy letter. No matter if you never heard of them before. Tell them of yourself, your family, your home, your church home, your auxiliary,

anything and everything, and be sure to enclose a few of last year's Christmas cards for the native children. Your unknown correspondent will appreciate a letter from the homeland, and all the more because a complete stranger took sufficient interest in her and her work to write.

In most cases an answer will be forthcoming, and nothing proves so interesting as when one of our number receives and reads a letter from her missionary. In this way we get to love our representatives, those who have gone because we may not. (For remember the command is "Go," not "Send," and we who stay at home must be able to give a very good reason to Him who gave the command why we have not literally obeyed his injunction.) When we love, it is second nature to deny one's self that the object of affection may be benefited. Gradually the mite box will increase in value and the contribution become larger with our increased knowledge.

Now let us ask if we are faithful as individual workers in our relation to each other.

Long years ago in the very first Women's Missionary Auxiliary two good women disagreed, and the feeling ran so high between them that their respective friends were influenced, until at length the Society was divided into factions. The aged missionary who had organized the auxiliary, and who loved them all, was so distressed at the condition of affairs that he wrote beseeching Enodias and Syntiche that they be of the same mind in the Lord.

Human nature has not changed for the better during the intervening centuries, and how often to-day do we find good women squabbling over some childish disagreement, and, as in the case referred to, influencing their fellow workers.

How can this be overcome? How may we all be of one mind in the Lord? Surely if we each seek to be imitators of the meek and lowly Jesus, if we are small in our own eyes, each esteeming the other better than herself, not puffed up, not easily provoked, thinking no evil, each one anxious to be the first to give place to the other, a change would soon be noticeable. Disagreements would melt away under the influence of the warm rays proceeding from our Sun of Righteousness, just as in a few weeks the snow now enveloping the earth will melt away under the mild influence of the natural sun. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Then the question may be asked, Are we faithful as individuals apart from our auxiliary work? We only meet once a month as a Society, but every day we are held responsible in our behaviour towards others, whether or not we attract them to our Master and to His work. In our homes are our children given up entirely to God's service from their infancy, through their childhood and youth to maturity? Do we honestly seek by precept and example to show them that we seek the Kingdom of God and his righteousness above and before all earthly preferment? Are we like Abraham, the friend of God, faithful in our homes, commanding our children and our household, those grown up as well as those of tender years, that they keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment so long as they are under our roof?

We do not need many years' experience of motherhood before discovering that baby eyes and baby minds can arrive at a very correct estimate of the sincerity of our motives, and as the birthdays roll on quickly and more quickly each succeeding year their keenness of discernment between true religion and mere conventional sham is in no wise diminished. So linking our past experience as children of Godly parents, in a home separate from the world, with our present position as mothers, we are assured that there is no factor more potent in our work than the consecration and training of our children for the Master, whose we are and whom we serve.

Not only as parents are we thus responsible, but as teachers in the Sabbath School, and as private church members. Our consistent daily walk and conversation must be such that those whose keen eyes watch our every action may know that we have been with Jesus, and so be led to inquire after Him to the end that their souls may be washed in His blood, that they may be sanctified by His Spirit and serve Him continually. Such is the overwhelming responsibility that rests upon each one of us. Oh! that we might all realize it more fully than we do.

But after all we have not yet got at the motor power, and like Paul must exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Here is our street car laden with good intention, earnest purpose and self-sacrificing desire. Time, place and material all in readiness, but yet we do not move. A steep, steep hill is ahead of us; though we strain every nerve and each muscle is tense, not one

inch of progress do we make. What is the matter? Where is the flaw?

Ah! we have it now, we are not in contact with the dynamo, but just let the trolley connect with the overhead wire. Once we touch it we move forward and upward easily, lightly. The moment we let go we come to a standstill and will slip, slip down, down, down, until a catastrophe arrests our descent.

So long as we keep in contact with God in Heaven, His Holy Spirit dwelling in us on earth, and connected by the live wire of prayer, no obstacles are insurmountable, no achievements too great. We shall be filled with spiritual electricity. Utterly powerless ourselves we thus receive power. Jesus says, "All power is given unto me," and also, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." His promised Comforter has indeed come and dwells in each individual who has been redeemed by His blood.

Why is it then that there are so many poor, joyless, powerless Christians? First because they resist the Holy Spirit; second, they grieve the Holy Spirit; third, they quench the Holy Spirit. Still He strives. Still He is long-suffering and longs to use us, body, soul and spirit, if we will only allow him. One or two Spirit-filled women united with our risen Lord in his ministry of intercession for a lost and ruined world will accomplish more missionary work than the largest and richest auxiliary where the Holy Ghost and prayer are not employed as the chief agencies for the spread of the Gospel.

Then let us pray for every member of our auxiliary, and in the smaller congregations we can pray for every man, woman and child by name, and go on praying. By prayer we do not mean the breathing out of a few pious petitions which cost us no effort, but the earnest pleading which demands our whole heart and all our strength.

Andrew Murray tells us that, "All the powers of evil seek to hinder us in prayer. Prayer is a conflict with opposing forces. May God give us grace to strive in prayer till we prevail." Let us not be discouraged, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. It may be that another will reap where we have sown.

Pray for each meeting, pray at each meeting, "In everything by prayer and supplication make your requests known unto God." But ah! let us not make our plans first and then ask God to bless them. He very probably will,

but all the time He may have had something very much better waiting for us if we had not been so set upon having our own way. If we were always ready to say "What wilt Thou have me to do," how many sleepless nights and anxious days would we be saved? We would not then be cumbered with much serving but rather free to serve.

If we feel that in the past we have not continued instant in prayer nor fully experienced the indwelling of the Comforter, may we here and now confess our sin, and by faith accept the Holy Ghost into our hearts, the result will be as life from the dead. With renewed vigor we will push forward towards the consummation of the ages. The time is short. Let us be up and doing, for He has said "Surely I come quickly." "Even so come! Lord Jesus."

MAGIC LANTERN PICTURES,

OF OUR FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS.

Rev. J. McP. Scott, of St. John's Church, Toronto, has, after long effort and work, got together several series of lantern slides illustrating our mission fields in India, Honan, Formosa and Trinidad. Each series contains from sixty-five to eighty views, including maps and missionary hymns, with accompanying lecture. They are the property of the Y. P. S. of St. John's Church, which has borne the cost of their preparation, and they are offered for use in the Church. Special shipping cases have been prepared so that they may be sent by express to any part of the country. A charge of \$1.50 plus expressage both ways has been named as the cost of a set for one night. Where used for several nights there would probably be some reduction. It is generous on the part of St. John's Y. P. S. and their pastor, and will doubtless be taken advantage of by many. Address James A. McArthur, 80 First Ave., Toronto.

The Christian who counts on the constant presence and the continuous help of Christ is a person who is hard to discourage.

A great many people are trying to *make* peace. But that has already been done. God has not left it for us to do; all that we have to do is to enter into it.—Moody.

He who is rich only for himself, laying up treasure only for himself, is by so much robbing his real inward life, his life in and toward God, of its resources.—Henry Alford.

Our Foreign Missions.

WEEK OF PRAYER FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D., F. M. SEC.

At a Conference of Foreign Mission Boards held in New York on the 13th and 14th January, at which from thirty to thirty-five Boards were represented, it was unanimously agreed to fix upon Easter week—April 5 to 12—as a prayer-week for Foreign Missions. Please note the following points in connection with the proposal :

1. It has been discovered by experience that these calls for special prayer are fruitful. Both men and money come in response to such appeals.

2. All Christian people are asked to co-operate in this ministry of prayer for the evangelization of the world—especially during that week.

3. The open doors and increased hopefulness of missions in all lands calls for special effort now.

4. In our own Canadian Presbyterian Foreign Missions there has been expansion in every department. In Formosa, Honan, Macao, India, and amongst the Chinese in Canada the work has grown. Whilst we are thankful that the revenue for the past year has been sufficient, a very much larger revenue will be necessary next year in order to meet increased obligations.

5. The General Assembly has appointed the second Sunday in March as the day for the collection for foreign Missions. It is asked that a month later, the 12th April, the close of the Week of Prayer, be substituted as the day for a Foreign Mission collection.

6. As the Honan Mission is the one most urgently calling for more men and increased expenditure, it is asked that the collection upon that day, the 12th April, be devoted by the Western Section to Honan.

7. The General Assembly appoints a collection day, specially for congregations that have no Missionary Association. Would it not be possible for all congregations, West, to take on the 12th an offering for Honan, and thus provide the total estimate for that mission for 1903, which amounts to \$23,000? The opening of

two new important centres, the erection of necessary buildings, and the willingness of the people to hear the message the missionaries bring, with the consequent call for more men make the claims of Honan peculiarly urgent.

8. A Prayer Card has been issued that will give unity in prayer during that week in all the leading Protestant Churches in the United States and Canada.

LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

Mrs. H. H. Morton writes the following very interesting letter to the ladies of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, N.B., her home church :

January 20 and we are well started on another year of work in our Tunapuna field, my second year in Trinidad.

It is hard to realize that I have been in this corner of the world so long, and, sad to say, the mosquitos do not yet consider me a native, but bite away in the most interesting manner as though I had just arrived.

I have often thought of writing the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of my own church, but there are always so many absolutely necessary letters in response to boxes, questions, etc., that one has little time for general correspondence. Not as yet having enough Hindi to do much in the way of visiting I do all I can with the correspondence, which only Mrs. Morton or I can attend to.

However, my attempts at the language are not altogether without success. You would, indeed, be amused if you could listen to the mixture of English and Hindi which is to be heard when I am tending to a row of patients on a Saturday morning, and as a mixer of medicines I am a great success. I watched some of my first patients with interest, but, up to the present time, no one has died under my treatment.

Christmas passed off quietly with us. Miss Blackadder, our Tacarigua teacher, being our only guest—her twenty-second Christmas dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Morton.

We had an especially early "coffee," and before 7 o'clock the "Burka Sahib" (old Sahib*) and Madame were driving to St.

* Rev. Dr. Morton, E.C.

Joseph, while "Cholta Sahib" (little Sahib†) was speeding on his bicycle to Arouca for 7.30 a.m. services.

I remained behind to get all in readiness for our 9 o'clock service in Tunapuna, and by 10.30 we were able to draw breath and say, "merry Christmas."

Our Trinidad Christmas is more like an American Fourth of July with firecrackers and torpedoes going off in every direction.

The Monday after Christmas our girls (there are nine of them at present) and Deborah, our faithful Bible-woman, and mother for the time being to the girls, returned after a week's vacation, and then all was excitement preparing for the marriage of two of the girls, one on January 8 and one on the 10th. The first bride, who married a pupil teacher from Warrenville, wore English clothes, white muslin, wedding veil, orange blossoms, gloves, etc.

On Saturday, January 10, my particular favourite among the girls, Alice, was married to Nainmool, one of our night-school boys. On this occasion kurtas (the white shirt worn by the Indian men) jhulas and orhues were the order of the day, and Alice did look so sweet. Once again I was an impromptu bridesmaid. I also rendered "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" in my best style on both occasions as the bride came down the aisle of our Arimalya Presbyterian Church.

After this second ceremony we were regaled with cool drinks and wedding cake in the school house. There was also rice, tucari and goat's meat, but the inmates of our manse were rude enough to decline these luxuries.

Mrs. Morton and I were kept busy all December opening up mission boxes and sorting the various articles and getting ready for our January distribution. Once a year we visit every corner of our field and present some little gift to every man, woman and child belonging to our fold.

Our first gathering for 1903, of Christians young and old, was at the Tunapuna school-house last Thursday, and this week there will be gatherings at St. Joseph and Tacarigua. From this time on we are very busy till all our forty miles of schools and people are visited.

I have made a special effort to have enough dressed dolls to give every girl one this year, and those I have written to have responded generously, especially the mission band of St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, who sent me such

a nice box of dressed dolls, cards, scrap-books, etc.

Every year for some time past, the ladies of Chalmer's Church Auxiliary, Quebec, have sent Mrs. Morton a fine big box, which goes a long way towards our New Year's presents. Here are some of the articles which it contained this year:—2 doz. scissors, 4 doz. penknives, 3 doz. mugs, 3 doz. handkerchiefs, 4 doz. belts, 5 doz. testaments, 4 doz. school bags, 1 doz. little pincushions, 11 remnants of ribbon, 3 doz. purses, 60 yards of print in remnants, unbleached cotton, etc., etc.

These things did not cost much, and are perfectly fresh and new. I often wonder how they collect; whether the merchants give them donations, or whether the members undertake to supply certain things; at any rate the result is most satisfactory. If you know of any society that would like to get up a similar box, and would send me their address, I would be most happy to give them a list of some simple gifts we would like for next year.

Our night school is again in full swing, after three week's vacation. It quite breaks the night school boys' hearts, and Madame's‡ as well, to take a vacation; but the rest of us put our foot down, and insist on an occasional let-up from her work. Five nights a week, rain or shine, she's with those forty or more boys from seven to nine. Deborah, yours truly, and occasionally one or the other of the Sahibs assist in the teaching; however, we feel that we can run away now and again, but the Madame never.

Last Sunday my Sahib held service at Caroni, Warrenville and Cumpia, bicycling twenty miles under a tropical sun; while Dr. Morton was at Chaguanas, thirty miles by rail from Tunapuna.

Our favourite catechist Gayadeen was our preacher here for the day, and immediately after our luncheon, Mrs. Morton and I drove to Arouca arriving in time for our three o'clock service there.

We drove homeward about five o'clock, the time to enjoy life in this country, and oh I wish I could describe to you the beauty of our Tacarigua hills, but you must all come and see for yourselves.

We reached "Silver Bank" in time for dinner, after which Mrs. Morton rushed to her night school while I rested. Oh to have Burka Memsahib's energy, but I never shall, and I do wish she could be persuaded to take things a bit easier.

† Rev. H. H. Morton, Ed.

‡ Mrs. Morton.

HISTORY OF OUR TRINIDAD MISSION.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF TRINIDAD.

The fertile Island of Trinidad lies in sight of the northeast coast of South America, ten degrees north of the equator. It is rectangular in shape, thirty miles east and west by fifty miles north and south, with arms at the northwest and southwest corners, reaching out westward, and almost completely enclosing between themselves and the mainland the Gulf

one per cent. of the whole. The East Indian section of the population is increasing more rapidly than the others.

Port of Spain, the Capital, population 40,000, is in the northwest, on the Gulf of Paria, while half way down the west side, on the same water, is San Fernando, the second town of the Island, with a population of over eight thousand.

HISTORY OF TRINIDAD.

It was discovered by Columbus in 1496.



of Paria. Three ranges of rugged hills run east and west across the north, south and centre of the Island.

Its chief products are sugar and cocoa; the sugar estates being principally in the flat country of the west coast, and the cocoa estates in the valleys and on the hillsides of the mountain ranges, while the eastern part is more rugged and as yet largely unsettled.

The population is not far from 250,000, of which nearly 90,000 or over one-third are East Indians, while the remainder are chiefly coloured, with a few Europeans and North Americans, in the neighbourhood of 2,500, or

"About mid-day," says Washington Irving, "a mariner at the masthead beheld the summits of three mountains arising above the horizon. As the ship drew nearer it was seen that these three mountains arising above the horizon were united at the base.

"Columbus had determined to give the first land he should behold the name of the Trinity. The appearance of these three mountains, united into one, struck him as a singular coincidence, and, with a solemn feeling of devotion, he gave the Island the name of La Trinidad, which it bears at the present day." "These mountains," writes Dr. Morton, "are

the 'Three Sisters' in the southern range of hills.

Prior to the discovery of Columbus, the Island was known by the Indian name "Iere," the land of the humming bird, and our first mission work among the E. Indians in Trinidad, thirty-five years ago, was begun by Dr. Morton at "Iere" village.

For nearly three centuries the Island was neglected, but in 1780 the Spanish Government decided that each white person of either sex, being a Roman Catholic, should receive, on settling on the Island, a free grant of 32 acres of land, and half that quantity for every slave he should possess; and that each free coloured person should receive half the quantity given to whites. The result was an increase in population of over sixteen thousand, almost wholly Roman Catholic, during the next sixteen years.

In 1797, just three centuries after its discovery by Columbus, Trinidad was taken by the English, and as soon as sufficient time had been allowed for all to remove from the Island who were unwilling to take the oath of allegiance to Britain, a census was taken which shewed the number of inhabitants left to be only 2,086. For more than a century it has been a British colony, with the growth and progress which usually accompany British possession and freedom and safety and justice.

ECCLESIASTICAL CONDITION OF TRINIDAD.

As to the religious profession of the people, the E. Indians, except so far as our mission has borne fruit among them, are non-Christian, being Hindoos and Mohammedans. Of the nominally Christian population a little more than one-half is Roman Catholic, the remainder being connected with the leading Protestant denominations. There are four Presbyterian congregations on the Island, each with an ordained minister, European or Canadian, besides our mission congregation among the East Indian immigrants.

The leading Presbyterian congregation on the Island is in the Capital, Port of Spain. Its origin was on this wise. In 1837, just before the slaves were freed, a wave of liberality spread over Scotland and certain congregations were led to support a mission of their own. Greyfriars U. P. Church, Glasgow, chose Port of Spain, Trinidad, and the result is a large and influential congregation called Greyfriars, after its parent church.

For nearly twenty years its pastors have

been Nova Scotians, and their presence and sympathy has been helpful to our mission. Rev. A. Falconer, D.D., now of Pictou, N.S., Convener F. M. Com. E., was pastor for nearly eight years and was succeeded during the five following years by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, now agent of the church, in Halifax. For the last seven years Rev. Dr. Whittier, another Nova Scotian, has been pastor. The Annual Report for 1902, just to hand, shews another successful year.

OUR SPECIAL WORK.

All the mission work that had been done by other churches previous to our coming was for the native population. The E. Indian Immigrants were untouched, until our Church began work there in Jan., 1868. Our special field is thus a section of India, brought to Trinidad. It is what Dr. Duff longed for, a small part of India separated from old associations and influences, and free in large measure from the trammels of caste, which so hinder the work in India.

This field is also specially inviting and important, not only because the people are more accessible, but because of its reflex influence upon India. Many go back to their fatherland, and if they can be won by the Gospel while in Trinidad, they act in some measure as missionaries on their return.

WHY THE E. INDIANS COME TO THE W. INDIES.

In 1838, forty years after Trinidad was taken by the English, slavery was abolished in the British West Indies. The negroes when set free were indolent and would not work except when necessity compelled them, and on some of the Islands the planters were ruined.

Trinidad decided to import foreign labour. The first was from China, the result of which is over a thousand Chinese in Trinidad to-day, but it was soon given up in favour of labour from India; the first indentured coolies from India reaching Trinidad in 1845.

This immigration is strictly guarded by law at every point, both in India and Trinidad. In India the Government sees that no natives are induced to leave India under false representations. The terms under which the immigrants come are carefully explained, and are as follows:—

1. A free passage to Trinidad, on a definite agreement by indenture to labour on an estate for five years.

2. A minimum wage of twenty-five cents per day.

3. At the end of five years he is free from his indenture, and may return to India, paying his own passage, or remain in the Island. In the latter event he may re-indenture a year at a time—a custom now in disuse—or labour at the best wage he can get, or go to work in some way for himself.

4. At the end of ten years he is entitled to a free passage to India if he wishes to return.

5. Although not in the agreement made in India, it was formerly a custom to give a free grant of land in lieu of a return passage, to induce the people to remain in Trinidad. This was afterwards exchanged for a money grant, but for a number of years both land and money grant have been discontinued.

Numbers return to India, but many settle in Trinidad, cultivating their grant or purchase of land, or following trades, shopkeeping, etc., and they are now, as above stated, about one third of the entire population.

During their term of service their interests are carefully guarded by government. Each estate must provide a hospital, capable of holding at least one-tenth of all its labourers. These hospitals are under the inspection of medical visitors appointed by the Government, who visit them twice a week and inquire particularly into the general health of the employees.

The estate owners live chiefly in Britain, with resident managers and overseers, who are also largely from the old country.

DRS. GRANT AND MORTON.

About the time that the first Indian labourers were imported into Trinidad, some sixty-four years ago, in Feb. and Dec. of 1839, two boys, a Grant and a Morton, were born in Pictou Co., N.S., heirs to the best heritage to which any can come, the health, work, fresh air, plain living, and the simple religious life of a Christian country family. From the home of the latter, on its hilltop, looking far out on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, could almost be seen that of the former, some half dozen miles away, near to Pictou town.

No prophecies went before concerning them, but when Providence was bringing the people of India to Trinidad, He was, in these two boys, raising up agents, who, both on account of the character of their work, their many years of service, and the formative period of the mission in which they have laboured, have done more than any other two men, in Church or State, have done or can do, in moulding the

character and shaping the destiny of this Colony in which the East Indian will soon be the largest element of the population.

How strange God's plans, bringing these myriads to western shores, and in Nova Scotia, thousands of miles distant, raising up those who nearly a generation later were to carry to them the Gospel!

In another interesting way one may trace God's plan still farther back, and see how the influence of our pioneer missionary, Dr. Geddie, then in the early stages of his wonderful work on Aneityum, left its impress upon these boys and helped to fit them for their work. They belonged to different branches of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Grant's family to the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, and Dr. Morton's family to the Free Church. Dr. Geddie was the missionary of the former Church, and the *Missionary Register* of that Church, the first Colonial Missionary Magazine, with his stirring, thrilling letters from the South Seas, coming regularly to the home of the boy, Kenneth Grant, did its part in fostering the missionary spirit that has marked his work.

But how did it reach the other boy? A neighbour farmer belonging to the Church of Dr. Geddie took the *Register*. Young Morton used to get it from his companion, the neighbour's son, and read it with eager interest, his own heart and life growing into closer sympathy with the work among the heathen. His own testimony is that it was a chief instrument in God's hand in making him a missionary.

HOW THE MISSION BEGAN.

At the end of 25 years of immigration, 1840-1865, the Indian population of Trinidad numbered 22,000, nearly a thousand for each year. By this time the two boys had finished their preparatory studies, and their Churches being united in 1860, they were both in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, and were settled, Mr. Morton in Bridgewater, N.S., and Mr. Grant in Merigomish, N.S.

Shortly after beginning work, Mr. Morton's health failed; he had to give up work for a time, and, in Jan., 1865, he took a trip in a sailing vessel to the West Indies, for the benefit of change to a warmer climate. On the voyage he stopped for a short time at Trinidad, where he found 22,000 E. Indians, as purely heathen as when they were at home in India, and he was deeply impressed with their need.

Concluded in next issue.

BY HOUSE BOAT IN HONAN.

Rev. J. H. Bruce, one of our newly appointed missionaries to Honan, who reached his field a few weeks ago, writes from Chang-te to a friend, an interesting sketch of the journey inland :—

Chang-te, Honan, Nov. 5, 1902.

"I thought you might be interested in hearing about the trips by house-boat up the Wei Hoa river from Tientsin to Chu Wang, 400 miles, and the trip by cart from Chu Wang to Chang-te.

"First, a word about the river itself. The land through which it flows is a wide level plain, level as a floor, and only a foot or two above the level of the river. In fact, during the first two or three days' journey the plain seemed to be lower than the level of the river, and certainly was so in many places, but it is protected from being flooded by a high dike or embankment which runs along either side of the river all the way for more than four hundred miles.

"In some places there are two or even three of these banks of earth at different distances from the river, so that if one should give way the other will keep the water in.

"The top of these dikes forms the chief road for travelling through the country. The river winds very much, so that it is perhaps two or three times as long as it would be if it were straight.

"There is a well-beaten footpath on each side of the river close to the water all the way. Then there is another path higher up and farther back, which is used when the river is high, and there are very often two roads on each side, one long and one short.

"There are no fences, so that one can walk anywhere through the gardens and fields, and there are many, many villages everywhere. The villages occupy sometimes only two or three acres of ground and have a mud wall twelve or fifteen feet high all around.

"All the farmers live in villages, coming home to the village every night and going back to the fields in the morning. So that there is no need for houses or barns in the country, and you will seldom see a house out in the country, and, of course, there are no barns; they take all their stuff into the village so as to keep it safe from robbers.

"The fields are marked off by corner stones and hard-beaten paths or ridges. There is a ridge of earth about a foot wide and four or five inches high around every field or garden.

This is to keep water from running away when it is poured by buckets into a little ditch running from the river to each field, for there is almost no rain except in July and August, when it rains most of the time.

"The gardens are thus well watered and they look beautiful, splendid cabbage and carrots, beets, mangles, radish, egg fruit, peppers and other vegetables, and great fields of peanuts, corn, cotton, millet, wheat, rice and goulion.

"I must tell you about this goulion. It looks like corn, but grows about fourteen feet high and the grain is on the tassel at the top. They cut the top off and thresh the grain. Then they strip off the leaves from every stalk and use them for feeding cattle; then they use the stalks to build their houses, setting them up closely in rows so as to enclose a square large enough for the house, and then putting a layer of mud inside and out all around these walls. Then they put a pole at each side and across the top to support the roof, which is made also of the stalks of goulion.

"The house is usually about six feet high with only one or two rooms in it, and it lasts only a couple of years, but it is very cheap and the Chinaman seems to be content with it.

"The boys and girls are not so careful in their dress as those in Ontario are. Here they know nothing about bonnets and straw hats. In fact, they seldom wear any hats at all, and they have never heard of such things as collars and ties, and would not know what to do with them if they had them. They often go half naked, and in summer the mother wishes to be saving and she carefully packs away whatever clothing the younger members up to five years of age might possess and lets them do without until fall. It is cheaper that way, and the little fellows seem to like it better.

"To return to our boat trip up this river. We hired four house-boats. These boats are drawn up the river by men—boatmen who pull the boat by means of a rope attached to the top of the mast. When the wind is in their favour of course they do not need to pull for they use the sail, but when the wind is not favourable they must pull the boat. They begin at 2 o'clock in the morning and pull all day until 7 or 8 o'clock at night, keeping step and chanting or shouting in order to keep time better as they tramp slowly along.

"It is a very hard task, and we feel sorry for these poor fellows, who day after day for three weeks keep up their toil travelling a distance

of 400 miles or more and getting very little pay—from 10 to 15 cents a day. There are very few Chinamen who get more than 7 cents a day. There are thousands of men who make their living pulling these boats up and down the river.

"I must tell you just a word about the cart journey. We found five carts waiting for us at Chu Wang when our boats arrived there, for we had sent a courier several days ahead to Chang-te to make known when we might be expected. Each of these carts was drawn by three mules—one in the shafts and the other two as a span on ahead and hitched to the cart by long ropes. The carts are low, heavy, two-wheeled vehicles with straw matting overhead in gipsy fashion.

We piled our boxes on behind and tied them securely; then we spread a mattress in the bottom and some quilts and a cushion, which served instead of springs, and made a comfortable nest. The driver and a boy sat on the front of each cart.

We passed through many walled villages where the men, women and children in their strange dresses would come out into the narrow streets to look at us as we passed. We also passed through many fields of wheat and cotton and peanuts.

In the neighbourhood of every village were little pigeon-like brick structures about 3 ft. high and $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. square on either side of the road. These are temples with a little opening on one side in which is a small image and a box for passers-by to throw in cash.

After riding all day we arrived here at Chang-te Fu and were glad indeed that God had brought us all the way in perfect safety. We hope that you will never forget to pray and work for the poor neglected boys and girls that we see in crowds everywhere in this strange land.

NEW HEBRIDES LETTER.

REV. JOSEPH ANNAND, D.D.

Tangoa, Santo, 17th Dec., 1902.

My dear Mr. Scott,

Another year with its joys, and its sorrows, has almost gone. Time slips by quickly. Thirty years ago last Guy Fawkes' day we first left my native land for the New Hebrides; and on the nineteenth of next month it will be sixteen years since we last saw our loved ones in Nova Scotia. Many and great have been the advances made in the world since 1872.

We too have witnessed wonderful changes in these distant isles. Workers have been rewarded with cheering success. Few labourers, I think, see greater results from their efforts than do missionaries. Few there are too that enjoy life more than they. The hundred-fold promised is not withheld. The progress made in any one month, or year, may not appear great, but after many days fruits show forth in all their beauty. Let us all therefore, in whatsoever good work we are engaged, go on with cheerful confidence, for the crown shall certainly be ours.

There has been little of special importance connected with our Training Institution duties during the past year. Steady routine work has been carried on. The results cannot be put down in figures. Time alone can reveal them. This however we can say, the Master has been with us according to promise.

Perhaps the most noteworthy event on S. Santo has been the incoming of British settlers to occupy the vacant land around us. Numbers came, and some have gone; but the majority are still here carving homes for themselves and their families out of the tangled tropical bush. Like all pioneers they are called upon to endure hardness in opening up this new country. We trust that in due time they too may be abundantly rewarded.

A few weeks ago a French cutter came into our harbour with her flag at half mast. We soon learned that a tragedy had been enacted that morning at north Malekula, by the bush people there, in which an English recruiter was shot dead, and one of the native crew dangerously wounded. We buried the body of the recruiter in our cemetery that night by lamp light. A mother, and sisters, will mourn over the untimely death of an erring son and brother. His death was not unexpected by some, as he was "wanted" by the natives in several places in the group.

No one need be surprised to hear of one or two more of his class meeting with the same retribution. In fact it is the only way the natives have of protecting themselves. They are kidnapped by white men, and their evidence is not accepted in the investigations. We have been distinctly told by our Commissioner that no charge against a man can be sustained unless under oath of a white man, or a Christian teacher, neither of whom is likely to be present when an outrage is committed.

By the s.s. "Moresby," that left us on the 1st., four of the new settlers here took

passage again for Sydney. They became discouraged, and gave up because of fever and other causes best known to themselves.

Yesterday morning, shortly after midnight, the s.s. "Titus" came in with another company of three men, two women, and ten children. All these with their goods and baggage were landed between one and three o'clock in the morning; and before daylight the steamer was again on her way.

By this boat a son came to join his father, but on his arrival he found that they had only changed places.

Also a whole family, father mother and five children, came expecting to enter a home prepared for them by the eldest son, but instead, they find that the lad had sold out his equipment and gone back to Australia. On the voyage down here, one of this family, a little girl six years of age, took ill, and to-day she died. The bereaved parents are much discouraged, and talk of returning to their former home.

Probably our new settlement may require some more sifting before permanence is reached. However some of our neighbours seem quite satisfied, and determined to hold on in spite of a little fever, and the inevitable difficulties that beset new residents in a country like this.

Seven of our time-expired students returned to their homes by the Moresby. Six of them "were detained two months by the wreck of the Mambare." Of the seven only one got a first class certificate, and all the others got third class. To help fill up these vacancies, three married couples came by the same steamer. At present we have thirty-six students, ten women, and seven young children.

The health of our community keeps fairly good. The weather has been changeable of late with strong and cool winds. The rains though frequent have been light. The rainfall so far this year is below the average, being 62.72 inches.

By the "Titus" we received a box of clothing, etc., from Timmering, Victoria, for the Institution. To the generous donors we give our hearty thanks.

Our holiday season is near at hand. On Tuesday evening next we close our class-rooms for a fortnight. The usual recreations are being provided for. Our young people are looking forward joyfully to these happy days. Doubtless the shortness of our vacation intensifies their pleasures. Could we, the teachers, get away to a cooler region to recruit our

strength we might give a longer rest to the pupils, but that cannot be. There are mountains in sight of us more than a mile high, but their tops are usually enveloped with clouds, so they are not likely to become health resorts. At present they are almost inaccessible.

A few weeks on some cool mountain during the hot weather would be very beneficial to us. The synod having met here in Tangoa this year, we have not spent a day away from the island for eighteen months. Our work keeps us closely at home.

Our summer now well begun reminds us of these beautiful words which seem to invite us to the new year's duties. "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo! the winter is past. The rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth. The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig tree ripeneth her green figs, and the vines are in blossom, they give forth their fragrance. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

OUR MISSION IN BRITISH GUIANA FOR 1902.

REV. GEORGE A. SUTHERLAND'S SECOND YEAR.

The year 1902 did not open with such promise as had been anticipated. The health of Rev. J. B. Cropper was so much impaired that an early furlough was deemed imperative, while our junior missionary, Rev. G. A. Grant, already felt the tightening grip of malaria. Under these conditions it was decided not to open a new field before the return of Mr. Cropper from his intended vacation.

Before the latter could leave, however, Mr. Grant was forced to seek change and rest at his home in Trinidad. It soon became evident that his constitution was not adapted to a malarial climate, and on the urgent advice of his physicians he tendered his resignation. He sailed from Demerara July 19th, leaving us with a sadness we can not forget. Scholarly, devoted, and loving this his chosen work, it seemed hard that he must forego the joy of its labours.

On Mr. Cropper's departure on furlough, Trinidad was unable to provide a suitable superintendent for his field, and so I was entrusted with the direct oversight of that extensive field, excepting Whim, which the Rev. J. Rae of the Church of Scotland kindly consented to superintend. I regret to say that I have been unable to carry out the work

which I proposed for this field, and which I consider the best that would do justice to a work so full of promise, and planted by the Church's unpaid servant, Mr. Cropper. I lost much time through recurring attacks of fever and ague. I have recently begun to improve, and cherish the hope that I have passed through the most critical period of acclimatization.

The mission staff has been reinforced by the addition of Mrs. Sutherland in October, while the close of the year brought the good news that the Rev. J. D. McKay, B.D., had been secured for the field.

The W. F. M. S. has kept the field well supplied with needed clothing, while mission bands have been a constant joy to us by sending cards, toys, picture books and children's papers.

CENTRAL DEMERARA.

The property at Better Hope has been greatly improved. The tropical weather, playing havoc with the paint and paper of the manse since the earlier days of Mr. Slater, rendered the interior very unsightly, and to no small extent unsanitary, while the church had not been shingled for thirty years, and had long been a prey to wood ants.

On securing from the estate a grant of \$287.00 and from the native church a special subscription of over \$50.00, the buildings were put in good repair at a cost to the church of about \$120.00, which may be yet reduced to \$80.00. A large water vat and other minor repairs were also provided by the estate. Our cordial thanks are again due to Mr. Alexander Crum Ewing.

The English work at Better Hope remains as reported last year, the weekly services and day school holding their own, and the prayer-meeting and Sabbath school making some advance. An addition of 7 (seven) to the membership is counterbalanced by removals through change of residence. The black and coloured population is not increasing.

The attendance at the Hindi service in December has been the largest since my arrival. The East Indian Sabbath Schools at Better Hope, Plaisance and Montrose are doing good work, but more teachers are needed.

The Colonial Company have fitted up for our use a building at La Souvenir on Success Estate, where a week-day school and Sabbath School are conducted. About 30 (thirty) children attend.

The Ogle Estates have given us a school

building capable of seating 250 children and with rooms for the teachers. The school was started in June. Over 90 children are registered with an average attendance of over 50. The leading proprietor of the Ogle Estates is Mr. W. Middleton Campbell, to whom for this school and for a cash donation of £50 the church is deeply indebted.

Catechists are stationed at Ogle, Plaisance, Better Hope and Chateau Morgat. The work will be extended as soon as additional native workers can be secured.

EAST DEMERARA AND BERBICE.

The first station in this field going east from Georgetown is Clanbrook at the 20th milestone, thirteen miles east of Better Hope. Here the Government have given us the use of a building and material to fit it for our own purposes, free, on condition that a school be established and otherwise at a small rental. The catechist resides in it, and holds night-school and weekly services on Sunday. It is proposed to open the day-school early this year.

Helena, at the 26th milestone, is our oldest and strongest station in the eastern field. Ramchavran, the catechist, has done commendably well in keeping up all departments of the work in the absence of Mr. Cropper.

De Hoop, some 3 miles inland, has been equipped during the early part of the year with a mission building for school and religious purposes. Day-school has not yet been opened, but Gyanchand ministers to the spiritual needs of this prosperous settlement.

Navor, at the 41st milestone, is the centre of a field some 10 miles long. Sukra, one of our newest catechists, is in charge, and the work has been fairly well upheld—not extended.

Bushlot, at the 56th milestone, has been equipped with a mission building and a small house for the catechist. Here Juman finds an open field 7 miles to the west and 12 miles to the east, and begs for a bicycle. The people of Cotton Tree at the 65th milestone have asked for a school, and there is a good opening at Blairmont at the 68th.

Here we come to the Berbice River, which is a little too wide for the milestones to span, and so we begin our count again at New Amsterdam on the east bank and reach Whim, our extreme left, at the 18th mile. Here another mission building and a suitable catechist's house have been erected during the year. Our work here owes much to the Rev. Mr.

Rae. Ramphol, our catechist, has thousands of East Indians under his pastoral care. Here, as in all the fields, the work of the catechist is in part the church services and school, but mostly open-air meetings and house to house evangelization.

Of the year's work in general, it may be said that, although we have been unable to open new territory through the lack of native helpers, our mission has been strengthened by organization and equipment. It has been distinctly a year of building. We have strengthened our stakes, if not lengthened our cords, for which and for manifold other blessings this report is submitted with profound thankfulness.

FIRST REPORT FROM SOUTH CHINA.

BY REV. W. R. MACKAY, OUR FIRST MISSIONARY.

Macao, 15 Jan., 1903.

On the 16th September last, at a meeting held in Knox Church, Montreal, I was designated by the Montreal Presbytery as the first Missionary of our Church to Macao, Canton Province, South China.

With my wife I immediately set out for my field of labour, visiting on the way West, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria, and in each place coming in touch with the work done amongst the Chinese, and getting acquainted with the workers.

On October 6, we sailed from Victoria in the "Empress of India," landing in Hong Hong on the 29th October, and, after a day or two spent with friends there, arrived in Macao on the 31st October.

In accordance with the instructions of the F. M. C. we rented a suitable house in the city, and at once began the study of the Cantonese dialect. Through the assistance of missionaries in Canton we obtained a good language teacher from that city, as it is only there the pure Cantonese is spoken.

Since coming here, with the exception of a visit to Canton to meet and confer with the missionaries of other boards, and a similar visit to Hong Hong, the greater part of my time has thus far been spent on the language. I have therefore, as yet, very little to report regarding the work and needs of the mission.

It may be well therefore to state, perhaps, that although this city has been chosen as the headquarters of the Mission, our work will be largely in the districts lying to the North, and situated between Macao and Canton.

Without sufficient knowledge of the language, nothing of the nature of evangelistic work can be yet attempted, but I have sought to improve the time during the intervals of study by teaching some of the classes in the "Christian College," which is temporarily located here. This is an independent institution, the design of which is to provide a higher Christian education, through the medium of the English language, for the better classes of the Chinese. The experience gained by contact with the students will be of great benefit to me in the future work of the Mission.

I have recently stationed a native preacher, Ching Kwau Tsing, in Ping Lam, a village of about seven or eight thousand, situated in the district of Heung Shan, about eighteen miles from Macao. Ping Lam is in the midst of a thickly settled section of country in which there are many other large villages, and will be a point of vantage in reaching the surrounding country.

Mr. Ching has been engaged in preaching to his countrymen in Australia for twelve years, and comes highly recommended by the convener of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Victoria General Assembly. I look for good results from his labours in this, his native village.

In regard to the work already supported in this Province by contributions from Canada, I am not, at this stage, prepared to report, as, through my inability to speak the native language, I have been prevented from making personal investigation.

Mark Wah, the student who is being supported in the Training School at Canton by friends in Canada, is making satisfactory progress, and during the summer vacation will be able to assist in the work of the Mission.

The nature of the work committed to our care, with the large extent of country over which it must necessarily spread, if the purpose of the Mission is to be accomplished, demands the greatest wisdom and energy, and we trust that we may soon have more foreign and native workers in this great harvest field.

With a request for the continued prayers of the Church at Home for success in our work, this report is respectfully submitted.

[The great reason for opening up this new mission in South China, when our field in Honan, North China, hundreds of miles distant, is calling so loudly for more helpers, is that all the Chinese in Canada come from the Province of Canton, where our new mission is, and they are anxious to have the Gospel sent to their own people. They will do much there in the way of dispelling prejudice and not a little here in contributing to the support of native workers there.—Ed.]

Young People's Societies.

TOPIC FOR APRIL.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA AND THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE JEWS.

BY REV. LOUIS MEYER, HOPKINTON, IOWA.*

When the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was stirred up in 1838 by a speech of Mr. Woodrow, Glasgow, that called the attention of the Church to the condition of God's people, and when Andrew A. Bonar, Robert Murray McCheyne, Dr. Black and Dr. Keith were sent out as a "Deputation to Palestine and other countries, to visit and inquire after the scattered Jews," the wave of enthusiasm quickly crossed the ocean and swept over the Presbyterian congregations in Canada, and the Synod in connection with the Church of Scotland resolved in 1840 to make special collections in aid of the Jewish and Foreign Missions of the Church of Scotland.

These collections were regularly continued until in 1855 the desire of the members of the Church to have a Jewish mission of their own became so apparent that the Synod of 1856 appointed "The Jewish and Foreign Mission Committee of the Synod" to correspond with the committees of the Scottish Church, to consider the founding of a mission to the Jews in Jerusalem, and to report to the next meeting of the Synod. Unexpected help and encouragement came to this committee when, in the late fall of 1856, Rev. Dr. Aiton, of Dolphinton, Scotland, crossed the ocean to plead the cause of God's chosen people.

Travelling through the Church, this devoted friend of the Jews aroused the Christian people to a sense of their duty and collected \$1,370 for a Jewish Mission. Besides this sum, he deposited in Scotland \$981 for the mission, placing the whole sum at the disposal of the Synod's Committee, with the condition that it was to be used for a mission in Jerusalem, and not otherwise. Thus, the Synod of 1857 found itself in possession of the necessary means for the work and ordered the founding of a Jewish Mission, inviting the co-operation of the sister

synods of the Lower Provinces, which was gladly granted.

A missionary was quickly found, Ephraim Menachem Epstein, a Prussian Jew who believed in Jesus the Messiah, and his services were accepted by the Synod of 1858. From 1851 to 1856 he had been employed as student colporteur and missionary of the American Society for ameliorating the condition of the Jews, New York (chiefly during the summers), and, having graduated from Andover in 1856, was a licentiate of the Presbytery of New York (O. S.). From 1856 to 1858 he had studied medicine in New York, and, in offering himself as a missionary, asked Synod's permission to finish his medical course. This request was gladly granted, and he was told to finish his course at Queen College, Kingston, Can.

Having found a labourer, the Committee looked for a field, because it became quickly apparent that Jerusalem had already too many missions, and in 1859 it reported that Monastir, European Turkey, had been selected. Dr. Aiton refused to change the condition attached to the fund collected by him, and the Aiton Fund, consisting then of more than \$1,700, was set apart, to be applied to a mission in Jerusalem hereafter. This fund had accumulated to more than \$6,000 in 1889, and was finally, in 1895, handed over to the Free Church of Scotland for work in Palestine.

Monastir was chosen as the location for the Jewish Mission of the Synod, and the Presbytery of Kingston was instructed to ordain Mr. Epstein for the foreign field. Thus Mr. Epstein was ordained to the ministry by the Presbytery of Kingston, Oct. 6, 1859, and, having obtained his degree of M.D. from the University of the State of New York, sailed from Quebec Nov. 19, 1859, the first foreign missionary of this branch of the Canadian Church.

He arrived in Salonica, the Thessalonica of Paul's time, Jan. 22, 1860, and was heartily welcomed by the missionaries of the Church of Scotland. A few months were spent in this city with its numerous Jews, while Dr. Epstein was acquiring the language of the country, and he helped the Scottish labourers in every possible way, but he proceeded, before the summer came, to Monastir, which is only a short

*The author is deeply indebted to Mr. James Croil, Montreal, and Rev. R. P. Mackay, D.D., Toronto, for valuable help.

distance from Salonica, and entered zealously upon his work.

No Protestant missionary had been stationed in Monastir before Dr. Epstein, and his difficulties were great. However, he opened his dispensary for the Jews and began to visit the poor, while Mrs. Epstein started a small school for girls.

At the request of the Protestant inhabitants Dr. Epstein held a service in German every Sabbath, and his first letters and reports were encouraging, but speedily they became discouraging, and Dr. Epstein resigned from the work May 1, 1862, remaining in Monastir as a physician and preaching to the Jews as opportunity came. The Church of Scotland which had contributed £120 to the traveling expenses and outfit of Dr. Epstein and had promised £150 more in three yearly instalments, occupied Monastir in 1863.

Two things caused the failure of this effort. First, Dr. Epstein entered upon a work for which he was not prepared, because, being a German Jew, he did not understand the dialect of the Jews in Monastir; and secondly, he was sent out alone to face the peculiar difficulties and discouragements of a field untouched until his coming.

After the resignation of Dr. Epstein, the Old Kirk Synod in Canada again sent the contributions of her members to the Jewish Committee of the parent Church without taking any definite steps toward the starting of another mission of her own.

When the Presbyterian Church in Canada came into being in 1875, frequent appeals were made in behalf of the Jews, but it was not until 1891 that any definite action was taken. Mortimer Clarke, Esq., of Toronto, had just returned from an extended trip to Palestine, and his representations led the Assembly's Foreign Mission Committee to recommend the founding of a mission to the Jews in Palestine.

The recommendation was accepted, and in 1892 the Committee was able to report that Rev. Charles A. Webster, M.A., M.D., then practising medicine in Danville, N.Y., had offered himself for the work. The offer was accepted, and the selection of a location was left to the missionary.

He finally selected Haifa, on the foot of Mt. Carmel, whose 1,500 Jews had been frequently visited by the missionaries of the London Jews' Society, and where a regular work had been begun by D. C. Joseph in 1887. But the task seemed hopeless to Dr. Webster, the diffi-

culties insurmountable, and he accepted an appointment in the Syrian Protestant College at Beyrout.

No further effort among the Jews in Palestine or in any other foreign country has been made by the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

THE JEWS IN CANADA.

Not much has been done by the Presbyterian Church, or any other, among the Jews in Canada.

In 1892, a young Jew came to Montreal and declared his intention of working at his trade as a printer to support himself, and at the same time do evangelistic work among his own people, of whom there were there about 6,500. Some friends undertook his support so that he might be able to devote his whole time to the work.

A little later the F. M. Committee of the Presbyterian Church took over the mission and became responsible for its support, but in 1895 the missionary gave it up and went into other business.

Rev. John McCarter then began work on his own responsibility, and with some measure of assistance from friends of the work he laboured for about seven years. He returned to Scotland in 1902, asking the Foreign Mission Committee, through the Presbytery, to undertake again the mission and to take as missionary a young Jew who had been working with him for a time.

After careful consideration the Committee agreed to do so, and arrangements were about completed when the missionary accepted the offer of the London Missionary Society to the Jews, Anglican, which now has charge of both man and work.

In Toronto, the other centre of Jewish population in Canada, a work was started by the ladies of Cooke's Church after the Student Volunteer Convention of 1902, but it has been discontinued, so that neither the Foreign Mission Committee nor a Presbytery nor a congregation of the Presbyterian Church in Canada is, at the time of writing, engaged in bringing the Gospel to the Jews.

Therefore, I appeal to the ministers and members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in behalf of the neglected Jewish people.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

World=Wide Work.

GIRL SLAVERY IN CHINA.

BY DR. IDA KAHN.

Slavery exists in China to an appalling extent. So far as my observation goes, the girls of China furnish the victims, and the boys but very seldom. Their cry is suppressed until it is only a groan, or it would be heard from the millions of oppressed ones throughout the length and breadth of this land.

True, the little slaves are not often obtruded upon your notice. You may gaze up and down all the streets without seeing one. Should you chance to be waited upon by one in a wealthy friend's home, your mental reservation might be that the poor girl had fallen upon rather easy lines.

However, come with me to the back streets and alleys and you will see everywhere the patient little ones toiling with all their might—at least, with all the might their mistresses can succeed in getting from them—at their daily tasks of sweeping, washing, scouring and what not. Then let us drive through Su Ma Loo, and you will see the slave girls in their gilded cages—but does the sight pain you less than the previous one?

The people that use slaves in China are the rich people who regard them as indispensable as so many pieces of furniture. Accordingly, they furnish them to each daughter of the house in quantity and quality corresponding to the length of the family purse. The daughter carries them to her future home as part of her dowry.

If the slave girl should be ugly looking and awkward, as she has every reason to be, then the more blows and scoldings will be her lot. Such a steady course of treatment for years will not tend to brighten her intellect and sweeten her temper, so that she will almost invariably become stupid and sullen. On the contrary, the menial may be bright and pretty, and then, alas! she will doubtless find favour in the eyes of her master, and perhaps become peer with the rich man's daughter.

The middle classes use the slave girls because they cannot afford to have servants and the poor people use them as a means of getting rich. Even some Christian Chinese keep slave girls. I think they hardly realize the wrong

involved. I may add that they do endeavour to ameliorate their condition in many ways.

Interested in knowing approximately how many slaves there were round about me in Hankow, I looked through one of the tenement houses immediately in our vicinity. The general entrance is rather imposing, and you see in front of you a wide alley. Then turn to the right or left; you see opening from this about five or six short rows of little houses with a narrow alley running between the several rows. On an average such a place would contain two or three hundred residents. Taking one of these places at random I made inquiries, and found within between thirty and forty slave girls. Just think of there being such a large percentage of slaves in even a tenement house!

My first painful contact with the system of girl slavery occurred in far-off Szechuan. One of my schoolmates there was little Winnie. She was not pretty, but she was at least sweet and amiable, and she sang with an almost phenomenal voice. Our teacher would often smile and say, "Ah, how people would appreciate Winnie's voice in America!" Unfortunately she had no mother and her father was an opium-smoker.

One day, finding himself without the means of indulging his appetite, what did he do but sell his mere slip of a girl! How well I remember the consternation among us when one of the schoolmates came in haste to tell us that she had seen Winnie's father carrying her off to her master! A messenger was despatched, and you will be glad to hear that means were found for her rescue. Alas! her respite was short, for like a thunderclap came the riots of 1886, and all foreigners were driven away from Chingking. When we heard from that place again we learned that Winnie had been resold. Somewhere she may be still living.

My sorrow for Winnie's lot cannot be compared with what I felt for my classmate, Lin Si Chen, on hearing that she, too, had been sold by an opium-smoking father. She was my best friend in school and her mind was as beautiful as her person. We were baptized together, and she confessed to me that she would like to devote her life to Christian work,

adding, so sadly, that she must try to first help her father.

Where were gone her longings and aspirations when she became the concubine of a man sixty years of age? Surely, on this eve of China's regeneration, we, the more favoured ones, must plead with all our might that all these unnatural customs shall be swept away with the last relics of our country's barbarism. The laws, too, which recognize these evils by levying taxes on the export of slave girls should receive attention. Just now the newspapers in Japan are struggling valiantly to uphold the law for the protection of girls from servitude. We may at least be striving for the law.

Directly opposite our home at Kiukiang dwells a woman fairly well to do in the world; she kept two slave girls, one above and one under ten years of age. Her treatment of the two poor creatures became a neighbourhood scandal. The younger of the two, being weaker and less useful, suffered the more. Rarely did they have enough to eat, and my sister as well as the other neighbours tried sometimes to give them a full meal, but they needed to be exceedingly wary or a harder beating than usual would be forthcoming. No bedding was furnished them, only a heap of straw, and often the younger one was made to sit on a bamboo chair all through the night. Being but scantily clothed, you can imagine how the child would shiver through the cold wintry nights.

As she grew weaker she must have suffered more without any outsiders knowing it, and evidently her shivering angered her master, for he made her tramp up and down the room, saying, "The foreigners tell us exercise stirs up the circulation and makes people warm."

One morning, sleepy and weary, she was perhaps a little more stupid than usual and did not heed her mistress' commands fast enough, so a quick blow came and she was stretched upon the hard stone floor. This time she did not rally.

Later on a Christian neighbour came, asking if we would not try and see if anything could be done to help the child. We found her thrown on a brush heap in the back yard. There was no roof anywhere to cover this child of God except the pitying heavens. She was in terrible convulsions, so we asked hurriedly if we might remove her to our hospital.

"You do not think she will live, do you?" was the query.

"No, we do not think she will, but we wish to do our best for her anyway."

The permission was grudgingly given and we took her in.

After a while the heartless woman came to look at her property. Seeing the child lying quietly in a bed and surrounded by every comfort, she asked again, "Is she going to live?"

"No," we sadly replied.

"Then when she is at her last gasp just throw her out into your front yard, and when she is cold I will send a man with a sack for her."

How indignant we were, but we only said, "What harm would she do us if she did die in the hospital?" So, all unconscious, she passed away.

A little slave girl was carried to our hospital in a serious condition, the result of ill-treatment at the hands of her mistress who belonged to one of the richest families in the city. My colleague spoke kindly to the suffering one and said she would be glad to take her in, but the servants who brought her could not give a guarantee that they left her with us for better or worse. As her condition was critical the doctor did not feel she could take her in without such assurance.

While the servants returned to ask the mistress the wounded child brokenly replied to our sympathetic inquiries. We learned that her mother's brother, who was addicted to opium, had stolen her away from her widowed mother in the far-away home in Szechuan and sold her as a slave. So it is that opium and slavery, like two sworn brother robbers, support each other in their evil course. If one could be captured, the other might more easily surrender.

The servants returned unsuccessful, and with sorrow we saw them pick up the little bruised body and not too tenderly carry it away. The Roman Catholic hospital also refused to take the child in.

Somewhat, after her return, a vague idea seemed to form in her mind that if she once got to the hospital she would be all right. So she managed to get up and started out to find us. Here and there she wandered and asked the way, but her pursuers overtook her and carried her back. Her mistress, in a fit of anger, on seeing her brought back, actually beat her to death on the spot.—*Miss. Review.*

The girl who likes to please is all very well, but the girl who likes to help is worth two of her.

THE "LOS VON ROM" MOVEMENT IN AUSTRIA.

BY REV. J. G. CUNNINGHAM, D.D., EDINBURGH.

A great movement has been going forward in the Austrian Empire since 1898, especially in Bohemia and in the provinces of Corinthia, Carniola and Styria, in Eastern Austria, which merits the attention of Protestants and calls for the sympathy and the prayerful consideration of all who rejoice in seeing men emancipated from the superstition and errors of the Church of Rome.

The number of persons whose names are transferred from Roman Catholic to Protestant Church registers is periodically made known officially by government. According to this reliable authority the number of those who renounced their connection with the Church of Rome and attached themselves to one or other of the recognized Protestant churches in the empire (the Lutheran or the Reformed) was, on December 31, 1898, not fewer than 1,598.

In this number are included not only adults but the children under seven years of age of parents who have passed from the one to the other communion. In the three succeeding years the numbers were : In 1899, 6,385 ; 1900, 5,058 ; in 1901, 6,299—making in all 18 643. We are not including in this enumeration those who have exchanged the Roman Catholic Church for the old Catholic Church, who, within the last year, numbered 1,578 German-speaking people and 209 of the Czech nationality.

That these eighteen thousand converts to Protestantism have done more than merely change their ecclesiastical profession is seen from the fact that a considerable number of new Protestant churches have been built or are in process of erection to accommodate thousands of worshippers in places from which evangelical worship had been banished for two hundred and fifty years.

It is further evidenced by the great increase of the numbers and quickening of the zeal of those who frequent the Protestant churches previously existing. To this we may add that there are many pamphlets and periodicals specially devoted to the exposition and furtherance of Protestantism, and that so great is the hold that the "Los von Rom" movement has taken on the general population that in almost every daily or weekly paper exposed for sale some paragraph is found giving particulars of its progress, while others report meetings on

its behalf at such length as proves that their readers are interested in the important issues at stake.

In the autumn of 1900 I had the great privilege of visiting the Dolomite Alps, in Southern Austria, in the company of my friend, the Rev. Dr. W. W. Atterbury, of New York. After a week at Cortina we travelled eastward from Toblach as far as Klagenfurt. As we were greatly interested in the "Los von Rom" movement, we embraced all opportunities of learning its character and extent by visiting pastors and speaking to others who took a part in promoting it, besides diligently reading the allusions to it which we found day after day in the newspapers in Eastern Austria.

In the autumn of 1901 the Scottish Reformation Society requested Dr. Robertson, of St. Ninian's, Stirling, and myself to visit Austria in order to study on the spot the origin and nature of the "Los von Rom" movement. We spent some time together in Bohemia. When we came to Vienna I was overtaken by a severe illness, and was therefore unable to revisit Eastern Austria, when my co-deputy went on to Gratz, the capital of Styria, and other places, in which there has been a remarkable increase in the Protestant Church since the "Los von Rom" movement began.

In both of these regions of the Austrian Empire we came into contact with large numbers of men, not a few of them distinguished in professional life, who were in downright earnest to secure for others the benefits which they themselves had found in separation from the Church of Rome. There was in those whom we met a joyful buoyancy and an intensity of purpose which convinced us that while no man can tell whereunto this thing may grow, there is good reason to believe that they are not mistaken who speak of it as Austria's Second Reformation."

THE CAUSES OF THE MOVEMENT.

I. Undoubtedly it began in the political antagonism between the spirit of Germanism and Romanism in the Austrian empire. The watchword, "Los von Rom," originated in the suggestion of Mr. Schönerer, a member of the Austrian Parliament, who makes no secret of his being indifferent to the religious aspects of the movement. In December, 1898, he published an appeal to his German fellow subjects in a journal named *Unverfälschte Deutsche Worte*, from which we quote the following paragraph :

In view of the steadily increasing danger

that threatens us from Rome and Prague, the true German patriot is bound to bethink himself and take, before it is too late, correspondingly vigorous measures in self-defense. In this war between Romanism and Germanism, our battle-cry from east to west must be "Los von Rom!" and we must fight persistently in the hope of seeing a final victory gained by Germanism over the un-German and strife-loving Church of Rome.

Long enough have we been talking about passing over from Romanism to Protestantism; in the face of the growing danger let our words be followed by deeds. Away with the fetters which bind us to a Church that is the enemy of our nationality! The spirit of the German, not of the Jesuit, must rule a German people.

II. Although, however, the movement began in the arena of politics, it is evident that the turning of so many, not merely away from the Church of Rome, but to the hearty acceptance of the principles of Protestantism and the deliberate joining of themselves to Protestant churches cannot be accounted for by the mere secular excitement of national antipathy or political opinion.

The study of history, both past and recent, has had much to do with the emancipation of those who have passed into the ranks of the Protestant churches.

(1) Impartial students of history, such as Lozerth, Ilwurf and Klein, have brought to light by research into authentic documents of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, facts which were but little known by the people so long as the Jesuits had the control of public instruction, and especially of the historical text-books used in the schools of the country.

What these scholars discovered was made known in tracts written in a popular style and circulated in hundreds of thousands throughout the empire. All Austria was reminded that within seven years from the time when Luther nailed his theses to the door of the church in Wittenberg and sounded the knell of Rome's supremacy in Europe, the great reformer's teaching had so spread throughout Austria that, in 1523, Ferdinand I., writing to his brother, the Emperor Charles V., complained that, although he was doing all in his power to exterminate "the accursed Lutheran sect," it so prevailed that good Christians (that is Roman Catholics) were afraid to make an open stand against it.

All Austria was reminded that in 1535 the Venetian ambassador of the Austrian court wrote to Venice that he was assured by Favri, court preacher in the Church of St. Stephen's,

at Vienna, that the greater part of the people, not excepting the wealthier classes, were Lutherans, and that they would all be of the same mind if it were not for Ferdinand and his restrictive measures.

All Austria was reminded that the "restrictive measures" adopted by Ferdinand I. and his successors until Joseph II. ascended this throne had stained the pages of the empire's history with the blood of Austria's noblest children, and that it was under the instigation of the Jesuit priesthood that cruel persecution achieved in many places the extermination of Protestants and Protestantism.

(2) At the same time many thoughtful men in Austria awoke to the significance of facts which had taken place within their own generation. They had seen the humiliation of their own country in the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, ending after seven days' campaign in the disastrous defeat of Königsgrätz; they had seen the humiliation of France in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71; they had seen the humiliation of Spain when it entered into war with the United States of America at the cost of the annihilation of the Spanish navy and the loss of Cuba and the Philippine Islands, and they had remarked that Italy never rose to the dignity of a united and independent kingdom until the Pope lost his temporal power.

These object-lessons enforced upon their attention the contrast between the nations that own subjection to the Pope of Rome and the nations which have claimed for themselves for the past four hundred years the liberty, both civil and religious, of which Protestantism is the guardian. This notable contrast was set plainly before all Austria by tracts which were widely circulated and diligently read.

The words of one of Austria's gifted sons, Grillparzer, statesman and poet, expressed the bitter feeling of thousands of his countrymen when he wrote, "Our Catholicism is to blame for it all. Give us two centuries of Protestant teaching and we are the mightiest and most richly endowed of the whole German race. To-day we have talent for nothing higher than music and—the 'Concordat.'"

III. To this reaction produced by study of events remote or recent in European history there must be added as the most important factor in the revival of Protestantism of Austria the revival of religion which has visited many parts of Austria. Spiritual effects can be accounted for only by spiritual causes.

When the yoke of subjection to the Roman Catholic priesthood had been broken by the revolt of independent Germanism against ecclesiastical despotism men claimed and exercised their right of private judgment. Delivered from the prejudices of earlier years they listened with candor to the preaching of the Gospel as ministered to them both by the pastors of the Austrian Reformed churches and by others whom the evangelical churches of Germany gladly sent to this field white unto harvest until the Austrian government prohibited this on the pretext of political danger.

Moreover, the common people now began to read the Scriptures for themselves and welcomed into their homes periodicals and tracts which proclaimed the great truths of the Gospel and extorted them to make diligent use of the blessed privilege of direct personal access to the Word of God and to the throne of grace.

I shall close this article with a testimony which illustrates and confirms the statement that vital religion has a real and potent influence in the "Los von Rome" movement. We received the testimony at a most interesting place, Klostergrab, at which the Protestant Church was burned by the Jesuits in 1617, an event which had much to do with the beginning of the Thirty Years' war. Dr. Robertson and myself, accompanied by the Rev. Martin Langenan, the beloved pastor of the German congregation in Edinburgh, had gathered an informal meeting beside the beautiful Protestant Church in process of erection at Klostergrab.

The whole company, not excepting the policeman who came, as in duty bound, to observe us, were in sympathy with the "Los von Rom" movement, and in the course of conversation we asked an old man to tell us why he became a Protestant. This reply, as taken down immediately afterward by Mr Langenan, is almost exactly given in the following translation:

"Yes, dear sirs, that is a curious story. You see, I had always attended the Catholic Church with my family. One day, however, we heard that evangelical worship was to be conducted in the hotel (Gasthof) in our village. That appeared to us absurdity; we could never conceive of the public worship of God being held anywhere else than in a building consecrated to God.

Then we said to one another at home, "We must all go to see this comedy." So we all went, out of curiosity. When the room was

full, a kindly old minister came in. He spoke, without reading, the words of a prayer, and in his prayer there was something that amazed us, for he spoke in German, and *we all were able to understand him.*

Moreover, he prayed to God with simplicity and fervor as to One who was in the midst of us: "Thou hearest Thy children everywhere if they come to Thee with longing hearts; Thou art also here present in this room and by Thy presence it is consecrated." And then we sang a beautiful hymn, and this we were able to read for ourselves and understand.

After this the venerable man came forward, and, standing before us like a prophet, spoke to us with holy joy of a blessed springtime which even here may come into the hearts of men, and he said that a time of triumph would soon come in which, out of the ashes of the church which was burned and levelled with the ground three hundred years ago, a new house of God should arise.

Thereafter he spoke again in prayer, pleading with God for all of us, for our families, for the children and the old people, for the Protestants and the Catholics, and he did so with such tenderness that our hearts were melted.

After fourteen days he came back again. With my whole family again I attended the meeting, but now not out of curiosity only, but of a genuine hunger after the Word of God. Once more we were refreshed by the praise, the preaching and the prayer.

And now he had got such a hold of us that we sent an anonymous card to the dear old man beseeching him to come soon again. When he had come the third time I and my whole family, including my sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, declared ourselves Protestants, and since then we have been followed by many who now rejoice with us in the blessings of truth and freedom.—*Missionary Review.*

Even in the Dark Continent the world moves. For it is a scant 25 years since Stanley appeared on the Lower Congo, after a year's perils to reach the coast, and now there reaches our table an account of a conference of missionaries held at Leopoldville, January 19, representing 4 American and 3 European societies—200 of them coming from 50 stations and able to tell of 6,000 native Christians with hundreds of schools and all that!—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

INDIA OF TO-DAY—"BEHOLD A SHAKING."

BY REV. C. A. R. JANVIER.

The moral and spiritual life of India is its lethargy. There has been more or less local activity, but the great mass of the people are stolidly indifferent to all moral and spiritual problems. The causes for this state of things are not far to seek. The pinching poverty of a large proportion of the people is partly answerable. The poverty of the poorest even in our great cities gives us no adequate notion of that of multitudes in India. Indolence and improvidence are largely responsible. Debt—often at incredible rates of interest—is almost a normal condition. Then famine and scarcity get in their work. At the best of times the struggle for existence is urgent and absorbing. "Pahile bhojan piche bhajan," they say (First food, then faith !)

Ignorance, too, plays its part in deadening the moral sensibilities. The boasted culture and intellectuality of India are confined to the very few. There are scores of good-sized villages with not a single man who can read or write. Of the ignorance of the women it is scarcely necessary to make even passing mention. One example will suffice: The Kayasths—the "Writer" caste, one of the most progressive—report a female illiteracy of ninety-seven per cent. !

More than either poverty or ignorance, the flagrant and unblushing immorality of India contributes to the moral lethargy. Sin, above all else, numbs and deadens the spiritual sensibilities. Sin of every form abounds in India. Falsehood is so common as to attract no comment. The writer once said to a Hindu whose clothing was dripping with the water of the sacred Ganges, "You have washed away all your sins, have you, brother?" "Surely, sahib!" "Then of course you will not lie any more?" "Not lie any more!" was the astonished reply. "Why, Padri, sahib, how could I carry on my business if I didn't lie?" Comment is superfluous.

Something of another phase of immorality can be guessed at from the popular and widely observed Hindu festival called the Holi. The performances connected with it are so unspeakably foul that during the day or two of its height no decent woman dare show herself on the street. It is to be remembered that this carnival of lust is a *religious* festival !

One other most important factor in deadening the public conscience is the philosophic

thought of the country. Hinduism and Mohammedanism, though utterly unlike in every other particular—standing related as the very antipodes to each other—strangely and sadly enough agree in their fatalistic tendency. Islam has emphasized the sovereignty of God till it has absolutely lost God Himself in His sovereignty, and has nothing but a blank fatalism left. Adam himself is represented as excusing his sin on the ground that it had been ordained thousands of years before he committed it—what could he do?

Turn to Hinduism, on the other hand: its underlying Pantheism refers all things directly to God and so logically destroys all sense of personal responsibility. Or take the popular doctrine of "Karma"—Buddhism's most striking legacy to India—and it practically differs not a whit from the Moslem's fatalism. Every man is in the adamant chain of the deeds of his previous existences. He is what he is, and does what he does, because of the outworking of deeds he has done in forgotten ages. He is in no true sense a free moral agent. And all this is not merely the fine-spun fancy of the philosopher; it colours the thought of the ignorant villager—it is the actual excuse given in every-day life.

Small wonder, then, that moral and spiritual lethargy has been a prominent factor in the problem of India's regeneration. It would be astounding if it were otherwise.

But a new heaven has been introduced. The influences of a Christian civilization, of a Christian government, of Christian preaching and Christian education have been at work. "And behold a shaking" that promises to be "an earthquake," as the Revision has it !

What else than this is the significance of the fact that on the same days on which the Indian National Congress, followed by the Indian Social Congress in the same building and with many of the same delegates, was meeting in Calcutta, a great Mohammedan Educational Conference was in session at Madras, and that in Lucknow a scarcely smaller conference of the famous Rajuts was discussing social, moral, and religious reforms of the most radical kind?

As Dr. Welldon, India's recent great metropolitan bishop, says in his able open letter to Mr. P. C. Mozumdar, "That India is undergoing a rapid intellectual change is a truth which will, I think, be admitted by everybody who has spent even six months in the country." Curiously enough, the same Indian

paper that brought this letter had in it a communication from a prominent member of the Hindu "Bharat Dharma Mahamandal," headed "A Hindu Revival," and opening with this sentence: "There can be no mistake about the signs of a religious revival, which are now to be seen in almost every part of the Indian Empire."

How far all these things indicate a "religious revival," and especially a real Hindu revival, is open to serious question. New intellectual activity there unquestionably is, and new thought along the lines of moral reform; but the religious movements in Hinduism and Mohammedanism seem far more of the nature of a pseudopatriotic protest against the inroads of Christianity than an outburst of genuine religious conviction and fervour.

Another significant movement, intimately connected with this, as partly causing it, is found among the men who compose educated Young India. They have been availing themselves of the very complete system of education provided by the British government. It is, in accordance with the Government's solemn pledge of religious neutrality, a nonreligious, nontheistic education. In effect it is, as was inevitable, an antitheistic and antireligious education. The resultant is the setting in of a great tide toward blank atheism or despairing agnosticism.

One other great movement meets the eye, not so very recent, but recent in its deepening force and widening influence: the movement of the Outcastes* toward the light and liberty that Christ's Gospel offers. Out of the muck and mire of degradation worse than slavery tens of thousands have laid hold of the Hand that never grasps but to lift up. These Outcastes have been in many cases actuated by mixed motives, and many mistakes have doubtless been made in receiving candidates for baptism; but that there is here a great movement behind which is God's Spirit no thoughtful observer can question.

These lines give but a hint of the situation in India to-day. God's providences throw down a challenge to the Church. He is moving the nation; He is marching on. Is the Church prepared to advance in even step with Him?—From *The Assembly Herald*.

THE TIBETAN OUTLOOK.

The old year closes upon a period of progress in many directions. Knowledge is increased, and many run to and fro; it is the day of rapid travel. Strange that the twentieth century should have dawned, that 1903 should dawn and yet a country 1,600 miles by 700 miles in extent should bid defiance to missionary endeavour and to Western enterprise alike, for Tibet is still a "closed land."

Miss Annie Taylor, in her little isolated post just over the Himalayas, and with a defiant wall immediately in front of her, barring progress further, is the only European so far allowed a residence in Tibet itself.

In the meantime, our brave friends, the Moravians, in Ladak, extend and consolidate their work on the west; literary work and revision of the Gospels has been accomplished—and we trust more will follow—and converts are added to the Church one by one; while the Gospel is faithfully preached on the southern side by the Scandinavian Alliance and Church of Scotland Missions.

Away in China the Tibetan work, long at a standstill, owing to Boxer disturbance and evil rumour, will, it is believed, be recommenced now in a few weeks.

As with eager glance and prolonged gaze the watchman for Tibet makes his report, what hope does he give of a door speedily to be opened? Certainly not many months since a Tibetan Embassy visited the Emperor of the Russias at St. Petersburg, and in all probability an understanding was arrived at between the two countries; but this does not appear to have brought the opening any nearer. We still have our only hope in God.

Two incidents of interest regarding Tibet may be recorded: The one, the remarkable journey of Dr. Sven Hedin just concluded, during which the explorer succeeded in reaching a spot two days only from the forbidden capital and was then turned back, returning with the firm conviction that Lhasa *cannot* be reached until the Lamas give consent; the other, the recent publication of a book long in compilation by a noted Indian explorer, Saret Chandra Das, giving details of a journey made by him to Lhasa in 1881, and residence there, during which he made acquaintance with the Dalai Lama. The book has many illustrations, including one of Lhasa and interesting maps. Will my readers earnestly pray for the speedy opening of this great closed land?—*The Mission World*.

* The Parishes or Mibtars, the class who are outside of the pale of the caste system, and whose usual employment is that of scavengers. There are nearly fifty millions of them.

A PHASE OF THE MORMON MENACE.

A leading Presbyterian paper in the U. S. A. says:—The presence in our land of polygamy as a tolerated evil is a menace to the peace of our land. Still worse, it is sapping the foundations of morality in the States where Mormonism prevails, in a very subtle way.

Dr. Sarah Elliot, who has spent eight years as a practising physician in a county of Utah where polygamy is the rule and monogamy the exception, states that the present generation of Mormon women, born and bred in plural families have ceased to hate and resent the system as women once did.

A few years ago the insane asylums were filled with "first" wives, whose brains were astray, through their jealous misery at the entrance into their home of the second and succeeding claimants on the husband's name and love. Now, the first wives smile carelessly, inured to the unnatural arrangement, and calmly entertain their lord for an allotted week or month, as calmly dismissing them at its expiration to go to another home and another wife.

Mormonism makes every man a deity. Women in its view is a being very low in the social and spiritual scale, and only fitted by marriage and the kindness of her husband for heaven after death. The worst degradation of Orientalism touches hands with the most shocking depravity of the Occident in this atrocious form of evil.

A few days ago a large assembly of representative women gathered in Washington, women from Maine to Texas, beautiful, accomplished, and of elevated position, to protest against the increase of Mormon power. Polygamy, no longer confined to Utah, is boldly practised in Wyoming, Colorado and Idaho, and unless the Christian womanhood of the nation is aroused there is grave danger that the evil may assume gigantic proportions before it is checked.

A constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy may not now be secured from Congress, but it will be sought for and petitioned for by the mothers and daughters of America, and, as they value pure homes and clean lives of their sons and daughters, they should use their influence till they gain what they ask.

Because we cannot with our own eyes see the iniquities of Mormonism we are apathetic and indifferent. The sorrow which is too far away to be heard, the shame which is hidden from our view, fail to touch us. But stealthily and fearsomely and without an alleviating feature, this poisonous serpent works his deadly way in the beautiful West, and too late we may realize that we are in peril of a Satanic visitation indeed. They who doubt the existence of a personal devil might be convinced should they behold Mormonism as it is, with polygamy for its corner-stone.

[There is little doubt of the intention of the Mormons to establish a second Utah in our own Northwest. This is an additional reason for prosecuting with all diligence our Home Mission work.—Ed.]

MORAVIAN MISSIONARY PRAYER.

The following is the missionary prayer of the Moravian Church, and it is used every Sabbath in the morning service. Is it strange that a church which at every service lifts this supplication should be noted as a missionary church?

"Thou Light and Desire of all nations, watch over Thy messengers both by land and sea Prosper the endeavours of all Thy servants to spread Thy Gospel among heathen nations. Accompany the word of their testimony concerning Thy atonement with demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Bless our congregations gathered from among the heathen. Keep them as the apple of Thine eye. Have mercy on Thy ancient covenant people, the Jews. Deliver them from their blindness, and bring all nations to the saving knowledge of Thee. Let the seed of Israel praise the Lord. Yea, let all the nations praise Him. Give to Thy people open doors to preach the Gospel and set them to Thy praise on earth. Amen."

THE MISSION OF AN ORGAN.

A lady with a cottage organ moved into a house joining a saloon, and what transpired in the one place could be heard in the other.

A sweet child of the lady died and the saloon-keeper, who owned the house, professed much sympathy; but the next Saturday night a number of rough drinking men met in the saloon to have some violin music, and, as it was anything but soothing, the poor, lonely-hearted mother doubtless thought of the organ and going over to it began playing, and as she played sang:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Save into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

She had played but one verse when all became quiet in the bar-room. Then she lifted up a silent prayer that the hymn might prove a blessing; and so God ordained, for when the lady ceased, the shutters of the saloon were closed for the night.

The next evening the saloon-keeper sent two lady members of his family to ask the lady to play and sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Wonderingly the lady complied. Still more strange, he sent in again and again.

The organ and hymn accomplished their mission. The man closed his saloon and abandoned the business.—Sel.

Honour must grow out of humility, freedom out of discipline, righteous joy out of righteous sorrows, true strength out of true knowledge of our own weakness, sound peace of mind out of sound contrition.—Charles Kingsley.

Pulpit and Pew.

POOR SERMONS.

There are poor preachers and there are poor sermons, but the poor hearers outnumber them far. The reverend hearer may find in most sermons something to help and encourage him.

There was an old deacon who was a good hearer, and there came to him a friend who was not. The friend was loud in his complaint against their common pastor. The sermons were poor and full of mistakes and blunders; he could get no spiritual food from them, and there must be at once a change of pastor.

The deacon took his irate visitor out to the stable where stood old Topsy, the deacon's cow. The deacon quietly placed some hay before her, and Topsy proceeded at once to munch her food with every sign of contentment possible to bovine existence.

For full five minutes the deacon stood and watched the cow, and his guest stood waiting impatiently to know whether or not the deacon would join him in his efforts to secure a new pastor.

At last the old man broke the silence: "Don't you know as much as my cow?" he said. "She does not like thistles or burdock, and there are plenty in the hay, but she simply noses them aside and goes on eating her hay. If you find thistles in the sermon, don't eat them; but I find lots of good hay."

The visitor understood, and never forgot; and if in after years he felt tempted to find fault with his minister he checked himself with a smile and the question; "Don't you know as much as my cow?"—*Zion's Herald*.

WHAT A CHEERY WORD DID.

Upon a certain Sunday, when I was nervous and ill at ease, and did not have myself in hand, I dressed, in spite of all this, and went to my Sunday School class, and found six boys out of the ten present. "I was sorry all were not there, yet I felt that it would be easier for me to teach only the few this sick, weary morning."

The boys listened, and their kind attention and my strenuous attempts to bring out vital truths rendered me better. Yet the load of responsibility was there, and had been severe for the past few weeks; for surely I loved and nurtured those boys with more yearning and care than did some of their busy mothers.

At such trying times the temptation was great to give up the class.

Being so discouraged a teacher, what comfort awaited me that very day! The new pastor's wife told me that it was worth their while to have come to this church for their son to be in my Sunday School class! To hear such a tribute as this brought tears of surprise and

regret, when alone that evening,—surprise that my efforts had been found effective, and regrets of a deep nature that I never yet had reached my ideal as a teacher one single Sunday.

We secretly clamour for results here rather than for treasures above, or for the pure love of God; yet how essential it is to have human recognition and sympathy to support and encourage. A few weeks of illness of a nervous nature is enough to turn all burning enthusiasm to ashes, but, after this suffering passes, how strong one becomes to take up the work with a fresh renewal of purpose. The pure joy compensates for the agony of working under a dark cloud and a horizon of solid gloom. Our wings droop and drag when our friends least suspect. Say kind, sweet words often, therefore; make a habit of doing so; then you will be one that is sorely needed everywhere,—a cheerer.—Springfield, O.

LOVE vs. HEREDITY.

A woman once visited an institution where homeless and friendless children found a home. Among the little inmates, she came to one to whom her heart went out, and she said: "This child I want for my own."

"He is not for adoption," said the person in charge.

The woman looked around, but saw no other child who attracted as this little one had, and she went away sorrowful.

In a few days she came again to visit the child. One day she came with tears in her eyes, and said, "Why cannot I have the child I want?"

They told her then the story of the baby, and the utter depravity of its parents. There was bad blood in the child, and it would be a terrible risk to take it.

The woman went away again sorrowful, but after three or four days returned, saying:

"I have come for my baby. If you think he will be more likely to be a good boy and man with my mother-love and brought up in a Christian home, give him to me. God will take care of the rest."

Her love prevailed. They gave the ill-born waif into her hands; she took him to her heart.

Years have passed since then. Love has prevailed and conquered, and the little helpless waif has grown up to a faithful, honoured, Christian manhood.

There is a mighty power in love; the love of man can subdue and sway and rule a life; the love of a woman can ennoble and uplift a soul; and greater than these is the love of Christ.—Selected.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY. REV. ROBERT HAMILTON, D.D.

To the RECORD.

We do not conceive of anything that is more reasonable and becoming for any family than to set apart a season in which to worship God from whom they receive the daily blessings of life. Reason would lead to it; common gratitude would constrain to it; an enlightened conscience would approve, that those who are daily partakers of family favours, should unite in family thanksgiving.

We have no record that Adam received any command to observe family worship. Down to the time of his fall, such a command was not required, because to do so would be his natural delight; even after the fall, we have evidence that he observed family worship; his conscience was not dead; reason was not lost, and these with a feeling of gratitude, would constrain him to acknowledge the continued forbearance shown him since the fall; he seems to have persevered in honouring God in the presence of his household.

We know that in process of time; or at the end of some division of days, Cain and Abel met for worship and presented their offerings; this seems to have been the result of the teaching of their father. A remarkable statement is made in connection with the birth of ENOS: "Then began men to call upon the name Jehovah," which may be applied either to family or public worship.

After Cain slew his brother, it is said he went out from the presence of Jehovah, which has been understood to mean, he ceased to attend to the worship of Jehovah, either individually or in the family.

It is not definitely stated, but the conduct of Noah implies that he had established the worship of God in his home. We may believe it was on this account he was so highly honoured of God, in accordance with the promise "them that honour Me I will honour."

In the history of Abraham, it more clearly appears that he observed family worship by the frequent references made to the fact, wherever he located he raised an altar; and on account of this observance of family worship; special honour was conferred on him by Jehovah, in revealing to him that which was hidden from others, and reason given why this was revealed to Abraham.

The reason is thus expressed. Jehovah said "Shall I hide from Abraham that which I do;

seeing that Abraham shall become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him. For I have known him, to the end, that he may command his children and his household after him, that they may keep the way of Jehovah, to do righteousness and justice, to the end that Jehovah may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him.

The conduct of Abraham which was so highly commended, was still more fully approved by the command given in the law, written in the Book of Deuteronomy. Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget what thine eyes saw, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life; but make them known to thy children—that they may learn to fear me all the days they live upon the earth, and that they may teach their children. These words which I command thee this day shall be upon their heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up, Deut. 6 : 8.

These were the Lords instructions to fathers for the welfare of the children, by which they might be brought into the knowledge of God through his Word; so wherever that Word is made known men may be intelligently brought to worship in praise and prayer.

Such commands given to Israel were not to be confined to the generation in the wilderness; nor to the children of Israel, but they are instructions, to Gentiles, and the men of our day, as to the men of that day. This is implied in the words of Jeremiah. Hear ye the Word of the Lord O house of Jacob, and all the families of the house of Israel; I will yet plead with you saith the Lord, and with your children's children will I plead; I will be the God of all the families of Israel, and they shall be my people; I will dwell in them, and walk among them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people—I will be to you a father, and ye shall be to me sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.

By the Bible we learn that God's method of instructing generation after generation in the knowledge of his truth, is by setting men apart in families where, in which, the young may be taught His Word.

There is no other school in which the knowledge of the Bible can be so well taught. There is a bond through family affection, and a daily

influence through daily contact with the Word, that can be so helpful anywhere else.

It is not needful that I say more to show that family worship is a doctrine fully taught in the Scriptures; and in harmony with the spirit that is under the leading of Christ, and in harmony with the life of those who have been most distinguished for fellowship with God and those who have been desirous to honour God in their own homes; and that those who are under their care may be led to Christ, through the daily contact of the Word and acknowledgment of our continual favours.

The time and manner in which family worship should be observed may be determined by each householder when it is most convenient and most beneficial to the family;—shall that be early in the morning or at ordinary meal hours—before or after meals? We have known some who have family worship every morning before breakfast; this cannot be efficiently carried out unless household discipline is rigidly enforced.

This has been done by some Godly farmers, whose households were remarkable for obedience and good order. This was the manner of General Vicars when on his march to release Lucknow, surrounded by the rebels. He and his staff rose an hour earlier in order to have worship before beginning the march for the day.

Surely if any had a good excuse for omitting worship in the morning, General Vicars had then when pressed by the knowledge that hundreds of his fellowmen were in peril, and in order to save their lives, he must hurry forward; but he believed that real success in his effort depended on God, and he felt it becoming to honour God and seek his guidance for the day, and the result proved the wisdom of his course, as it has often been found by the farmer and the merchant.

The time occupied in honouring God in the family has not been lost, but time gained by having the presence of the Spirit to guide with skill that insures success to those who begin the day with God.

In the great pressure of business in these days of keen competition men are tempted to make the duty of not being slothful in business, more important than the duty of being fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; so the more important is apt to be neglected and the spiritual welfare of the family is set at naught under the plea of lack of time.

The circumstances of General Vicars were

more extreme than is commonly found in the ordinary pursuits of life. From his circumstances and action we may reason: If he found time to call his staff together every morning and observe worship, before setting out on march, surely any of us, in the pursuits of ordinary life, can find time to begin a new day with Him on whom depends our prosperity during the day; in this the proverb is true, "Where there is a will, there is a way."

In the ordinary pressure of business men can find time to meet together for food, and when thus met there is also time to have a little food for the spirit by reading a portion of Scripture and uniting in prayer for God's blessing; not more time may be required for the one than for the other.

Surely it is not wise that attention to the inferior duty should exclude attention to the superior; both are needful for body and soul; the one is not to be indulged and the other starved, but each must have their portion in due season.

The condition of the members of the family must be carefully considered, and the time chosen which may seem most suitable for all, whether it be early in the morning or at noon or evening so that the privilege may be shared by every one in the home. Desire for the well-being of the household will guide to the opportunity most suitable.

The manner in which family worship should be conducted may be decided by the head of the household and with such counsel as may be obtained. With many there are three parts observed, singing, reading and prayer. To lead in all these may now be within the power and attainment of some at the head of the household, but there are many aids to family worship which can be used as helps until such attainment be reached when these shall not be felt needful.

In reaching this degree we know of no means so helpful as by prayerful reading of the Word and asking ourselves before prayer, What is it I wish from God? When we get knowledge of what we need, then we shall find utterance as readily as the child who tells its wants to its mother.

The Jehovah who has set His people in families knows for what end He has done this. His Church in the house is the motive power for the continuation and extension of His Church in the world. The Church in the world is recruited from the churches in the homes. If

spiritual life in the home be feeble, spiritual life shall be feeble in the Church. And we know of no means by which the Church is to be made strong, except through the piety of those at home, and that piety at home is nurtured by the daily worship observed there.

In our time, as it has been at other times, there has been a complaint of the self will of children and resistance of parental restraint, and the question is asked, how can this be overcome? We know of no means that can be so effective in overcoming this spirit as bringing daily the knowledge and authority of God before the mind of the young by reading the Word and by the family bowing together in prayer. This is the divinely appointed means by which the young are to be brought into parental obedience.

The parent may not think his own children will be obedient to him unless he himself is obedient to our Father in heaven. The maxim of the great General, Duke of Wellington, is applicable to parents and children as it is to a general and his soldiers. He said: "If the commander is to have the obedience of his men, he must himself be obedient to his superior." The child, by something like instinct, swiftly discerns the parent's neglect of God's law, and uses that disobedience as an argument why he should follow his own will.

If the father disobey God he casts away the authority God has given him over his own child. His authority lies in his own obedience, and no substitute can be found in any advice or the application of the physical rod. Should the parent from day to day make no acknowledgment, before his children, of the God from whom he receives all the good he possesses, the child, by that neglect, is taught to neglect the claims the father has on him.

Parental authority is wrapped up in personal submission to the will of God; without it the back bone of authority is wanting and the command is pithless as a puff of wind. Parents may have reason to complain of the disobedience of their children, but they have also much reason to search in themselves for the cause, and may find it in their own daily neglect to honour God in the presence of their own children. Practically, the disobedient father says to his children, "Be followers of me as I obey God," and naturally they imitate him in rejecting authority.

This common disobedience of parents is the great cause of the children disobeying them, and we know of no way by which this is to be

changed except by habitually bringing the young into fellowship with God in the home, "then shall be turned the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and the hearts of the children unto the fathers, and the curse of family disobedience shall not smite the earth any longer."

An early knowledge of the Bible is one of the precious benefits which come to the young by the daily reading of it as a family, especially when the head of the household calls attention to special sentences in order to arrest thought which may abide for the remainder of life.

There is a great good which arises from the moral influences that touches the mind of the young men when brought face to face with the Word that has come from the unseen God. This has a restraining power in the midst of temptation. "Thou God seest me" is a thought which has made many strong and driven away the tempter, though no visible hand was seen by the tempted,

There is comfort arising from the approval of conscience as we seek to honour God and condemnation when we neglect to confess Him before our household who are daily partakers of His gifts. Neglect has brought a nation under the curse of the prophet. "Pour out thy fury upon the heathen that know thee not, and upon the families which call not thy name."

LIBERAL BUT NOT USEFUL.

"This dog is of no use at all; he's just worthless," said the young student, coming back from his chase across the fields and looking with contempt at his canine companion. "I was trying to trail that fox that's been carrying off my chickens, but this fellow wouldn't follow it at all; he'd strike off at every rabbit track or cow path he came across."

"Yes," agreed the farmer, placidly, "he ain't useful, but he's a real liberal-minded dog."

"Liberal-minded?"

"Yes,"—there was a little twinkle in the farmer's eye—"yes, he ain't ready to say no path ain't the right one till he's investigated it. He don't want to take one track and stick to it just 'cause it's been pointed out to him as the one he's to follow; he wants to examine and find out where other critters have gone to that took other paths.

"He 'pears to think there may be good in all of 'em and 'twouldn't be fair to judge 'em without nosin' along 'em a spell to find out. Far as he can tell, cow paths and rabbit tracks may be as near right as fox trails. I'll own it's exasperatin' when you expect him to show the way, for he never settles anything nor gits anywhere, but he's real liberal-minded."—Ex.

PAUL IN ARABIA.

BY. REV. ALEX. WHYTE, D.D., EDINBURGH.

No sooner was Paul baptized by Ananias than, instead of returning home to Jerusalem, he immediately set out for Arabia. He had come down to Damascus with horses and servants like a prince, but he set out alone for Arabia like Jacob with his staff. For all that he took with him was his parchments and some purchases he had made in the street called Straight. A few of those simple instruments that tentmakers use when they have to minister to their own necessities was all that Paul encumbered himself with as he started from Ananias' door on his long and solitary journey to Arabia.

What it was that took Paul so immediately and so far away as Arabia we can only guess. If it was simply a complete seclusion that he was in search of he might surely have secured that seclusion much nearer home. But somehow Sinai seems to have drawn Paul to her awful solitudes with an irresistible attraction and strength. It may have been an old desire of his formed at Gamaliel's feet some day to see the Mount of God with his own eyes. He may have said to himself that he must hide himself for once in that cleft-rock before he sat down to his life-work in Moses' seat. I must see Rome, he said towards the end of his life. I must see Sinai he also said at the beginning of his life. And thus it was that as soon as he was baptized in Ananias' house in Damascus Paul immediately set out for Arabia.

Look at that weak bodily presence. But, at the same time, judge him not by his outward appearance. For he carries Augustine and Luther and Calvin and Knox in his fruitful loins. In that lonely stranger you are now looking at, and in his seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed. Look at the eyes of his understanding as they begin to be enlightened. Look at him with his heart all on fire. See him as he unrolls his parchments at every roadside well and drinks of the brook by the way. Thy word is more to me than my necessary food and thy love is better than wine!

What a three years were those three years that Paul spent in Arabia! Never did any other lord receive his own again with such usury as when Paul went into Arabia with Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms in his knapsack, and returned to Damascus with the Romans and the Ephesians and the Colossians in his mouth and in his heart.

What an incomparable book waits to be written about those immortal years in Arabia! After those thirty preparation years at Nazareth there is no other opportunity left for any sanctified pen like those three revelation years in Arabia. Only, it will demand all that is within the most Paul-like writer, to fit him out for his splendid enterprise. It will demand, and it will repay all his learning and all his intellect and all his imagination and all his sinfulness and all his salvation. Just to give us a single Sabbath out of Paul's hundred and fifty Sabbaths at Sinai—what a revelation to us that would be!

It would be something like this, only a thousand times better. When first you fell in love; when first your captivated heart made you like the chariots of Amminadib; the whole world was full of one name to you. There was no other name to you in all the world. Every bird sang that name. Every rock echoed with that name. You wrote that name everywhere. You read that name everywhere. You loved everybody and everything for the sake of that name.

Now, it was something like that between Paul and Jesus Christ. Only it was far better than that between Paul and Jesus Christ at the time, and it was far more lasting with them than it has been with you. Luther, who was almost as great a lover of Jesus Christ as Paul was, has this over and over again about Paul and Jesus Christ. "Jesus Christ is never out of Paul's mouth. Indeed, there is nobody and nothing now and always in Paul's mouth but Jesus Christ and His Cross."

Now that is literally true. For as often as Paul opens his Moses in Arabia and finds the place he is seeking for, he cannot see the place when he has found it for Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ comes between Paul and everything. To Paul to read and meditate and to pray is Jesus Christ. So much so that as soon as he finds the place at the very first verse of Genesis he immediately goes off at the word and exclaims till the Arabs all around listen to his rapture—the mystery! he exclaims, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God who created all things by Jesus Christ. And at this—Let there be light! For God, he exclaims again who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts in the face of Jesus Christ.

And does Adam burst out into his bridegroom doxology—This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh!—than Paul in

stantly adds, "Amen! But I speak concerning Christ and His Church" And before he leaves the first Adam he gets such a revelation of the second Adam made in him that the Corinthians had many a glorious Sabbath morning on the two Adams, all the way from Arabia, long afterwards. And again, no sooner does God speak in covenant to Abraham about his seed, than Paul immediately annotates that He saith not to seeds as of many, but as of One, which is Christ.

But, on all that Moses ever wrote, there was nothing that Paul spent so much time and strength, as just on this concerning the father of the faithful—that Abraham believed in the Lord, and it was counted to him for righteousness. Now, said Paul, reasoning to himself over that revelation and then reasoning to us—now it was not written for Abraham's sake only, that it was imputed to him, but for our sakes also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on Him who raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification.

And so on, till to have spent a single Sabbath day with Paul at Sinai would have been almost as good as to have walked that evening hour to Emmaus. So did Paul discover the Son of God in Arabia: so did Paul have the Son of God revealed to him in Adam and in Abraham and in Moses and in David and in Isaiah, but, best of all, in Paul himself.

And then Paul's first fast day in Arabia. Paul was never out of the Psalms on these days that he observed so solemnly at Sinai, till his David was like John Bunyan's Luther, so old that it was ready to fall piece from piece if he did but turn it over. But he always turned it over at such sacramental seasons till he came again to that great self-examination Psalm where he found it written concerning himself: These things hast thou done and I kept silence. Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself. But I will reprove thee and set them in order before thee. And it was so. For they stood set in order before him, and passed in order before him and before God. The souls of all the men and women and children he had haled to prison and had compelled to blaspheme and had slain with the sword.

And then as he hid himself in the cleft rock—how the Name of the Lord would come up into his mind, and how, like Moses also, he would make haste and bow his head to the

earth and say: Take me for one of Thy people. And till God would again reveal His Son in Paul in a way and to a degree that it is not possible for Paul to tell to such impenitent and unprostrated readers of his as we are.

And then far over and above those terrible sins of his youth there was the absolutely unparalleled and absolutely indescribable agony that came upon Paul out of the remaining covetousness and consequent malice of his heart and more and more so as his heart was more and more brought down under the ever-increasing and all-piercing spirituality of God's holy law, an agony that sometimes threatened to drive Paul beside himself altogether, and till, on the rocks of Sinai, the shepherds would sometimes come on somewhat the same sweat of blood that the gardeners came on in the Garden of Gethsemane. For it was in Arabia, and it was under the Mount of God, that Paul's apostolic ink-horn was first filled with that ink of God with which he long afterwards wrote that so little understood writing of his which we call the Seventh of the Romans. A little understood writing, and no wonder!

The Apostle came back from Arabia to Damascus, after three years' absence, absolutely laden down with all manner of doctrines and directions and examples for us and for our salvation, if we would only attend to them and receive them. Directions and examples, of which this is one of the first, that solitude, the most complete and not short solitude, was the one thing that Paul determined to secure for himself immediately after his conversion and his baptism.

And we have a still better example of all that than even Paul. For over and above His thirty uninvaded years, no sooner was that "Glorious Eremit" baptized than He went away and took forty days to Himself before He began His public life. "One day"—sings concerning Him one of His servants who loved seclusion also, and put it to some purpose—

"One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading,
And His deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude; till far from track of man,
Thought following thought, and step on step led on,
He entered now the bordering desert-wild,
And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursued."

And thus it is the Holy Scripture every-

where so full of apartness and aloneness and solitude; of lodges in the wilderness and of shut doors in the city; of early mornings and late nights and lonely night-watches; of Sabbath days and holidays and all such asylums of spiritual retreat.

Down to Gehenna and up to the throne,
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

But the Apostle's chief reason for telling us about Arabia at all is this, to prove to us and to impress upon us that it was not cities and colleges and books that made him what by that time he was made. It was God Himself who made Paul the Apostle he was made. I conferred not with flesh and blood, he protests. He had books, indeed, as we have seen; he always had. He had the best of books; he always had. But even Moses and David and Isaiah themselves are but flesh and blood compared with God. Even grace itself is but flesh and blood compared with Christ, says Thomas Shepard.

And Paul is careful and exact, above everything, to make it clear to us, that not only was it God Himself who immediately and conclusively revealed His Son in Paul, but, also, that it was His Son that God so revealed. It was not Jesus Christ, so much, distinguishes Paul, that God revealed in him.

Jesus Christ had revealed Himself to Paul already at the gate of Damascus, but God's revelation of His Son in Arabia was a revelation of far more than of Jesus Christ whom Paul was persecuting. For this in Arabia is God's Eternal and Co-equal Son. And that, not merely as made flesh and made sin; not merely as crucified and risen and exalted and glorified, but as He had been before all that and during all that and after all that. It was God's Essential and Eternal Son; it was God's very deepest, completest and most crowning revelation possible of His only-begotten Son, that God, in such grace and truth, made in Paul in Arabia.

In me, says Paul. In my deepest mind and in my deepest heart; in my very innermost soul and strength. And thus it was that Paul underwent two grand revelations over and above a multitude of lesser revelations which arose out of those two epoch-making revelations and which both perfected and applied them. The one, that grand and epoch-making revelation made on the way to Damascus and made immediately by Jesus Christ whom Paul was at that moment persecuting. A revelation

divinely suited to all the circumstances. A revelation outward, arresting, overpowering, taking possession of all the persecutor's bodily senses, and thus surrounding and seizing all the passes into his soul.

The other, made within and upon Paul's pure and naked soul, and apart altogether from the employment of his senses upon his soul. A revelation impossible adequately to describe. A revelation made by God of His Son, most inward, most profound, most penetrating, most soul-possessing, most enlarging to the soul, most uplifting and most upholding, most assuring, most satisfying, most sanctifying, intellectual, spiritual, experimental, evangelical, all-renewing and all transforming, full of truth, full of love, full of assurance, full of holiness, full of the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Jesus of Nazareth appeared to Saul the persecutor as He had already appeared to Mary Magdalene and to the ten disciples and to Thomas. But God the Father revealed His Son in Paul the Apostle as he had never revealed Him before and as He has never revealed Him since in moral man. That is to say, with a fulness and with a finalness that has made all God's subsequent revelations of His Son, at their best, to be but superficial and partial, occasional and intermittent.

Not that it need be so. Not that it ought to be so. For it we but gave ourselves up to God and to His Son, as Paul gave himself up, we also, no doubt, would soon reap our reward. But, as it is, Paul's apprehension of God's Son, Paul's comprehension of God's Son and Paul's service of God's Son have remained to this day, by far the first, by far the best, by far the most complete, by far the most final and by far the most fruitful revelation of His Son that Almighty God has ever made in any of the sons of men.

"It is a mistake to invest all of one's treasures on this side of the river called Death."

"It is a mistake to believe that capacity for happiness accompanies the deed to great possessions."

"It is a mistake to think that the sweetness of life can be extracted from things material. All the joys worth seeking are of the spirit."

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. The world has many that agree with it. What it needs, and what it appreciates, is the manliness that can stand apart from it and lead it to a better way.—Horace Bushnell.

CONFIDENCE WITH MOTHER.

He was a shy little fellow, quite undemonstrative in his nature. But he had a secret in his little heart—a secret which he wished to share with the dearly loved mother.

The mother was sitting by the window with her sewing basket at her side. She was darning a hole in the knee of the shy little fellow's stocking. The boy edged up to his mother with an important look on his face, as if he were to divulge something of great importance, as he whispered :

"Mamma, I wish to tell you a great secret, but I wish you to promise never to tell it—not even to papa or Leslie or Kate, will you?"

"Most certainly, my dear, I will promise never to tell my little boy's secret. What is it?"

The boy bent down lower and whispered in his mother's ear :

"Marjorie Greenough is my sweetheart. Now don't you ever tell!"

The boy's finger was held up as a sign of guarantee for his mother, and with his face covered with blushes that he had been so communicative, he looked up into his mother's face. A smile was on it as she said, "Marjorie is a sweet little girl."

The boy had confided to his mother what to him was a sacred secret ; it was in her keeping. Mother would know, of course, and mother liked Marjorie. With a happy heart he went off to his play.

Two hours later he came back to his mother in tears, and in broken tones exclaimed :

"You told, mamma, you told, and you promised you would not ! Kate has told Leslie and the boys, and they have been laughing at me!"

"Why, what do you mean, my child? I did not tell Kate a word. I promised I would not."

"No, but you told Aunt Helen when she came to see you this afternoon, and Kate was in the hall and heard you, and she said you and Aunt Helen laughed. Oh, mamma, I did not think you would, after you promised ! I will never tell you any of my secrets again !"

What could that mother say? To her the little fellow's secret was a trivial affair—a cause for a smile and a little merriment with Aunt Helen—but, nevertheless, her promise was sacredly given to the child.

Ah ! it is often the case that children are kept from confidences with mother for just such reasons. A promise given to a child should be as sacred as that to grown persons. One may say that such affairs are not of much moment beside weightier ones that come up every day, but they are.

The little fellow's secret was one of great importance to him. The telling of it to mother required a long deciding, but mother would never make a promise and break it. The secret was safe with mother, and so he told her.

There is nothing so helpful to children as confidence in their mothers. The knowledge that they can go to them with their troubles and joys and talk them over, getting wisdom

and good counsel regarding them, has proved a safeguard to many a child. The mother spoken of above not only broke her promise, but exposed her child to ridicule, which with his sensitive nature was more than he could bear.

The wise mother encourages her children's confidences by not treating lightly the subjects which to them are matters of weight. It can hardly seem credible, but hearing with one's own ears establishes the proof of one mother's dishonourableness : A little girl had told her mother something in strict confidence. The mother not long afterward entertained some guests at the table with what had been told her. The girl came in and heard her mother's last words on the matter. Her face showed the greatest astonishment at her mother's dishonourable action, and she exclaimed, in an injured tone of voice : "Why, mother, what did you tell that for ! You promised me sacredly you would not tell it, and you have broken your promise !" The weak mother made the matter still worse by trying to clear herself, in saying : "But I made a mental reservation !" What sort of principle was she inculcating in her child by such a remark as that? . . . There is need for very careful thought on this subject.

Home life is peculiarly sensible to the influences within. The sensitiveness of the home hearts makes it all the more important that the mother should be very careful what she does or says. Encourage the children with little confidential talks, for the time is not far distant when the boy and the girl will need a close, intimate counsellor in the wiser mother.

Such intimacies in mother and children are beautiful to see. The grown-up son and the grown-up daughter will not go wrong if they have been brought up to have close confidences with mother and have learned that trusts reposed in her are sacred ones.—Susan Teall Perry in *Zion's Herald*.

ON TRAINING CHILDREN.

Children need models more than criticism.

To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself.

The sooner you get a child to be a law unto himself, the sooner you will make a man of him.

We can never check what is evil in the young unless we cherish what is good in them.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten, a little spring that never dries up in our journey through scorching years.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have in a home. But we must also have serenity, peace and the absence of petty fault-finding if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven's growing plants.

There are no men or women, however poor they may be, but have it in their power by the grace of God to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character, and their children might rise up after them and thank God that their mother was a pious woman or their father a pious man.—Dr. McLeod.

The Children's Pages.

OUR CANADIAN CHINESE.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

"For Young People."

What do you think of the Chinese? How do they impress you when you meet them on the street? What dull, stupid, stationary peo-

ple you cannot speak to them and discover what they are thinking about? If you were in some foreign country where you could not be understood they might think you very dull and stupid.

There is a book published by a man who has been for many years in China, and that book



A Group of Montreal Chinese Christian Endeavorers.

ple they seem to be! A little more than an animal, but a great deal less than a man—that is, a Canadian man.

It seems the natural thing—for some people who think themselves very clever—to insult and throw stones at them. In Victoria, B.C., a few weeks ago, some white boys attacked a Chinese boy on the street and so abused him that he fell before a street car, with the result that a leg was amputated and he will be a cripple for life.

But did you ever ask yourself why they seem so stupid? May not the reason be that

rather opens peoples eyes. The author, W. A. P. Martin, LL.D., is the President of the Imperial University, and the book is called "The Lore of Cathay."

It is rather a staggerer to people who complacently look down upon the Chinese. Dr. Martin ought to know what he is talking about, and he claims that the Chinese are amongst the most inventive, the most thoughtful, the most original people in the world.

How does he prove that? What great discoveries do we owe to them? Everybody admits that printing is one of the greatest dis-

coveries, and printing we owe to the Chinese. It came about in a strange way. A Chinese Emperor, who was much opposed to Confucianism, determined to destroy that religion by committing to the flames all Confucian classics. But they were restored from the memory of Confucian disciples, and since imperfect manuscripts discovered in the wall of a house.

Another King, determined that such a crime would now be committed again, had the thirteen Confucian classics engraved on 170 granite slabs which are still in preservation. From these slabs it was an easy thing to take impressions.

Thus we have the first printing, and it was some hundreds of years before printing was known in Europe. Indeed, it is believed that the suggestion came to Europe from China.

With printing, gunpowder has often been bracketed as the two most important discoveries. Yet gunpowder was known in China six or seven hundred years before it was known in Europe.

The Mariners' Compass was known in China 1100 B.C., and was used for guidance in travel by ambassadors in chariots and sedan chairs and by Chinese junks at sea. Yet Vasco da Gama did not use it in sailing to India so late as 1497 A.D., although Columbus did use it and by it discovered America.

The Chinese were also the founders of Chemistry, the greatest of all the sciences. It was known as Alchemy for centuries, and the aim in view was the discovery of something that would make men immortal—the elixir of life—and also something called the philosopher's stone that would convert base metals into gold.

They thought that if they could only be rich and live for ever all would be well. The aim was foolish, but the process was the study of nature and they discovered many of the simple elements. Thus were discovered carbon and nitre and sulphur and then they stumbled on gunpowder which is a compound of these three.

An alchemist, whilst analysing a human body in search of the "elixir of life," stumbled on phosphorous, and so out of their endeavours grew a better thing than either the "philosopher's stone" or the "elixir of life," the great science of chemistry to which we owe so much.

So, paper, silk, porcelain, must be credited to the Chinese.

But are the Chinese really thinkers? Is it not said that they live in the past and simply transmit the thoughts of their ancestors? Yes that is said and it is so far true as that they have suffered much loss by it. Yet they have had their great religious and intellectual awakenings, their great philosophers and poets and moralists. Their Elizabethan age was as brilliant as ours and showed as much ability.

Unfortunately, they did not have the guidance and inspiration of the Christian religion and thus were left behind.

But what about their government? Are they not lacking there? Think for a moment. The highest governments like the highest organisms have one individual or national life. The lower organisms and the lower governments are a conglomeration of separate lives.

To the latter class belong India and Africa. They are not one, but separate nationalities often at war with each other.

To the former belong Great Britain and the United States. They have one national life and assimilate other nationalities that pour into them.

To that better class belongs China. They have one national life and down through the centuries have absorbed and assimilated all diverse elements that came amongst them.

Naturally the processes of assimilation in so vast a body is very slow, and that may account for their intense conservatism. But they have the genius of the highest forms of government.

The "Lore of Cathay" is quite a large book and is interesting, but more than interesting, it corrects an injustice of which we have been guilty. They who read it thoughtfully will think regard and treat respectfully the Chinese who dwell amongst us. They are quite our equals in native ability, and only need the quickening of the better life.

WHAT IS BEST FOR A BOY.

No gymnasium is so good for a boy as hard steady work in the open air. The gymnasium is only an artificial substitute for the country lad's exercise as he weeds, or hoes, or drives the plow.

So no school of character, no effort to improve ourselves by set exercises, is so good for us as the school of plain everyday work. We may call labour drudgery; yet it teaches patience, obedience, endurance, controlled energy, order, system, and many other necessary things.

The boy who never worked for his living always has something to learn from the boy who has been through the school that labour keeps.—Ex,

FOR MISSION BANDS.

Just home from Sunday School at the seaside. Beside me on the beach our little ones are sitting, listening to the sweet story some one is reading.

There they are—our dainty blossom, Little Marion; Robbie, so active; sturdy little Billy; Warren, the dreamer; Kenneth, the athlete; Donald, who can run so fast, and Baby Lisbeth. How dear the children, how pretty the names?

What are the names of some of our tots in foreign lands? What are some little Chinese children called? "Vagabond," "Little Stupid," "Spring Dog."

How strange! And how can they have such dreadful names! Do the fathers and mothers love them?

Yes, they love the little ones, but they do not know there is any loving Saviour to watch over them. They are afraid of an evil spirit, of many, many evil spirits, and they have given them those horrid names to deceive the spirits.

"Now," they say, "the spirits will think we do not love our children and that they are not nice children, so they will not come and take them from us." Strange, strange, strange!

In all the heathen lands they do not know the tiny verse we learned when we were almost babies—"God is love." They think that there are many gods and that they want to do harm. So the people wear charms about the neck to keep the spirits away.

Or they make idols of wood or stone and worship them. Then they give them all kinds of presents that the gods may feel pleasantly towards them and not hurt them. Always afraid, always afraid!

SINS WASHED AWAY.

In India they are talking of washing away their sins. Do they sing the beautiful Sunday School song, "Wash Me and I shall be Whiter than Snow?" Oh! no, they do not know anything about the "Blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin." They take long, long pilgrimages to the Ganges that they may bathe in this sacred river.

But afterwards they are afraid that they were not cleansed after all. They have spent all their money, they do not know what to do, and even when they die they are afraid their sins are not washed away, they have so many gods.

They give offerings to one god and to another and another, but often they are afraid there is some god forgotten who is angry with them.

In Sunday School to-day the little children said the Ten Commandments, but in India many do not know the very first. "Thou shalt have none other gods before Me." They think there are millions of gods.

THE FOREIGN BIBLE.

Our little boys and girls have beautiful verses which they say many times. Almost all of our little ones know the Beatitudes and the beautiful twenty-third Psalm. Strange texts those little folks say.

When nine or ten years old the Hindu boy has some god chosen for him, and then a text is whispered into his ear. He does not know what it means, but he must keep it secret or there will be dreadful results.

This text and other verses from their sacred books are not given to help them to be good or to teach them of God's love, but they think they shall get merits from their gods if they say their texts over and over.

Sometimes a little boy says his text as many as a hundred and eighty times a day; he must say it over and over. He does not dare forget to do so. He is afraid of his gods.

These Hindus worship stones and animals. The cow is sacred, the serpent and even the monkey. Their gods are monsters; they are never taught to love them. And sadder than all this, they do not know that God loves them. They could never sing,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

BEING GOOD.

The Mohammedans in Turkey have a religion just full of forms and ceremonies. The little Mohammedan boy began his day by prayer. Some of our little boys may have forgotten it this morning, but he did not; only his prayer was said five times by rule.

He bathed by a certain form, the right hand first and then the left, etc. Then he prostrated himself just so towards the holy city Mecca.

And every now and then, from that beautiful minaret of the mosque, there is a call to prayer. Everybody stops at once. They bow low and pray.

But then they go right off and cheat and swear and steal. They have not been taught to put their religion into their lives. They do not know anything of the boy Jesus who lived on earth and showed our boys and girls how to live. There are even wicked things taught them, and these are called clever!

SUPERSTITIONS.

We laugh at our friends who are superstitious and will not start on a trip on Friday, sit down to eat at a table with but thirteen, who believe in witches and ghosts. But, if you were to look around at the children in Turkey, you would find them wearing caps with a blue button in the top of the fez to ward off the evil spirits.

Hundreds and thousands of children in China and Japan, grown-up people too, are wearing charms around their necks to ward off the evil spirits.

Perhaps you wonder at the winding streets in China, but a little Chinese boy can tell you that an evil spirit cannot find his way to you as well through those crooked streets.

If you say you would like more windows in your house than they have, this same little Chinese boy will tell you that those terrible spirits might come in through the windows, and that it is well to have but few.

The Chinese and Japanese have sacred books

that tell them many high and noble things, but they do not tell them of the God that is stronger than all, who loves them and is always beside them to hear their prayers.

PRAYER.

In China they think that they must call the gods to prayer, they may be absent or sleepy. So they ring the bells, or they beat heavy drums or sound the gongs. Sometimes they even shoot off fireworks.

In Japan one is shocked to find the church altar protected by a wire screen covered by paper wads. The people have written out prayers, chewed them and thrown them at the screen. If the wad sticks they call it a good omen, the prayers will be answered.

Can we not teach them that Jesus is here listening, always listening, to hear His children's prayers?

DARK AND LIGHT.

In Africa and in Micronesia it is dark indeed. They know so very, very little about God, they are in terror of Him. It is all so dark to them. They do not know of Jesus the Light of the World.

If we were to look carefully in all of these lands we should find bright spots everywhere, little Sunday Schools like ours and children who could recite with us to-day the twenty-third Psalm? How is this? Our Mission Band workers have sent over people to teach them.

—*Mission Studies.*

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MOTHER.

Rajpatana, part of the country so devastated by famine, is made up of small native states mostly ruled by a rajah or native prince, and, although the home of the brave Rajputs or soldier race of India, it is in many parts a sandy desert and has often suffered from scarcity of rain and consequently lack of food.

For years the active, energetic people have been emigrating to other parts of India where they could make money more easily and are now found, as grain and cloth merchants, in all our larger cities and towns of India.

In the city of Calcutta these people who, as a class, are called Marwarees, have come by the thousands, occupying a portion of the city nearly two miles square; many of them have become very wealthy, for they are noted for money-making and seem to live for this only. Their houses here are generally built three and four stories high, and so close together as to exclude light and air.

They speak a language of their own and mingle but little with other people and are altogether without the Gospel. No mission work is being done among them. Oft our hearts have gone out after this people, and we have wondered how we might reach the mothers and children of this interesting part of our population.

When the famine became so terrible in Rajpatana, their native land, we felt that God had a great purpose in it, and began to pray that

we might help not only to save the starving, but that, from this brave people, we might gather some for God's own, and through those we saved from the famine reach the thousands of their countrymen in the city.

We waited to know God's will. Soon He began to send the starving children to us. Amongst the first lot who came were twelve women. As they staggered into our yard, mad with hunger and covered with filth, we looked and wondered if they were really human beings, and if God could raise up from these wretched creatures those who would work for Him.

Among the wretched mass sat a sad, half-starved creature with a skeleton of a baby in her arms, which we took to be a child eight or ten months old. We saw the child was very weak and ill, and at once began to feed it on warm milk and try in every way to save it. I shall never forget its pitiful moans. We found it growing cold and stiff, and did all we could to warm it. The mother could not speak a word to us.

Early next morning we put the little babe into a bathtub of warm water hoping to warm it up as well as take at least a part of the filth from its body.

As the stiffened limbs warmed and we straightened them out, we found the child to be not a babe, but, looking into its mouth, found a full set of teeth and learned that it was three years old instead of eight months. We dressed it warmly and put it into a neat bed, giving it a little warm milk. It stopped the moaning and went to sleep, and we thought, "Now the baby will live," but it never awoke in this world.

The mother was sleeping beside it, weary with the many months of wandering. One of the women whispered to her as we bent over the child, "Your babe is dead."

She sprang up as best she could in her weakness, but without a single cry or wail, such as native women utter for their dead, she leaned over the little skeleton she had carried in her weary arms so long and whose cry for food had rent her mother heart so often. The hot tears ran in a stream down her bony cheeks and dropped off on the baby face now free from suffering.

She uttered not a word as we explained to her through another that baby had gone to a beautiful land where it would never be hungry again, and God would keep it for her until she came to that happy country.

She looked in wonder at us as this first Gospel-teaching of her life fell on her ear. Would she indeed have her baby again? Was it true it was happy with a loving Father? Was there a God who loved her?

God's Spirit began His work in her heart that moment. She wondered more and more as she watched us nail together a little box and make in it a neat bed, putting on the baby a white frock of one of our own children. The school girls brought flowers and literally covered the little body, placing a beautiful bunch in its folded hands.

As we put the box in the conveyance and

went to take her in with us she drew back in fear. She could not understand what we were going to do. We took one of her companions and one of our own Bengali girls who had helped us care for the baby, then the mother yielded and came with us.

We drove to the cemetery, and as she saw the grave and watched us lower the little box we saw a faint smile play over her face. We asked through her companion why she smiled, and she answered, "Ucha! hi!" (How nice)! She had never seen a Christian burial, but in her famine-wandering often she had seen mothers compelled to leave their dead babies by the roadside and in the field to be eaten by jackals.

Our baby Frank slipped down from my arms, and, of himself, threw a marigold he held in his baby hand into the open grave and toddled back to us for another and still another until the service was over.

From that day Shunderie began to seek after the true God. She was afterwards very ill and we thought she, too, would go, but God was teaching her and had His plan for her future. As she began to get well we were struck with her earnestness and with what simple faith she received every word. She began to learn to read and made rapid progress.

Soon we saw a wonderful change not only in her life, but in her very countenance, and she assured us she had found the Saviour and asked to be baptized in His name.

We were all struck with the way she confessed her faith in Jesus the day she was baptized and declared her entire renunciation of Hinduism and all that pertained to idolatry, and her determination to serve God as long as she lived.

As baptism was administered her face beamed with joy, which greatly impressed us all, and God seemed to say to me, "This woman I give to you to carry My Gospel to her own women in this city."

She has continued her earnest search after the things of God, and now, although it is but one short year since she came, she can read her Bible and teaches the smaller famine children and has prayers with them.

Often have we seen her pointing the dying to the home in Heaven where her baby had gone, and have heard her plead with the erring to leave off sin and give their hearts to the true Saviour.

At evening tide she may be seen sitting with the other famine women and children talking about the beautiful stories of the Bible, telling of God's goodness in bringing them in the time of their dire distress where they found not only food and home, but the true God.

The conversation usually ends with one of the newly-learned hymns and a prayer of thanksgiving. Shunderie's voice leading, the rest joining at the close with the most beautiful of all prayers, "Our Father who art in Heaven."

We now hope to begin the new work which has been so long on our hearts. With Shunderie to tell the story of how she found the Saviour and one or two others God has given

us as her companions, we expect to go to the Marwaree bathing place on the river where hundreds of her country-women come to bathe every morning and there begin to reach her people.—*Woman's Missionary Friend.*

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE SABBATH.

Queen Victoria began her illustrious reign with a strict observance of the Sabbath, and never failed to insist upon it. On one occasion one of her Ministers of State arrived at Windsor Castle late on Saturday night.

"I have brought for your Majesty's inspection," he said, "some documents of great importance; but I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail. I will not encroach upon the time of your Majesty to-night, but will request your attendance to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"True, your Majesty, but the business of the State will not admit of delay."

The next morning the Queen and the court went to church and listened to a sermon on "The Christian Sabbath—its duties and obligation," the Queen having sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. Not a word was said about the State papers during the day, but in the evening the Queen said: "To-morrow, my lord, at any hour you please—as early as seven, if you like, we will look into those papers."

"I could not think of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour," replied the minister; "nine o'clock will be quite soon enough."—Ex.

A habit of life to be commended to boys and girls is the habit of taking long looks. Most of the world is content with seeing the surface of things. The reason more people are not wise is that they are nothing more than superficial observers. Look deeply if you would live wisely.

Good temper and good manners are two things we must acquire in our youth if we wish to acquire them thoroughly.

The girl who likes to please is all very well, but the girl who likes to help is worth two of her.

A man has no more religion than he acts out in his life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH, WEST.

	Estimates for year ending Feb. 28, 1903.	Received to 28th Feb., 1903.
Home Mission Fund.....	\$102,000.00	\$108,200.30
Augmentation Fund.....	30,000.00	26,617.07
Foreign Mission Fund.....	80,900.00	103,252.11
French Evangelization.....	25,000.00	21,477.57
Pointe-aux-Trembles.....	10,000.00	12,114.42
Widows' & Orphans' Fund.....	15,000.00	11,781.74
Aged & Infirm Ministers.....	13,000.00	10,162.53
Assembly Fund.....	7,000.00	6,396.12
Knox College.....	11,000.00	6,043.92
Queen's College.....	5,500.00	2,788.83
Montreal College.....	5,000.00	2,825.02
Manitoba College.....	2,600.00	4,164.80

The congregations in both Eastern and Western Sections of the Church contribute for French Evangelization, Manitoba College and the Assembly Fund. The amounts named for the other Schemes require to be got from the Western Section alone.

*"February" in last RECORD was in error. Should have been "January."

Rec'd in *February

By Rev. Robt. H. Warden, D.D., Agent of the Church, Presbyterian Offices, Toronto, and allocated to the Schemes as directed by the donors.

Wpg, Wtms, ce.....	\$100	New Carlisle Que.....	5	Rev Colin Fletcher.....	7	Scotstown ss.....	10
Inkerman, Man.....	3 25	Orwell.....	12	Dunwich, Chal.....	6 85	Chesterfield.....	25 55
Rideview, Man.....	8 55	Fairbank, ss.....	7	Hon E H Bronson.....	50	Komoka.....	2
Murchison, Man.....	14 75	N Brant.....	65 15	St Thomas, Knox.....	475	Rev John McNeil.....	6
Viriden ss.....	4	Hampdon.....	44	Huntington, St A ss.....	40	Metcafe.....	28 42
Tor, Erskine ss.....	197 08	Winthrop, Caven.....	2	Kamloops, St A.....	101 55	Montreal W M S.....	2,006 60
Couva, B W I ss.....	10	Wpg, Augustine.....	510	Rev A P Logan.....	5	C B Frost.....	100
Nesbitt.....	2 55	Prof Baird.....	120 10	E Gloucester.....	5 75	F T Frost.....	100
Carroll.....	1 45	Thornburg, etc.....	43 71	Oak Lake and St Dav.....	155	Kingston, Chal.....	356 90
Riverbank.....	4 50	Laurel, Ont.....	48 34	Tarbolton, Man.....	34 40	Rev Jas Barber.....	7
Goldsmith b c.....	5	Blacks Cors Ont.....	75 66	Guelph Kx.....	331	Peterboro, St Paul ce.....	80
Edin, Broughton Pl.....	95 02	Tor, Old St And.....	1,237	" ss.....	139	Carleton Pl, St And.....	618
Alexandria.....	251	Wpg, Kx.....	702	" bc.....	18	Wm Hendrie.....	50
" ce.....	28	Rev R M Croll.....	3	Mont, Crescent ss.....	255	S Moose Jaw.....	5
" ss.....	11	Hartney.....	191	Delhi, Chal.....	29	Kelowna, B C.....	2
Rev D McLaren.....	3	Lauder.....	17 30	Orono.....	83	Breadalbane.....	77
F L McKinnon.....	50	New Wmster, W ss.....	9	Rev J H Ratcliffe.....	8	Scotstown, Que.....	10
Rev D Tait.....	14	Rev Dr W Taylor.....	10	Rev W S Moore.....	43	Mont, St Pauls.....	2,082 50
Rev T R Scott.....	9	Montreal, Am Pres.....	850	Port Credit.....	10 88	Rev A C Bryan.....	46 41
Clinton.....	12	Lorneville, St And.....	2	Keldon, Gandier.....	3 25	Vittoria.....	21
Morden, Kx.....	124	Thedford, Kx.....	16 97	Thedford.....	34 70	Port Dover.....	55 75
Plum Creek ce.....	5 25	Eadies, Ont.....	14	Mrs John Morrison.....	10	Elora, Chal.....	84 25
W, Melford ss.....	1 60	The Missee McRae.....	31 50	Rev Dr P Wright.....	6	Douglas.....	3 68
Brampton Mt, Pl ss.....	2 60	Rev S Acheson.....	18 25	Rosemont, Ont.....	22	Scotch Bush.....	25
Virden, Carmel.....	4	Dundee, Zion.....	10	Tor, Coll St ss.....	105	Port Stanley.....	62
Hargrave ss.....	2	Essex ss.....	7 12	Harriston, Kx.....	32	Scarboro, Kx ypa.....	34 17
Martin Assa.....	4	Brigden, Ont.....	16 94	Euphemia.....	22	Bristol, Que.....	15 39
Rev A Henderson.....	15	H Watson, Montreal.....	200	Tor, Cooke's.....	804 16	Natur, St Pauls.....	5
Forwich.....	10 80	Cobourg, b c.....	22 64	" bc.....	60	Lake Megantic.....	2 50
Lynden.....	37 04	St Cath ss.....	164 89	Tor, St Enoch's.....	294	Tait's Corners.....	23 35
Strathroy, St An ss.....	14 12	Rev E G Walker.....	115 25	Ham, Kx Miss ce.....	15	Rev J Gandier.....	1 85
London, 1st w guild.....	10	Rev E R Man.....	10	Tor, Queen E.....	425	Newburgh, etc.....	10 54
Oil Springs.....	45	Rev Geo Gilmore.....	54 41	Mt Pleasant B C.....	122	Newburgh ss.....	8
Colleston etc.....	49	Forest.....	25	Vancor, Chalm.....	47 75	Sarnia, St And.....	461 29
Richmond b c.....	106 50	Lucasvil Burns ss.....	56 40	Orillia, ce.....	9	Marham, St John ss.....	4 66
McDonalds cor.....	51	Aylmer, ss.....	4 80	Rev A Fraser, Vict.....	7	Latona, yps.....	10
Dundas, Kx ss.....	38 28	Beaverdale.....	12	Culross, Ant ss.....	6	Hibbert.....	85
Palmerston, Kx.....	15	Rev A Rowat.....	7	Goderich, Kx.....	775 86	" ss.....	14
Vancor, Chinese.....	45 55	Planta enet.....	2	Elmsdale ss.....	10	Rev W G Wallace.....	14
Bradford, ss.....	3 49	Leith.....	40	Rev Jas Patterson.....	12	Per Rev Dr Jas Bain.....	235
Brooksedale.....	98	E Zorra, Burns.....	10	Rev J A Anderson.....	6	Calgary, Kx.....	85 40
Fredericton, St Paul.....	12	St Helens.....	124	Westport etc.....	60	Pipestone.....	100
Petrel, Man.....	24	E Ashfield.....	16	Brantford, Alex ss.....	20	Rev R M Dickey.....	7
Brookdale, Man.....	32	Rev S M Whaley.....	15	Angus, Ont.....	3 31	Per Agent, Hx.....	2,352 58
Wellwood, Man.....	60	Tor, St And ss.....	115	Galt Kx.....	515 36	R W Robertson.....	10
" ss.....	8	Farrington ss.....	200	Eden Mills ss.....	11	Mrs A McMain.....	10
Kenlis, Assa.....	32 50	King, St And.....	100	Rev D McLeod.....	20	Pt. Robinson.....	2 85
Campbellton N B.....	45	Tor, Southside.....	2	Pt. Fortune, St Col.....	7 23	Thorold St And.....	64
Rev Dr Sedgwick.....	5	Rev Wm McKinley.....	11	Friend.....	300	" ss.....	15 50
Nairn, etc.....	5	Rev D G Cameron.....	14	Hintonburg.....	16	" guild.....	5
Rev Jas Anderson.....	6 25	Dunbarton ss.....	29	" ss.....	4	Otta, St A hms.....	90
Richmond Ont.....	4	Cromarty ss.....	15	Craighurst.....	18	Stayner, Ont.....	32 25
		Ashburn.....	18	Norman ss.....	4	Agnes, Que.....	1
		" Anonymous ".....	2	Ashfield ss.....	11 40	Kenyon, Ont.....	364 93
		Wpg, St Step.....	356 50	Embro Kx.....	348 75	Mrs P Macaulay.....	20
		" ss.....	130	Latona ss.....	6	Glamis, St Paul.....	41
		" girls m b.....	40 12	Gamebridge.....	40 00	Stratford Kx.....	1,050 01
		Sand Hill.....	14 25	Bearbrook, Navar.....	35	Fergus, Mel.....	67
		Windsor Mills.....	18	C J Booth.....	25	Teeswater ce.....	35
		Kirkton.....	57	Simcoe, St Pauls.....	274 41	H B Woodrow.....	300
		Thames Road.....	125	Ymir ss.....	5	Miss M A Woodrow.....	250
		" ss, ce.....	84 70	New Lowell.....	11 21	Gore Bay.....	10
						Markham, Mel mb.....	5

Rev Dr Warden.....	50	Okotoks, Alta.....	6 50	A K Creelman.....	25	Hartfell Ont.....	17 25
Perth, Kx.....	585 19	Keewatin, St And ss.....	10	Boissevain St A.....	2	Wolfe Is.....	8 25
" " be.....	50	Chalk River.....	32	Lamerton Alta.....	15 60	Clifford Knox.....	227
J A Allan.....	15	Creemore, St And.....	56	Riverside.....	35 50	Cotswold.....	11
Drummond Hill be.....	8	Alvinston.....	148	Saltspring's N S ss.....	4	Rothsay.....	131
Rev Wm Mowat.....	7	J P Kilgour.....	50	Orangeville Pres.....	82 60	Wallacetown Is.....	15
Keady, Chal.....	7	Westmount, St A ss.....	132 38	Mrs Eliz MacAbese.....	2	Delaware St And.....	30
Fairmount.....	45	London, 1st yw hmc.....	40	Schright Zion ce.....	2	Mt Brydges ".....	11
Basswood.....	33	Grand Mere.....	15	Colquhoun ss ce.....	2	Greenwood B C.....	15
Cadioreis.....	41 35	W'minster, 1st.....	314 41	Lindsay Tp.....	2 25	Palmerston Kx.....	50
Peachland.....	18	Rev Dr D L McCrae.....	14	St Stephen N B ce.....	50	Shebeshekong.....	1
Wpg, St Giles.....	154	" Marriage fee.....	4	Harvey Station.....	3	Tor St Marks.....	25
Ivy.....	10	Rev C Houghton.....	7	Oxbow Assa.....	72	E Puslinch Duffs.....	180
Town Line.....	10	Rev A P Ledingham.....	5	Rev R Martin.....	7 50	Rev J H Ratcliffe.....	6
Summerside, Assa.....	125	Per.....	68 79	Ham Erskine.....	162	Rockburn Gore.....	13
Bryson, St And.....	11 10	Tor, Dunn ave.....	614	St Cath Knox.....	224 91	Orangeville St A.....	245
Parrsboro.....	5	Lakeside ss.....	6 50	Chatham Ist.....	290 83	Goulburn Ont.....	33 25
Dracox, Kx.....	13	Streetsville.....	8 75	Rev Wm Frizzell.....	7	Bookton Ont.....	31 08
Teeswater, Kx.....	203	Paisley, Kx.....	16	Norwich.....	65	Arch'd Parker.....	35
Onsabruck, St Matt.....	21	Tor, Kx.....	869 46	Wardsville.....	28 40	Treas Atlin Nurse Fd.....	375
Olds, Alta.....	10	Rev W M Haig.....	5	Toronto Erskine be.....	20	Vankleek Hill Kx ce.....	50
Langley, B C.....	8	Pilot Mound.....	154	Basswood.....	2	Winchester Ont.....	83 90
Rev W Burton.....	2	Minnedosa, Kx.....	63	Souris Knox ce.....	50	Tor old St And.....	193 59
Que, St Johns.....	8 20	W R Sutherland.....	25	Sapperton Knox.....	40	Rishopgate Ont.....	14
Rev F A Macleanman.....	5	Strathclair.....	35 50	Woodstock Chal.....	164 00	Milverton Burns.....	80 43
Blenheim, St And.....	34	Kenmay ss.....	7 41	E Adelaide.....	1 50	Friend Brantford.....	2
Saltoun, Assa.....	10	Vancor St A ce.....	125	Chatham St And.....	1 6	North Derby.....	34
Hibbert.....	89	John Penman.....	250	Blenheim St And.....	50	Rev A E Mitchell.....	5
Saskatoon.....	29	Brantford Balf.....	122	Rounthwaite.....	113	Otta Erskine.....	300
W M Clark, Tor.....	50	Oakville.....	133	Brockville St Jo.....	390	Knox Ch sixteen.....	45 30
Mr, Mrs W M Clark.....	250	St Thomas For ave ss.....	3 13	Brighton Ont.....	52	Brooke Chal.....	6 45
Annun.....	120 63	St Cath Haynes av.....	62	Meaford Ersk.....	102 40	Tilbury E.....	253 75
Mimico.....	11	Barrie.....	153	Silver Creek, l m s.....	15	New Wmstr W.....	80 60
J D Davidson.....	5	Singhampton.....	5 63	Tweed St And.....	59	P A McGregor & J W	
Hamilton, Kx.....	744 71	Rev John Currie.....	2	Cornwall Knox.....	675	Carmichael.....	50
Tiverton, Kx ss.....	2	Drummond Hill.....	163 09	Bear Creek.....	9 35	Rylstone ss.....	6
Crowstaid Ind Mis.....	58	Sarnia.....	25	Glensandfield.....	24	Kilmartin ss.....	9
Waterloo.....	50 72	Woodbridge ss.....	4 75	Bluevale.....	16	St Vincent Kx.....	14 53
Brookfield, P E I.....	2	Rev A B Winchestr.....	6	Orr Man.....	102 25	Moomson Ind Assa.....	37
Long, New St James.....	123	Mont Calvin.....	395	Cobourg Ont.....	226	Oro Esson.....	1
Blue Mt, N S.....	2	David Morrice.....	100	Watford Ont.....	5 12	Norwich Ont.....	4
Montrose P E I.....	2	Mrs ".....	109	Rev R A Mitchell.....	14	Avonbank ss.....	23
Byng Inlet, ss.....	3	Jonathan Hodgson.....	50	St Thomas Knox.....	409 95	Rev W Gauld.....	25
Birtle, Man.....	50	Lunenburg &c.....	46	".....	31 87	Hesperul Ont.....	258
Atlin, B C.....	30	Mont St Pauls ss.....	50	Crawford.....	37 15	Victoria St Pauls.....	50
H M Box, Guelph.....	125	Glencoe ss.....	2	Centre Bruce.....	7	New Glasgow Que.....	30
Kingston, St And.....	304 81	Brussels Mel.....	75	Ch of Scotland Col Com.....	230 04	Rev Dr Jas Stuart.....	10
Cornwall, St Johns.....	153	Ayton.....	5	Rev D C Macintyre.....	7	Kildonan Man.....	136
Mont, Melville m soc.....	327 87	HM Campbell.....	250	Lindsay St And.....	788 72	" ce.....	40
Shallow Lake ss.....	1	Embro Kx.....	1 60	Rev A C Bryan.....	12	Mont Erskine jms.....	345
Rev John Baikie.....	10	Rev A P Ledingham.....	10	Thamesford yps.....	45	Rev A H Scott.....	6
Meaford, Ersk ss.....	15	(Miami) Nelson.....	56 75	Mont St Matt.....	328 62	Perth St And.....	100
" ce.....	7	Indian Head St A.....	85 50	Bridgetown N S ss.....	3	Leggatts Point.....	5
Louth Ont.....	13	Bobcaygeon Kx ss.....	10	Jas Dingwall & family.....	250	Indian Lands.....	130
Shellbrook, Sask.....	5	London Pres ce soc's.....	162 47	Mr Mrs H Young.....	62 25	Kenmore.....	38
Ivan, Mel ss.....	7 60	Deloraine.....	12	Kemptville.....	184 75	Enniskillen.....	7 24
Rev John Currie.....	5	Brussels Mel ss.....	25	Oxford Mills.....	53	Moxhamville.....	8 86
Mrs D Kerman.....	15	Granton.....	28	Dunnville Knox.....	103 80	E Oxford ss.....	8
Belmont, Kx.....	50	Leggatts Pt Que.....	5	Madoc St Pa St Col.....	75 50	Mrs Eliz Lindsay.....	1000
Rev W T Morison.....	6	Cypress River.....	16	Merivale ss.....	18 00	Underwood.....	71 25
Sydenham, Kx.....	17	Uxbridge.....	66 54	Que Chal.....	30	Brampton.....	552
Holland Centre.....	4 80	St Mary's Kx.....	246	Rev Dr Geo H Smith.....	50	Mitchell Kx be.....	5
Centerville.....	67 90	Rev Alex Grant.....	14	Niagara St A ss.....	16	W Bentineck.....	16 58
Owen Sd, Div St.....	772	Union Ont.....	114	Salflleet Cheyne.....	55 50	Hensall Carmel ss.....	106
Sherbrooke, St And.....	105 50	Fsson ss.....	11 60	N Luther.....	63	".....	361 70
Glengarry, Pres.....	153	Macleod Alta.....	1 75	St Andrews Ont ss.....	8	Attwood.....	178
Shelburne, Kx.....	85	Markham St A.....	13 50	St And & Shakespre.....	36 25	Wm Brown.....	100
Alex McKinnon.....	2	Oakville Man.....	11	Eden Mills.....	15	Bayfield St And.....	68 18
W Flamboro.....	27 19	Longlakeon.....	10	Hillsdale St And.....	35 50	Steinbach.....	12 25
Atkin's Corners ss.....	26 50	O'tawa St Pauls.....	12	Dr C A Webs'er.....	20	Clear Springs.....	39 75
Tarbert, Ont.....	3 10	West Bay Rd ss.....	2	Dungannon, Erskine.....	28 20	Arundel &c.....	25
Rev John McKenzie.....	7	Maxville.....	2 7 60	Stayer Jubilee ss.....	5	Claremont.....	63
Limehouse, Ont.....	37	Rev Jas Black.....	10	Miami Friend.....	10	Britton ss.....	5
Walkerton, Kx.....	103 35	Friend.....	5	Edmonton Alta.....	49 40	Hollen Chal.....	39 15
Lachute, Que.....	38 20	Orms town.....	52 50	Seaforth First.....	464	Burnbrae St A ss.....	11 10
Brantford, St And.....	228 62	Rev W MacWilliam.....	18	E Nottawasaga.....	36 35	Lyn Cain. Mallory.....	565 41
Per Rev J F Campbell.....	316 34	Hamiota.....	69 50	Creemore Ont.....	1 75	Lyn ss.....	50
Brussels, Mel.....	70 82	".....	30	Ham Central.....	1044 24	Rev C H Daly.....	8
" ss.....	11 48	Tor Erskine ss.....	100	" ss.....	236 56	Huron, Marlboro.....	123
Est Anna B McGregor.....	50	Hull Zion.....	61	Tor Wmistr be.....	47	Martintown St A.....	88 50
Appin W M S.....	22	Guelph St And.....	252 56	Dunbar.....	70 25	Latona.....	57 50
Nietz, Ont.....	16	Prescott.....	177 60	Cookstown.....	6	Heppworth.....	31 50
A McKay.....	18	Sarnia Albert ce.....	34 79	Caledon St A.....	4	Rosthern.....	10
Caledonia.....	187 10	Rev John Thomson.....	13	King St And.....	50	Alice & Petawa.....	119 75
John C Wick.....	100	Okaneos Ind Miss.....	10 50	Per Rev Dr Findlay		Montreal Kx.....	505
Walton.....	25	Grenfell.....	57	Barrie.....	32 80	Port Coulonge.....	2
Carling.....	7 50	Greenway Man.....	2	Rev P A McLeod At-		Carberry, Man.....	106 45
Shebeshekong.....	7 75	Kingston Cookies ss.....	11 33	wood.....	6	Moose Jaw.....	408 35
Balmoral, Alta.....	50	Moore Burns.....	30	Wick Ont.....	34 14	Per Agent, Hx.....	1,422 69
Red Deer, Alta.....	15 25	" ce.....	31	Brussels Mel.....	121	Mrs M A Dawson.....	10
Willowdale, Alta.....	3 40	Beulah Ind Res.....	16 03	Friend.....	40	Verschoyke, St A.....	30 25
High River, Alta.....	4 50	Athe stan.....	2 50	Ayton.....	5	Mrs J A Sproat.....	2

Murray S. Sproat.....	1	Shank, Man.....	49	Ophir.....	1	Rev D MacRae.....	7
Han, Erskine ss.....	200	Oak River.....	21	S Nissouri.....	112	Victoria, Ist.....	123 15
Per Dr Jas Bain.....	185	Omagh.....	14	W Adelaide.....	3	Listowel whms.....	25 14
Hagersville guild.....	5	Bolton Caven.....	75	Ratho.....	385	London.....	10
Surrey, B.C.....	15	N Kinloss.....	93	Valleyview.....	20	Lansdown, etc.....	80 20
Elgin, Man.....	1	W Huntingdon.....	46	Coboconk wfms.....	5	Kembie, etc.....	40
Oak Lake, St Dav.....	7	Stirling.....	86	St Davids, Ist.....	14	Roslin, etc.....	103 50
Tor. Cowan.....	40	Dorling.....	56	Norton Creek ss.....	13	Mrs Jas J Steele.....	21
Ladysmith ss bco.....	15	Weyburn, Kx.....	16	English Riv, Howick.....	37	Rev H McQuarrie.....	10
Brandon, St P.....	525	Jas McCrea.....	10	" " ".....	67	N Bruce, St A.....	247 63
Whirebauen, Man.....	4 25	Woodbridge.....	3	Presbyterian.....	8 80	Baltimore.....	194 87
Gladeside, Man.....	180 75	Brucefield Un.....	53	Sudbury, St And.....	41 53	Oakwood, Knox.....	19 63
Chatham Chal.....	32 65	Portland.....	4 40	Tor, Erskine bc.....	50	Cambrav, Burus.....	18 40
Rosenfeld, Man.....	3	Rev J A Macfarlane.....	14	Florence.....	1 50	Rev W C Wray.....	5
Gretna, Man.....	3	Manitowaning.....	34 10	Southampton.....	29	St Cath, Haynes.....	1
Quesnel, B.C.....	12	Stratford, St A.....	109	Winthrop, Caven.....	4 38	Markdale, Cooks.....	14 40
Hagersville.....	17 50	Bethel, Prof.....	15	McKillop, Duffs.....	3 57	Preston.....	61 67
Ferrie B.C, Kx.....	39 15	Craigvale, Lef.....	50 75	Shallow Lake.....	17 50	Arthur, Ont.....	64 26
N Wm'ster, Ont.....	105	Milbank, Kx.....	14	Burlington, Kx.....	85 29	Rev R Thymne.....	9
Raleigh.....	2	Botany, St Jo.....	7 65	Burgoyne ce.....	4 00	Wingham.....	293 15
Warwick, Kx.....	4 50	Per Rev Dr Findlay.....	158 65	Mono E.....	30	Fanks, Gib, St A.....	26 88
Berlin, Ont.....	6	Harrow.....	37	Windsor, St A.....	607	Brantford, Alex.....	100
Abernethy.....	25	Leaskdale.....	71 50	Oil City ce.....	4	Louth, Ont.....	5
Cottonwood.....	5	Scarboro, St A.....	42	Hyde Park.....	2	N Pelham.....	17 38
Laskay.....	24 75	Zion.....	8 35	Rev W A Wyllie.....	3	Stewarton.....	107 34
King, St Pauls.....	32 25	Blake.....	4 21	Beamsville.....	50	Fin Lutheran.....	3
King, 11th line.....	27	Rockwood.....	42 10	Kew Beach.....	56	Port Arthur.....	87 65
Whitewood, McKay.....	11 90	Cannington, Kx.....	16 85	Springfield.....	26	K Mackenzie.....	50
Balderson, etc.....	113	Elsinore.....	15 85	Rev N Lindsay, Dresden.....	5	Crystal City.....	2 50
Golden, B.C.....	33	Mildway.....	34	Oak Lake & St Da la.....	5	Victoria, St A.....	292
Mountain City, etc.....	12	Finelon Falls.....	107 55	Woodbridge.....	27 22	Grafton.....	124
Barton ss.....	4	Jeniden, etc.....	20 20	Hampstead, Ont.....	57 75	Keewatin.....	8
Mrs P Smith.....	2	St Lambert, Que.....	39	Bethany.....	6	Whitewater, Man.....	66 40
Wakefield, etc.....	44	St Thomas, Alma.....	45 85	Rev S D Jameison.....	9	Lumsden, Forest.....	40
Gravenhurst, Kx.....	16 75	Esquering, Bos.....	6 50	Brownlea.....	10	Phenix, BC, St A.....	13
Tilsonburg.....	144 38	Rev Wm Cooper.....	20	Bratford, St A ce.....	10	Kingston, Zion.....	27
Charlottet'n, Zion ss.....	60	Smithville, etc.....	34	Clinton, Willis.....	131 60	Pickering, St A.....	72 50
Per S P Wallace.....	7	Milton, Kx.....	96	Nicola.....	33	Brougham, St Jo.....	2 52
Cheltenham.....	75	Rockysaugeen, Brns.....	35 60	Madoc, St Peters.....	116 5	Mont, St Jean Baptiste.....	3
Mt Pleasant, Ont.....	57 50	Milford, Gay's Riv.....	3	Battleford.....	44	Que, St A ss.....	80
Victoria, Man.....	23	Chiselhurst ss.....	8	Richmond Hill.....	53	Ripley, Huron.....	81
Stokes Bay, Ont.....	4	Goderich, Un.....	9	Thornhill.....	84	Rev Geo J Craw.....	47
Rev R McNabb.....	15	Rev Jas Hamilton.....	6	Goderich Un ss.....	22 4	Rev W T Prittie.....	8 62
Rev J. Robertson.....	5	Leeburn.....	5	Hornby, Ont.....	30	Otta, St Pauls ss.....	60
Hibbert, Ont.....	91	2nd W Gwillimbury.....	7	Fingal, Kx.....	210	Sundridge.....	1
Rev Geo Whillans.....	40	McIntosh.....	76 50	Mrs J G Murray.....	5	Valcartier.....	18
Georgetown, Que.....	288	Brucefield Un ce.....	12	Ham, McNab St.....	670 75	Fort Coulonge.....	85
Whitechurch.....	94 85	Dunedin.....	11 75	Tor, West.....	271 70	Que, St A ss.....	164 07
Bervie, Kx.....	71 75	Dundalk, Ersk.....	8 55	"Hope" Renfrew.....	15	M Hay and A Milow.....	2
Rev Neil Shaw.....	153 70	Ventry, Kx.....	6 25	Bridge end, Bethel, etc.....	63 69	Huntingdon, St A.....	325
Ederton, Ont.....	7 32	Rev Chas McKillop.....	170	Duart.....	83 50	Fallowfield.....	19
Maple Grove ss.....	5	N Easthope.....	7	Rev Jas Argo.....	14	Rev Wm Ist.....	13
Mitchell, Kx.....	21 50	Rev H Currie.....	16	Friend.....	20	Rev W Moffatt.....	58 41
Orono ce.....	21	J K McLean.....	10 00	Rev A J MacGillivray.....	7	London Chal.....	63
Chelsea, Que.....	5 60	Galt, Central.....	376	Wallacetown.....	121	St Therese.....	39 91
Crystal City.....	52	" " ss.....	197	" " ss.....	10	Shubenacadie.....	50
Ham, Wentworth.....	92	Marsboro.....	50	Ripley, Kx.....	127	Mont, St John's.....	5
Harrington, Kx.....	118 55	Mansfield.....	23 25	Dixie.....	13	Wm Y King.....	100
Locke St and Barton.....	40	Orangeville, St And.....	21 85	Crosshill, Boyd's.....	2	J McD Hains.....	25
Goderich, Kx.....	22	Creemore, St And.....	25	Mono Mills.....	37	Mt Forest, W guild.....	45
Mont, Taylor.....	88	Dunedin.....	11 25	A Friend, Elmira.....	5	Sonya, St And.....	88 60
Oil City, St And.....	21	Port Colborne.....	46	Sprv, Ont.....	2	Vaughan, Kx.....	23 50
Neepawa.....	22	Durham.....	24 76	N Mornington.....	130	" " ss.....	23
Rev A L Manson.....	10	" " ".....	30 11	Londesboro, Kx.....	30 47	Rev R M Phalen.....	60
P McBean.....	20	Torbolton.....	39 20	Fairbank.....	13 39	Ennisken, Cart.....	109
Delta, B.C.....	86	Erin, Burns.....	134	Rev Alex McLaren.....	10	Tor, St Johns.....	989 60
Hilton, Ninette.....	88 70	Bad'n Livingston.....	51 50	Turin.....	60	Brantford, Zion.....	697 60
Limehouse.....	10	Hamden, Que.....	64	Newbury.....	8	" " ss.....	149 46
Deer Park.....	91 40	W Puslinch, Kx.....	44	Vancouver, Ist.....	161	" " whms.....	186 80
Kirkton.....	51	Williamstn, St A.....	89	R McNair, Vanc.....	250	" " pastor's bc.....	52
Hagersville.....	15	Westmount, Mel.....	8	Victoria Ist.....	25	" " Dr Nichols.....	50
Mont, St Gabriel.....	65	Neepawa, Kx.....	217	Ham, St Pauls.....	395	Ham, St Pauls.....	160
S Luther.....	7 28	Minto, Man.....	21 65	Cruickshank.....	18	Rev MacKenzie Honan.....	50
Dunnville, Kx.....	3 50	Baldur, Man.....	25	Oro, Central.....	25	Jenarm.....	86
Glencairn.....	45 75	Elgin, Que.....	31 50	Dr T G Roddick.....	25	Glenallan, Kx.....	8 37
Eganville, L Dore.....	129 29	Parry Sd, St And.....	14 50	Peterboro, St And.....	370	Per Rev M Mackenzie.....	41 15
Deseronto, Ch Rdur.....	30 90	Carp, Lowry, etc.....	60	Danville, St A.....	40	Waveig, N B ss.....	2
St Gloucester.....	78	Cranbrook.....	45	Renfrew, St A.....	1,154	Tempo, S Del.....	57
Columbus.....	125	Ham, McNab ss.....	120	" " N. Ward ss.....	20	London, New, St Jas.....	36
Beulah.....	46	Whitby, St And ss.....	27	" " St A ce.....	16	Ufington.....	8 50
Rev S McFee.....	20	Whitby, St And.....	169	Otta Bank.....	420	Mayfield.....	141 50
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Tor, St J Square.....	28	Dal Mills, Cote St G.....	12	Kirtle, Man.....	28	Oro, Willis.....	64 95
Ayr, Knox.....	8 95	Stittsville.....	50	Wpg, St Giles, ce.....	36	Rev A McD Haig.....	20
N. Gower, Wellgtn.....	68 50	Bells Corners.....	16	Grimsby, St Johns.....	128 50	2nd W Gwillimby.....	86 20
Per Rev S J Taylor.....	10	McIntyre.....	13 50	Rev John Muir.....	88 21	Coulson's Hill, St Jno.....	21 80
E Gloucester.....	14	Westboro ce ss.....	18	Parry Sd, St And.....	30	" " ss.....	9 50
Athens, Toledo.....	25 25	Inverness.....	73 25	Arthur Bryant.....	1	Belgrave, Kx ss.....	4
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Annan ce.....	4	Wpg, St And.....	170	N Smith.....	20 50	John Ownes.....	10
Rev E W Watson.....	5	Portage la Prairie.....	1,000	Lakefield.....	135 89	Nanaimo B C.....	26
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ss.....	26	Mont. West ss.....	16	Woodford.....	25	Wyebridge.....	6 75
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"Friend" Lachine.....	25	Friend Brookvil.....	100	Tor Bonar.....	120	Temperanceville ce.....	3
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Rev Dr McTavish.....	10	"Anonymous".....	100	Tor Wmminster.....	100	Sutton & c.....	67 65
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Mrs S Irwin.....	2	K George.....	59 75	Chesley Geneva.....	377 07	Otta St And.....	120
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Hawkesville etc.....	12	Midland.....	134 50	Glenoe Burns.....	17 20	Rev John Mackinnon.....	15
Alma.....	9	Per Rev A Mahaffy.....	98 03	Avonbank.....	28 27	Otta McKay.....	258 81
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Lynedoch.....	65	Campbell's Bay.....	5	Renaud Line.....	2 25	Eglinton.....	49 40
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Note.—“Receipts” in last issue should have been headed “January” instead of February.

 The Agent in Halifax states that “Receipts” for February will appear in next issue.

 Knox College Students' Missionary Society will also appear in next issue.

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HEART-KEEPING.

Heart-keeping is very much like housekeeping. There must be a continual sweeping out of dirt and clearing of rubbish—a daily washing of dishes, and a perpetual battle with all sorts of vermin. If heart-cleaning could be done up once for all, then the Christian might discharge all his graces, and have an easy time of it.

And just because the assaults of subtle temptations are so constant, and the uprisings of sinful passion are so frequent, and the task of keeping the inward man what it ought to be is so difficult, many a one who begins a religious life gets discouraged and makes a wretched failure.

The question with every Christian is: Shall these accursed Amalekites of temptation burn up all my spiritual possessions and overrun my soul. Shall outward assaults or inward weakness drive me to discouragement, and disgrace me before my Master and before the world? Or shall they drive me to Jesus Christ who will give me the victory?—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

WHY THEY DID NOT SUCCEED.

The principal of a large high school in one of our cities, after a lifetime spent in teaching, testified the other day that "no boy who was in the habit of using cigarettes had ever yet finished the high school course or received a diploma" in all his experience.

He said he had become interested in the subject and observed closely the boys under his care, and that this was the invariable result of cigarette using. It was a rule to which, so far, he had found not a single exception. Those boys who wish to succeed at school will do well to note this rule and not forget it.

"We are all drifting out and on toward our final places. Some go down early in the strife, others fight on and overcome. There is no decree more certain than character. Our destinies are ourselves."

"If the sheathing of a ship is torn away, an army of boring insects is sure to fasten on the place, work its way in, and eat out the ship little by little, till at last a heavy wave beats in the ship's side, and it goes down. It is by just such unnoticed, gradual approaches that sin eats into our lives. It takes advantage of any spot where the sheathing of conscience is torn off, and before we know it, our soul is ruined and sunk in the black waves of despair."



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Consistency may be defined as a harmony between profession and life.

Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.—Bartol.

Be true. Stand up and believe in yourself, then other people will believe in you.

"Holiness is a heart condition, and not a consummation. With that idea of perfection all agree."

Trouble and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.—Edward Payson.

The true man will always look at his business through his character, not his character through his business.

Nobility of character manifests itself at loopholes when it is not provided with large doors.—Mary E. Wilkins.

Resolved, never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.—Jonathan Edwards.

It is only when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—George Macdonald.

"The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind."

He is a wise man that can avoid evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.—Quarles.

In every life comes some crisis when conscious integrity gives a power and heroic strength that can come from no other source.

The repose of the greater spirits is not acquiescence in the allotments of time, but the conscious presence of eternal life.—T. T. Munger.

Where Christ brings his cross he brings his presence, and where he is, none is desolate, and there is no room for despair.—Mrs. Browning.

It is not by what you try to get out of the world that your life will be enriched; it is by what you give to the world.—Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D.

"The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance."—Lincoln.

I am convinced that it is by his personal conduct that any man of ordinary power will do the greatest amount of good that is in him to do.—John Ruskin.

A man should never be ashamed to say he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.

A mere life of pleasure, a mere life of selfishness; it is pleasant enough to think of when it is to last a few years or a few decades, but make it immortality and it becomes terrible.

By rooting out our selfish desires, even when they appear to touch no one but ourselves, we are preparing a chamber of the soul where the Divine Presence may dwell.—Ellen Watson.

A thing that is impossible for us is clearly a thing that is not meant for us. Can we not, then, cease to fret for it, and trust God to choose for us, since he is all-wise and we are ignorant?

Useless people are made, not born. No one was ever born to be useless, though uncounted thousands have made themselves so. A useless boy, or useless girl, is self-made, every time.—Lincoln.

The Christian religion is something simple and sublime. It means one thing, and one thing only: Eternal life in the midst of time, by the strength and under the eyes of God.—Adolf Harnack.

Habit is a mighty force and must either tend toward that which is good or that which is evil. It rests with us whether it shall be one of our best friends or one of our worst enemies.—"The Christian Intelligencer."

Years ago you saw a painting, heard an oratorio or met an old friend. Your life has been richer ever since. Something entered into it which brought about a permanent change. You came into your own.

No peace was ever won from fate by subterfuge or agreement. No peace is ever in store for any of us but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin—victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts.—Ruskin.

Denominational loyalty is a thing not to be despised. There are causes, it is true, that are broader than any denomination. All else being equal, the minister who does not sympathize with his own denomination can improve the ministry by leaving it.

Whoever made that Book made me. It knows all that is in my heart. It tells me what no one else except God can know about me. Whoever made me, wrote that Book—Bishop Boone's Chinese assistant in the translation of the Bible (before his conversion).

"When the prodigal returned to his father his reception was that of one who had been a prodigal. It was a reception, and nothing more. There was music, dancing and congratulations; but no estate, that was gone. Repentance opens the door of the father's house, but the wasted goods are lost."

Scatter seeds of sunshine; the world is better for a smile. The rising generation should early be taught to love righteousness, and to make success in the world subordinate to truth and rectitude. A nation trained to this idea will effect changes in all the relations of life that will command the divine approval and advance human welfare.

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PREACH THE GOSPEL
ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

MAY, 1903.

No. 5

Rev. Dr. Campbell, Clerk of Assembly, sends the following :—

“Circular letters, giving notice of applications for the reception of ministers are to be despatched not less than two clear months previous to the meeting of Assembly.

“Not fewer than a hundred copies of certificates and documents accompanying applications of ministers are to be printed for the information of members of Assembly.

“Postcards are not to be used as circular letters and in every case a copy of the circular letter issued shall be transmitted along with the application of the Presbytery to the General Assembly.

“All papers to be laid before next Assembly are to be in the hands of the Clerk of Assembly, at least twenty-one days before the date of meeting.”

[The first paragraph given above, requiring certain circular letters to be issued two clear months before the meeting of Assembly, is a rule of the Assembly, and is thus definitely fixed. The object of publishing it now, at this late date, is to prevent any applicants, whose letters were not issued in time, from going to the useless trouble and expense of appearing before Assembly.—ED.]

The following from the *Presbyterian* of Philadelphia regarding U. S. A. is quite as applicable to our own country :—“The evangelization of this country must keep ahead of all other movements if we are to make out of it all that it is capable of being made. We have a land worth saving. All should work for the highest welfare of its increasing populations and of the vast multitudes in all parts of the world who are coming within our reach. God has placed us within a circular of influences, nationally and internationally, of far reaching extent, and it becomes us to rise to the measure of our opportunity by giving the first place to the evangelizing activities of the day.”

To the above may be added the following from an exchange :—“There is no more patriotic dollar than the dollar spent for home missions, and at the same time no dollar that is spent brings a larger return. It saves itself many times over in the diminishing of the expenses brought about by crime, drunkenness,

gambling and the like. If this saving came to the man who gave the dollar, instead of to the nation at large, how eagerly men would force their money upon the mission treasuries !”

One of the ways in which the meeting of Assembly can be made a help or hindrance to our work on the Pacific coast is in the method of Sabbath observance, in travelling, by members of Assembly. The battle for the Day of Rest has been a keen one in the Pacific province. The conduct of members of Assembly will be keenly watched, and any apparent disregard of the day by travel will be utilized to the utmost by those who seek to reduce it to a day of toil, and will weaken the hands of those who are trying to preserve it for rest and worship. Every man will be watched and his conduct will tell for good or ill ; and whatever his own private conviction may be as to the necessity in his own case of Sabbath travel, his actions will have their influence upon those who cannot know his necessities or motives.

A fact to be regretted, but perforce accepted, is that the only persons who can receive tickets to the General Assembly at Vancouver, at the reduced Assembly rate, are the wives and daughters of members of Assembly who may accompany them, and ministers of the Church, not members of Assembly, who may wish to go. Efforts have been made to have the privilege extended to others, more particularly to any who may have business with the Assembly, but in vain.

The second part of the history of our Trinidad mission was to have been given in this issue, but the Report from India came unexpectedly, and, as any month will do equally well for history, and the full reports for Trinidad were given in March, it was deferred.

Rev. J. Buchanan, M.D., who had suffered so often and severely from appendicitis, has recovered from a critical operation and is hard at work among his Bhils.

Rev. W. R. Foote, of our Korean Mission, was very ill for a time with a severe attack of native fever, but has made a good recovery.

BUSINESS METHODS IN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Three or four years ago, at a meeting of the General Assembly, a proposal was made to send a deputation to visit the mission fields in the far East, especially in India. In opposition to this it was argued that owing to the short time any such deputation could be in a field, it would not be in a position to intelligently grasp the situation and form correct judgments, that the men in the field were well qualified to do so, and that there was nothing to warrant such an expenditure. Taking the latter view the Assembly decided accordingly.

One argument advanced in favour of such a deputation was that no business firm would conduct its affairs in such a manner, sending money to India to be used in a department of the business there without careful personal inspection as to its expenditure; and that, therefore, the Church should, on business principles, send a deputation to see how its money is being expended and its work done.

With all the arguments used, pro and con, the RECORD has nothing to do; but it has to do with anything that in any way places an unfair burden of any kind, sentimental or otherwise, upon our missionaries, and for their sakes it is well to point out that while the best business methods should be applied to Foreign Mission work, and to all work, a business enterprise with branches abroad is not parallel to that of the Church and its Foreign Missions.

In a commercial enterprise, such as the supposed one, the interested parties are at home and parts of their business at a distance in the hands of employees. In Foreign Missions the most interested partners in the concern are in the foreign field. The utmost that any one in the home church invests in foreign missions is a few cents or dollars and a little work, while the missionary puts into it his life, his all. He has given up all else to carry it on. His life is devoted to it. Its progress is more to him than to any other. Its wise and successful conduct is of more importance to him than to any in the Church in Canada. The really interested partners in the concern are in the foreign field.

To men and women who have given their lives to this work, who have no aim in life beyond its success, who know as none at home or merely visiting the field can know, the needs of the work and the best method of meeting them, whose wisdom and ability are

certainly equal to the average of the Church at home, and who have so many cares and discouragements in it of which we at home know nothing, it is surely unjust and unkind to give additional discouragement by speaking of them as if they were employees carrying on work for the proprietors of the concern, the Church at home.

If deputations are sent for encouragement, by churches that have money to spend, it is their own matter, but to give missionaries the impression that they are regarded as hirelings, to be looked after by their employers, is to impose a burden of discouragement by no means light. How such a position must be felt and what a keen sense of injustice it must produce is known only to missionaries who are thus placed.

The ideal of Foreign Missions, and one based on true business principles, is on this wise. A number of Christian people, banded together as a church, decide to do something for the heathen. They cannot all go. None can go unless helped by others. They appoint some of their number, the most earnest and devoted, who are ready to give up all else for that work, and say to them "if you 'go down into the pit, we will hold the rope.'" They choose some more of their number to take charge of their contributions and apportion the money to the different fields.

The simple machinery is thus complete. The conduct of affairs at home, gathering funds, etc., is in the hands of the Foreign Mission Committee. The conduct of the work in the field, and its methods, should be left in the hands of the partners who are there, up to the measure in which the church can send means, with, of course, the ordinary business precaution that all expenditure be properly audited, as is done in all our fields. The men in the field know more of the work than any other, they are more deeply interested than any other, and the field department of the work should be left completely to their care, just as the details of work within the bounds of a presbytery at home are left to that presbytery, there being in both cases liberty of appeal to a higher court of the church by any who may think they have reason for such appeal from the decision of the majority of his brethren.

Departure from the above idea, by attempting to manage both the Home and Foreign ends of the work from either one of them, has usually resulted unhappily, and no wonder, because such departure is unjust.

"PAX TECUM."

BY MRS. MCRAE, OF KOREA.

For the Record.

It is a day of discouragements. News has come that our Church, our child for whom we have suffered and hoped and prayed and yearned, has been going astray. Ten or more of our dear Christian friends have ceased to attend public worship, and all because of a childish quarrel among themselves. A letter from one of our colporteurs tells of his inability to continue his work on account of illness, though we know the true reason to be desire for increased pay. One thing follows another until we are ready to fall beneath the weight. But what is this that comes to us like a message from above!

"Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin,
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within."

A quiet steals over us, and in our weakness we fly with our sins and the sins of the world to the feet of the Lamb of God.

We are away in the country, a hundred or more miles from home and our fellow-missionaries, living among the people and practically with them. From early morning until late at night no rest can we claim for mind or body. We are constantly surrounded by a strange people, who, though dear to us, are often repulsive in both habits and appearance, while the never-ceasing chatter of a strange tongue, interspersed by squeals of ponies, braying of donkey and barking of numerous dogs are the only sounds we hear. Perhaps our little mud-walled room is more than usually uncomfortable, but anyway we are weary, weary beyond endurance, when again we hear the gentle voice,

"Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
pressed,

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest."

Like magic the weariness fades away. Has He not said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?" and, once more, we have gained a victory over the flesh.

Perhaps one of the times has come to us, as it does to all missionaries, when the burden of the suffering heathen about us almost crushes our spirits, "Oh, God," we cry, "Why should this be?" and we wonder how we can live and see it go on. Sin-sick souls, diseased bodies, squalor, vice and vileness with so few, so very

few, to help overcome it all. Like balm comes the answer,

"Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round,

On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found."

Why, then, should we bear the burdens of the world when He has already taken, not only theirs, but ours!

The eagerly longed-for mail steamer has come at last. How we strain our eyes to catch the first faint outline of her smoke on the horizon! How hard it is to be patient while the slow-moving easterner sorts out our packets of mail. *Our* packet of mail! Alas! Our inquiry, "Are there any letters?" only meets with the short but emphatic reply, "No." Oh, how cruel it seems. Are the dear ones ill! Have they forgotten us! and a host of possibilities suggest themselves. But not for long, since a sweet refrain breaks in upon them,

"Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
away,

In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they."

Ah! but there is something harder still. Away in this far-off land we are watching by the bedside of the being dearest to us on earth. No touch on the fevered brow brings an answering look of love, instead the wide glassy stare of delirium. Only foolish mutterings come to us in place of words of cheer, and the hand which has been so strong to guide and help over all hard places lies limp and weak on the coverlet. The doctors look grave and the faces of our people are full of sorrow and sympathy. We have no parents, brothers or sisters to turn to for comfort in this time of trouble and anxiety. But our pain is not unseen, for the "Comforter" comes, even the Spirit of Truth, and He softly whispers in our ear,

"Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and
ours,

Jesus has vanquished death and all its
powers."

Yes, *all* its powers, and, with a flood of joy welling up in our hearts, we are carried above the cares of the world as we sing,

"It is enough; Earth's struggles soon shall
cease

And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace."

Wonsan, Korea, Feb. 23, 1903.

EXPERIENCES IN MANITOBA.

BY A MINISTERS' WIFE.

[The following is a private letter. It is so good that on hearing it, it was asked and kindly given for the RECORD.—ED.]

Dear Friend,—

We have a great country here and everything depends on the foundations being laid now. The Church is doing nobly; but the need is so great that the means at our disposal are not nearly adequate.

Mission fields are every year rising to the status of self-supporting congregations and new missions are being opened. Our congregation was a mission field three years ago. To-day they are self-supporting, give something between \$100.00 and \$150.00 a year for Schemes and have built a good substantial manse costing \$1,400.00. We have no church, but hope to build next year when we have reduced, or, I hope, wiped out the debt of \$600.00 on the manse.

My husband has four stations and drives over thirty miles and preaches three times every Sunday, besides visiting eighty Presbyterian families, not to speak of others, strangers, etc., scattered over the prairie.

Men are so scarce the church cannot man the fields. There is one field north of us that has been vacant for nearly a year and has only had student services at intervals in the past. We are apt to forget how much we owe to the restraining influence of Gospel ordinances. These people have become so careless that they sent a request not to have services in their field. They manage to have rough dances every week. They manage to get up good neighbourhood fights, etc., but no Sunday School, no prayer meeting, no Gospel service. There is much of this in the country. Many of them were members of Eastern churches or the children of such members.

I think perhaps the most good is done in our work by visiting. Those people are all strangers, comparatively speaking. They all have hard struggles, severe climate, poor houses, land to pay, raising little families and last, but not least, machine companies to support. There is usually not much left for the family. This of course refers to people who started on little or nothing. They do appreciate a word of sympathy and invariably open up their hearts and tell their struggles and you know it is an easy matter to apply the balm then and by some earnest sympathetic words

of prayer and a message of inspiration from "The Word" give them an upward lift.

It is delightful work. I wish I could tell you a few of hundreds of experiences I have had. I would not exchange my sphere on the Manitoba prairie for the conventional church work of any of your cities or towns and I have tried both. The country people are just what they appear and you can do heart to heart work among them.

I often go out visiting with my husband. Let me tell you of our last trip. Our first visit was at the home of a young couple; a splendid young Englishman, a practical, earnest fellow, married a year ago in England to an accomplished sweet girl. He had worked hard and saved in every way for several years, built a comfortable little home with his own hands and they were doing beautifully till he took typhoid at Christmas. Three weeks later a baby girl was born. He has a complication of troubles and I fear it is only a matter of time with him. We found him very ill in bed, but cheerful and ready to speak freely of his faith in God's goodness and wisdom. The wife quite serene but sad, doing all her own work and nursing him. She was a girl who never worked, had four servants at home. But she has adapted herself beautifully and has been perfectly happy. There was need of a word of cheer there surely.

We next went to a home where very much the same state of affairs exists. A young happy pair. Bright little home of three rooms. Everywhere tokens of love and refinement. The husband two years ago out of pity went over to a neighbour bachelor and nursed him when ill with consumption. No one else would and we have no institution for victims of that disease in the West. He could not leave him to die alone and he had no friends. Noble fellow that he was. Everybody said "Bravo." But oh the tragedy of it, he is a victim. There is no mistaking the symptoms. The hacking cough and a running sore.

How I wished for the power of Peter or Paul that I might say "silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee," etc. His wife is a sister of one of our ministers and a cousin of one of our missionaries in India.

Well, from this home we went to a marriage. We must weep with those who weep and share the joys of the rejoicing. This family were also English and had been well off, but lost everything and came out to try farming in

Manitoba. The daughter was married to an intelligent young farmer, a superior fellow. The young people like this country with its freedom and unconventionality, but the widowed mother sorely misses the old home; you cannot uproot an old tree without injury.

We got home at one o'clock in the morning, very tired, for we had driven twenty-four miles on very rough roads besides having our sympathies taxed to the utmost.

I find it very much harder visiting where the people are of a lower tone, and they are not a few where dirt and squalor reigns. Some of the "sod houses" are indescribable, and I have a great trial, for Mr. — insists on taking meals in the very worst of them. This is his way of reaching these people. Like the Lord did with Zacchaeus. It is usually successful, too.

But I fear I am wearying you. However, you asked me to tell you something of the work of a missionary's wife, and you must be patient and see it through. I must play the organ on all occasions, have for years, train very raw choirs, teach the Bible class—a very interesting class, indeed; president a Ladies' Aid, etc., etc.

I have on several occasions gone out to the country when Mr. — was ill or absent on church work and conducted services on Sunday. I felt that when people drove from three to six miles to a service they should not be disappointed and a prayer-meeting with a little talk on some helpful theme was better than to let them disperse.

Then occasionally I have to constitute myself into a Dorcas Society and do sewing for some overworked mother who cannot hire, and besides I am consulted and asked for patterns and directions *re* childrens' clothes very frequently.

Oh, yes, besides, I try to be an apostle of culture in a small way. I keep a girl all the time and pay her by teaching six music pupils besides my own two children. There is no music teacher for miles, and they are pleased to have my services, and our salary would not admit of help apart from something of this kind.

If you have occasion to tell your good church people something of western work, tell them that the ministers are not half paid; living is very high; books and literature in general is very limited in ministers' families; ministers and students can scarcely make ends meet. I don't know more than one or two outside of the cities who are out of debt, and I

tell you we can put up two hundred per cent. of respectability on every dollar.

I sometimes feel like uttering a protest when I see the good friends in the East accusing our students of lack of heroism when they refuse to come West. They simply cannot live on what they get. They must have an outfit, horse, buggy, cutter, robes, horse blanket, harness, oats, hay, board, fur coat, felt boots, fur cap, gauntlets, etc. There is nothing left. The result is our best young men go into other vocations and the ministry is suffering.

None are too good for this noble work. We need the best young men, the brightest, but the Church does not appreciate the heroism of the missionary in the West or they would not see the lads in want.

ECHOES FROM ALBERTA.

BY ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES, MR. J. E. HOGG.

For the past two years Western Canada has been exceedingly prosperous. The abundant harvests and the good prices, the increase in flocks and herds and the splendid market have attracted the attention of the whole world.

So much so indeed has this been the case that our friends in the East, who have for years so loyally supported our missions in the West, are now beginning to feel that, if the West is so prosperous, then it is time the Western Church was rising to her responsibility and privilege by supporting her own work.

There is a truth in that, but it is not the whole truth. For, while it is true that our Western land has been abundantly blessed, yet it cannot be said that our Western Church is insensible to her responsibility. The cause of our plea for continued help is not because the old and well-established congregations have failed in duty, but because of the continued need in new and increasing settlements. Indeed, never before was there greater need of help for our missions. The field to-day is larger, the population greater and the work more difficult than ever before.

A few years ago while labouring in a pioneer field I found a community where Presbyterian families had been settled for eleven years, and during all that time had not so much as heard a prayer. Can you imagine the gross ignorance of spiritual truth of those children and the utter indifference toward religion of those parents in such conditions.

And this is not an isolated case. In every

pioneer field the same condition of affairs exists—scattered families, whole communities of English-speaking people, great hosts of foreigners who have not religious privileges.

The influx of immigrants has been so great of late years that it is almost impossible to follow up the settlement with church ordinances. In the newer parts, for forty; fifty, one hundred miles on either side of the railroads the settlement has extended, so that now, instead of only one missionary being needed in the railroad point, two, three or four others are needed for outlying districts.

Take a case in point. Four years ago I laboured on Beaver Lake mission field, which at that time was a somewhat new settlement. I was the only missionary of any denomination holding service save for an occasional Church of England service. The field was large, five appointments, and these widely separated. Yet they all had at least a fortnightly service.

But what did I find when a week ago I visited the same field? Three of those five appointments have become centres, each one having its group of three, four or five stations with its own missionary, so that now, instead of one, there are three missionaries of our own Church besides those of other denominations.

But now some may ask: If the population is so increased, can they not give increased support? Very true, if it were so that these new settlers were in a financial condition to do so. The fact is, however, that the great majority of them are poor—as poor as were the pioneers of four or five years ago. Hence the need for help continues.

Do you ask, are these people themselves interested? Do they do anything themselves to help the work? In answer I may be allowed to illustrate by reference to my own knowledge and personal experience.

While on Beaver Lake field I saw Sabbath after Sabbath a whole family ride five miles upon a single plank on a rickety old lumber wagon—the only vehicle they had—the father sitting in front driving, the mother behind and their five children between.

In another family the mother asked, "Well, who is going to church to-day?" Wee Davie, with his little old threadbare coat, all the buttons and buttonholes worn away and toggled across with string and sticks, spoke up, "I'm going, mama." "Oh, you can't go with that old coat." "This is the best coat I have, and I think Jesus will like me better if I go in this one than if I don't go at all."

Another family who had no money to give in the regular contributions on the day of my last service there gave, a little later, fifty-five cents, mostly in five cent pieces. I learned afterwards that these were the little pieces of

pocket money collected from the different members of the family.

In a home where they killed their last pig for food, and where, in my visits, for more than one meal we had nothing more than potatoes and pork; there was withal a spirit of thankfulness and contentment that used to put me to shame. And to hear that father at family worship thank God for their mercies and pray for His blessing upon the family was a rebuke to those who have plenty and think not to give God thanks. And yet that family, though so poor, had by working here and there earned three dollars to give toward the cause of Christ.

Another man was so interested in the church services and anxious to make them attractive and helpful that at times he would load his little organ into his sleigh and take it away up to the school in order to improve the worship of praise.

All, however, are not so interested. In another part time after time I tried to get a kitchen or room of some kind in which to hold service, but all with no success. They would throw wide open their houses for a dance, but not for a religious service. And it was not until after three months' effort that a room was secured. The gratifying result in the end being a good attendance, a voluntary contribution, a request to establish a sabbath school, and now a church and an encouraging work.

I have been loath to make these statements for they may reflect upon the people and our country, and some, by these statements of hardship, may wonder what led those people to settle in such a place, or if having done so ignorantly, why remain.

In most of cases it was because the people, as new settlers, met with adverse circumstances and that meant hardship. They realized the possibilities of the country and were not so faint-hearted as to flee before every little hardship that presented itself. They determined to make the best of it. And with what result?

One family who had not, as they said, enough money to buy a postage stamp four years ago have to-day a fine herd of cattle and a good acreage under cultivation. The family who killed their last pig for food four years ago have to-day lots of pigs and cattle, six splendid horses, a large acreage of "breaking" from which last year they reaped an abundant harvest, a comfortable home and good stables.

Schools and churches are being built, and now that the most of the land is being settled upon and the population increasing they will become more and more independent. But until such times as the new settlers have time to "get a start" on their farms, there will be need for continued help.

Truly God has given us a land great and good, vast in extent and rich in natural resources. We of the West wish to claim it for our Master, will you of the East help—help make it a land wherein righteousness and peace reigns—a land the joy of which shall be heard afar off?

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces.

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness, Orangedale, 5 May, 11 a.m.
3. P. E. Island, Charlottetown.
4. Pictou, N. Glasgow, 5 May, 1 p.m.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro, Truro, 19 May, 10 a.m.
7. Halifax, Hx., 30 April, 2.30 p.m.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth, Labhave, 5 May, 2.30.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi, Bathurst, 30 June, 10.30.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 7 July, 2 p.m.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 30 June.
13. Glengarry, Alexandria, 14 July, 10.30 a.m.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, Bank, 5 May, 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Carlton Pl., 20 April, 7.30 p.m.
16. Brockville, Brockville, 7 July.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 14 July, 2 p.m.
19. Whitby, Whitby, 21 April, 10 a.m.
20. Lindsay.
21. Toronto, Toronto, 2nd Tues. monthly.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 5 May
23. Barrie.
24. Algoma.
25. North Bay, Burk's Falls, 14 July, 10 a.m.
26. Owen Sound, O. Sound, 7 July.
27. Saugeen, Holstein, 7 July, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 19 May, 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, St. Cath., 5 May, 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Paris, 12 May, 10 a.m.
31. London, Rodney, 12 May, 9 a.m.
32. Chatham, Windsor, 14 July, 10 a.m.
33. Stratford, Stratford, 12 May.
34. Huron, Clinton, 12 May, 10.30 a.m.
35. Maitland, Wingham, 19 May, 1.30 p.m.
36. Bruce, Paisley, 7 July, 10 a.m.
37. Sarnia.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior, Aug.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 12 May
40. Rock Lake, Baldur, 8 July.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa
46. Melita.
47. Regina.
48. Qu'Appelle.
49. Prince Albert, Pr. Albert, 1st week Sept.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary, Macleod.
51. Edmonton, Ft. Saskatchewan.
52. Kamloops, Vernon, 26 Aug.
53. Kootenay.
54. Westminster, Vancouver, 5 May, 3 p.m.
55. Victoria, Victoria, Aug.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS. Etc.

CALLS FROM

Uptergrove and Longford Mills, to Mr. J. H. White, of Coppercliff.
 Russell, Man., to Mr. Geo. Edmison, of Rothsay, Ont.
 North and South Nissouri, to Mr. J. A. James. Parrsboro, N.S., to Mr. W. H. Sedgewick.
 Dundas, P.E.I., to Mr. Malcolm McLeod.
 St. John's Ch., Dalhousie, N.B., to Mr. G. A. Leck, of La Have, N.S.
 Shoal Lake, Man., to Mr. Davidson, Owen Sound Pres.

INDUCTIONS INTO

Hollen and Glenallan, Ont., April, Mr. J. J. Monds.
 Minessing, Ont., Mr. A. Robertson.
 Hillsburg and Price's Corners, Ont., 24th March, Mr. S. B. Russell.
 Sturgeon Falls and Cache Bay, Ont., 3 April, Mr. J. R. Mann.
 Little Britain, Man., Mr. Wm. Graham.
 Kelowna, Kamloops Pres., Mr. C. L. Foote.
 Bank St. Church, Ottawa, 27th April, Mr. J. A. Turnbull.
 McDonald's Corners, etc., Ont., 7th April, Mr. W. A. Guy.
 Balmoral, Man., Mr. J. C. Madill.
 Mandaumin and Vyner, 19th March, Mr. Burkholder.
 Plumas and Ogilvie, Man., 9th March, Mr. Wm. Bell.

RESIGNATIONS OF

Dornoch and Rocky Saugeen, Ont., Mr. Wm. Graham.
 Jarvis and Walpole, Ont., Mr. G. A. MacLennan.
 Whitewater, Man., Mr. W. Dewar.
 Nairn, Sarnia Pres., Mr. Jos. Elliott.
 Dundee, Que., Dr. McDonald.
 Howick, Que., Mr. J. W. McLeod.
 Cavendish, P.E.I., Mr. M. H. McIntosh.

MINISTERS' OBITUARY.

REV. DUNCAN ANDERSON, died in Brooklyn, N.Y., 3rd April, ult. He was born in Rayne, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1828. Was educated in Aberdeen, ordained to the ministry of the Church of Scotland in 1834, and came to Canada that same year. For over thirty years he was pastor at Levis, Que., and most of that time was chaplain to the Imperial troops stationed at Levis and Quebec. He retired from the active work of the ministry in 1886, and since that time has resided at Chaudiere Basin, Que. During a visit to Brooklyn the end came.

Our Foreign Missions.

OUR WORK IN INDIA FOR 1902.

THE ANNUAL REPORT.

Retrospect.

The past year has been one of considerable importance to mission work throughout India. It has seen marked advance along many lines, and there seems to be a more than usually optimistic spirit prevalent in the various parts of the field. This has been due not only to the progress which marks in greater or less measure each successive year of missionary work, but to other specific causes as well.

CESSATION OF FAMINE.

Of the occurrences of the past year the one calling for deepest thankfulness has been the disappearance of famine conditions. In many sections the year opened with no prospect of relief from the distress that had been desolating the country. But by the mercy of God the rains were abundant, and the resultant crops have been so immense in parts that it has been difficult to find labour to cut them. The price of labour has been high in consequence, with unusual cheapness in the cost of grain, especially that used by the poorer classes. This has induced a hopeful spirit among the people which we trust will incline them to thoughts of the great Giver of all good.

THE INDIAN CENSUS.

Another source of encouragement to mission workers has been the publication of the census of 1901, in which the remarkable growth of the Christian population of the country as compared with that of Hindus and Mahomedans has attracted universal attention.

Although from criticisms passed since the report was published we have reason to believe that the number of Christians has been underestimated, even on the basis of the figures given, the percentage of increase of Christians, 27 per cent. as compared with the total percentage of increase for the whole population, some 6 per cent., gives us reason for deep gratitude to God.

The increase in some districts, notably Central India, has been much greater than this, owing in part to the influx of orphans, though this in our own mission is far from being the only explanation.

DECENNIAL CONFERENCE.

One of the landmarks in mission history in India is the Decennial Conference, held as its name indicates once in ten years. This year it was held at Madras, and proved in every way the most successful and helpful conference that has met in India. The subjects, the discussions evoked, and the resolutions passed, all showed a grasp of the varied problems that characterize work in this land, a breadth of view, and a hopefulness of spirit, that augur well for the future of work in India.

Signs were not wanting of a nearer approximation of the various denominations of the Church here, and it was felt that the Conference had among other things demonstrated the unity of aim and spirit that controls the operations of the missionary body.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

Of special interest to us as a Presbyterian Mission is the effort now so well advanced for union of the Presbyterian bodies throughout India. The work of the Presbyterian Alliance, which has so thoroughly commended itself to the Church at large, has finally issued in the formulating of a series of documents as a basis of union. All the home Churches as yet heard from have reported favourably upon the proposals, and there is strong reason for hope that the coming year will see a definite accomplishment of the desired union.

CHANGES IN STAFF.

During the year the Mission has suffered the loss of several members. Early in the year Mr. McKenzie, who had rendered such efficient service in the Chaplaincy at Mhow and in the general work of the mission, left us for Canada, on his way to resume his work in China. Mr. Grant, who also gave valuable aid in the work at Rutlam, left for his former field in China, taking with him as Mrs. Grant one of our medical missionaries, Miss McCalla, who, during her brief stay in India had endeared herself to all. Dr. Wilkie resigned his work at Indore and returned to Canada in April.

Dr. Campbell, Mr. Ledingham and Miss Jamieson went home on their well-earned furlough, Mr. Wilson returned from Canada and resumed work at Neemuch. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Cock, and Dr. and Mrs. Menzie.

The former were stationed at Ujjain, for the study of the language during their first year, and the latter were appointed to the medical supervision of the boys at Mhow. Misses White and Campbell also returned and took up their work again, the former at Indore, and the latter in the girls' orphanage at Neemuch. Messrs. Harcourt and Anderson had the felicity of welcoming their helpmeets in December. On account of the vacancy at Mhow, Mr. Harcourt was removed there from Neemuch in August.

THE LATE NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

The Mission was, during the year, bereft of the services of an esteemed and beloved member, whose removal by death it deeply deplores. In the following terms the Presbytery gave expression to its sense of loss:—

“The Presbytery of Indore desires to place on record its feeling of deep sorrow at the great loss sustained by the sudden death of our Moderator and beloved fellow-missionary, the Rev. Norman H. Russell, who by his unfailing kindness and sympathy and his intense earnestness, endeared himself to all his fellow-missionaries, and exercised a deep influence upon the whole work of the Mission. With untiring energy he devoted all his powers of mind and body that he might speedily give the Gospel to the thousands in the district under his care, and tokens were not wanting that God was blessing his labours.”

He filled up his twelve years of service in untiring labours in behalf of the Indian Christian community, and the multitudes of Hindus in the villages of his district. He took a sympathetic interest in the work in all parts of the field, and his good judgment and business talents made his counsel and help in the solution of perplexing problems and in the erection of mission buildings most valued by his brethren.

He took an active part in the training of native agents, believing that an efficient native ministry is the key to the situation. His work, “Village Work in India,” issued from the press shortly before his death, reveals his insight into native life and character, his strong faith in the Gospel as suited to the deep needs of the people, and his glowing hope in its ultimate acceptance by them. The mission while mourning his loss rejoices in the memory of what he was to it and wrought for it.

MISSIONARIES HONOURED.

The services rendered by the missionaries of our own and other Churches during the recent famines have been deservedly recognized by

the Government of India, and in addition to the medal which was bestowed upon Miss Campbell some time ago for her work in famine relief, the Viceroy at the recent Coronation Durbar at Delhi honoured another of our missionaries, Dr. Margaret O'Hara, by presenting her with the Kaiser-i-Hind medal in recognition of her services in the relief of the suffering multitudes.

In Camp and Village.

The work of evangelizing is many sided. There is only one Door to the Kingdom, but the avenues of approach are so many, and all have been so manifestly used of the Spirit, that no one can claim for his own particular part of the work a paramount place in the consideration of his fellow-workers.

Yet if a consensus of opinion were taken many would probably be found to agree that some of the most exhilarating and soul-satisfying experiences of the work have been found in that close contact with the heart of the people which only the daily village visiting affords. There is a simplicity and openness of soul about the average villager which one may seek for in vain among the dwellers of the city.

It is a cause for great regret that during the past year the exigencies of other work have absorbed much time and effort that should have gone to this vitally important field.

ASSISTED FAMINE SUFFERERS.

Work among the villages has been greatly helped by the numbers of those who received famine relief in our several stations and afterwards returned to their homes. In connection with some of these Dr. Woods writes:

“After the rains came we gave seed grain to a great many and sent them to their homes. We went shortly afterward and found them busy sowing. One of those received was a woman whose husband did not apply for baptism, and we feared his influence over her, but shortly after he came with her and asked ‘to be made one of those Christians.’

“During the touring season we spent three weeks seeking them out among the hills. Some were found in an exceedingly poor condition.

“In one of my journeys I came across a family which had been with us. I asked the man to accompany me, as the paths were very confusing. After some hesitation he consented, and calling his wife into the hut he soon appeared in the clothes she had been wearing. Upon enquiry I found she had been

practically stripped of her clothing and was huddling behind an old thatch. After I was satisfied that liquor was not responsible for their condition they were helped.

"The work among these Bhils is very encouraging. Rutlam being on the borders of the Bhil country we have only to journey through the hills eight or ten miles to find them."

BHILS AT AMKHUT.

Of work among famine sufferers at Amkhut, Mr. W. G. Russell says: "At the time of my arrival this part of the country was still desolated by famine. A few hours after reaching here I saw on going out some parents with their starving children sitting in front of the bungalow. The weaker ones, to whom it was dangerous to give solid food, were sitting in line, each with a leaf in his hand, and, as Mrs Buchanan passed down the line with a pitcher of milk, each folded the leaf into a little cup and held it up to be filled. The untiring energy displayed by Dr. and Mrs. Buchanan in giving help to those in distress was, no doubt, a large factor in inclining their hearts to the Gospel message."

THE VILLAGERS.

"In our work at Dhar," writes Mr. F. H. Russell, "the villages are not far to seek. They surround us in all directions with a density quite inconceivable to the eye that has not seen them. As for the villagers these we have always with us. They throng our streets on all occasions, and, especially on market day, from every side early morning sees them crowding with their produce or wares, and evening witnesses their departure to their scattered homes. And so we reach them at all times without leaving our own immediate neighbourhood.

"But we are not content with this. Every morning sees two bands of workers on their way to one or other of the villages within ten miles of Dhar eager to overtake the fortunately indolent villager before he sets off to his day's work in the fields. It is one of the strange contradictions of Indian life that what is in itself a reprehensible habit on the part of the people offers an opportunity which otherwise we might not have for proclaiming the good news.

"Throughout the year this work has been pushed with vigour, and especially during the latter half of the year, since the arrival in our midst of an earnest and efficient worker from

the north has given us additional help and stimulus.

FAMINE'S AFTERMATH.

"One of the most noticeable features of this work has been the very manifest cordiality of the people of those villages, one or more of whose people we were able to assist during the recent famine.

"This has been at once one of the most encouraging and one of the most depressing experiences of the year. For, while our hearts rejoice at the additional opportunities given and the appreciation of what has been done or the suffering among the people, we cannot help deploring the great paucity of our numbers and the inadequate way in which this work has been attempted when we think of the hundreds of villages far beyond us, in so many of which there are, unquestionably, those who remember, as these have done, the kindness that has been shown, and whose hearts, already touched, might be wholly won had we only the means of reaching them.

"It is pleasant to find here and there those who remember a little of what they learned while with us, and who can join in some of the more familiar hymns. It is encouraging, also to observe the increasing confidence and the greater readiness with which most of the people listen to the teaching. We have now reached with a fair measure of regularity the villages within ten miles of Dhar and are extending operations daily."

FARTHER AFIELD.

Of work in other parts of his field Mr. F. H. Russell says: "Additional burdens laid upon me during the year in connection with the general work of the mission have kept me from getting out into the surrounding districts. It was imperative that I should be within reach of my station, so that I was reluctantly compelled to abandon all hope of extended touring.

"I write, however, in the midst of preparations for a visit to the far end of my field, about 80 miles away, where four people whom I baptized several months ago are living. One of them is here with us now. He arrived a couple of days ago and goes back with us.

"I am glad to learn that in spite of their isolated position and the persecution they have been subjected to they have been firm and steadfast in their adherence to the truth they have embraced.

"The well-thumbed Testament I gave months ago to the one now here is evidence of the daily help it has afforded. He assures me that other members of his family are eager for baptism, and we have every reason to hope that in this far away village we have the nucleus of a strong Christian community which will in the days to come do much to leaven the surrounding section. That they are farmers and quite independent of any mission aid is one of its most hopeful features.

"This village is in the State of Barwani, in whose chief city we have been offered for years past an opening for a missionary, but have not yet been able to avail ourselves of it. I hope the time is not far off when we shall have a man to spare for this promising district. It is only at certain times of year that a missionary living at Dhar can reach this part of the country, and even then with some difficulty."

THE MHOW DISTRICT.

The village work to the south of Mhow has been for years one of the most encouraging features in connection with the work of that station. The loss of Mr. Norman Russell deprived the mission of one who devoted himself with intense zeal and earnestness to this work.

Mr. Harcourt, who has taken up the work of the Mhow station, reports: "The visiting of out stations and keeping in touch with the spiritual side of the work there has been quite beyond my power. The calls for further light and for baptisms have been many. Christmas Day at Parlia was a great day, great crowds gathering to hear the Word." Mr. Harcourt expresses the hope that he will soon be free to engage more thoroughly in this work.

NEEMUCH AND JAWAD.

In connection with the work of Neemuch station Mr. Harcourt mentions the loss the work there sustained by the death of an assistant, Mr. Barnabas, who had been sent from Neemuch to resume his work at Mandsaur, but died suddenly two months later. The school in the camp was closed in August.

Mohammed Shah was taken from his school work in Jawad and put into evangelistic work. "The school work at Jawad is still under his control, but his heart is gladdened by the eagerness with which the people listen to the words of life."

"During the latter part of the year Mr. H. H. Smith went out with the workers from Neemuch and spent a week or so in camp near Jawad." Large crowds gathered to listen.

"Regularly all about Neemuch the people have heard the Gospel. During the first part of the year the workers went out over thirty miles to the east of Neemuch. Many enquirers came to the camp at night, Nicodemus-like, and sought for more light.

"At Kukrasar, one large village of about 4,000 people, they pleaded with the workers to open up a place for them to be taught. The common people seem most open to the Gospel message."

NEAR UJJAIN.

It has been with all who have had experience of famine relief work a question as to how much has been accomplished spiritually by the kindness shown to the suffering. Many have doubtless forgotten the hand that helped them, but there are others who have grateful recollections. In his touring Dr. Nugent found instances of both. He writes: "Until a few weeks ago it was not my privilege to see much village work except close to Ujjain. At present we are in a village district about forty miles away. Numbers of starving ones from this district wandered to Ujjain and Indore."

In one village a boy was found who had been to Ujjain. "He remained there about two months, then asked to be allowed to return to his village. When asked if he remembered anything he was taught, he sang correctly one line of a hymn (Jesus Christ Saved My Soul), but had no idea of the meaning." No apparent good had resulted, but it was "gratifying to know that he and his friends have confidence in us and readily come to listen to the story of Christ."

Another case was that of a woman "who was in Ujjain for over a year and professed to believe in Christ, but was not baptized." She returned to her village and was received back into caste on payment of a large sum. "Neither she nor her relatives worship idols, but pray to God. When we hold services in her village she sits with our workers and takes part in the singing."

Still another case was that of a young girl who was baptized at Ujjain, and later returned to her home. "She takes part in the work of the family and receives food and clothing from them, but is not allowed to eat with them. They are kind to her and listen attentively when she reads and sings. When we and our workers go out here and to other villages she accompanies us and takes part. She talks of returning to the home (at Ujjain), but our

hope is that she may see her work to be out here among her own people."

LADIES IN VILLAGE WORK.

An interesting feature of the work of the past year has been the development of village visiting by some of the ladies. The special value of this lies in the fact that even in the country districts the women are not, as a rule, as accessible as the men for ordinary preaching.

Of her work in this connection Miss Weir writes: "The villages near Mhow have been visited regularly as in former years and many new ones have been reached this year. To reach the women in the more distant villages we began touring, spending five or six days in each centre and visiting surrounding villages. In various places has the story been told. Sometimes in a house, on the verandah, or in a courtyard, sometimes under a tree, where all the women of a mohulla would gather; sometimes we have sat with the women as they husked corn, or as they weeded in the fields, or again by the roadside, where we would find weary women resting from their burdens."

HOW HEARTS ARE WON.

"The ways have been as varied as the places. One day we saw a group of men and women under a tree. The women beckoned us to come. We found it was a wedding party, so sat down and sang a hymn, and told them of that other wedding where the ten virgins went out to meet the bridegroom.

"In another village an intelligent blind woman asked us why God had allowed her to go blind. To her we told the story of the blind man of whom the disciples asked, 'Who did sin, this man or his parents?'

"In still another village we visited a woman who had just lost her baby, the third and last. What a comfort to tell her of the loving Christ, who when on earth said 'Suffer the children.'

"On entering one new village the *patel* or head man invited us to his house, and in a few minutes about 25 women were called to meet us, and there in the courtyard we told them the old story which was a new story to them. They asked us to come again, and we gladly promised."

But all experiences were not so pleasant. "In another village the *patel* sent a man around to forbid the women to listen to us. In another where a white woman had never been seen before, the women themselves were afraid to come near." Sometimes we have

been gladdened by meeting women who not only remembered what we had taught them on a former visit, but wanted to hear more."

ZENANAS.

"While not doing village work zenanas in the camp have been visited and classes for Bible women and teachers held. A Bible class has also been held every Sabbath."

Miss Goodfellow has visited the villages near Ujjain. She has been accompanied by a Brahman widow, who was with Miss Jamieson during the famine and who though old and unable to read, proved "helpful in explaining in her simple way and in village language the truth which had made her give up her faith in idols to serve Christ."

"Our experiences are very varied. We sometimes find the people afraid of us, but without asking them if we may teach them we lead them on almost unconsciously to become interested in the truth. We often find that where the people are few, with less to distract, most is learned. We are often discouraged at the slow growth in the lives of some of those who profess Christ."

Of her work at Ujjain Miss Goodfellow says: "In the hot and rainy season I go to the Hospital to teach the women, and have a class among the servants and their friends at the bungalow, going out as the weather grows cooler to do village work in the evenings."

VILLAGE MEDICAL WORK.

To the village work round about Dhar Miss Dr. O'Hara brought the added charm of medical skill. This proved very attractive. "Knowing the need of medical aid in rural districts, it was a privilege to be able to accompany Mr. Russell and his catechists when time could be spared from other duties.

"Fever was prevalent in some villages, yet those who did not know us would not take medicine until a dose had first been taken by the missionary or catechist in presence of the patient. Then the quinine was swallowed with faith in its safety if not in its efficacy.

"We met women and girls who had been in the hospital during the famine. They sat near us and joined in the singing. In them we had warm advocates of our drugs as well as of our doctrines."

Children who were rescued during famine helped in this work. "Some of the orphan girls came with us to their own villages hoping to see relatives. One found an aunt who was ill and very badly off for clothing. We were

able to help her, and the little girl took off her sari and left it to cover the sick woman."

Experiences were sometimes disappointing. "In many cases we advised moving the patients to the hospital, and the people seemed willing, but put it off. In two cases of pneumonia we found on our next visit that the children had died. After our medicine had been given the village 'hakim' had come and burned the chest and abdomen with red hot irons, and no doubt hastened its end. 39 visits were paid and 381 patients treated before Christmas."

The Highways and Byways.

"To the poor the Gospel is preached." In the forefront of evangelistic effort stands the work of street-preaching. We have schools for the children, college and other lectures for the developing youth, and regular services for those who come to them. But to reach the mass of the people there is only one way open, that of the open-air address. For many listen here who would not darken the door of a church, or compromise themselves by attending a stated service. In the street crowd all classes are to be found, though the proportion of the poorer and lower classes is naturally greater. The history of most of our stations is a story of unremitting endeavour to reach the throngs in bazaar and mohulla. And such effort must win in the end. Those who have pursued it must feel most its value and power, and have most confidence in its issue.

STREET PREACHING.

"In Dhar," Mr. Russell reports, "the city streets have been the scene of daily effort. After spending the morning in a neighbouring village, the catechists have gathered each afternoon at some fixed place in the bazaar or one of the mohullas. We have seldom failed to gather together a large number of people, especially in the bazaar, and have had, as a rule, marked attention, with a minimum of disturbance.

"We are glad to find the interest in the Gospel on the increase. The attitude of the people, which in past years was first hostile, then indifferent, has undergone another change, and we have every reason to hope that the daily presentation of the claims of the truth is having its effect upon their hearts. It is encouraging to see among the daily groups of hearers a number of the better educated class, who as a rule are not ready to stand in the street and listen to preaching.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

"The Church building in the city, which is situated on the main street, has proved of great assistance in the work of reaching the general population. At both the Sabbath services and week-day meetings a considerable number of Hindus and Mohammedans are present, and most of them stay throughout and listen with apparent interest to the singing and speaking.

"One Wednesday evening in June a man of the drover caste, who had come from his village 80 miles away to buy cattle, heard the singing in the church as he passed the door. He was a man of earnest spirit, and had for some time been seeking the truth, but had never before heard the Gospel.

"He came inside and sat down to listen. As he told me later, as soon as he heard what was being said, he felt that this was what he wanted.

"He came to me immediately afterwards, and told his story. He remained with us several days and was so evidently born again that I had no hesitation in baptizing him.

"Subsequent events showed how well-placed my faith was. He returned to his village and was back in a few days with three others of his people who were eager to be received as Christians. As Devaji can read and write, he had made good use of the Testament he had got from us, and had already become a light-bearer to his own people. As related in another place, we are about to visit his home, where he tells us still others are waiting for baptism, and anxious to be taught more of the truth."

FAMINE RELIEF.

Dr. Woods writes of the work in Rutlam: "The Gospel has been preached in the mohullas and surrounding villages of Rutlam, while our out-station at Jaora has been faithfully looked after by Theophilus.

"In April sore famine again came over Rutlam district, but thanks to the Famine Fund we were able to render some assistance. We opened famine relief, and for three months gave work to those in distress. Those who were too feeble to work were not pressed to do so. But nearly all worked and were paid accordingly.

"On Saturday night each labourer was given a ticket which admitted him to the Sunday dinner of corn meal mush. As they were not obliged to work on that day we gave them special preaching. Many Hindoos were among

the number and sat down in common with those of inferior caste, while some ate the Christian's food.

"The 1,000 labourers met in the mission compound every morning to listen to the Gospel. It was a grand opportunity to preach Christ day after day to the same crowd. Two hundred asked for baptism; only four, however, were accepted, and the rest advised to wait for some time. We were afraid the stress of famine might be influencing them."

AT INDORE.

Of evangelistic work in Indore Mr. Taylor writes: "Owing to the fact that almost all the workers have been engaged in work in the various institutions, there is not much direct evangelistic work to report. Several of the teachers have carried on voluntary work in the mohallas and other districts. The duties of the treasurership and work in connection with the College and the homes have prevented me from engaging in direct preaching work except to a very limited extent."

Where Christians Meet.

The name given by Christ to His followers, "the light of the world," has nowhere else the peculiar significance it finds among a heathen people. In the midst of a darkness that may be felt the power of consecrated lives is unspeakably great. It may be too much to say that the lives of most Indian Christians are a power for good among their heathen neighbours.

"But it would be still more mistaken to ignore the real influence for righteousness that the Christian community, as a whole, exerts. The earnest life of the little Church set down amid the abominations of idolatry and superstition is an effectual if silent protest against all unrighteousness and sin, and is slowly but surely leavening the mass of heathenism around it."

NEEMUCH CONGREGATION.

Mr. Harcourt reports encouraging progress in the Church at Neemuch: "Within our little community a spirit of advance was felt, in that they were ready to shoulder the responsibility of erecting a church at their own expense. A site was secured on the ladies' compound near the bazaar and mainly due to the missionary's and Mr. Smith's efforts the building stands completed to-day. A little debt was incurred, but we hope to see it paid off soon.

"A week of special prayer was again held

this year. God's blessing attended the meetings throughout and worked mightily in the hearts of many." The congregation was called on to mourn the loss of members. "First a sudden call came to Mr. Barnabas, the native assistant, a man of great gifts. The other was one dearly loved by all who knew her, Louie-bai. During the year there were about 55 baptized and 9 received into the Church. Most of these were orphans or widows."

THE RUTLAM CHURCH.

"Divine service," Dr. Woods writes, "has been held twice on Sabbath. Sunday Schools in both boys' and girls' orphanages. Christian Endeavour on Saturday evening and prayer-meeting on Wednesdays. I cannot speak too highly of Pastor Makasare, who has had spiritual charge of the orphans. Not only has he won the hearts of the boys, but he has won many of them for Christ.

INDORE CHRISTIANS.

Mr. Taylor reports in this connection: "During the year two more elders were elected, Mr. J. Caleb and Mr. R. B. Thomson. The attendance at the regular services has not been all that could be desired. We long to see a more earnest desire on the part of our people to feed upon the truth and to be an evangelizing power in the community."

THE CHURCH AT DHAR.

Mr. F. H. Russell says of the Church at Dhar: "It is with great joy that we record not only an increase in our numbers during the year, but also a steady advance in other respects. The attendance upon all services has been very encouraging and the people have been unremitting in their care for the financial and other interests of the Church.

"All of those who have joined us during the year have followed the example furnished by the other members of the congregation in giving a tenth of their income to the work of the Church. There has been a marked growth, especially in the younger members of the congregation, of whom there was a large accession to full membership during the year. In all 40 were added to the roll, 34 being children from our orphanages. It has been a cause for deep gratitude that so many of these have, of their own accord, asked to be received, and have given such evident proof of their fitness. There were 33 baptisms, of whom 4 were adult Hindus and 26 orphan children on profession.

"One of the encouraging features of the Church work of the past year has been the large number of outsiders present at all the services. Two services are held each Sabbath, in the morning at 7.30 or 8, according to the time of year, with Sabbath School immediately after, and in the afternoon at 4.30 or 5.

A SECRET BELIEVER.

"One of the most regular attendants has been a young man of good caste, a teacher in the High School, who has seldom missed any of the Sabbath meetings or the Wednesday service. He has not infrequently been accompanied by his wife and child, which is not a usual thing among these people, and was in itself an encouraging sign.

"I had many conversations with him before he left us recently for his home in Gujerat. He is a clever fellow, with a knowledge of three languages, and of earnest spirit. His conversations showed that he was having a hard struggle, and step by step he came nearer decision.

"Finally he asked me to baptize him secretly, i.e., without the knowledge of the heathen, though he was quite willing that it should be before the Church. He told me that his wife would not object to this, but that if he became openly a confessed Christian, he would be separated from his own people, and she too would leave him.

"It was a hard case, and I sympathized with him keenly. He has had to return to his home, but writes me that he is attending the Mission Church there, which he had never done before, and he hopes to return here shortly, when he may be finally brought to open confession.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

"As reported last year, it was found necessary to enlarge our building to nearly twice its original size. The work of alteration was delayed, and the new addition not ready for use till the beginning of the hot weather, but has proved since a great comfort to us. We have additional room for Sunday School work, and more accommodation for Church services, both of which were greatly needed. The largest part of the expense incurred in connection with the addition was borne by the members of the Church here, who take great interest in all that belongs to the work of the congregation."

The College.

Of the work of the College at Indore, Mr. Taylor writes:—"On May 1, on the departure of Dr. Wilkie for Canada, I was left in charge of the College, and beg to report on this de-

partment of the work from May to December. So far as funds permitted the work has been carried on along the usual lines, although it was found necessary to close the training class department very shortly after assuming charge of the work.

"The staff of the College has undergone some changes. Rev. Mr. Duthie left in July to accept a more lucrative post, and his place has been filled by the appointment of Mr. A. Mitra, M.A., who has been in charge of the English of the College classes. Mr. Johory has also rendered valuable assistance during the year in several of the classes. The mathematical and science department has been under the careful oversight of Prof. Kundu.

"I have had more particularly the College Bible-Class and the Senior Philosophy as well as lecturing occasionally in English Literature. In the daily Bible-Class we studied St. John's Gospel with special reference to the Revelation of the divinity of Christ, and I am glad to report a very real interest manifested.

"The attendance in College, High School and Vernacular School has been well maintained. The roll is as follows:

College.	32 (i.e., 7 B.A., 25 F.A.)
High School	173
Vernacular..	243

"It may not be amiss to report that at the last March university examination the results were as follows:

	No. of candidates.	No. of passes.
B.A.	3	2
F.A.	5	4
Entrance	8	4

"In the Middle School examination the results were as follows:

Candidates..	6
Passes.....	5

BIBLE TEACHING.

"Bible teaching is given a prominent place in the work of all the classes, the more experienced Christian teachers being employed for this work. It is difficult to estimate the results; the promise stands, "My word shall not return unto me void," but also it is noticeable that a deeper moral earnestness pervades the whole institution on account of the Bible teaching. For the lower classes a simple catechism is the basis of study; for the higher, selected portions of the Holy Scriptures are read and expounded daily. In addition to this the School is opened and closed each day with reading of the Word and prayer.

"HOSTEL."

"The hostel has proved itself a valuable adjunct to the College work. The houses have been filled throughout the term. The headmaster, Mr. Crossette, lives on the College compound and has the oversight of the boarding accommodation. By means of the hostel the students are kept more directly under our control, and also are kept from many temptations which would otherwise beset them.

"This feature of College life has helped also to make the work of the Y. M. C. A. more than usually encouraging during the term. The athletic department has been well sustained by the students and teachers and has done much to develop a healthy 'College spirit.' Literary, social and evangelistic meetings have been held regularly, and the attendance has been good, the average being probably not less than 150. Friends of the College have assisted by giving lectures on topics of practical interest to students. The Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon Bible Class has, during the term, been following a course of study in the Christian doctrines, the teachers taking turns in leading the class."

The Widows' Home at Neemuch.

"Few tales are more pathetic, and few have more deservedly elicited the sympathy and compassion of Christian hearts than those relating to the wrongs of Indian widowhood. Our Indian sisters carry many a burden which they have no right to bear, and it would be difficult to conceive of a more wretched condition than that in which many of them are sunk. But, whatever be the sorrows of ordinary womanhood, those of the widow in Indian homes is infinitely worse.

"It is one of the most hopeful signs of India's coming redemption that those of her sons who though not yet Christian have been emancipated from the slavery to custom that enthalls most of her people are making some effort, however slight and timorous, to remove this greatest of reproaches upon the social condition of this land. In the work that falls to the Christian missionary, an important place must be given to the earnest endeavour now being made in every quarter to redeem those upon whom has fallen the curse of widowhood.

"In the Widows' Home at Neemuch, under Miss Thomson's care, there were 152 women at the beginning of the year. The number now is 93. In the rainy season many of the women left for their villages. Of those in the home at present the majority are young widows from 15 to 25 years of age.

EDUCATION.

"Many of these widows do not appreciate the benefits of education.

"Miss Thomson says of them: 'While all are given a chance to learn, only 36 have

availed themselves of it. About 20 can read the 2d book, in Hindi, and the New Testament fairly well. They also learn simple arithmetic and writing.'

BUSY FINGERS.

"Spinning of cotton and wool is the chief industry. Few of the women could spin when the work was started, but most of them have become quite expert. The cotton thread is woven into cloth by the boys at Indore and the yarn into blankets by the blind boys at Ujjain. Plain sewing and the making of thread buttons have been taught. These buttons have a ready sale. Large bowls are made from paper pulp.

"When isolated rooms for the sick were needed a number of the women built three houses on the compound, similar to village houses, of small stones and mud, roofed with bamboo and dried grass. Six women have been sent out as servants, and one is being trained as a nurse.

SOME RESULTS.

"Lessons from the Life of Christ have been given daily, and most of the women appeared much interested. Later on picture rolls were secured and proved very helpful. Shortly after this, 13 women professed faith in Christ and asked for baptism. They were kept on probation and under instruction for several months, and were baptized on Christmas day, at the close of the dedicatory service of the new church building. Six others had been baptized earlier in the year.

EARNEST SOULS.

"For two days one of the women was seen to go to a secluded part of the compound during the heat of the day and kneeling on a pile of sharp stones, bow her head as if in prayer. On being questioned she said, 'I am a sinner, and God is holy, so I ought to suffer when I pray to Him.' Another was very troublesome for months, quarrelsome, and an adept in the use of bad language. Now she sits at the feet of Christ, learning of Him, and is manifestly striving to overcome her sinful habits. Another was enabled to stand firm in her determination to follow Christ, though she was strongly tempted by her heathen brother and sister to join them in their wandering life.

VOLUNTARY WORKERS.

"Voluntary work in the Home was done by the medical workers and others in connection with the C. E. Society. All the Christian women denied themselves a part of their weekly food allowance, in order to have an offering for Church on the Sabbath. This was suggested by themselves. All the inmates of the Home, through further self-denial, presented a small offering on Christmas day.

"The staff of workers has been small, but faithful. Phefibai, the matron, by her wise, gentle, yet firm control, has been largely responsible for the good order maintained. Janebai, her daughter, voluntarily visited and taught those who were too sick to attend the Bible-Class. Rajibai, the bible-woman, gave a daily Bible lesson."

FIRST CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE IN HAM HEUNG.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, MRS. D. M. MCRAE.

"Festivals have I seen that were not names:"

One of the hardest problems a missionary has to solve in his work among these Eastern people is that concerning marriage. It is not my intention to give any details regarding the laws that govern these relations. It is sufficient to say that taking a man or woman into the church often means the unravelling of a line of past marriages so numerous and complicated as would puzzle even the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer.

It is, I can assure you, no small task to impress upon a Korean the beauty and sanctity of the "Holy Estate" and an attempt to portray it as a type of the Union of Christ and His Church would seem at first to be a hopeless "casting of pearls." Small wonder, then, that the first Christian marriage in a heathen city such as Ham Heung has left a

custom of the heathen. He respectfully requests, then, that the pastor and his wife will come as soon as possible in order that the marriage may take place. The young ox, too, which is being fattened for the wedding feast is ready and waiting for the occasion."

That was in August, and, though we found it quite impossible to reach them until the following November, they held firmly to their purpose, and waited.

Out in this land they cannot drive or walk miles to the minister as we have heard of devoted young couples doing at home, for, up to her marriage day the bride is kept carefully secluded. In most cases she can not even see her future husband, and if she should, contrary to good custom, be admitted to his presence, she must be apparently sightless and speechless before him.

At last the great day arrived. We had determined to interfere with none of their arrangements in regard to food or dress, as we were not in a position to criticise until we



"Off we Start, a Grand Procession."

marked impression not only upon us, but upon all who were present.

It was early last summer that this word came to us:

"Mr. Pak is desirous of taking to himself a wife. Through the Grace of God, however, he has decided not to do according to the

could see and judge for ourselves.

In this we believe we acted wisely, since, though to us all was new and strange, we saw nothing but the innocent ceremony attending an oriental wedding, such, perhaps, as the Christ glorified by His presence in Cana of Galilee.

And now if any of you want to attend with me this Korean wedding you must make your preparations quite early in the morning, for we have much to do before the ceremony itself can be performed. Our chairs are ready and waiting at the door, a fact made evident by the clamour of the chair coolies, who in honour of

what seems to us to be the entire city, and we are kept busy peeping through our tiny windows at the faces about us.

Our first stopping-place is the house of the bridegroom, who, with his friends and relatives, stands waiting to welcome us. Can this distinguished looking personage in the official



Ready to View the Marriage, Women Below, Men on Housetops.

the occasion, have arrayed themselves in clean white suits, and their distinctive articles of dress, little rough black felt hats, are all new and perched jauntily on the backs of their heads.

Even the pastor is to ride in a chair to-day, so they have brought what they call a "Sah-in-Kyo," but what you would at first sight dub a carved wooden or cloth covered box with a coloured glass window at each side.

After you have used it a few times, however, you will either hate it cordially and come out of it each time feeling as if you had an attack of rheumatism, or, if you are as fortunate as I am, you will look lovingly upon it as a cosy little nest in which you can curl up and dream you are being "rocked in the cradle of the deep," until a slide and a thump announces that you have arrived and are again on "terra firma." "

No such dreams are ours to-day, however, for we soon find ourselves to be attended by

dress worn by those who have audience with His Majesty the Emperor be our plain little Mr. Pak! Instead of his usual white suit he has donned a flowing robe of dark green silk with beautiful squares of solid heavy embroidery decorating both front and back.

His hat has been replaced by an odd, indescribable crinoline cap, with a wing of the same material on each side, looking from a little distance like a huge pair of dark spectacles stuck on behind. He has also thrown aside his sandals and has encased his feet in black velvet stockings or perhaps I should say shoes. And now up comes his steed, for the inevitable pony must figure even on this important occasion.

Our bridegroom mounts, dons his glasses, lifts his sunshade, and off we start, a grand procession, for the house of the bride not far distant. The crowd of spectators seems to have thinned out somewhat, but we find on arriving at the house that they have been

beforehand with us and while the women occupy every available inch of ground below in what we might term the pit, the men have taken the gallery, that is to say the house-tops.

A square in the centre of the compound has been screened off, canopied with linen, and spread with rugs of all sizes, shapes and colours. Here the ceremony has been arranged to take place and here we betake ourselves to await the arrival of the bride.

At length she comes, a wee, frightened little maiden in her numerous silken robes, and since no description of a wedding is complete without mention of the bride's dress I shall try to give it particular attention. It also is of green silk, a long flowing gown of one piece, the most interesting feature of which, naturally, is its sleeves. No, they are not large at the bottom, nor large at the top, neither are they puffed at the elbow. They are the same width from top to bottom reaching right down to the ground and are terminated by a deep border of pale yellow. This robe falls open in front revealing a red girdle and long skirt of pale blue silk.

To the bride's own locks have been added switch after switch, the whole smooth oily mass being gathered into an immense knot at the nape of her neck and caught with a solid silver pin at least a foot long and as thick as your finger. Into this is wound a piece of wide maroon ribbon the long ends of which hang over in front reaching below the waist. A tiny black and gilt pasteboard crown completes this rather fantastic costume.

All now being ready the bride and groom take their places and the service begins by the singing of a marriage Hymn which has been translated into Korean. We are surprised at the intelligent interest displayed by the little bride throughout the entire ceremony, and her answers are both clear and decided.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride's feast is set before us and we are invited to partake. Such a display of Korean dainties arranged in pretty artistic shapes and patterns we have never before seen, so, while the curious spectators examine and comment upon us we do likewise with the spread before us. Of it all, however, we find only a small portion, and by far the most uninviting in appearance, is intended to be eaten, the groom unbending his dignity enough to point out to us what we should test.

So, chop-sticks in hand, we set to work. "Cooksu" is our first attempt. This is a

sort of vermicelli of buck-wheat flour. It would seem absolutely to be made in circles, for we have never yet discovered an end to it. The proper way to eat it, we learn, is to take up a bunch with our chop-sticks, draw and push it into our mouth and then keep steadily drawing and pushing until the large bowlful has disappeared. This discovery rather dampens our ardour.

But, leaving this dish we turn to the next which our host assures us is unusually good. This proves to be little brown cakes of buck-wheat, sesame oil and honey. Then we have slices of cold beef, chicken and pheasant, hard boiled eggs and other dishes too numerous to mention.

For our benefit some tea has been brewed so we must not forget to taste it; but alas, neither is the taste to be forgotten. Our lips smart, our mouth seems a fiery furnace and tears



"Bride and Groom take their places."

start from our eyes. In their endeavour to please they have added red peppers, the favourite spice of the Koreans.

But again our chairs are waiting so we must hurry on to the bridegroom's house. And this

time another chair joins our procession, that of the little bride. The groom doffs his grand official dress and becomes once more an ordinary Korean in a new and shining suit of white linen, and large black hat. The

introduced by the mother-in-law to our second feast, a repetition of the former except that this time we eat alone with the bride, who, being apparently without hands, must be fed dainty bits by one of the women.



The Bride's Feast.

crowd joins us and

"A bride upon her wedding day
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay."

To their credit I must add that a better behaved lot of people would be hard to find. They follow us, yes to be sure, but there is no clamorous mob such as we once saw in that city. They have learned some lessons and have concluded that the foreigners must be treated with some respect.

According to custom, we, as the guests of honour, are requested to assist the bride from her chair and escort her in triumph within the portals of her new home. There is a superstition that the persons upon whom this honour is bestowed must be very worthy people, as on this will depend the amount of blessing which will attend the bride in her new life. We feel very important, then, as we struggle with the numerous draperies of this little bundle of silk in order that we may get her safely from chair to house without soiling or tearing any of them.

At length we accomplish it and are at once

Poor little maiden, in spite of the fact that this is the great day of her life, her first feast, her first ride in a chair, her first glimpse of the strange foreign women, and perhaps her first sight of her husband. She must observe good Korean custom and preserve an expression that might be carved stone with down-cast eyes, and moreover she must remain absolutely silent and motionless.

At last all is over and we leave for our homes. Tired? Yes indeed, but equally happy over our day's experiences. We feel that something has been accomplished for Christ's cause in Ham Heung city, and trust that not only the Christians, but the hundreds of on-lookers may in some measure be helped. But perhaps the best and happiest feature of my story is that the little bride has entered into a higher contract, even with the "King of Kings" and over her there has been rejoicing not alone on earth, but among the angels in Heaven. With many more of those dear people, too, we have joyous anticipations of another reunion, that of the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

LETTER FROM HONAN.

BY REV. JOHN GRIFFITH.

Changte Fu, Honan, January, 1903.

Dear Mr. Scott,—

Just a few notes upon the experiences of six weeks recently spent in the country,—that is, in towns and villages outside this our station Changte. The first assault was made upon a walled town which in past years has been notorious for its bad characters and for the amount of discomfort it could inflict upon both foreigners and native Christians. Within the town walls are included parts of four counties, two prefectures and two provinces—a condition of divided authority which makes it a favourite resort for evil-doers.

We preached for five days on the streets and were not once disturbed or reviled. Indeed the size of our audiences and the interest manifested continually increased. Before leaving, four young men were recorded as catechumens.

During our stay in the county town the chief magistrate, who in South Honan proved himself a true friend to fugitive foreigners in 1900, showed us every kindness, and in spite of all protestations persisted every day in sending elaborate meals to our inn. Here also the preaching on the street was very encouraging.

Two visits were made to Ch'u-wang—one to hold communion while Misses McIntosh and Pyke were holding a station-class for women; another subsequently for a men's station-class. They were times of refreshing in spite of the fact that the ruins of our former buildings were all around us. The men's class was somewhat marred by a fall of snow and a few days of very cold weather, but about thirty in all were present.

A great fair was on in the town, and one cold, raw morning, when the snow was on the ground, a troop of something less than twenty beggars laid siege to our door. Barefooted, almost naked, filthy and haggard, they were truly pitiable objects to behold, and yet we dare not comply with their importunate demands. To do so would bring a whole avalanche of like character. Opium-smoking, gambling and other flagrant vices fill every town with such ragged, filthy and debased specimens of humanity as you have never even imagined.

Space forbids any detailed statement of all towns visited, but one village is specially encouraging. It is a small place, but nearly twenty men have declared their faith in Christ

and are preparing to build themselves a little chapel when spring comes.

During the month spent in the Ch'u-wang field, twenty-six persons were recorded as new catechumens, and of these about one-half are young men under 30 years of age—the future hope of the Church.

Our last week out was spent in a cave, teaching a class of men at a mountain village west of here. But it was a good cave, nicely built up with stone and arched with brick—much warmer and more comfortable than some filthy mud hovels which circumstances sometimes compel one to occupy.

On the day before Christmas a walk of 23 miles up hill and down dale, over a rough road, brings us back to Changte Fu, rather hungry and footsore, but glad to be home for the joyous festival of so many pleasant and sacred memories.

The past year in this field has had many encouragements. Forty-seven adults have been baptized, and over one hundred new catechumens recorded. The work is gathering momentum, and we long for more workers. Officials still continue to be very friendly, and the people are willing, as never before, to listen to the Gospel message. Pray much for China. This is a critical period in her history.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY AT UJJAIN, MRS. NUGENT.

Bercha, Central India,

Feb. 12, 1903.

Dear Mr. Scott:

It has been asked us "why do we not see more in print about your work." Perhaps those asking that question do not understand how difficult it is for those bearing the burden and heat of the day to spend much time recording it. Although I often go to the work and know what it means, yet I am not always at it and feel that the writing must chiefly be done by me.

Over two weeks ago we came to Bercha to teach the people here and in the surrounding villages. Many of them have never seen a missionary nor heard the name of Christ.

On Tuesday the market was held in Bercha and we spent all our day there. While Dr. Nugent was still busy with his sick folk trying to help them for time and eternity, Miss Goodfellow and I with some of our native Christians went into the village.

What a motley crowd there was of men,

women and children, horses, oxen, tongas and gharis, and oh the dirt through which we wended our way until we came to the friendly shade of a broad banyan tree, and sitting on its large roots we began a native hymn.

The people immediately closing in around us well pleased to listen to the music of our little organ. Dr. Nugent came down and we worked there for hours, moving from one place to another singing and talking to the people. Many followed from one service to another hearing enough of the Gospel to either save or condemn.

We are inclined to regard the large numbers with satisfaction. But, perhaps, the best work is generally done where the few are gathered together.

A few days ago as Dr. Nugent was talking with some in a village a very old man came up. He stopped to talk, and, as they conversed, the Dr. said, "Honourable grandfather, you are very old and must be getting near the grave."

He answered, "Ah, Sahib, that I am very old and must soon leave this world."

When asked if he knew the way to heaven, he said, "No, I do not. I think of it day and night. I have worshipped a great many idols, counted beads and have done many things for the salvation of my soul, but it is no use; all is very dark, I have no hope."

The Dr. said, "I have a book here that tells the way to gain Eternal Life."

He looked up beseechingly and said, "Oh, Sahib, if you have, give it to me. I am going very soon and want to know the way."

When asked if he could read he said "no, but I will soon get some one to read to me."

The Dr. talked to him (and through him to those who had collected), giving all the light and help he could, and left him very happy with the treasure he so longed for.

That day as I read a letter from my sister in Canada telling of the failing health of an aged uncle my thoughts dwelt much on the two old men. The one who had known the way as a little child at his mother's knee. And, now that his earthly sun is going down, the way made clear and bright by the Sun of Righteousness, as he sinks to rest in the Arms of Redeeming Love. The other after doing all that his religion taught, weary, lonely and afraid, feeling that when his earthly sun would set he was sinking into darkness and night without a loving hand to guide the way.

But, now that he has heard, we believe

that the one who has walked in the Light for so many years and the one who stumbled along in darkness until his race was nearly run, will stand before the Great White Throne praising God for the Wonders of His Love. A loving Saviour and a seeking sinner are never far apart, and surely God will reveal Himself to the seeking one.

In another village where we went for the day a large crowd was collected to the market. They seemed quite interested in the arrival of white people, and listened attentively while the word of Life was proclaimed to them.

One man, perhaps to show how clever he was, asked some of their stock questions, such as who made the devil, who made sin, etc. But finding he was getting the worst of it he slipped quietly away, much to the amusement of the rest. And I think for the remainder of the day the questions asked were with a desire to gain information.

When the day became very warm, we went to our tent for lunch and rest. But it was no use as they soon crowded to both ends closing out the air, so we returned and continued teaching until the day was nearly gone. Even then many seemed loth to go, and followed us as we started to drive to our camp in the moonlight.

In still another village where Miss Goodfellow and I were with some women, an old man came along, and majestically showed us the road, Miss Goodfellow taking no notice of his insolence, kindly inquired about his health, and in a short time he was listening to the old, old, story that is ever new, and offered no more opposition. Thus a little tact often clears the way and gives a chance to spread the glad tidings.

Our Sabbaths are spent in Bercha, going to the bazaar in the mornings, S.S. at the tent in the afternoons and bazaar work again at night. S.S. is chiefly for our own people, but as it is held in the open air others come, and are made welcome.

Last Sunday night we came home rather tired, and were resting when a call came for the Dr. Sahib to see a sick man. Before he came in again two younger men came along. One said he had been at the S.S. in the afternoon, and there for the first time heard of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men. He heard again at night, and believed he could claim Christ as his, for he had long ago ceased to have any faith in idols.

But, said he, what can I do when you go

away, I know so little, and they will ask many questions that I cannot answer. He stayed for a long time, and went away with the consolation that so long as we remained he could come every day and be taught.

Our prayer is that God may keep him faithful, and that through him many more may be led into the Kingdom.

Thus we might go on giving one incident after another, some encouraging, others discouraging. But always feeling:

"It is worth our strongest efforts, more than worth a life of praise,
When we think of yonder mansion in the sky."

MISSION PRESS IN TRINIDAD.

I am asked for copy for the RECORD while my own Hindi printer shadows the study door.

Hindi type was imported here by an East Indian for non-Christian purposes. The scheme failed and the plant was for sale. We bought it on credit and in faith and it is now in fairly good working order.

Printing is in the world to stay and the Church must use it. We were using the presses of India but we were too far from that base. There was loss of energy in transmission. Men in India could not be expected to think for the West Indies. Large concerns we might have in common, but endless little matters were our own. And often it is the little matters that count especially with the little people. So in the face of more work and new work we set up our local press.

We are by no means forgetful of the large debt which we owe to India for books. We reaped what the best men in India sowed, and we will still import many standard works. But we need a local press to get out fresh matter specially adapted to our circumstances.

We have issued 5,000 copies of Hindi Hymn Book and 2,000 copies of a simple catechism which we have never been able to get from India in a character and dialect suited to our people.

At present, besides Scripture texts, we are issuing "The Direct Teaching of Jesus" in his own words. Half the edition goes into circulation in parts, the other half will be issued bound. This will be followed by the "Parables with notes," and part three will be "The Teaching of Christ's works." We can sow abroad the words of the Master with confidence that they will not return unto him void.

Rev. Lal Bihari has some carefully prepared work on the Hindi Books which we wish to print while he is with us to do it justice.

BRITISH GUIANA.

REPORT OF REV. J. B. CROPPER,
THE FIELD.

East Demerara and Berbice is the name adopted for the eastern of the three fields into which the Colony has been divided for the purposes of our mission work. Helena, the headquarters of the field, is about twenty miles from Better Hope. As at present occupied the field stretches from a station known as Clonbrook on the east coast of the County of Demerara to the Whim settlement on the Corentyne Coast in the County of Berbice, a distance of sixty-five miles along the foreshore of the Colony. There are at present six stations or local centres: Clonbrook, Helena, DeHoop (East Bank, Mahaica Creek), Novar, Bush Lot and the Corentyne Coast, Berbice. The first named is twenty miles from the city of Georgetown and six miles to the west of Helena.

The second and third are on the Mahaica Creek, DeHoop being about four miles above Helena.

The fourth is fifteen miles from Helena along the foreshore eastward.

The fifth is fifteen miles further in the same direction on the west coast of the County of Berbice.

And the last named is, at its central point (the Village of Letter Kenny), seventeen miles from the town of New Amsterdam eastward. Within this district are several sugar plantations and a number of villages in which the people live on their own or on leased lands. Within the same are also three of the settlements formed by the government for the locating of immigrants who have completed their terms of service and residence and are willing to commute their right to a return passage to India for the free grant of a plot of ground. These six stations cover but a small portion of the field, and are, some of them, large enough to be sub-divided.

CATECHISTS.

A catechist is stationed at each of the centres named above, and one man, recently added to the staff, is under training. Six of them are the fruit of the work at Better Hope, and one, the latest, is a product from the field itself. Four of them were baptized by Mr. Slater at Better Hope before the mission was taken over by the Canadian Church, and three of them received baptism at my hands. They have not yet had the training and experience

of their fellows in the sister mission of Trinidad, but in other respects they bear favourable comparison with them.

In counting the work done in mission fields it should never be forgotten that the catechists are the men who do the greater part of the personal work. An effort is being made to keep our catechists engaged in agricultural work during a small portion of each week. They will in this way be kept in closer touch with their people, and will also teach the "dignity of labour," a lesson very sadly needed in colonial life in the tropics.

SERVICES AND MEETINGS.

Services are conducted regularly at stated hours every Sabbath at the central stations and out-door meetings are held on week days and Sabbaths at all convenient places. At Helena and Bush Lot an effort is being made at regular Sabbath School work, but the inadequacy of the staff has prevented even an attempt being made at the other stations. The missionary conducts the services at one or more of the centres each Sabbath.

At Helena the work is furthest advanced in the matter of organization, and rather more of the missionary's time is given to this place than to others. This probably will not be always the case, other centres will gradually be brought into line and a more even distribution will be made of his time. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is dispensed at this station on the first Sabbath of each quarter.

DAY-SCHOOLS.

Of these there are two in this field, one at Helena and one at Novar. The former is on the list of aided schools and receives a grant from the Colonial Treasury. Effort has more than once been made to have the Novar School added to the list, but, although it has been brought up to the standard of the government's requirements, the applications have been refused, lack of funds being the reason given by the authorities for their last refusal. The attendance at these schools is small—averaging less than thirty daily, but at Helena there is good prospect of an appreciable increase.

PROPERTY AND BUILDINGS.

During the year past buildings have been put up at Letter Kenny and Auchlyne (Corentyne district), and at Bush Lot and DeHoop. They are inexpensive wooden buildings of 30' x 17' and thereabouts.

At Clonbrook the government has most kindly made over to the mission the use of a

large and commodious building which serves both as residence and school and meeting-house. The only condition attaching to the holding of this building is that a school for East Indian children be maintained. This school will shortly be started.

Lots of land have been purchased at Bush Lot, Helena and Novar, and at DeHoop and Letter Kenny, proprietors (East Indians) have given (unsolicited) sites for the buildings. The house occupied by the missionary is the residence provided by the government for the Superintendent of East Indian settlements.

Beyond a few small lots of land and the small buildings in this field the Church owns no property in the Colony; and it is pleasing and encouraging to feel that favour has been shown to such an extent by both estate owners and government that the free use of all the main buildings we occupy has been granted to us.

MISSIONARY.

I left the Colony on furlough on the 30th of August. The strain of double duty had told on me and I was physically unequal to an honest day's work. I trust to return in a few weeks with renewed strength.

I crave leave to insert here a personal explanation. The misapprehension has prevailed throughout the Church that in accepting service under the government as East Indian Immigration Agent I had ceased to be a direct missionary of the Church, and only rendered such service to the mission cause as my leisure time permitted.

Instead of this, however, I am primarily and essentially the servant of the Church, and am, by permission, rendering certain or specific service to the government—a service which is in line with regular mission work.

Before recommending to the Church that I be permitted to render this service, it was stipulated that my connection with the Church would in no wise be severed and that I would be free to carry on the work of the mission. This stipulation was readily agreed to by the government and has been duly observed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

I desire to place on record my thanks and those of the mission to the proprietors who have assisted us pecuniarily and otherwise; to the government for its generosity in the grant of the building at Clonbrook and to the many friends whose acts of kindness have facilitated work and laid both the mission and myself under obligation to them.

Above and beyond all do I acknowledge "the good hand of our God upon us," so that in spite of blundering and mistakes on the part of the workers the great work has gone forward with steady progress. Trusting to the continued guidance of that "Good Hand," missionary, catechists and teachers go into the work of 1903.

Respectfully submitted,

J. B. CROPPER.

Young People's Societies.

TOPIC FOR MAY.

ERROMANGA—ITS MARTYRS.

BY REV. W. H. SMITH, SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.

The New Hebrides is one of the great links in the volcanic chain of mountains in the sea which extends from the Aleutian Islands, down along the east coast of Asia to New Zealand, including Japan, the Philippines and New Guinea. This link includes many groups in the Western Pacific known by the general term Melanesia, extending from New Guinea to Fiji, about 3,500 English miles.

The New Hebrides, which partake of the general features of the larger group, extend about 400 miles. Except the small Torres group in the north all the islands are of volcanic formation, the larger ones lying on both sides of the line of volcanic activity. The largest of the group, discovered by Quiros in 1606, was believed to be the long-sought Terra Australis (Southern land), and was named by him Australis del Espiritu Santo (The Southern land of the Holy Spirit.)

The whole group was named New Hebrides by Captain Cook, in contrast with the Old Hebrides on the opposite side of the globe.

The most important islands are Santo, Mallicolo, Ambrym, Sandwich Island, Erromanga, Tanna and Aneityum. Some are very beautiful with fine harbours.

The volcano of Lopevi is a perfect cone, about 5,000 feet high.

The crater of the Tanna volcano is one of the finest in the Pacific. It is always active, and is perhaps the chief sight of the New Hebrides. Dr. Steele describes it as "the great light-house of the Southern Islands which every three or four minutes bursts forth with greater brilliancy like a revolving light-house."

The trees are magnificent. Cocoanuts, breadfruit, sago palm, banana, sugar, yam, taro, arrowroot, orange and pine apple, all flourish. European vegetables also do well.

No land mammals are known except the rat.

Bird species are also scarce. Pigeons, parrots, ducks and swallows are common.

About one hundred kinds of fish are found, mostly inferior as food.

There are two kinds of serpents, three or four lizards and two turtles.

Locusts, grasshoppers, butterflies and hornets are numerous.

The dark Papuan race occupies the whole group, but there are traces of the Polynesian race, especially in the northern islands. On Erromanga, Tanna and Aneityum they seem to be the pure descendants of the earliest occupants of the group.

They stand low in the scale of civilization. Physically, they are fairly well developed and

muscular. They are nearly black, with crisp curly hair. They are comparatively simple in their social and religious institutions, and cannibalism seems to be almost universal.

ERROMANGA.

Erromanga is 35 miles by 25 miles, with a circumference of about 100 miles.

The highest point is Traitor's Head, about 2,700 feet.

The coast line has a number of large caves, which in early days were used as places of refuge by the vanquished. The Island has not yet been thoroughly surveyed.

There are no harbours. Dillon's Bay, named after Chevalier Dillon, who visited it in search of sandal wood, has a good anchorage. It has been the principal port for the sandal wood trade for over 70 years and the principal mission station for over 40 years. Here the first heart-rending tragedies were enacted, and here also the triumphs of the Gospel recorded.

The Island is well watered. The principal rivers are Williams River flowing into Dillon's Bay, Cook's River and South River.

There are many beautiful valleys.

The first foreigner to visit Erromanga was Captain Cook in 1774. He met with an unfriendly reception, though it is doubtful if the natives at first contemplated any violence.

THE SANDAL WOOD TRADE.

The sandal wood trade has played such an important part in the history of the Island that it demands a brief notice. The sandal wood (which burns with a fragrant smell and is used by the Chinese for burning incense in their worship) "is indigenous to the soil and grows to a greater height among the mountains than on the seashore.

"There is no odour until the tree is cut and the very young limbs have none at all. The great inland trees grow to a height of from 40 to 60 feet, the circumference of the largest being about 6 feet. It is exceedingly hard to work."

Before 1840 the Erromangans used it for fuel. Its great commercial value has enlisted many traders. With the opening of the traffic the chapter of cruelty, deception and massacre begins. At first the natives received only a small bit of hoop iron for a boat load of wood, but they soon learned its value.

The story of cruelty seems almost incredible. Rev. Dr. Turner says: "A dishonest trader will show a cat. A boat load of wood is brought for it. He tells them to bring more, and after all he keeps the cat and laughing, sails off with the wood. . . . It is reported that this very party now at anchor took a chief of Cook's Bay lately, first mangled his body on a board, then threw him into the sea and shot at him as a target. Dating from a sandal wood expedition

which was at Erromanga not long before Mr. Williams was killed, up to the present time, I can reckon no fewer than three hundred and twenty-two souls who have perished in the traffic."

Rev. James D. Gordon said: "Every beach on this ill-fated Island has been stained with the blood of foreigners, and the sandal wood itself has been taken away besmeared with native blood."

The result of this intercourse with the foreigners was to arouse the worst passions of revenge and cruelty. Guilty and innocent alike suffered. The fearful tragedies now recorded in the annals of the mission were only the revenge of the natives on foreigners as such. When a ship was wrecked and the crew reached the shore it was to fall into the hands of cannibals. The sandal wood trade has disappeared, but the past left a blot and feeling which long remained in opposition to the Kingdom of God.

ERROMANGAN DEITIES.

The Erromangans had no special god or gods except the great Nobu, the creator of everything, whom, however, they did not worship. They venerated the spirits of their departed ancestors, whom they regarded as evil roaming the earth and inflicting injury on men. They had to be propitiated by offerings of food which they placed regularly in the spots which the spirits frequented. Some are of the opinion that the religious feasts were connected with sacrifice and that cannibalism originated in their rites, as the worshipper partook of the thing offered. It was on this Island, with these people and in these surroundings that heroic souls drew near to bless, and laid down their lives as the seed of corn, the promise of the final ingathering.

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS AND MR. JAMES HARRIS.

The first attempt to make known the Gospel to the Erromangans took place on November 20, 1839, when Rev. John Williams and Mr. James Harris were martyred at Dillon's Bay.

John Williams, "the Apostle of Polynesia" was born at Tottenham near London on June 29, 1796. He was trained as an ironmonger and attained considerable experience in mechanical skill. After some training he was sent in 1816 by the London Missionary Society as their missionary to the South Sea Islands. That same year he married Miss Mary Chawner. Seven of their children were buried on different islands in Eastern Polynesia.

He was first stationed at Enico in the Society Islands, where he rapidly acquired a knowledge of the native language. Shortly after he settled at Paratea. His success was remarkable. The people rapidly became Christianized and adopted the habits of civilization.

He was a man of very liberal mind and wide sympathy, and his work among the Pacific Islands was very beneficial. He travelled unceasingly among the various island groups, planting stations and settling native missionaries he had trained.

His influence over his people was great. He, at their request, drew up a code of laws for civil administration based on Christian principles. With the help of the natives he built a ship "The Messenger of Peace" at Rarotongo, in which he visited other groups including Samoa.

He returned to England in 1834 and during four years had the New Testament printed in Rarotongan. Returning to his field in 1838 he visited the stations already planted by him and also several new groups. His ideal in his own words was "A missionary was never designed by Jesus Christ to gather a congregation of a hundred or two natives and sit down at his ease as contented as if every sinner was converted, while thousands around him, and but a few miles off are eating each other's flesh and drinking each other's blood, living and dying without the Gospel. For my own part I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef."

In 1830 he started for Erromanga, but at Tonga, hearing of the passionate outburst of the natives caused by the cruelties of the sandal wood traders he postponed his visit.

In 1839 he again started in the Camden. Contrary to his usual buoyancy and hope he was sad and depressed. It seemed that the shadows were already falling across his soul. His farewell was unlike all others. His people were in tears. The last Sabbath at home he preached from Acts 20: 36-38 "And they all wept sore and fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him; sorrowing most of all for the word which he spake that they should see his face no more." At midnight he bade his loved ones a sorrowful good-bye. He knew it was his long farewell.

With him was a young man, Mr. James Harris, who in search of health had been visiting the islands and had become deeply interested in the mission; and had decided to return to England and offer himself to the Society as a missionary among these people.

Mr. Cunningham, a naturalist, was a passenger.

At Tanna he left three teachers, the first step toward the evangelization of this group.

MARTYRDOM OF WILLIAMS AND HARRIS.

On Tuesday morning the "Camden" drew near to the coast of Erromanga. The last entry in his journal is unfinished. It stands thus "Monday morning 18th. This is a memorable day, a day which will be transmitted to posterity, and the record of the events which have this day transpired will exist after those who have taken an active part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion, and the results of this day will be——."

The landing party consisted of Messrs. Williams, Harris, Cunningham, Captain Morgan, and four sailors.

The natives were shy, but they accepted some small presents. They also fetched some fresh water and coconuts.

When Mr. Harris landed they ran away but soon returned. Mr. Williams on landing offered them his hand but they refused any

friendly advance. Mr. Harris started inland followed by Messrs. Williams and Cunningham.

As they were speaking to the natives and noticing some rare shells, Mr. Harris rushed out of the bush followed by the natives. He ran toward the brook where a number of savages beat him to death with their clubs.

Mr. Williams did not at first run, until the war shell blew. Instead of making for the boat he ran directly down the beach into the water followed by a savage. He fell forward, threw up his arm and was clubbed to death almost instantly. The others barely escaped with their lives.

Thus fell John Williams at the early age of 43 years, who had travelled over one hundred thousand miles, and by his self-sacrificing life and consecrated energy was the means of planting the Gospel on many dark islands.

He was one of the most successful of Christian missionaries, both as regards the extent and the permanence of his work. He was a man of undaunted courage and imperial outlook. His "Narrative of Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas," published in 1837 forms an important contribution to our knowledge of the islands on which he laboured. In five years 38,000 copies of this book were sold.

This first martyr band were slain, not as those who went with the Gospel of peace but simply as foreigners, whose kindred had cursed the Island in their greed for gold.

RESULTS OF THE MARTYRDOM.

This act of revenge, the first sad page in the missionary history of Erromanga inspired the Church to greater heroism and led to the larger conquests of faith and love. After the death of Mr. Williams there was a determined effort to evangelize Erromanga. Two Samoan teachers were settled in 1840, but on account of barbarous treatment were removed in 1841.

Three natives who accompanied Mr. Murray to Samoa returned in 1852. In the same year two Rarotongan teachers and their wives were settled. Others followed in 1857 and 1858.

From time to time in these dark days deputations from the London Missionary Society visited the Island, and when the next martyrs George N. Gordon and his wife landed at Dillon's Bay a beginning had been made.

It is very difficult to ascertain the exact condition of the work. It was reported that before Mr. Gordon landed the teacher's work had been so successful that a temporary church had been built and 67 had professed Christianity, even the murderers of Williams and Harris. This, however, does not seem correct. Mr. Gordon frequently noted that these men were still heathen, and he could not find the reputed converts. The persistent efforts to reach the people, the presence and work of the teachers had, however, been of great value and prepared for the coming blessing.

REV. GEORGE NICOL GORDON AND ELLEN
CATHERINE GORDON.

George Nicol Gordon was born at Cascumpee, Prince Edward Island, April 21, 1822, being the fifth of a family of nine. His father John

Gordon was a native of Nairn, Scotland, his mother was Catherine McRay of Malpeque, P.E.I. Their sterling Christian character and their deep interest in the education of their children must be considered in studying the life of their missionary son.

When his parents settled at Cascumpee the Presbyterian Church had a mission there. The pioneers who visited the people, among whom were Messrs. Keir, Nicol, W. Macgregor, Patterson, P. G. McGregor and Geddie, deeply impressed him.

He was converted in 1848 and decided to become a missionary. He laboured in Sabbath schools and prayer meetings near and far. The sick and dying received his attentions. He visited without distinction Papist, Protestant and Micmac. For some time he was employed by the P.E.I. Auxiliary Bible Society. In 1850 he entered the Free Church College, Halifax, taking the preparatory course. He then studied at West River, Pictou and Halifax, graduating in 1855.

During his College days he took a deep interest in the spiritual needs of the people of Halifax and neighbourhood. A fellow student writes "He spent much of his spare time in visiting the poor and destitute, speaking to them and as far as he was able relieving their wants. He came in one evening to the sitting-room and asked ten cents from each of us to relieve the wants of a poor family whom he found entirely destitute. We gave him the required sum and he went and bought bread for them. This was not a solitary instance but one of frequent occurrence."

He founded the City Mission and was its first missionary. Dr. R. Murray writing of this says, "During the first six months he visited one thousand families in the most dangerous and disreputable portion of the city, entered dens of iniquity, explored dark recesses of immorality which no minister of the Gospel ever penetrated. He generally prayed and read the Scriptures in each house that he visited. He established several prayer meetings in destitute localities and originated one Ragged School."

In 1853 he offered himself as a missionary to the South Seas and having been accepted, in addition to his College work studied medicine with Dr. Parker. He also acquired the art of printing. He was house builder, farmer, tanner, shoemaker, blacksmith and tailor.

On May 16, 1855, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Halifax, on September 12, was ordained at Durham, Pictou Co., and after visiting some of the churches sailed for Erromanga that same year.

While in England he met, and on July 5, 1856, married Miss Ellen Catherine Powell, who stood by her husband in the dark days and shared his martyrdom and glory.

THE GORDONS' FOUR YEARS ON ERROMANGA.

On June 5, 1857, the John Williams with our missionaries reached Aneityum, where Messrs. Geddie and Inglis joined the party. The original intention was that they should be

settled on Tanna, but the doors being closed they proceeded to Erromanga, reaching Dillon's Bay about June 15.

The reception seemed favourable. The principal chief, who was absent, sent word that he wished Mr. Gordon to occupy the land he had formerly given to the teachers. The people also seemed anxious for a missionary. Mr. Geddie said, "Under these circumstances we felt no difficulty in recommending Erromanga to Mr. Gordon as a field of labour, and he approved of it himself."

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were the first foreign missionaries to live on Erromanga. The situation must be realized to be fully appreciated. Alone, without any one near to counsel or encourage, with many who regarded them as enemies, with the memories of the horrid cruelty and revenge on account of the sandal wood traffic, and with only an occasional call from the outside world to provide the necessities of life, these devoted missionaries lifted up the banner on the darkest spot in the Pacific, and for almost four years with heroism and unquenchable faith laid the foundations of the kingdom.

There was no written language. An alphabet had to be formed, words framed, and the necessary machinery provided before Bible, catechism or school book could be translated.

We may have some idea of the energy with which he took up his work when we know that in ten weeks from the settlement he had translated the Ten Commandments into Erromangan. Shortly afterwards he translated the Book of Jonah and some hymns, and printed them with his own hand. At the same time he was preparing material for his own house, church school-room and stores.

Comparatively full accounts of these years are still available. At the close of the first year forty persons, men, women and children were receiving instruction. Immediately he began to itinerate. He established a station near Elizabeth's Bay, and settled a teacher from Aneityum. He visited in all directions, crossing the mountains to the Eastern side. Here he obtained a plot of ground for mission premises named the place Potinia Bay, and left one of his young men.

The report of his first year's work gives some interesting and instructive hints regarding the moral and social life of the natives. He found that the danger in which the missionary lived arose from two sources. One was the existence of secret hatred on account of unrevenged injuries, and the other the malignant hatred of *sacred* men on finding that the new religion weakened their influence.

He was surprised at the ready tact of the people. A little girl who lived with Mrs. Gordon made rapid progress in reading and handiwork. Women were all betrothed when young and branded as slaves. Their life was so bitter that many committed suicide. Infanticide was so common that there was a great disparity between the sexes. He closed the first year's report with these words: "I am now beginning to preach the Gospel and I feel confident that in those places where it

shall be preached the bright star of the Erromangan resurrection morning from sin and death will soon arise. Even now I perceive indications of his approach on the dark horizon. I hear a sound. What is it? "Behold he prayeth;" another too, and "Behold he prays."

In his second annual report we learn it was a year of hard trials, dangers and bitter sorrows. Mrs. Gordon's health became very much impaired by fever and a change of residence was necessary. They therefore moved to the mountain south of William's River about 1,000 feet high now called Mount Gordon. The change proved beneficial. He commenced the church building and also erected a small house at Potinia Bay.

Regarding spiritual work he says, "The truth is so preached to the understanding as to affect their consciences. Never again shall I lift up my hand to baptize an individual unless I have some evidence that the Spirit has convinced of sin." Still sin was raging. Cannibalism, idolatry and war were carried on even at their door. Several who attended instruction were beaten for it. They managed with the help of friends to clothe the congregation. The people were very unsettled. He adds "Life is not now nearly so safe on this Island as it was a year ago. The foreigners can arm 200 men, and we know not what a day may bring forth." In the midst of these trying times his faith was invincible "I believe the Lord has been opening up the way for the emancipation of this people for many years past."

The third year was one of sunshine and storm. There was a strong opposition to the Gospel caused by evil reports from Tanna and Aneityum. This passed over as the leaders became ill and death claimed many of the worst. War broke out in Dillon's Bay involving the mission. The missionaries, however, were able to carry on their work. He reports that during the year there were some cases of reformation but no case of real conversion. Of twenty scholars ten made some progress in reading.

Mrs. Gordon carried on her work faithfully but under great discouragement. She gathered two classes only to lose them by the opposition of the chief and foreigners. Only five remained with her.

At Potinia Bay some progress was made in the face of opposition. He got a ton of rice, some flour and biscuit from Sydney which helped the school for two years. He gave food once a day and managed to get them to school twice a day. Some were becoming industrious and helpful.

The last year, 1861, opened favourably. Peace so far reigned that he was able to go to Aneityum to the annual meeting, leaving Mrs. Gordon alone. Early in the year an epidemic of measles and other diseases visited the Island. So many died that numbers remained unburied. This scourge aroused opposition to the missionaries, who were believed to be the cause of the disease. In March a fearful hurricane swept the Island doing great damage

and destroying the mission premises. On April 3 he wrote: "The chiefs are nearly all dead. Of young men and children—about one hundred persons—who submitted to my treatment, only two have died."

Mana, the teacher at Potinia Bay, joined Mr. Gordon who was obliged to keep watch at night. Before this he just escaped being shot. Two-thirds of the population were swept away and the natives determined to destroy all foreigners. A council was held before their door and only a division saved the missionaries from instant death.

In the midst of these dark days Mr. Gordon went from village to village carrying food and comfort to the sufferers. He also carried on his work of translation. He finished the Gospel by Luke, Dr. Campbell's "Catechism and Principles of Saving Knowledge," the History of Joseph, the Account of the Ten Plagues and the Exodus.

THE MARTYRDOM OF THE FIRST GORDONS.

As he was vigorously prosecuting his work a plot was formed, the execution of which added two more to the martyrs of Erromanga. On the morning of May 20, 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon worshipped together for the last time on earth. He, with a little band of young men, went down the hill to work at a building. The lads started to gather grass for thatch, only one remaining with him.

A band of savages from Bunkil, bent on murder, called at his home asking for him. Not suspecting any mischief Mrs. Gordon directed them where he was. On the way down eight concealed themselves in a small thicket while the ninth proceeded to Mr. Gordon and asked for some calico. He wrote directions on a piece of board and told the murderer to take it to Mrs. Gordon. This he refused to do, saying there was a sick man for whom he wanted medicine. The unsuspecting missionary asked the chief to lead the way. This he declined doing. Mr. Gordon, now suspicious, hurried forward, when at the ambush the attack was made, and in a few moments all was over.

Eight remained to wreak their vengeance on the body, the other hurried to the mission. The loud cry and shouting had alarmed Mrs. Gordon who eagerly asked what it meant. Being informed it was the boys playing, she turned, when the savage buried his axe in her shoulder. Another blow almost severed her head from the body. Thus fell George and Ellen Gordon, whose lives did much to redeem Erromanga.

The young men laid their remains in the grave and vowed: "We will conquer Erromanga for Jesus or die as our missionaries have died in the effort."

Little need be said regarding the life, character or work of these martyrs. Their witness and record is before the world, and all unite in cherishing them for their own and their work's sake. One of his classmates in a note to the writer says: "I knew both brothers well. They were no ordinary men and can hardly be judged by ordinary standards. In

some respects George resembled the late Dr. Mackay, of Formosa. He was a man of strong faith, intense zeal and remarkable devotion, but his will power was strong and he liked to work untrammelled."

Another adds: "Zeal for making people good seemed to be the aim of his life. When he visited a person, spoke kindly or reproved serenely, his only aim was to do him good."

A third remarks: "We all regarded him as a remarkable man—a man of strong religious life, a man who was instant in season and out of season. His devotions were particularly impressive. His prayers were 'devotional anthems.' No words could better express their beauty."

The young people of the church can listen to these words and feel that all who knew them felt the presence of God in their lives. What these patient workers experienced, these four years, we can never know, for they did not say much for the public eye, but in imagination we can follow them in the hour when truth was dawning in dark hearts and when the shadow of death lay across their home, and be assured they did not count their lives dear if only these people would be saved.

JAMES DOUGLAS GORDON.

When the sad news reached Nova Scotia that Mr. Gordon had fallen, his brother, James Douglas Gordon, then a student for the ministry, offered to take up the work. He studied at Halifax, graduating in 1863. He sailed in the first "Dayspring," leaving Halifax, November 7, 1863. He had been careful to preserve the record of the life and labours of his brother and his wife in the volume, "The Last Martyrs of Erromanga," but it is very difficult to secure much accurate information regarding his own work. Though living among the friends and relatives of the Gordons, the writer has been unable to secure any private correspondence.

When the "Dayspring" reached Aneityum with Rev. James D. Gordon on board, a very touching incident occurred. Accompanying Mr. Copeland on his visit to the ship was Usuo, an Erromangan, who recognizing Mr. Gordon by his strong resemblance to his martyred brother, threw himself at his feet and clung to him weeping like a child.

JAMES D. GORDON REACHES ERROMANGA.

On July 13, 1864, the "Dayspring" reached Dillon's Bay. Considerable improvement had taken place in the three years since George Gordon fell. The Aneityum teacher and his wife were meeting with good success. During the year four schoolhouses had been built. On the first Sabbath with the new missionary the place of worship was filled to overflowing, about 150 being present. The Christian natives were greatly pleased at the settlement of Mr. Gordon. Mr. Inglis, then missionary with Dr. Geddie on Aneityum, writing of the event says, "I feel certain that the prospects of the mission were never so encouraging as at present."

The new missionary was soon busily occu-

pied. He erected a building, one end to be used as his dwelling, the other as a school. By careful study he had acquired the language so well that from the first he was able to do something at teaching, preaching and superintending the work.

In April, 1865, Mr. Copeland remarks, "Mr. Gordon generally conducts the religious services on Sabbath at Dillon's Bay, where between one hundred and two hundred attend." There were four outstations where natives laboured. Over two hundred were professing Christians and a few were baptized.

In 1867, Rev. James and Mrs. MacNair joined him. Mr. Gordon gave up his station at Dillon's Bay and opened a new one on the north east side of the Island at Potinia Bay. Here he built a church of concrete walls and thatched roof, and also a dwelling-house. The young people from distant villages came for instruction and soon learned to read.

During this year a fearful epidemic resembling diphtheria broke out and the missionaries had many dark days. After a time it passed away and they were much encouraged.

Mr. Gordon had long been desirous of starting a mission at Santo. In 1869 he visited the Island for a few months, but returned to Erromanga.

The last year of his life was largely devoted to the translation of portions of the Gospels and revising his own and his brother's translations. His knowledge of Erromangan was perfect, and his translations almost without a mistake. The Book of Genesis was printed in Sydney in 1867, and the Gospel of Matthew in London, by the British and Foreign Bible Society, at a later date.

From the reports it would seem that the truth was spreading rapidly. The very eagerness of the young people to be taught, the spiritual awakening which led them to loathe the old life only enraged the enemies of the mission, who regarded the missionary as the cause of all the trouble.

THE LAST MARTYR OF ERROMANGA.

Two months before the last martyr fell they determined upon his death. On Thursday morning, March 7, 1872, when Mr. Gordon was busy revising his brother's translation of the seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, with its story of the martyrdom of Stephen and only two lame men and one boy were at the mission premises, the murderer and his accomplice appeared and asked for empty bottles. He arose and gave them what they wanted.

As the two men were still lingering about, he sat down on the verandah, one of the men on the ground facing him, the other on the verandah by his side. Seeing his opportunity the murderer plunged his tomahawk into his victim's face. Mr. Gordon sprang to his feet, and entering his study fell heavily upon the floor, his face resting upon his manuscript with its martyr story on which he had been working.

The savage followed him in, pulled out his axe and hurried away. One long breath and all

was over. That same evening the faithful disciples buried him in the spot he had pointed out should his death occur. This was the last martyr of Erromanga, all succeeding attempts having failed.

Many have paid their tribute of respect and love. Mr. Robertson says, "James Gordon's death removed from the little band of as devoted and sincere Christians as it has ever been my lot to know their dearest earthly friend; or as they themselves expressed it, 'It has put out their last light.'"

Dr. Paton remarks, "He also was a heavenly minded consecrated missionary, full of burning zeal for the conversion and eternal salvation of the savages of Erromanga. His brother's few converts received him with great joy and faithfully stood by him. He had constituted a church and was having success when Rev. James and Mrs. MacNair joined our mission."

One of his fellow students says of him, "He was a very good man, thoroughly kind and considerate of others. My impression is that he sought to live near to God and desired to do His will in all things and do good. His offer to take his brother's place in Erromanga was not a surprise to those who knew him, and of what spirit he was."

In the museum of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, can be seen the hatchet with which he was murdered, the blood-stained board from the floor of his study, a home-made writing pad with a few sermons and addresses carefully written out in Erromangan, and a rudimentary dictionary containing many English words with the corresponding words in the native language." "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

The article next month will tell what has been done since James Gordon fell. In the meantime we do well to ponder the secret of the heroic constancy, unflinching zeal and loving devotion to the cause of Christ on this dark isle, which has attracted the attention of the world and will ever stand as an inspiration to great and triumphant service.

"A Christian slave was being whipped severely by his angry master. Derisively the master asked, 'What can your Jesus do for you now?' The noble answer was: 'He helps me to forgive you, massa, while you whip me.'"

Three inscriptions span the archway of a great cathedral in Milan, "All that which *pleases* is but for a moment," "All that which *troubles* is but for a moment," "That only is important which is eternal."

Good temper and good manners are two things we must acquire in our youth, if we wish to acquire them thoroughly.

Yes, God helps the man who helps himself, but we would think He would rather help the man who helps somebody else!

World=Wide Work.

THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK IN ITALY.

BY REV. J. GORDON GRAY, D.D., ROME, ITALY.

It is marvelous what the young and capable King of Italy has been able to accomplish within two short years in the way of bringing new zeal and energy into the various departments of public service. He has already fulfilled the high estimate which Queen Victoria, at her last Jubilee, formed of him when she declared him to be the crown prince of all others that was best prepared for his high position.

In giving this new impulse the king and his ministers have been greatly helped by the steady improvement in the financial position of the country. Very soon it ought to be in the power of the government to reduce the burden of taxation and make the lot of the labouring classes less hard than it has been. One of the greatest obstacles to the progress of evangelical work in the country will thereby be removed.

The grinding poverty of the mass of the Italian peasantry has prevented them from attending to anything else than the getting of their daily bread for themselves and children. The reports of the colporteurs from the various provinces bear evidence to the absolute poverty of many, so that even one halfpenny for a portion of Scripture would mean so much less bread for the family.

The marvel in such circumstances is that the Bible societies have been able again to report the sale during the past year of upward of 100,000 copies of Scripture in whole or in part. With improved conditions for the people generally we may reasonably expect a considerable addition to our sales; as well as a more enlarged support of Christian worship in connection with the evangelical churches. The improvement in this respect, no doubt, will be slow, but it is surely coming.

One of the most notable events in connection with Gospel work in Italy that we have ever had to record has had its origin in the past few months within the Vatican itself. A society has been constituted for the express purpose of "diffusing the holy Gospels" and has taken the name of "St. Jerome." A

new translation of the Gospels with the Acts has been prepared by this society. There have been printed one hundred thousand copies of this new edition of the Scriptures from the Vatican press.

These are advertised for sale in some one hundred and fifty centres, for the most part connected with the various dioceses of the Church of Rome in Italy, at twopence each unbound and fourpence each bound. The society's funds have been manifestly drawn upon, and that to a considerable extent, to produce these volumes at so cheap a rate. The footnotes are meant chiefly to explain obscure allusions, though here and there they are made to teach Roman Catholic doctrine, but to a far less extent than is the case in the old Martini Version.

The Preface is in many respects the most remarkable feature in it. The writer refers in an altogether new spirit to the work that has been done by others in the same line. After affirming that the object of the Society of St. Jerome is to make these Gospels truly a book for the people, he says that it is "necessary to distinguish this from an analogous propaganda, which for a long time our separated Protestant brethren are carrying out with great activity."

It is a new thing for us to be called "brethren," even separated and Protestant, by those whom the writer of this Preface represents. It is even more remarkable to have our activity in this respect commended. We welcome this new attitude, and most cordially do we acknowledge the important service to which this Society of St. Jerome has set itself.

There is, however, one affirmation of the editor to which I must take exception, that "we substitute the Gospel for the Church, inviting its readers to draw from it directly and exclusively the dogmas of their faith and the rules for their lives." Only in the minds of those who place the Church before the Gospel can there appear to be on our part a substitution. Our principle is really no other than the old apostolic one, which was well known in the early Church of Rome: "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

We cannot but regard the formation of this Society and the publication of this new edi-

tion of the Gospels as the greatest tribute to the work of the Bible societies carried on these many years at no little sacrifice and amid many discouragements.

Another fact of prime importance and of recent date that has brought joy to all the workers in the Gospel in Italy is the institution of an Evangelical Council in Italy, which became an accomplished fact in June last. All the churches (Italian Evangelical), with one exception, were represented.

The absence of the representatives of the "Chiesa Evangelica Italiana" was explained by the fact that four of its leading members were at the time engaged in foreign deputation work and could not be present. There were also representatives of the Bible Societies, of the Claudian Press, of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Sunday School Union.

The proposed articles of constitution were discussed in the most brotherly spirit, and the six churches, along with those others named, form the Evangelical Council of Italy. The churches are the Waldensian, the Wesleyan, the Italian-English Baptist Mission, the Italian-Evangelical, the Methodist Episcopal and the Italian-American Baptist Mission.

The president of each of these churches, year by year in turn, is to be the president of the council. The decisions must be supported by two-thirds of the members of the council present. The committee of the council is composed *ex-officio et de jure* of the representative presidents of the various churches or missions, and is charged with the execution of the council's decisions, its convoking and the preparation of its order of business.

At a later stage in the proceedings this committee had highly important functions assigned to it, as the using of its influence so that, except for purely conscientious reasons, the passing of workers from one denomination to another should take place as rarely as possible; that it should become the counsellor and defender of the rights of each individual worker in the field of evangelization as well as of the workers of the churches collectively, associating with itself for this purpose advocates and others who can give practical assistance; that it prepare a popular confession of faith, and that it provide a common hymn-book embracing one hundred of the best known hymns. With the view of making this committee as effective as possible, there is a recommendation to the churches that every serious divergence should be submitted to this committee, that it may use its good offices to settle the dispute.

In regard to the division of the field of labour, there was the further recommendation to the committee to study the question of the possible concentration of the work already existing, and

take cognizance of the initiation of new centers of work with the view of economizing labour and avoiding contention. It was no wonder that Dr. Prochet, who was in the chair, took occasion after such a decision to express his peculiar gratification for a result which for thirty long years he had earnestly desired. Even the diversity of names inscribed over the entrances to the churches was not allowed to pass without a distinct deliverance on the subject.

The proposal to deal with it came from one of the younger ministers of the council, to the effect that one common name should be inscribed on all—"The Evangelical Christian Church"—and it was approved by a large majority. Though it was wisely put in the form of an expressed desire, the vote was significant in showing that there was a decided opinion in its favour.

From first to last the members of the council gave evidence that there can be a unity in diversity more precious by far than a dead or mechanical uniformity. The results thus far obtained have done much to disprove the oft-repeated assertion that the evangelical churches of Italy are hopelessly divided. If the Evangelical Council only continues as it has begun, there will soon be a virtually united Evangelical Church of Italy co-operating in all good work and removing the one great stumbling-block out of the path of many Italians who are seeking oneness of faith on an evangelical basis.—Condensed from *A Voice from Italy* by Miss. Rev.

JAPAN, ITS PRESENT NEED AND OUT-LOOK.

"Tourists spend a few weeks or months in Japan and return to report beautiful manners, gracious hospitality, a class of highly educated, intelligent and cultured people, with railroads, steamers, telegraph and telephone lines, electric lights, factories, and many other things of advanced civilization, and then the question is raised: Why give our money for missionaries in such a country!"

Let it be answered in the words of a missionary who knew the land and the people well.

"They need the knowledge of a worthy object of worship." There are millions there who know nothing of Christianity. Not less than 37,000,000 Japanese are still worshippers of idols. Only those who have lived in that country know in its fullness how degrading this worship is.

"The ruling, thinking classes in Japan, comprise but a fraction of the people. They compose the Japan which the world recognizes, but there is this vast number besides, who need saving. Only one-tenth of one per cent. are Christians, and these are so new in the Christian life that they need all the help we can give them through the missionaries.

"The best thinkers among the Japanese are now earnestly engaged in trying to establish a new and high code of Japanese ethics, with loyalty to the emperor as the chief corner stone. They seem to ignore the spiritual

nature of man, and know not that man can never reach his best till he reaches and finds God in Christ. They do emphatically need a worthy object of worship."

"Whatever can make their country great in the eyes of the civilized world and their emperor supreme, that they seek after. Buddhist and Shinto priests alike note the effect of Christian morality upon the health and prosperity of converts.

"They see that the Christians do not waste money and physical strength in debauchery and gambling, and they know that the former are important factors in making a country great; therefore, they desire them for their people, but fail to recognize that a motive power more potent than patriotism is needed to control men.

"Education makes a people great; therefore, they want education, not realizing that education without religion weakens a nation."

It is impossible to give any idea here of the low standard of morality among the Japanese, and one great defect is the separation of public and private morality. Public morality is unqualified devotion to the emperor and to official duties. This, it is virtually claimed, is all the religion Japan needs, the religion of self-effacing patriotism. It is nobody's business what a man's private morality is.

A gentleman for some time in the public service, a keen observer of the tendencies of the times in his own and other lands, who only attends church to please his wife, and who does not trouble himself as to personal living and conduct, recently made this statement:

"Why, no country is fit to live in, if it is without Christianity. I spent some months in Japan and my heart grew sick within me as I saw the evidences of the hard materialism of that awakened pagan nation. Work twelve hours a day, seven days a week, everywhere, all the time, the whirl, the rattle, the clatter and bang of machinery. No rest-day, no Sabbath, no cessation of the wearing, grinding toil, no day for quiet recuperation. I was glad to get back again to the land of churches."

So much for the need in Japan for the gospel and for the work of missionaries. Now let us see the outlook. What are the prospects of success?

Dr. Gordon, of Kyoto, said that for six or eight years previous to 1893 it had been ebb-tide in Japan. The strong, nationalistic, not to say anti foreign reaction, and the coming in of radical German Biblical criticism, checked for a time the tide of Christian enthusiasm, which had been rising during the preceding decade.

But in 1898 it began to turn again. An all-day prayer and conference meeting for the pastors and leading Christians was held in Osaka, Nov. 6, 1897. Over two hundred were present, and in enthusiasm and spiritual power it was a remarkable gathering. Eighteen hundred dollars in silver was pledged for a permanent fund for the Home Missionary Society of Japan, one man pledged half his life insurance policy, and there were other equally self-denying acts.

When Mr. Mott first visited Japan, there were eight Y. M. C. Associations in existence; when he left there, twenty-seven had been organized, and others were on the point of organizing. In several cities he had audiences of over 1,000.

A new spirit had begun to show itself among the Christians. In no year previous to 1898 had sums of money ranging from \$500 to \$2,000 been gathered for missionary purposes from audiences that had no thought of a contribution when they assembled.

The year of 1898 gave promise of increased activity in Christian circles. The Week of Prayer in Japan was more universally observed and the meetings rose to a higher level than for some years previous. Additions to the churches were reported, a revival made progress at the northern end of Japan's main island. Several new Sunday Schools and preaching places were opened. This was the prophecy and forerunner of the revival work of last year in which missionaries, Japanese pastors, teachers and Christians joined with a zeal, enthusiasm and perseverance worthy of their Christian name—a work that has revived the interest in Christianity and brought many souls to enter upon a Christian life.

During the few years since missionary work began more than 42,000 Japanese have united with over 500 evangelical churches. Hospitals, asylums and other charitable institutions, the fruit of Christianity, have appeared over the land.

The Y. P. S. C. E., the W. C. T. U., the Y. M. C. A. and Christian Schools for boys and girls are working there. Over 1,000,000 copies of one of the Testaments were circulated previous to 1895, and during that year over 257,000 copies of the Bible, in whole or in part, were sold to Japanese. The Christian Sunday is now recognized and legalized by the government.

In all the history of missions of the American Board there is no record of more marvelous growth, and in no other mission have the converts so soon come to self-support of their churches, building their own places of worship. They have themselves sent missionaries to the 50,000 Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands. No other mission has so many of its converts holding high offices in the government and other positions of influence and trust.

Buddhist and Shinto priests recognize the growing power of Christianity and the lessening power of their own religion.

The imperative need of to-day for Japan is to be brought to see that she cannot keep her position among the nations, or be what she desires, unless her people accept Christianity.

There is a field white to the harvest in Japan, we must send the labourers to gather it in. We owe it to those in Japan who have renounced their old faith for the new, to the churches now established there, to the thirty-seven millions who know not yet the Saviour and to God, who has redeemed us and made us what we are, to continue to send money and missionaries to that empire until it becomes a Christian land.—*In Mission Studies.*

THE RELIGIOUS STATE OF FRANCE.

BY PASTEUR LOUIS DUPIN DE SAINT ANDRÉ, DOR-
DOGNE, FRANCE.

In the forward movement of Christian missions throughout the world the Protestants of France have resolutely taken part. The Mission Society of Paris spends more than a million francs (\$200,000) a year for the propagation of the Gospel in French colonies—Madagascar, Basutoland and Upper Zambesi. Several societies are also working lovingly and faithfully among our atheistic and Roman Catholic fellow countrymen.

Seen from outside, France seems to be almost exclusively a Roman Catholic country. Of its 38,000,000 inhabitants only 700,000 are Protestants* and 80,000 are Jews. Most of the remaining 37,000,000 belong nominally to the Roman Church. But they cannot truly be called Catholics. It is a priest, the Abbé J. Cresley, who writes : †

Out of the 36,000,000 of Catholics one must count only 25,000,000. The other 11,000,000 may call themselves Catholics, but if *even these are sincere* (!) how many pious and devoted people have we in the Church ?

Another Catholic, M. de Bonrefon, who is a specialist on religious questions, is more absolute still :

There are three kinds of Roman Catholics : those who, baptized in infancy, leave the Church ; those who hold a loose creed and never go to church ; and true Catholics. If you leave out the first, the total number of Catholics would be reduced by half ; leave out the second and it will be reduced two-thirds ; count only the true Catholics and you cannot speak of millions, but of hundreds of thousands ‡

Thus from the testimony of Roman writers themselves the number of true Catholics in France is comparatively small. § At Paris a priest wrote recently that there are more than 700,000 people that have not been baptized.

Notwithstanding this the political power in the hands of the Church of Rome is still very great. According to papal policy, political and religious questions are closely connected. The Catholic Church has made in France one great mistake, whose consequences are far-reaching ; it has linked its political destiny—in spite of

the warnings of Leo XIII.—with the fortune of the retrograde factions ; Bonapartists, Royalists, etc. To fight politically against the Roman influence is to fight for liberty—liberty of thought and liberty of conscience.

Catholicism has become a synonym of clericalism. In consequence a deep hatred of religion prevails among workmen in the great industrial towns, and most of them have broken openly with the Church. They have organized Free Thought Societies where materialism and atheism are their creed. Protestantism being unknown to them they think that Christianity is Roman Catholicism, and aims only at establishing the absolute domination of "high classes" over low ones.

They say they do not care about the Catholic heaven : "We live in hell here below, and since religion cannot give us heaven on earth we do not want a religion." But have they really none whatever ? "A man cannot live without a religion," writes a Belgian Socialist, Vanderavelde—"Catholicism, Protestantism or Socialism." Through the failure of the Roman Church to bring them into touch with Christ millions of men have as their only religion faith in the promises and teachings of Socialist leaders. For one of these to see the black cassock of a Roman priest is enough to stir his deepest passion.

Many Roman Catholics have understood the danger, and following the orders of the Pope have tried to go to mass and to gain control of the social movement. But the ground they had won by years of patient endeavour has been lost by the attitude of the Roman Church in the *affaire Dreyfus*. In the same crisis Protestantism has won a position which it has never held in France.

Before the *affaire Dreyfus* Protestantism was almost unknown even to educated people. But among the leading men who fought for truth and justice during the last few years were an eminent number of Protestants, Francis de Pressensé, Gabriel Monod, Stapfer, etc. They have been insulted and culminated by the clerical party, not only for their political but for their religious opinions. Lecturers have gone through France declaring that it was impossible to be at the same time a Protestant and a lover of one's country.

These lecturers declared that the Protestant evangelization societies were paid by the British government to prepare an invasion from England. Books were written on "The Protestant Conquest," "The Protestant Danger."

*The greater part by far belong to the (Established) Reformed Church of France ; the smaller to the (Established) Lutheran Church and to several Free Churches.

† *L'esprit nouveau dans l'action morale et religieuse* — J. Cresley.

‡ *L'Eclaire*, January, 1911.

§ A proof of this may be found in the fact that Catholics give for their foreign missionary societies only three times as much as Protestants, though nominally they are fifty times as numerous.

This "danger" was the great number of Huguenots holding official positions. A new crusade was preached by lay Jesuits against the heretics. It is difficult to realize the violence of these attacks, but they produce at least one good result, they called public attention to Protestantism.

France had been cut in two by the *affaire Dreyfus*. On one side were the retrograde factions led by the Roman Church, on the other were the liberal and progressive men. During this battle for liberty the enlightened statesmen have had their eyes opened by the violence of Catholic attacks, to the fact that Protestantism is on the side of progress and righteousness.

Never since France has been a Republic has Protestantism been more hated by the clerical and more appreciated by the liberal party. That is why a large political newspaper, *Le Siècle* (*The Century*), directed by Free Thinkers, publishes every week or so an article headed, "Let Us Break with Rome," and speaks sympathetically of the movement toward Protestantism. This also explains why the *Grande Revue*, directed by F. Labori, Dreyfus' advocate, a Catholic by birth, publishes such articles as "The Academy of Calvin" and the "Youth of Ch. d'Aubigné."

The infuriated attacks against Protestantism have also provoked a revival of the Christian spirit in our churches. Men who had gradually slipped into unbelief have come back to church, if not yet to faith. I heard a high functionary of the Republic say: "I am a Huguenot. As long as everything was quiet I did not care much for my religion. But if there are blows to receive for it, here I am."

Thus Protestantism, hated or admired, has been fortified and brought to the attention of the French nation.

THE STATE OF THE ROMAN CLERGY.

The religious state of the Roman Catholic clergy may be described as one of unrest. There have always been priests going out of the Roman Church, but never as many as during the last few years. Formerly they were "going out" silently, now their letters of dismissal are published by the newspapers and help to form the public opinion. Formerly converted priests had the greatest difficulty in finding sufficient means of maintenance, now societies have been organized to help them.

These priests are religiously of two different kinds; some of them do not believe any more

in Christianity and become professors, lecturers, cashiers or even policemen. But some of them break their ties because they have found, as Luther did, true Christian faith. Many of these have become Protestant ministers. Such is the animosity of Catholic leaders that joining the Protestant Church is much more disagreeable and more dangerous to a priest than if he became an avowed atheist!

The Roman Church experiences more and more difficulties in recruiting its clergy; the new military law, that obliges every citizen—priests included—to serve in the army at least a year, has led away many young men from the Roman seminaries.

But there is for the Church a still more serious danger; the new law as to the right of association threatens the very existence of the old monastic orders, the "congregations." These have been obliged to ask an authorization from the government and to submit to the authority of the Established Bishops. The member of an unauthorized congregation is forbidden to preach or to teach in a school. For the salvation of its monastic orders the Roman Church made during the month of April, 1902, the most serious political effort, but the elections to the Parliament gave a decided victory to the anti-clerical Republican party. Monks must leave the country or submit to the law. Many have already gone to England, Switzerland or Spain.

Such being the situation, it is easy to understand the anxiety of the leaders of the Roman Church. Says Abbé Bricout:*

Every one recognizes that the situation is very serious for the Church of France. Desperate fight with the enemies from without, division more dangerous and fatal within—those are the perils of the present hour. What will to-morrow bring us? Such is the anguishing question which we ask.

Mgr. Turinas, Bishop of Nancy, answers the question in the most pessimistic way possible: "A few years more and Catholicism, if events go on at the same rate, will be dead in France." Such is the thesis of the bishop's latest pamphlet, which has created a real sensation: "The Perils of Faith and Discipline in the Church of France at the Present Time." The vehement writer sees more than the outward signs of decrease. The faith of the Church is in danger because of the "Protestant incur-sions" into the still loyal Roman clergy.

Several high dignitaries of the Roman

* *Revue du Clergé Français*, January 1, 1902,

Church have written lately words which must fill ultramontane Catholics with surprise and indignation. "The studies of the young clergy," writes Bishop Lacroix, "are no more in accord with the requirements of modern society." "Our theology," writes Bishop Latty, of Châlons, "needs an entire remodeling in many of its parts. It does not ring true to the ears and minds of the men of our day. Why persist in speaking to them as they did in the University of Salamanca?"

Tracts full of the spirit of the time are secretly circulating among the young clergy. Some of the young priests are Republican, among others the old Gallican spirit has again been awakened. M. J. de Bonnefon writes in the *Journal* (December 31, 1901):

The question is not whether we shall separate from Rome; it is whether the Church of France will again enjoy the liberties which honoured her for ten centuries. The time has come for the French government to re-establish the *National Church* of Grégoire de Tours, of Hilaire de Poitiers. It would not be a schism, it would prevent one. A Church united with Rome must not be a slave to the Roman offices.

Will a Gallic schism ever take place? Will the Roman Church of France ever reform itself? God only knows! Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, does not believe it, but the reason of his incredulity, as given to the Pope, is very sad:

"What do you think of the schism?" asked the Pope.

"I think that, in the conditions in which we are now, a schism is improbable," was the archbishop's reply.

"Do you know," interrupted Leo XIII., "that a schism like that of Luther or Henry VIII. would be a terrible thing in France just now?"

"For a schism to be feasible," said Mgr. Mignot, "people would need to be profoundly religious and capable of being interested in such questions."

So the only bulwark of the Roman Church in France is the indifference and infidelity of the people!*

But the encouraging fact remains that many priests and bishops are beginning to understand that a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures is necessary to a true Christian life. It was an altogether new feature in the Church of France when, in February last, there was held, with the approbation of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Richard, a "Congress of the

Gospel." The resolutions that it adopted are remarkably interesting:

1. That Catholics who consider the Gospel a means of realizing every progress, even from the social and national point of view, form the habit of reading every day a portion of the New Testament to all people living in their house, children and servants included.

2. That they take hold of every opportunity of studying the Gospel at home, at school, at catechism, at meetings, etc.

3. That Catholics adopt the custom of giving the Gospel as a wedding and first communion gift.

4. That every Sunday the Gospel be read in vernacular at every mass in every parish.

Since the time when the late Mgr. d'Hulst, an eminent bishop, was giving the Protestant countries as an example to Catholics in favour of the use of the Bible, never in France had such "Protestant" words been heard in a Roman congress. God grant that they may bear fruit!

From what has been stated, it is easy to understand how wonderful are the present opportunities for evangelical work in France. It was not very long ago that France enjoyed for the first time full religious liberty. During the first years of the Republic the government was in the hands of the clerical faction, and nothing much could be done in evangelization. Several societies were at work; the Evangelical Society of Geneva, the Evangelical Society of France, the McCall Mission.

By far the largest of all was the *Central Society of Evangelization*, whose field of action and importance has wonderfully increased during the last ten years.† It is carrying on an evangelistic work among established Protestant churches and a missionary work among Catholics. Pastors are working in the large industrial cities of the north; Rouen, Lille, Roubaix, Tourcoing, Saint Quentin and among the miners of Pas de Calais. Through that missionary work many victims of the saloons have been reached and redeemed. Many a drunkard's wife thanks God daily because the husband is now a man and no more a brute. But in the hard fight against unbelief and immorality it is one by one that brands are plucked out of the fire.

In the country towns we are to face an alto-

† The C. S. E., founded in 1847, supports now about one hundred and fifty churches, with one hundred and eighty pastors or evangelists, a preparatory school of theology in Paris and a seminary for evangelists. It sends chaplains for our soldiers in French colonies (Tonkin, Algeria, etc.), and spends about four hundred and seventy-five thousand francs a year.

gether different state of things. One of the secretaries of the Central Society of Evangelization says :

We are steadily gaining ground on Roman Catholicism, especially in the agricultural districts, where the people, while they are disgusted with the teaching and the conduct of the priests, feel the need for religious instruction. A magnificent field of work is opening itself up to us in those vast regions of Northern, Central and Southwestern France. The worker in the factory and the townsman is difficult to influence, because he is either dependent on the rich Roman Catholics or is allied to socialism and often to infidelity, but the intelligent peasant is ready for Gospel teaching because he is religious and withal independent.

In many places Catholic villages are calling a Protestant evangelist to preach to them the pure Gospel of Christ. In several regions, Gers, Corrèze (at Madranges, for example), Auvergne, Périgord, etc., there is in many villages a real movement toward Protestantism. People are disgusted to see priests making money with holy things, and they would slip into absolute unbelief—out of hatred for what they call *the religion of money*—if Protestantism could not show them that it is possible to be a Christian without being a Roman Catholic.

In many places small congregations are organized, small or large churches are built. "Our earnest desire," says the secretary of the Central Society, "is to enter into all those fields which already are 'white for the harvest' and to carry away many sheaves for the glory of God. Already we are finding more and more support in our churches for this great work, and our budget is increasing from year to year with rapid strides—317,000 francs in 1892, 475,000 francs in 1901."

It is our sincere belief that there is no better agent for the reform of the Roman Church than our evangelistic societies. Rome will reform only when she feels that she is losing the ear of the people and is threatened with being replaced by another. We who evangelize Roman Catholics may seem to be doing a work of separation and schism; in reality we are working for the unity of the Church, for the great end pointed out by our Lord, "That they be one, even as we are one."

When night is falling upon the country stars appear one by one. Each gives only a dim and uncertain light, but shining together they allow the pilgrim to see his way through the hills till the dawn breaks. Small are our young evangelical congregations, but they are many, and by and by they will show to France the way to Christ, our Lord.

Christianity is slowly but surely breaking down the barriers of caste. The principal of one of the Church Missionary Society's colleges relates an incident which gives a striking illustration of this. He saw a Pariah (a very low caste) walking down the chief Brahman street of the town, with a Brahman (a very high caste) student on each side, one with his arm locked in the Pariah Christian's, the other holding an umbrella over the party, both Brahmans deeply intent on the Christian's notes of a lesson just received.—*Round World*.

According to a Madrid paper, *El Cristiano*, the Spanish clergy are as uneasy as their brethren in France. It affirms that the only obstacle in the way of a formidable secession is the difficulty of obtaining a livelihood which confronts those who have been dedicated from boyhood to the service of the Church. If Protestants were able to support all who would like to secede, it is thought that perhaps more than half of the Spanish priesthood would quit the Roman communion.

In Africa, 438 languages and 153 dialects are found; into only about 70 of these has any portion of the Bible been translated. Five hundred of them have not even been reduced to writing. The Soudan, with its 60,000,000 people, is still without a single Protestant missionary who can speak the language, though three Societies are now endeavouring to begin work there.

The workmen of Paris have taken up the question of Sunday observance. Recently a thousand employees marched through the streets carrying banners with the motto, "Buy Nothing on Sunday." The effect was to close a few shops and draw the attention of the people to a public wrong.

The Mormons have bought 5,000,000 acres of agricultural lands in Mexico, and have obtained a concession from the Government to establish colonies upon it. It is asserted that the Mormons already in Mexico openly practice polygamy without any interference from the authorities.

It was a wonderful thing when Stanley in nine hundred and ninety-nine days crossed the continent of Africa; it's a more wonderful thing that a quarter century later sees a chain of missions across that same road, the last to be established immediately.

During the year 1901 no less than 3,106,295 Bibles, Testaments and Scripture pictures were—not given away, but sold in China by the two great Bible Societies, the British and Foreign and the American.

In Corea there are 78 Presbyterian Missionaries. The native Church numbers 10,000 members.

Pulpit and Pew.

DID'NT LIKE THE COMPANY.

Before the great temperance agitation of 1844 in Maine, almost every retail merchant in the country kept liquor for sale. In a Kennebec village an old grocer, otherwise a reputable man, derived a considerable part of his income from the sale of rum.

The temperance revival had come to this village, and a question of action, friendly or unfriendly to the liquor traffic, had arisen in the town meeting. A division was demanded, and those in favour of the traffic went to one side of the town hall and those opposed to it to the other.

The respectable grocer referred to watched this process. Finally he rose and joined the opponents of the traffic.

"What are you over here for?" some one asked him. "Are you opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors?"

"No."

"Then that's your side over there."

The old grocer looked round angrily at the men on the other side, and replied, "You don't suppose I'm going over there with that crowd of red noses, do you?"

His view of his own customers, all in a bunch, had made a temperance man of him.—Sel.

HOW A PRIEST WAS CONVERTED.

A certain young priest had been stationed in a district at the east end of Paris, where he worked faithfully and zealously, especially among young men and boys.

Some time ago he permitted a debate on the difference between Catholic and Protestant. None of them knew anything at first hand, but they finally concluded that simple and ignorant Protestants would probably be saved by the mercy of God if they were sincere, but that their leaders and pastors, being liars and deceivers, and knowing perfectly well that they were such, were already judged of God and without hope as without excuse.

The discussion moved the young priest to seek out one of these pastors and put to him certain very difficult questions, to see by what falsehoods and specious reasonings he would manage to shuffle out.

Not having any idea where to find a specimen of the race he took a directory and finally came upon *Cordey H., pasteur*, with the address. He could not have made a happier choice. Mr. Cordey is a pastor of the Free Church, and with great intellectual gifts possesses a wonderful simplicity of manner and kindness of heart.

The young priest found a genial welcome, and to his surprise discovered that the lies and misrepresentations did not rest with the

pastors. He has resigned his priesthood and gone to Neuchâtel, where under the care of Prof. George Godet, son of the noted theologian, F. Godet, D.D., he will be taught the way of God more perfectly.—Ex.

BETTER THAN A MILLION.

"I wish I had a million." So spoke one day a man whose feet have just fallen upon the threshold of life's sterner activities.

"Certainly," said his companion, "that's what we would all like. But what would you do if you had your million?"

"Well," said the covetous and impatient young man, "the first thing I'd do would be to quit work. I'd resign my position right away. Then I'd have a good time. I'd have a fine house, with beautiful grounds, a fine library and paintings, and all that; and I'd have horses and an automobile and a steam yacht, and I'd travel and see the world. O, I'd have a glorious time of it, and be happy!"

"No, you wouldn't," said the other. "You would be a miserable man from the beginning if you tried to carry out that program, simply because the man who quits work soon becomes lazy, and a lazy man can manufacture more misery in one day for himself and for everyone about him than a hard-working man can turn into happiness in a week."

It is not every man or woman that can find supreme contentment in work. Indeed, contentment lies not in the work so much as in the motive back of it. If one can see the labour of his hands established, to use a Scripture phrase, there is sure to be an exquisite degree of satisfaction; but work becomes mere drudgery when the worker is not permitted to enjoy some measure of its reward.

However, there are many rich rewards of work that the toiler does not usually dream of. Charles Kingsley says:

"Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred other virtues which the idle never know."

This being so, it is of infinitely greater concern and profit to a man that he should be under the sway of these essential virtues than that he be possessed of a million. For, having his million and not the virtues which give dignity, poise, breadth, and strength to character, and, therefore, nobility, beauty, and usefulness to life, it is impossible for him to escape the broad way that leadeth to destruction. And this many have found to their sorrow and shame.—*The Christian Advocate.*

HOW DR. BABCOCK REACHED THE MASSES.

BY ONE OF HIS ELDERS IN THE BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NEW YORK.

Maltbie D. Babcock had wonderful ability in solving the problem of "reaching the masses." It is one often discussed in conventions, and usually with little illumination, the cause assigned for the failure and its remedy varying with the speaker.

Dr. Babcock, however, succeeded in reaching the "masses" in the broadest sense, attracting, on the one hand, the fashionable woman from her Sunday receptions, the worldly man from Sunday amusements, the student with pressure of studies and the clerk with manifold temptations; and, on the other, as enthusiastically and in great numbers, the labouring men and their families, the shop-girls, the newsboys and gamins. These were drawn by him not only to his preaching in various places, but into unaccustomed Christian service.

No doubt his remarkable personality and great gifts had much to do with this success, but it is felt that the greatest factor was his delight in personal service for the Master and his fellow men.

This was evident in the sympathy and helpfulness he was constantly showing outside the church walls, and in his preaching within them, which was intensely practical, as if a wise and good friend were talking directly with one about the most vital and intimate affairs of their life.

A young woman of fine recourse, but left dependent upon her own exertions, came to the city and opened a boarding-house, which, by dint of great exertions, became a somewhat extensive establishment.

I noticed that she was a regular attendant upon all of Dr. Babcock's services, and one day asked her how she found time to do so.

"Why, I can't afford to stay away, he's so helpful to me! I have a great deal of care and responsibility, with not a let up—not even a short vacation. The burden sometimes has seemed insupportable, but he helps me bear it. Do you remember the sermon he preached last Sunday afternoon?"

"Yes—from the words of Jacob, 'All these things are against me.' I remember with what spirit he set forth that the troubles and trials of life were not against us at all, but for us—to strengthen us, to develop a finer and higher Christian life. I remember his ringing words and stirring illustrations."

"Well, I had more reason to than I expected, for the next morning—Monday morning—I came downstairs and my man-of-all-work, who ran the furnaces and on whom the comfort of the place in many ways depended—a man who had been with me for years—had cleared out without a word, leaving me, for the time, helpless.

"I was about to sit down and give myself up to despair, when Dr. Babcock's sermon came before me, and I started up with new courage and said: 'No, these things are *not* against me.

I'm glad the rascal has gone. There are a hundred better men to be got and I'll set about getting one of them immediately.' And I was successful in bettering the situation, but, if it had not been for that sermon, I should have had quite a season of the blues and my house would have suffered. I can't tell you how that man helps me. I really can't afford to miss one of his sermons."

In regard to work outside the church he urged: "It is not enough to put a sign outside the church, 'Preaching at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m.' and have a man in the pulpit. If we would get a hold upon people we must go out to them with sympathy and helpfulness as our Master did." He was always doing this. It was his keenest pleasure. And in illustration of it the following incidents may be interesting.

One Sunday afternoon just before service, the wife of a mattress-maker, whom Dr. Babcock had helped to employment some time before, came to him in great distress, saying her husband had acute pneumonia—that his case seemed desperate and she didn't know what to do.

He quieted her fears and sent a hasty message to the chairman of the medical committee of his church, begging him to have the man cared for.

The physician in turn applied to the Presbyterian Hospital to send for the case without delay, and in less than a hour its ambulance had taken the patient to its care. The case was a severe one, and was taken in hand none too soon.

Early the next morning Dr. Babcock was in the hospital and at the side of the patient, who was evidently worrying about the expense he supposed he was incurring.

"This is very nice," he said, "but it must be expensive."

"But that needn't worry you; all you've got to do is to get well."

"I wonder if that bed over in the corner wouldn't be cheaper; it looks littler."

"Now look here, Andrews, you're too carnal-minded altogether. You won't get well and you won't deserve to, if you keep on that way. All you have to do is to get well and we'll look out for the rest."

So his visitor rallied him until he laughed and cheered him; then, with a few words to the nurse that gave her a greater interest in her patient, he departed. The disease took a favourable turn, which was reported to the minister from time to time.

One Sunday, a few weeks later, after the service, Dr. Babcock came down from the pulpit as usual to greet the great numbers of people who always remained to have a hand-shake and a word with him, when his quick glance espied, not far away in the crowd, the recent hospital patient, and as he drew nearer exclaimed, "Why, Andrews! are you well again?"

"Nearly well, though not very strong yet, but I've got my life and am getting my strength and at work again; and—would you think? this is the first time I've been in a church for twenty years, and it all seemed so

different—the hymns sounded different, the prayer seemed different, and—the whole thing seemed different from what it ever did before.”

Those who knew the circumstances had no difficulty in understanding why it “seemed so different” to Andrews. They knew that the house and service of God would from that time have a new significance for him. From like causes multitudes were constantly finding religion in some way “different,” and were strongly drawn to it. At each communion season great numbers came forward to unite with the church, although there was no prospect of their finding seats, or even standing-room, in the overcrowded building.

One of the first acts of Dr. Babcock on entering his pastorate at the Brick Church was to have a careful list made out of all the sick, afflicted or burdened people of the parish—making his very first calls upon them, and a call from him was an entertainment, an uplift and a blessing of rare quality.

As he became acquainted with his officers and workmen he organized them for service in visiting strangers or “shut-ins,” and had the faculty of inspiring those who previously shrank from such work with pleasure in doing it. Service was the keynote of his life.

One afternoon last autumn he found himself in the neighbourhood of a very large hardware store, and, remembering a number of articles of which he had need, entered. The clerks were probably busy and doubtless inattentive. He waited a few minutes and no one took notice of him. Instead of going out in vexation or rebuking them, he stepped to a shifting-ladder on one side, and, mounting it, took from a box several articles he desired and placed them on the counter; then rolling the ladder along a little, he ascended again and got other articles, depositing them as before. This he repeated.

When getting them together, he sought, and at length secured, the attention of one of the clerks, who came forward, no doubt, a little ashamed of the treatment the stranger had received and evidently in no very agreeable mood.

“I want these articles. How much will they be?”

“Two dollars and a half” (very groutily).

“Well, you may send them to the Rev. M. D. Babcock, 14 East Thirty-Seventh street. And, now, what is *your* name?”

(Clerk, sulky and apprehensive) “Bradley.”

“And what is your first name?”

(Unwillingly, slowly) “Charles.”

“May I ask one other question—do you go to church?”

“No, I’m no church-goer.”

(Dr. B—, putting his hand pleasantly on the clerk’s shoulder and with enthusiasm) “Now, Charlie, I want you to come down to my church, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Seventh street, next Sunday. I shall preach and I shall be real glad to see you. I shall have an eye out for you.”

The next Sunday “Charlie” came with one or two of his friends, and the Sunday after

that every clerk in the establishment came and continued to from that time.

But for the “love” “which is not easily provoked” and which “seeketh not her own,” such a result could not have been possible.

“How can the church reach the masses?” Does not such a life as Maltbie Babcock’s give the best answer?

COUNTRY BOYS IN THE CITY.

I remember, says a writer in the *Lutheran Observer*, when I was a boy in the country, how I reasoned with my widowed mother, that in a city like New York it would not be difficult to secure employment, for every issue of the great metropolitan dailies contained advertisements of situations in search of incumbents.

After a couple of years of importunity I was permitted to have my way, and as I now recall how wearily I tramped the streets of New York for six days before finding a situation that barely paid for my board, I am persuaded that the advice given by Dr. Parkhurst in the following paragraph is both wise and judicious:

“The subject is a very broad and serious one. In a general way, I am inclined to discourage any boy from coming to the city, and especially the average youth, against whom the odds of getting on are very great and becoming greater. We need the extraordinary man, but the country towns and districts need him just as much, and the average man has two chances in the country to one here.

“There are, of course, many more opportunities here, but for each one of them there are ten applicants. The difference in the cost of living overbalances the difference in wages, and so it is harder to save a dollar here than in the country. No, the average person should stay out of this great vortex of mediocrity, misery, temptation and crime. The great corporations and trusts are now absorbing every business. There is no room for the small man with the small business.

“On the other hand, the corporations have no soul and no brotherly love can be expected from them. Competition grows fiercer and fiercer, and this competition, instead of developing initiative, is destroying it in the minds of thousands of men and making nothing better than human machines of them. As the bank or shop grows larger, the men with only one idea, with the ability to do only one thing, increase. We are increasing the cogs and not the wheels.”—Ex.

No man need expect that he will be judged in the last day by data from his autobiography. At that bar what we think of ourselves will not be competent evidence.—Evangelist.

The wealth of a man consists in the number of things he loves and blesses, and in the number of things he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.

The Children's Pages.

A CHINAWOMAN'S STORY.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY IN FOOCOW, CHINA.

It was a hot, hot night in May; we had gone on the *lu-dai* for a little air. How easy it was to imagine the man "sick of the palsy" being let down from just such a *lu-dai*, for our Saviour to heal.

Quickly the dark mantle of night settled down on the earth; occasionally a lazy breeze fanned our faces, but the air, like the sleepy earth, seemed to have gone to rest. From plague-stricken homes now and again we heard wailing, but no other sounds broke on our ears.

"Tell me the story of your life, Huoi-mu," I said to my companion, my Bible-woman.

"There is little to tell," she answered. "It is fifty-two years ago since I was born. My father was an official in Peking. For many years my parents had prayed the gods to send them a son, and at last they had promised the mother goddess and the idols that even a daughter would be welcomed. So, when I was born, my father invited his friends to feast and make merry with him.

"My mother was very happy, but she did not forget that a son was more to be desired than a daughter, and she called me 'Lead-a-brother.' I never obeyed the command my name implied.

"When I was six years old, my father decided I must learn to read, another deviation from the regular custom, and a master was employed to teach me. He said I was as bright as a boy, but not so ambitious. My indulgent father gave orders that I was not to be forced to study, but was to have my own way, always. Ah, if he could have known what the future held for me!

"My feet were bound at that time, too. My mother said: 'I will never be able to get a husband for you if your feet are not bound.' I wanted to know if a husband was a toy or something to eat; and my nurse called me a stupid child, at which I flew in a rage and bit her.

"I was sixteen when the husband was found; in this, also, my father deviated from the regular order. His private secretary was a young man of good family, aspiring to public office, with no near relatives. My father asked him to marry me, and become his son.

"I was very happy that I did not have to leave my father's home. The arrangement secured me a home with my parents while they lived; insured them a son to worship them after they were dead and there was a possibility of grandsons, who, by the adoption of their father into the family, would be expected to worship the maternal ancestors.

The people said I was a handsome bride; and later they said the gods were very good to

me, for a son was born before I was nineteen. There had been a little girl before, but all our hopes centered in the boy. Up to this time I had never had a sorrow, never had a wish that was not granted; but now commenced a series of troubles. My father died, then my husband, and a few years later my mother.

"A good deal of our property was spent in funeral ceremonies, and agents, seeing how little I knew of the world, soon robbed me of most that was left. I did some needlework and managed to keep my children with me.

"I married my daughter at seventeen to a man socially inferior, but who gave me enough money to plan for a daughter-in-law. The middle-man deceived me and brought me a daughter who had learned of the 'Jesus Doctrine,' and who persuaded my son to go to church.

"Then the ancestral tablets began to be neglected, and I had great sorrow. It seemed as though the gods were going to prove to my son the error of his way; for my daughter-in-law died in two years, leaving a little daughter.

"As soon as I could, I took another wife for my son, and though she was a heathen she soon learned from him to worship the true God.

"For months I wept day and night; I upbraided my son for his unfilial conduct, and would not listen to the 'Doctrine.'

"But one day a Bible-woman came to see me and I was convinced that the Gospel she preached was good. The more I heard, the more I wanted to know; though I had nothing but contempt for women who would walk about in the streets where they could be seen by men. I did not believe in women going out of their homes.

"I could read, and this helped me to learn very quickly about the true God, and about my Saviour. Still, I would not go to church; I was content to worship God in my own home, nor would I let my daughter-in-law nor my little grandchild attend church.

"Then came the awful flood year; and I saw the whole front of my house washed away with my son and his wife and children. I remember only that I saw them drawn down by the angry waters, and then it seemed as though everything was black and that I could not get my breath. When I could see once more, there was no one in sight. All that night I sat in that little loft, while the waters seethed and foamed about me. Sometimes children's dead faces would stare up at me as the waters in the mad rush tore on and on. Oh, it was fearful; I could not bear to think of it.

"Finally I found myself praying to the Lord. I said: 'Lord, I was rich and now I am poor; I had a home and now the angry waters have swept it away; I had children and they have been taken from me; I had position, and now

I am become a beggar. But, Lord, thou hast saved the souls of my children and given me the hope of seeing them again. I will not sorrow as one without hope. Thou has afflicted me, but thou hast done it in love."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"No, not all. My children were not drowned. They had thought me among the lost in the dreadful flood, and when we found each other we had a time of rejoicing.

"Then you came, Su-gu, and asked me if I would not like to learn to do Bible-women's work. Yes, I know I once despised the Bible-women, but now I am glad to go with them and tell others all about the 'Jesus Doctrine.'"

The purple sunset had faded and the stars were shining in the clear sky when Huoi-mu and I came down from the *lu-dai*. I had learned a lesson from my dear old Bible-reader, for which I am a better missionary and a better woman.

THE PATRON SAINT OF IRELAND.

THE TRUE STORY OF ST. PATRICK.

On March 17 many of our friends celebrate St. Patrick's Day by "wearin' o' the green."

The legends that have grown up around the name of St. Patrick are endless, but the facts of his life so far as now known may be given in a small space.

The saint was born about A.D. 360, near Dumbarton, which at the time of his birth and for centuries afterwards was reckoned as a province of Britain. His father was a magistrate and deacon named Calpornius; his grandfather, Potitus, was a priest. From this it would appear that in the ancient British church enforced celibacy of the clergy was unknown. At his baptism the infant son of Calpornius was named Succat.

Patrick was barely sixteen when he was captured by Irish pirates, and, as he tells us in the "Confession," "was taken to Ireland with many thousand men, according to our deserts, because we walked at a distance from God and had not kept His commandments, and were disobedient to our priest, who warned us about our salvation." The youth became the slave of Milnig, a petty king, whose seat was near Slemish Mountain, in the centre of Antrim.

During the six years following Patrick was employed as a herdsman. "After I came to Ireland I daily fed cattle." But God was with the enslaved swine herd, and the religious teaching received in the godly home of his father, the Deacon Calpornius, issued in his conversion. The youth spent much time in prayer. He would offer a hundred prayers in one day "and in the night nearly the same number." He says, "I would rise before daylight for prayer, through snow, through frost, through rain and suffered no injury from it."

There is quite a Methodist tone in his account of his conversion: "I was sixteen years old," said he, "and knew not the true God; but in that strange land the Lord opened my unbelieving eyes, and, although late, I called

my sins to mind and was converted with my whole heart to the Lord. The love of God increased more and more in me."

At about the age of twenty-two Patrick escaped from captivity. He "took to flight and left the man with whom he had been six years and came in the strength of the Lord who directed his journey for good." After many years he was taken captive once more, but this captivity appears to have lasted only two months. "On the sixtieth night," says he, "the Lord delivered me out of their hands."

Patrick again returned to Britain to his parents, who besought him earnestly, after the many hardships he had borne, not to depart from them again. His friends pleaded with him to stay. They offered him gifts. They magnified the trifling faults of his youth and cast them in his face, thinking thereby to induce him to believe that he was unfit to undertake work for God; they sternly threatened and ultimately imprisoned him.

In his "Confession" Patrick described himself as "a fugitive," which suggests that he fled from home in order to commence his work for Ireland. Referring to this period of persecution and temptation, the saint says:

"I saw in the night a man from Ireland with countless letters, one of which he gave to me, and I read the beginning of the letter containing 'The Voice of the Irish.' Whilst I read I thought I heard voices near the wood, Polcot, by the Western sea, crying, 'We entreat thee to come and walk amongst us.' I was deeply moved in heart and was unable to read further, and so awoke. Another night a voice within me or near me thus spoke: 'He who gave His life for thee, He it is who speaks in thee.'"

He goes on to relate how he refused gifts offered with tearful entreaties and did not consent or comply with the wishes of his seniors, for God conquered in him, enabling him to resist them all, so that he came to the Hibernian people to preach the Gospel and endure insults and bear reproaches and suffer persecution even to chains and give up his nobility for the advantage of others.

The reference to the giving up of his nobility means that, as a native of Dumbarton, he was a Roman citizen of patrician rank, but sacrificed this honour that he might become a missionary of the Cross.

At the first St. Patrick's labours in Ireland were unsuccessful, and he became so discouraged that for a time he abandoned his mission. He retired to Gaul and spent some time there before entering a second time upon his work for the Irish people. There is good reason for believing that he received Episcopal consecration from a Gallic bishop, along with Gaulish assistance and funds to aid his work.

From the commencement of St. Patrick's second attempt to Christianize Ireland the work of conversion amongst "the fierce and barbarous people" steadily proceeded until practically the whole island abandoned idolatry and accepted the religion of Jesus Christ. St. Patrick is said himself to have baptized 12,000

men, to have founded 365 churches and to have consecrated 450 strolling bishops (itinerant superintendents). At ninety years of age the saint completed his work and gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul to his great Captain, Christ,
Under whose banner he had fought so long.

The remains of the saint found a resting-place at Downpatrick, and for nearly fifteen hundred years the stars have looked down with kindly eyes upon his grave. But higher than the highest star his spirit has dwelt through the centuries, in what splendour of exalted rank we cannot tell, but near to the throne of the thorn-crowned King of Saints whom he loved so devotedly and whom he served so loyally and so long.

From a study of the life of St. Patrick it is clear that he was never subject to Rome, and that he knew nothing of such dogmas and practices as the celibacy of the clergy, transubstantiation, sacramental confession, the use of incense, prayers for the dead and the supremacy of the Pope. St. Patrick was indignant that Rome's priests should pretend to possess the power of absolution; he denied the authority of any to inflict secular penalties for erroneous religious opinions, and the Bible alone was the rule of his faith.

It would not be historically correct to call St. Patrick a Protestant, but it would be theologically correct, for his doctrines were in the main the same as those held by Protestant churches to day.—Rev. James T. East, in *Methodist Times*.

A SUCCESSFUL YOUNG MAN.

Four years ago there entered one of our Eastern colleges a clear-eyed, plainly clad and wholesome-looking young man with health unimpaired by dissipations of any kind. He had never smoked a cigar or a cigarette in his life and he did not know the taste of any kind of intoxicant. He had exactly one hundred and twenty dollars with which to "go through college."

On the day of his arrival he paid one hundred dollars for his tuition, and more than half of the remaining twenty had to be spent for books. He had noticed in the window of a house near the college a card with "Rooms to Let" printed on it. He went back to this house after he had paid his tuition, and when the lady who had the rooms answered his ring he asked her if there was anything he could do in or around her house that would pay for the rent of her smallest room.

"Why, yes," she said at once, attracted by the young fellow's manly bearing. "I want some one to wash windows and clean rugs once a week, and before long I shall need some one to look after my furnace."

"Would you let me do those things in return for a room in your house? I am about to enter the college as a student, and I must earn my room rent in some way. I am not above washing windows and cleaning rugs and

taking care of a furnace, and I will do the work well."

He was given a small hall bedroom, and thus the question of his room rent was settled. Then he went to a large dining-hall on the college grounds and said:

"I have heard that students sometimes earn their meals here by acting as waiters two or three hours a day. I would like to do work of that kind in return for my meals."

The frank and manly way in which he made this proposition pleased the man in charge of the dining-room, and he replied, "I can give you your meals in return for your services two hours a day."

Thus the determined young man's room and his meals were provided for. He cared nothing for the fact that the menial occupations he had taken upon himself would debar him from associating with the students who formed the "exclusive set" in the college. He had no time for their frivolities and no interest in them.

Before the end of his first term he was earning money for new books and for his future tuition by tutoring some of the Freshmen of this same "exclusive set." When the summer vacation came he went to a large seashore hotel and worked as a waiter all summer.

When the college opened in the fall his little room was ready for him on the same terms on which he had occupied it the year before, and they were glad to have his services in the dining-hall. His teachers became interested in him because of the high marks gained by his hard and faithful study. He applied himself steadily to the one object of getting an education. He put aside all temptation to waste his time. He lived soberly and righteously. He began to be talked about as one of the brightest and most promising students in the college.

At the end of his second year one of the college professors secured him an excellent position as teacher in a summer school. During the year he had won scholarship prize money to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars. This money, with that earned in teaching the summer school, enabled him to rent a room, and the time he had spent in working to pay room rent could now be given to study.

It is needless to say that this young man graduated with high honours. One of his teachers pointed him out to some one on Commencement Day and said:

"That student rings true every time. He has what I wish more of our boys had, and that is clear grit. He came here believing rightly that poverty was no obstacle if a young fellow made up his mind to secure a college education."—*Forward*.

A habit of life to be commended to boys and girls is the habit of taking long looks. Most of the world is content with seeing the surface of things. The reason more people are not wise is that they are nothing more than superficial observers. Look deeply if you would live wisely.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH, WEST.

Estimates for current year will be given after Assembly.

Estimates for year ending Feb. 28, 1903, March, '03

Home Mission Fund	\$102,000	\$ 5,532 41
Augmentation Fund	30,000	722 99
Foreign Mission Fund	80,900	4,473 86
French Evangelization	25,000	534 16
Pointe-aux-Trembles	10,000	278 99
Widows' & Orphans' Fund	15,000	284 90
Aged & ad Infirm Ministers	13,000	332 50
Assembly Fund	7,000	143 97
Knox College	11,000	137 93
Queen's College	5,500	23 85
Montral College	5,000	21 00
Manitoba College	2,600	113 35

Rev Dr Herdman	10	Paisley, Kx ss	10
Desboro	6 60	Lord Mount Stephen	50
Rev Dr Torrance	2	Rev Dr Bryce	126 75
Rev D M Buchanan	31 33	Per Rev Ch Vessot	15
Wpg, Kx ss	115	Motherwell	29 75
Miss L M Baker	10	Rev R D Fraser	14
Rockcroft	1	Dry River	5
Huntsville	14	Rose Valley	8 25
Harperville	75	Per Dr P C Leslie	113
Wpg, Kx ce	400	Senator McKay	60
Rat Portage, Kx	185	Dr Jas Stewart	25
Per Dr Jas Bain	65	Per Agent, Hx	122 63
Cranbrook, Kx ss	50	Tor, St Jas Sq	200
Tottenham, etc	66 50	Milton, Kx	10
Cambray	1	Poland	28 50
Avonton	40 10	Dunwich, Duff's	9 25
Kendall	4 57	Vancoune, Belmont	12
Robt Kilgour	75	Sturge, 1st ss	40
Thessalon	45	Friend	5
Gamebridge	20 25	Mrs Moyse	50
Bristol, Que	45	Mont, Erskine	50
Blake, Ont	11 77	Mitchell, Kx ss	14 36
"McK"	5	Dundas, Kx	172 76
English Settmt	11	Poton, St And	20 40
Rev D W Morrison	5	"In His Name"	10
New Lowell	1 30	Rev J W C Bennett	8
Angus	25	Tor, Kx	120
Aurora	30 67	David Yuile	1 20
Point Douglas	100	Rev W M Haig	5
Valleyview	3 75	Rev S Young	20
MacCrimmon ce	3 75	Rev J A Moir	10
Per Dr Findlay	43 17	Rosedale	23
Rev W G W Fortune	5	Huron, Marlboro	10
Cranbrook	5	Rev P Scott	20
Mont, Victoria ss	3	Rev S Young	2
Lachine, St And	85 75	Mt Forest guild	7
Rev D G McPhail	6		
Grenville, St Giles	7 50		
Mrs R Patterson, Mrs			
H McEwen	150		
Rev N Macphie	5		
Tor, Cooke's ce	10		
Herdman's Bidge ce	13 50		
E R St Mary's ss	5 30		
Rev J F Polly	5		
Rev R A Mitchell, Ho-			
nan	100		
Tor, St Jas Sq guild	15 21		
Fergus, St And	37 95		
Stratford, Kx	5		
Campbellville, St Dav	190		
Waskada	19 40		
Alma	28 55		
Chatlam, St Mungo's	11		
Rev W Farquharson	10		
Miss Dr Dow, Honan	30		
Cartwright, Kx	9 30		
Mont, Am Pres Ch	1,500		
Pt Fortune, St Col	19 09		
Garafraxa	12		
Cadurels	1		
Pointe-aux-T pupils	20		
Rev A MacVicar	17		
Glorv Hills	10		
Cobourg ss	25		
Mandaamin	8		
X Y Walker	5		
Courtright	2		
Chas B Frost	35		
Dundalk	1		
Peterboro, St Pa ss	339 09		
Camden, Kx	13 50		
Tamworth, St A	17 25		
Rev J Griffith, Honan	121 40		
Coruna	62		
Rev D L Campbell	5		
Rev H R Fraser	5		
Acton mem wfms	5		
Belgrave, Kx	53		
Blake	75		
Rev Thos Oswald	1		
Rev J A F Sutherland	7		
Port Dalhousie	82		
Cayuga	16		
Mr. Mrs H Young	62 50		
Almonte, St And	100		
Waba	86		
Cranbrook ce	8		
Nashville	46 60		
Miss S A McPherson	10		
Rev W J Clark	25		

Receiv'd in March

By Rev. Robt. H. Ward, D.D., Agent of the Church, Presbyterian Offices, Toronto, and allocated to the Schemes as directed by the donors.

Cookstown	\$66 50	Blyth, St And	1
Donald McKay	250	Rathwell	60
Rev D M Buchanan	100	Greenbank	19 01
Carp, Lowry, Kiburn	48 25	Robt Broden	10
Listowel	234 56	Thornhill	16 20
Carluka	23	Barclay	8
Hastings	62 60	Strathroy	55 49
Sunderland	50	Mont, Stanley be	50 00
Cambray	1	Duncan's Station	18
Caledon, Central	10	Regina, Kx	117
Pittsburgh	33 75	Yorkton	15
Utica, Breadalbane	10	Buckingham	26 15
Tor, Bloor	724 05	S Qu'Appelle	83
Simcoe, St Paul's	18 20	Elva	107
Han, Erskine	55 50	Fairmeade	24
Rev J McD Duncan	12 50	Glenlea	5 15
Rev W Russell	25	Smith's Hill	160
Chesterfield	32	Tor, "Servus"	10
Skippness	16	Dawson	86 80
W Gwillimbury 1st	40	Rev Dr Herdman	6
Calgary, Hx	17 50	Kene	59 43
Prof W G Jordan	9	Golden Stream	17
Miami	3	Brooklin	125
Shellbrook	5	Port Elmsley	6 50
Langle	4	Oliver's Ferry	6 75
West Hall	44 55	E Gloucester	1 04
Wpg, St Paul's	50	Arnprior	33
Hargrave	13 50	Mrs D McIntosh, etc	36
Coldsprings	192	West Flamboro	10
Tor, Ch of Cov	15	Chatham, St And	784
Melbourne, Que	31	Glenlea ss	4 60
Wau Long	50	Rev R Pettigrew	7 06
Mont, St Giles Chin	41 83	Bothwell	11 38
Hastings	8	Rev K Knowles	7
Mainville	2	Rev P Fleming	5
Judge McIntyre	30	Claude	170 20
Mont, Wmster	15	Revelstoke, St And	2
John Ross	15	Box 724	100
Collingwood	13	Chatham, St Mungos	4
Dunn's Ch	8	W Adelaide	1 20
Avonton	1 60	Gordonville ss	2 25
Listowel	10	Eden Mills	5 75
St Jas Young	50	Lunenburg, Newington	15
Grand Valley	27 50	Made, St Peters	10
Omeme, Lakevale, etc	31 70	Beverly ce	10
Alameda	90	Dr P C Leslie	300
Cumberland ss	5	W S Leslie	50
Russell ss	16 55	Glenburnie	1 37
G M Kinghorn	125	Sand Hill	5 13
Brucefield un ce	15	Sunbury	1 50
Rev D MacVicar	8	Rev J R Rattray	9 40
Rev John Morrison	18	Cedar Grove, Zion	52 65
Guelph, Kx jbc	39	Sabright	4 18
Mrs H F Brinson	125	Upbill	2 20
Abner Kingman	125	Dartmore	62
Saml Smith	600	Verschoyle, St A ce	15 25
Ventnor	40 15	Per Rev Dr Findlay	190 99
Rat Portage, Kx ce	25	Sidney	7
E R St Mary's ce	2 73	Franklin, St And	51 35
D McAnish	2	Moorefield	36
Rev J L Campbell	7	Chatsworth ss	100
		Rev A H Macfarlane	18
		Virden ss	11 55
		Timlick, Summer	2 75
		Dugald	57 50
		Paisley, Kx ss	10
		Glenarry Presby	18 25
		Rev D McLaren	6
		Malta ce	1
		St Louis	2

Receipts in Feb.

Received during Feb 1903, by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, Office Herald Building, Halifax.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

In December receipts re-	
St John, St Matthews instead	
of St John, St Johns. Reported	
\$27.5 09 less \$21.00 from	
Port Hastings, etc. in the	
Receipts and \$5. from Truro,	
St Andrews in July. Receipts	
intended for Robertson	
Memorial making.	
Reported	\$27,499 09
Hx Chalmers	40
Five Islands	5
Newport	29
St Martins ce	5
Orwell	25 02
Great Village	35
Bass, Nicholas Riv	27
Pleasant Bay ss	1
Kouchibouguay	4 50
Hop well St Col wfms	60
Students Assoc	20
W Riv St Marys	95
Hx St And	100
"Chal ce	28
Coldstream	3 25
Hx, Park	50
Hx Grove	20
Beq Geo Teasdale	60
Hardwoodland ce	5
Kentville	10
Mid Riv. C. B.	10
St Croix ce	17
" " ss	9
Clifton N. S.	24 51
Old Baris ce	1 46
Clifton, N. W. Len N.	67
Tor St Andrews ss	21
Caledonia P E L	10
Millsville ss	14
Princeton ss	18 90
Charlottetn, St Jas	100

Charlottetown, St Jas.	New Mills..... 2	Beq Miss E J Watt..... 300	Souris..... 15
wfms..... 85	Frederickton St Pa..... 150	" Miss E Gallant..... 50	Chipman..... 20
Milfordce..... 1 51	Sheet Hrbr..... 30	" H Robertson..... 60	St John, St Ste..... 187
Maitland St Dav..... 7	Kincardine..... 5	Shelburne..... 6	Murray Hrbr S..... 10
Mi l Musg dbt..... 26 32	Truro St Pauls..... 46	Bedegue..... 100 50	Waterford etc..... 8
New Gla g, New St A..... 50	Sydney St Jas..... 12	St John St Johns..... 4 50	St John, St Jo wfms..... 9 50
New Lon t, Kensingtn..... 135	Glac Bay St Pauls..... 107	Margaree Harbr..... 20	Lower Musq..... 2
Pictou, Kx ss..... 50	Reserve Mine Gor..... 10	Anonymous..... 1 46	Strathalbyn..... 26
" "..... 50	New Glasgo Jas..... 360 70	Springville &c..... 70	Brookfld, N Glas Hunt..... 5
Middle Riv..... 46 30	Sydney Fal..... 120	Moncton St Johns ss..... 1 0	Springville ce..... 70
Dartmouth, St Jas..... 212 55	" ss..... 50	Porters Gift..... 632 97	Montague, St An..... 40
" ss..... 26 50	" St And ss..... 65	Consolidated Rev..... 256 77	Murray Habr N..... 9
St Nich Riv ce..... 2 50	" Ashby ss..... 12	Total \$36,764 38	Hx Coburg Rd ss..... 4 81
St Peters..... 10	Dorchester, Rockld..... 25		Waweig..... 5
Mira..... 15	Tabusintac &c..... 10	HOME MISSIONS FUND.	Tower Hill..... 4
Moncton St Jo ce..... 5	Up Londerry..... 30		Rolling Dam..... 4
Hx Coburg Rd..... 12	Glassville..... 5		River Dennis..... 5
River H. bert..... 47	Rev A V Morash..... 10		E Lake Ainslie..... 10
Hx, Fort Massey..... 1200	Cardigan..... 90	Reported..... \$12,251 94	Annapolis, Perot..... 9
Windsor, St Johns..... 20 75	Summerside..... 90 76	Five Islands..... 5	Gleneg..... 30
Truro, First..... 182 83	Framboise..... 30	Newport..... 15	Sheet Hrbr..... 20
Captain Gilmore..... 1	Valleyfield ss..... 30	Orwell..... 25	Kincardine..... 10
Wolfville ss..... 11 11	Whim Rd Cross ss..... 20 55	Great Village..... 55	Merigomish..... 47 65
Mrs Fanny Howe..... 2	" ce..... 7 50	Bass, Nicholas Riv..... 26	French Riv..... 30
Georgetown, St Da..... 10	Shemogue..... 7 4	Middleton..... 7	Sydney, St Jas..... 10
Belfast..... 90	Port Elgin..... 13	Rev J A Ramsay..... 5	Glac Bay, St Paul..... 100
Red Bank, Whit..... 3	" idnish..... 90	E Cummingher..... 3	Reserve Mine..... 6
Red Bank ss..... 3	Lunenburg..... 38	Kouchibouguac..... 1 50	New Glasgow, Jas..... 114 82
Tignish, Mont, Elm..... 27	" ss..... 10	W J Johnson rept..... 10	Sydney, Fal..... 55
Dr M Macgregor..... 20	" ce..... 10	Springhill, St And..... 40	Up Londerry..... 30
" Windsor St Jo "2 mem"..... 10	" Ladies bc..... 22	" ss..... 25	Glasville..... 5
Gabarus..... 20	Valleyfield..... 44 45	New Richmond, New Band..... 31	Springhill, St A ladies..... 25
Mrs A Hattie..... 20	Sydney Mines..... 25	W Riv, St Mary's..... 13	Hx, Chalmers..... 70
Bridgewater St Jo..... 40	St Stephen St Ste..... 25	Hx, St And..... 1 0	Shemogue..... 7 05
Loch Lomond..... 25	Bouladerie..... 10	Coldstream..... 33	Port Elgin..... 5 50
Springville ce..... 8	Brookfld H Riv New Glasgow..... 36	Hx, Grove..... 20	Tidnish..... 5 25
" For pres d stress"..... 25	Sunny Brae ce..... 10	Nine Mile Riv..... 20	Lunenburg..... 88 66
Richmond..... 14 40	Sunny Brae..... 28 10	Kentville ss..... 10	" ce..... 15
Princeville..... 13	St Pauls..... 21 90	"..... 3	Valleyfield..... 70
Tor Kx..... 12	Bridgewater..... 3	Mid River, C B..... 20	S. dney Mines..... 25
Acadia..... 55	Orwell..... 2 18	Old Barnesce..... 12 38	St Stephen, St Ste..... 20
Thorburn Suth Riv..... 80	Linden Nport..... 21 30	Caledonia, P E I..... 8	Bouladerie..... 2
Ham Bermuda, St A..... 1	New Glasgow Un..... 304 07	Beq H Robertson..... 30	Brookfld, N Glas Hunt..... 13
Kexton Rich..... 8 76	" ss..... 20 44	Princetown ss..... 18 85	Ferrona, Zion..... 3
West Bay..... 25	Sydney St Marks..... 5	Miss Mott, Mrs Howe..... 30	L Wentzell..... 2
Malagawatch..... 12	Riverside..... 1	J S Ross rept..... 8	Orwell..... 2 18
Saltspings Un ce..... 5	Shediac Kx ss..... 40	New Glasgo, New St A..... 70 76	Linden, N'port..... 6
Cardigan..... 21 13	Louisbourg..... 35	New Son, Kensingtn..... 85	Riverside..... 8 75
Shubenacadie..... 20	Wallace..... 13	Mid River..... 14 75	Louisburg..... 25
Woodville..... 20	Lochaber..... 17	Dartmouth, St Jas..... 218	Mabou..... 16 50
Cove Head..... 36	Union Centre..... 52 50	St Peters..... 7	Wallace..... 20
Marshfield..... 19	New Dublin, Cong'l..... 30	M interest..... 22	Lochaber..... 15
Brackley P Rd..... 5	Springside..... 16 64	Mira..... 12	Union Centre..... 13 50
Brookfld New Glas &c..... 20	Riverside ce..... 1 32	Hx, Coburg Road..... 6	New Dublin, Cong'l..... 16
Dartmouth St Jas..... 3	Murray Hr wfms..... 2	Hx, Fort Massey..... 500	Springville..... 15
Hopewell Un..... 63 25	Strathlorne ce..... 20	Coll, St John Presby..... 128	Sprathlorne..... 25
Harbour Grace..... 20	"..... 85	Windsor, St John..... 10	B C Mines ce..... 1
N Shore St Anns..... 20	B C Mines..... 9 20	Truro, First..... 125	Pugwash, St Matth..... 50
Cavend'h Stanley, Rus-tico..... 60 04	Pugwash St Matt..... 67 50	Captain Gilmore..... 1	Digby..... 5
Little Bras d'Or ce..... 5 55	Digby..... 5	Georgetown, St Da..... 7	Hx, Fort Massey..... 315
Dundas, Annandale..... 10	Earltown Falls..... 30	Belfast..... 15	Chatham, St An..... 70
Souris..... 20	" Friend " Bdg'tn..... 10	Red Bank Whit..... 70	Unbania ce..... 3
New Mills..... 8	Yarmouth St Jo..... 24	Tignish Mont, Elm..... 3	Mrs McAllony..... 1
" C"..... 20	Chatham St Jo..... 30	Dr M Macgregor..... 20	Earltown, Falls..... 25
" S"..... 5	Loggieville..... 85	Gabarus..... 8	Friend, Bridgetown..... 5
" H"..... 1	Samuel Hunter Ont..... 5	Bridgewater, St Johns..... 20	Chatham, St Johns..... 26
St John St Ste..... 191	Alex Younger Otta..... 30	Richmond..... 18 24	Grand Falls..... 10
Orwell..... 10 05	Mont Nazareth..... 25	Princeville..... 20	Loggieville..... 30
Murray Hr S..... 25	Ormetown Que..... 25	Acadia..... 25	Hx, St Johns..... 27
Cardigan..... 4 10	Mont Erskine jns..... 60	Thorburn, Suth Riv..... 60	Hx, Park, ms..... 35
Waterford etc..... 12	Oak Lake &c Manitoba la..... 5	Ham, Bermuda, St An..... 10	Hx, St Johns..... 15
Lower Musq..... 2	Sincoe St Pa boy's mb..... 5	Rexton, Rich..... 20	Antigonish, St Jas..... 63 70
Wm Wells..... 1 50	Truro First..... 5	Carleton N B..... 20	N Sydney, St Matt..... 50
Brookfield New Glas &c..... 45	Hx Park ce..... 12 50	Wentwth, W'mster..... 45 25	Little Bras d'Or..... 7
" W J F " Hx..... 100	Hx St Johns..... 27	Rev D Coburn..... 8	St Peters Bay..... 105
Montague St A..... 40	" " ss..... 16 88	West Bay..... 1	Richmond Bay W..... 18 91
Murray Hr N..... 9	Hopewell Un..... 67 32	Fort Kent..... 40	Canard..... 6 32
Westvil Carmel ce..... 4	Lawson Mem..... 60	Malagawatch..... 10	Bonslaw, Tyron etc..... 6 55
Bouladerie ce..... 5	D Shurman..... 10	Hopeton, N Carlisle..... 8	Bedegue..... 53
Hx Coburg Rd ss..... 4 81	Antigonish St Jas ce..... 25 47	Cardigan..... 5	Shelburne..... 10
" "..... 7 28	" "..... 4 53	Shubenacadie..... 22 50	Bedegue..... 52
Waweig..... 1	N Sydney St Matt..... 30	Woodville..... 20	St Peters Bay..... 20
Tower Hill..... 1	Little Bras d'Or..... 46 65	Cove Head..... 18	Margaree Harbour..... 10
Rolling Dam..... 1	Leitchs Creek..... 15	Marshfield..... 12	Springville..... 60
Riv John St Geo W Br..... 4 20	St Peters Bay..... 75	Brackley Pt Rd..... 3	Consolidated Rev..... 219
Douglstown ss..... 14 65	Canard..... 10	Beq Mrs E Gallant..... 50	Div Royal Bank..... 21
River Dennis..... 5	Bonslaw &c..... 18	Harbour Grace..... 20	
E Lake Ainslie..... 11	Bedegue..... 60 65	N. Shore, St Anns..... 20	
Annapolis, Perotte..... 9		Cavendish, Stan, Rust..... 25	
Gleneg..... 52 23		Dundas Annan..... 5	

Northwest.

Hx, Chalmers..... 15 64
Great Village..... 16

E Cumminger.....	1
Hx, St And.....	100
Coldstream.....	7
Hx, Park.....	20
St Croix.....	3
Clifton wfms.....	10
River Hebert ce.....	15
Beg H Robertson.....	30
Princeton ss.....	18 88
Hx, St Matt.....	124 43
Mid Musqbt.....	24 66
Pictou Kx, laies.....	15
" " " yimb.....	50
Pictou, Kx.....	82 35
Dartmouth, St Jas.....	10
Hx, St Matt ce.....	10
Charlottown, Zion ce.....	67 38
Moncton, St John ce.....	7 93
Windsor, St Johns.....	50
Wolfville.....	4 05
Red Bank Whit.....	3
Richmond.....	4 50
Thorburn, Suth, Riv ce.....	16
Baddeck ss.....	30
Up Stewiacke.....	30
Cavendish etc.....	20
" H ".....	1
Springhill ce.....	50
Charlottetown, St, Jas.....	10
Bass River ss.....	14 82
Glenelg.....	7 37
Glance Bay, St Paul.....	100
Sydney, Fal ce.....	15
Up Londonderry.....	13
Lunenburg.....	26
Un, Lochaber.....	16 50
Wolfville, St And.....	6 75
Earltown, Falls.....	8
Truro, First.....	300
N, Sydney, St Matt.....	35

\$18,774 11

AUGMENTATION FUND.

Reported.....	\$4,196 29
Five Islands.....	10
Newport.....	30
Orwell.....	34
Great Village.....	45
Springhill, St An.....	73
Mahone.....	1 40
W, Riv, St Mary's.....	30
Pictou Prince.....	6 05
Coldstream.....	25
Hx, Park.....	120
Nine Mile Riv.....	15 50
Mid Riv, C B.....	20
Kentville.....	30
Neils Hrbr, Ingonish.....	10
Caledonia, P E I.....	30
Newcastle, St James.....	12 55
Mid Musq.....	55
New Glasgo, New St A.....	49
Musq, Hrbr.....	66
New Lon, Kensington.....	50
Pictou, Kx.....	50
Mid Riv, N S.....	13 40
Dartmouth, St Jas.....	109
St Peters.....	25
Charlottetown, Zion.....	8
Mira.....	10
Windsor, St Johns.....	21
Truro, First.....	135
Georgetown, St Dav.....	30
Belfast.....	24
Tignish, Mont, Elms.....	10
Dr M McGregor.....	2
Gabarus.....	20
Bridgewater, St Jo.....	30
Richmond.....	15
S Richmond.....	33
Acadia.....	15
Thorburn, Suth Riv.....	15
Ham, Bermuda, St An.....	20
Rexton, Rich.....	50
Baddeck.....	19
Escuminac.....	30
Carleton, N B.....	20
Up Stewiacke.....	6

Wentworth, Wchestr.....	20
West Bay.....	34
Malagawatch.....	16
Cardigan.....	10
Shubenacadie.....	45
Woodville.....	10
Cove Head.....	27
Marshfield.....	20
Brackley, Pt Rd.....	3
Brookfield, N Glas, etc.....	25
Tryon, Bonshaw, etc.....	24 60
Hopewell Un.....	26 75
Campbellton, P.E.I.....	12
Harbour Grace.....	5
Belfast.....	11
N Shore, St Anns.....	30
Cavendish, etc.....	30
Dundas, etc.....	30
Souris.....	15
Lockville.....	1 85
Waverley.....	3 50
Bedford.....	7 63
Chipman.....	15
St John, St Ste.....	176
Waterford, etc.....	33
Strathalbyn.....	26
Hunter River, etc.....	5
Montague, St And.....	44
Charlottetown, St Ja.....	88
Murray Hrbr N.....	30
Antigonish, St Ja.....	54 60
River Dennis.....	9
East Lake, Ainslie.....	20
St Geo, Pennufl, Boc.....	34
Annapolis, etc.....	15
Moncton, St Jo.....	176
Glenelg.....	20
Sheet Hrbr.....	25
Kincardine.....	30
Merigomish, Fr Riv.....	37
Sydney, St James.....	18
Glance Bay, St Pa.....	80
Reserve, Gordon.....	30
New Glasgo, Jas.....	110
Sydney, Fal.....	50
Dorchester, Rockl.....	10
Tabus ntae, Bt.....	40
Up Londerry.....	15
Glassville.....	33
Shemogue.....	9 35
Port Elgin.....	7 63
Tidnish.....	5
Lunenburg.....	125
Valleyfield.....	20
Sydney Mines.....	50
St Stephens, St Ste.....	40
Pisairno.....	33
Maitland, St Dav.....	47 10
Hx, St Matt.....	250
Kempt, Walton.....	20
Woodville.....	20
Red Bank, Whit.....	30
Ferrona, Zion.....	30
Clyde Riv, N S.....	15
St Croix, Ellers.....	25
Linden, Nport.....	25
Margaree, Har.....	9 96
Cheticamp.....	3 75
Big Intervale.....	8 65
Bathurst, St Lu.....	11
Louisburg.....	25
Mabou.....	12
Lochaber.....	29 50
Union Centre.....	29 50
New Dublin, Conq'l.....	14
Springside.....	37
Murray Hrbr, S.....	30
Strathlorre.....	35
Pugwash, St Mat.....	40
Digby.....	15
Chatham, St A.....	67
Earltown, Falls.....	8
Carleton, Chebg.....	9
Fredericton, St Pa.....	125
Chatham, St Jo.....	25
Loggieville.....	15
Hx, St Johns.....	50
Hx, Park m s.....	40
Scotsburn.....	65
N Sydney, St Matt.....	60
Little Bras d'Or.....	10

St Peters Bay.....	25
Richm nd Bay W.....	25
Canard.....	10
Bonshaw, etc.....	5 40
Bedeque.....	50
Shelburne.....	25
Bedeque.....	20
St John, St Johns.....	7
Sprinvile.....	25
Int bet schemes.....	114
Rev L A McLean.....	1 50
\$9,091 50	

COLLEGE FUND.

Reported.....	\$6,987 74
Five Islands.....	10
Newport.....	10
Great Village.....	20
Springhill, St And.....	22
M and W H R Int.....	14
W Riv, St Marys.....	10
Mrs E C int.....	18
Hx, St And.....	100
Coldstream.....	12
Glassville.....	10
Caledonia, P.E.I.....	4
Hx, St Matt.....	140
Stratford, Kx.....	75
Boularderie.....	20
Mid Musq.....	5
New Glasgo, New St A.....	10
New Lon, Kensington.....	30
Pictou, Kx.....	70
Dartmouth, St Ja.....	20
St Peters.....	2
J W R Int.....	41 25
Mira.....	10
River Hebert.....	10
Hx, Ft Massey.....	300
Windsor, St Johns.....	10
Truro, first.....	60
Wolfville.....	15
J De W O int.....	30
J De Y Int.....	2 50
Georgetown, St Da.....	5
Belfast.....	15
B L S int.....	41 25
Tignish, Mont, Elm.....	15
Gabarus.....	3
Bridgewater St Jo.....	7
Lock Lomond.....	6
Richmond.....	8
Princeville.....	4
Little Hrbr.....	6
Acadia.....	9
Thorburn, Suth Riv.....	18
Rexton, Rich.....	7 03
Escuminac.....	10
Wentworth, Wchestr.....	15
West Bay.....	18
Malagawatch.....	4
Cardigan.....	15
Woodville.....	5
Cove Head.....	14
Marshfield.....	6
Brackley, Pt Rd.....	1 60
Brookfield, N Glas, etc.....	16
W Cape, Campbts.....	15
N Shore, St Anns.....	25
Cavendish, etc.....	15
Dundas, An.....	5 50
Chipman.....	4
St John, St Ste.....	85
Orwell.....	10
Murray Hrbr S.....	15
Waterford, etc.....	13
St James, Un.....	5
Lower Musq.....	10
Strathalbyn.....	3 50
Springhill.....	15
Montague, St A.....	16
Tower Hill.....	1
E Lake, Ainslie.....	2
St Geo, Penn, Boc.....	10
Annapolis.....	4
Glenelg.....	6 35
Fredericton, St Pa.....	45

Sheet Hrbr.....	15
Kincardine.....	5
Sydney, St James.....	7 47
Glance Bay, St Paul.....	40
Reserve Mine, Gord.....	15
Musq Hrbr.....	10
Sydney Fal.....	15
Dorchester.....	5
Tabusintoe, etc.....	10
Up Londonderry.....	22
Framboise.....	4
Tidnish.....	5
Lunenburg.....	25
Valleyfield.....	14
Sydney Mines.....	20
St Stephen, St Ste.....	15
Ferrona, Zion.....	15
Linden, Nport.....	14
Riverside.....	3
Wallace.....	25
Lochaber.....	5
Union Centre.....	25
New Dublin, Conq.....	7
Springside.....	21
Strathlorne.....	20
B C Mines.....	2 84
Pugwash, St Mat.....	20
Digby.....	6
Chatham, St An.....	25
Earltown, Falls.....	7
Yarmouth, St Johns.....	20
Carleton, Chebg.....	3
Chatham, St Jo.....	15
Hx, St Johns.....	25
Rev Dr Pollok.....	250
R T int.....	5
Antigonish St Jas.....	25
N Sydney, St Mat.....	30
Little Bras d'Or.....	5
Leitchs Creek.....	12 50
E K int.....	20
Bedeque.....	25
Shelburne.....	2
Bedeque.....	20
St Peters Bay.....	15
St John, St Johns.....	3 77
Margaree Hrbr.....	6 20
Int on dep.....	35 60
Springville.....	20
Consolidated Rev.....	2,655 02
Div Bk, N S.....	585
Town Pt, Hawksby.....	9 67

\$12,740 54

BURSARY FUND.

Reported.....	\$830 46
Hx, St And.....	20
Glassville.....	4
Kentville.....	7
Wm Cint.....	5
Hx, St Math.....	20
Mid Musq.....	5
New Lon, Kensington.....	5
Hx, Ft Massey.....	25
Moncton, St Johns.....	2
Richmond.....	4 50
Thorburn, Suth Riv.....	1
West Bay.....	2
Hopeton, New Carlisle.....	2
St John, St Ste.....	15
Waterford, etc.....	1
Glenelg.....	3 05
Fredericton, St Pa.....	8
Sheet Hrbr.....	5
Glance Bay, St Pa.....	4
New Glasgo, St Ja.....	3
Dorchester, etc.....	10
Up Londonderry.....	5
Framboise.....	5
Sydney Mines.....	5
Springside.....	4
Strathlorne.....	3
Hx, Ft Massey.....	15
Truro First.....	5
N Sydney, St Matt.....	10
J W McPhail, rp/yt.....	26 50
Rev H Crawford.....	20

Bedeque.....	8
J H A board.....	12
Springville.....	5
Consolidated Rev.....	203 58
Div Royal Bk Can.....	17 50
Amount due Mun of Richmond.....	4 53

Total \$1,351 39

LIBRARY FUND.

Reported.....	76 68
Dartmouth St Jas.....	7
Little Hrbr.....	2
Sydney Mines.....	10
New Dublin Cong'l.....	1
Bedeque.....	5
Transfer.....	20
Consolidated Rev.....	7 01
Rev J McIntosh.....	1
Opening Coll.....	19 64
Upper Stewiacke.....	2
Lower Musq.....	2

Total \$153 34

MANITOBA COLLEGE

Reported.....	92
Hx St Andrews.....	10
New Lon Kensgtn.....	5
Dartmouth St Js.....	10
Red Bank Whitvil.....	3
Tignish Mont Elm.....	2
Dr M McGregor.....	2
Rexton, Rich.....	3 44
Cavendish &c.....	5
St John St Ste.....	40
Murray Hrbr S.....	2
Strathalbyn.....	2 50
Rolling Dam.....	1
New Dublin Congrl.....	1
Springside.....	4
W Riv St Marys.....	1
Antigonish.....	5
N Sydney St M.....	5
Little Narrows.....	4
Bedeque.....	8
Glac Bay.....	5
Lower Mus.....	1

Total \$211 94

AGED MINISTERS FUND

Interest and Collections

Reported.....	\$2,366 07
M C int.....	6
Five Islands.....	5
Newport.....	5
FD Interest.....	6
Great Vill.....	10
Malbone.....	10
J B int.....	30
W Riv St Marys.....	10
Coldstream.....	3
Mid Riv C B.....	3
Clifton N S.....	12
Caledonia P E I.....	4
M P int.....	18 75
Hx St Mat.....	81
Mid Musq.....	10
New Lon Ken.....	20
Pictou Kx.....	10
Dartmouth St J.....	45
St Peters.....	1
Mira.....	5
River Hebert.....	2
Hx Ft Massey.....	75
Truro First.....	48 38
Wolfville.....	10
Georgetown.....	2
Belfast.....	15
Red Bank Whit.....	5
Tignish &c.....	5
Dr M Macgregor.....	2

Gabarus.....	12
T S int.....	15
Loch Lomond.....	6
Richmond.....	5 88
Acadia.....	5
Thorburn Suth Riv.....	5
Ham Bermuda St A.....	3
Wadd-ck.....	12 50
Wentworth &c.....	5
West Bay.....	10
Woodville.....	4
Cove Head.....	6
Marshall.....	5
Brackley P Road.....	1
N Shore St Anns.....	15
Cavendish &c.....	12
Souris.....	6
Chipman.....	5
St John St Ste.....	29
Orwell.....	2
Murray Hrbr S.....	2
Waterford.....	2
Lower Musq.....	3
Strathalbyn.....	4
Montague St A.....	8
E Lake Ainslie.....	2
Annapolis.....	2
Fredericton St P.....	5
Sheet Hrbr.....	5
J B int.....	10
Glac Bay.....	14
Reserve Gordon.....	10
New Glasgow, Jas.....	9 14
Sydney Fal.....	15
Dorchester &c.....	3
Tabusintac &c.....	3
Upper Lon'derry.....	12
Princeton.....	6
Framboise.....	4
Lunenburg.....	25
Valleyfield.....	2
Sydney Mines.....	15
St Stephen St Ste.....	15
Hunter Riv &c.....	5
Ferrona Zion.....	5
Minister.....	4
Linden N' port.....	7
Bathurst.....	2
Lochaber.....	2
Union Centre.....	5
New Dublin Cong'l.....	6
Springside.....	16
Strathlorne.....	10
Pugwash St M.....	20
Chatham St A.....	10
Friend.....	5
Yarmouth St J.....	8
Chatham St J.....	1
Hx St J.....	10
Hx Park ms.....	40
Antigonish.....	5
North Sydney.....	20
Little Bras d'Or.....	5
Bedeque.....	20
F.....	25 61
Int on dep.....	28 47
Springville.....	9
Frawley Estate.....	44 43
Consolidated Rev.....	758 13
Eastern Trust.....	22
Waverley sel sec.....	12 90

Total \$4,273 26

Rates.

Reported.....	\$635 43
Korean missionaries.....	48 81
G Grant.....	4 24
P M Macdonald.....	4
D Henderson.....	12

Total \$704 48

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION

Ordinary.

Reported.....	\$1918 64
Five Islands.....	5
Newport.....	3
Great Village.....	10

Bass Nich Riv.....	27
E Cummingner.....	1
Malbone.....	50
W Riv St Marys.....	9
Hx St And.....	10
Coldstream.....	5
Mid Riv C B.....	10
Clifton N S.....	11
Caledonia P E I.....	14
Charlottetown St J.....	5
Hx St Mat.....	43
Mid Musq.....	10
New Glasgow New St A.....	5
New Lon Kens.....	37
Pictou Kx.....	25
St Peters.....	4
Charlottetown Zion.....	40
Riv Hebert.....	2 50
Hx Ft Massey.....	50
Windor St Johns.....	10
Boularderie.....	20
Georgetown St Da.....	5
Belfast.....	4
Tignish &c.....	18
Gabarus.....	15
Loch Lomond.....	14
Richmond.....	10 11
Baddeck ss.....	8
Rexton Rich.....	5
Baddeck.....	10 50
Carleton N B.....	5
West Bay.....	6
Malagawatch.....	8
C ordigan.....	5
Belfast Eton ss.....	5 40
Kensington ss.....	1 66
Woodvil e.....	5
Cove Head.....	8
Marchfield.....	5
Brackley Pt Rd.....	3
Dundas &c.....	6
N Shore St Anns.....	20
Cavendish &c.....	17
Souris.....	10
Chipman.....	10
St John St Ste.....	26
Orwell.....	5
Murray Hrbr S.....	4
Waterford etc.....	1
Strathalbyn.....	8 63
Brookfield & P E I.....	2 60
Montague St A.....	9
Waveig.....	1
E Lake Ainslie.....	2
Glenelg.....	6
Fredericton St P.....	15
Sheet Hrbr.....	10
Sydney Fal.....	27
Dorchester &c.....	3
Tabusintac &c.....	5
Framboise.....	15
Lunenburg.....	10
Valleyfield.....	25
Sydney Mines.....	10
St Stephen St Ste.....	13
Doaktown.....	12 40
Ferrona Zion.....	3
Linden N port.....	6
Bathurst.....	2
Wallace.....	15
Union Centre.....	15
New Dublin Cong'l.....	2
Springside.....	3
Strathlorne.....	7
"Hope".....	5
Pugwash St M.....	5
Chatham St A.....	5
Earltown, Falls.....	5
Pisarnico.....	5
Chatham St Johns.....	7
Loggieville.....	10
Hx St Johns.....	5
Antigonish.....	25
North Sydney.....	40
Little Bras d'Or.....	5
Leitchs Creek.....	1 64
Bedeque.....	20
St Peters Bay.....	15
Springville.....	15

Total \$2,907 58

Pointe Aux Trembles.

Reported.....	\$443 92
Hx, Chal.....	50
Great Village.....	10
Hx, Ft Massey ss.....	50
Dartmouth ss.....	25
Moncton ce.....	5
Stellarton, Shar.....	10
Fishers Grant ss.....	14
Rev J D MacGillivray.....	25
N Shore, St Ann's.....	5
Bass River ss.....	14 82
Glac Bay.....	50
New Glasgow, Jas.....	50
" Un ss.....	50
Mrs J E Stevens.....	50
Truro, 1st.....	50
North Sydney.....	20

\$922 74

ASSEMBLY FUND.

Reported.....	\$281 95
Newport.....	2
Great Village.....	3
W River, St Mary's.....	3
Hx, St And.....	13
Coldstream.....	3
Glassville.....	3
Amherst.....	5
Charlottetwn, St Jas.....	8
St, St Matthews.....	20
Mid Musq.....	5
New Glasgow, New St.....	4
And.....	4
Musq Hrbr.....	2
New London, Ken.....	2
Dartmouth, St Ja.....	10
Mira.....	3
Hx, Ft Massey.....	25
Truro, 1st.....	5
Georgetown.....	2
Belfast.....	3
Gabarus.....	2
Loch Lomond.....	3
Richmond.....	1
Little Harbour.....	2
Acadia.....	3
Thorburn, Suth Riv.....	1
Carleton, NB.....	2
West Bay.....	3
Malagawatch.....	3
Cardigan.....	10
Shubenacadie.....	2 50
Woodville.....	2
Cove Head.....	2
Marshall.....	1 40
N Shore, St Ann's.....	3
Chipman.....	3
St John, St Ste.....	14
Murray H br, S.....	2
Waterford.....	1
Strathalbyn.....	2
Montagne, St And.....	6
Antigonish.....	3
Waveig.....	1
E Lake, Ainslie.....	1
Glac Fay.....	4
Sydney, Fal.....	4
" St And.....	10
Dorchester.....	1
Tabusintac, etc.....	2
Up Londonderry.....	3
Lunenburg.....	5
Valleyfield.....	3
St Stephen, St Ste.....	2
Ferrona, Zion.....	2
Bathurst.....	1
Wallace.....	5
Lochaber.....	2
Union Centre.....	4
New Dublin, Cong'l.....	1
Springside.....	4
Strathlorne.....	5
B C Mines.....	2 70
Pugwash, St Mat.....	2
Sheet Harbour.....	2

Chatham, St And.....	2	Cavendish, etc.....	12	CENTURY FUND.		" Friend," PEI.....	105
Earltown Falls.....	4	Chipman.....	3			Caledonia, PEI.....	2 50
Chatham, St Jo.....	2	St Johns, St Ste.....	19	Collections from Sunday		Hx, Cobz Rd.....	50
Hx, St Jo.....	4	E Lake, Ainslie.....	2	Schools.		Clifton, NS.....	9
N Sydney.....	4	Glace Bay.....	5	Reported.....		S Richmond.....	4 25
Little Bras d'Or.....	1	Valleyfield.....	3	Acadia Mines.....		A R McArthur.....	50
Leitchs Creek.....	1	Northport, etc.....	3	\$5,966 33		Rexton.....	21
Bedeque.....	5	New Dublin, etc.....	1	\$5,973 63		New Mills.....	22 50
Shelburne.....	1	Pugwash, St M.....	4	Paid-up Subscriptions.		" Friend".....	8
Bedeque.....	5	Sheet Hrbr.....	4	Reported.....		Sarah McDowell.....	1
St Peter's Bay.....	7 25	Chatham, St And.....	2	\$2,363 84		Ross Stalling.....	1
Springville.....	4	" St J.....	1	Cow Bay.....		Mrs Bessie Ness.....	10
Pictou, Prince.....	7			Int on dep.....		Hx, St And.....	29 82
	\$579 83		\$254 20	Mid Musq.....		St Croix, etc.....	12
				J A Johnson.....		" Friend",.....	2
WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.		NEW COLLEGE BUILDING FUND.		Int on dep.....		Mt Stewart, etc.....	1 26
Reported.....	\$160 87	Paid-up Subscriptions		River John, Sa.....		D R Jack.....	1
Newport.....	2	Reported.....	\$18,111 30	Summerside.....		J B Myers.....	1
Orwell.....	2	J A McKinnon.....	50	"Thanksgiving".....		Lower Stewiacke.....	10
Mahone.....	3 46	Rev Dr Morton.....	47	Richmond Bay W.....		A Stephen.....	50
W River, St Mary's.....	2	Transfer from Century.....	3	Alex Matheson.....		Rev Dr Forrest.....	50
St Peter's.....	1	Isaac Creighton.....	10	Int on dep.....		Orwell.....	2
Mira.....	5	Rev S W Parker.....	10	Chas McDonald.....		Fraro, St And.....	23
Tignish, etc.....	3	Dr M Macgregor.....	25	Rev H A Robertson.....		Mary, Kirk, Wm Mor-	
Dr M McGregor.....	2	Transfer from Century.....	25 25	" A D Archibald.....		reth Scott.....	15
Richmond.....	5 87			A Simpson.....		Monct n, St Johns.....	8 37
Lit Hrbr.....	2			Red Bank, Whit.....		Hx, St Math.....	44 03
Woodville.....	4		\$19,241 55	Alberton.....		Interest.....	159 19
N Shore, St Ann's.....	2			West Cape.....		Richmond Bay.....	26 57
				Riverside.....			\$83,842 77
				Ken McKenzie.....		Grand total.....	\$89,816 40

Receipts		Egmondville ce.....	9 25	R v Mr Haig.....	5	" Jno Aitken.....	1
By other Treasurers.		Exeter Cavan ce.....	8 75	N Luther.....	5	" Mrs J M.....	1
KNOX COLLEGE		Mrs Munprize.....	1 00	Orillia Rev Jno Gray.....	4	St John's ss.....	20
STUDENTS' MISS. SOC.		Essex.....	13	" ce.....	7	St Paul's.....	35
Received during February		Fingal Kx.....	14	C J Graham.....	2	" Erskine B C.....	40
Almonte St J h m b.....	50	Guelph K D.....	5	Oakville ce.....	5	" Dunn Avenue.....	70
Arthur yps.....	4 75	Jno Nichol Sr.....	5	Oro Esson.....	5 80	" Kx ch.....	42 23
Ayton.....	5	Guelph h m Box.....	5	Oakwood Kx ss.....	5	" Wster B C.....	10
Belmont Kx ss.....	10	Ham Erskine ce.....	11	Owen Sd Kx ch.....	1 1	" Ch of Covenant ss.....	25
Billings Edge ss.....	14	" ce.....	12	Port Penny.....	11 06	" Bloor St ss.....	23
Bracefield un ss.....	11 63	" ce.....	5	Paisley Kx yps.....	6	" Cobocook Grant.....	60
Bolton.....	1	" ch.....	22	Queensville.....	4 57	Temperanceville ce.....	3
Brantford Zion.....	50	" ss.....	15	" Mt Pleasant.....	5	Unionville ce.....	1 65
Blacks Corners.....	3	" McNab St ss.....	10	" Rev M McArthur.....	5	Valens ss & B C.....	5
Cobourg.....	35	" Knox ch.....	27	Smithville ce.....	10	Wmstr St And ss.....	14 00
Colloden ce.....	3	" Mrs C W Graham.....	2	Scarboro Zion ss.....	3 9	" Wmster 1st ce.....	13 63
Campbellvil St Dyen.....	15	Hillsburg ss.....	4 50	" Kx.....	5	Mrs M Dix.....	1
Collingwood ss.....	10	Libbert.....	16 40	St Helen's Y F B C.....	25	A Friend.....	1
Chatham tp chal.....	2 65	Hilto a friend.....	1 06	Rev W T Ellison.....	8	Woodstock Kx ss.....	15
Dundas X.....	5	Jarratt's Corners.....	4 30	Rev Tolmie.....	2	Wmster 1st.....	33
Drayton.....	4 50	Kintyre yplms.....	20	St Cath First.....	5	MISSION TO LUMBERMEN.	
Durham.....	15 70	Kintyre.....	10	Scarboro St And.....	42	Rev M. H Scott, Hull-	
Dover.....	5	Kirkwall ss ce.....	5	" Kx ypa.....	34 17	Que., Treasurer.....	
Dunnville Kx.....	1	London St A ss.....	10	" Zion.....	8 35	Cornwall, Kx ce.....	\$5
Edrans (Pine Creek).....	2	Laurel.....	2	Tor, College St ss.....	8	Beekwith Franktown.....	7
		Moorefield yps.....	5	" St John's.....	4 03	Aylwin.....	6
		" ss.....	10	" D Fotheringham.....	5	Carl Place, Zion.....	10
		Moorefield.....	6 50	" W Gordon Sr.....	5		
		More Line & Burns ce.....	6 73				

LITERARY NOTICES.

VILLAGE WORK IN INDIA : by the late Rev. Norman Russell, our well-known and well-beloved missionary. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto, 250 pages. Illustrated. Both the theme and Mr. Russell's direct graphic style are familiar to the readers of the RECORD, and in these village pictures, and mission life among them, one can accompany the missionary in his work and see and hear in fancy the strange sights and sounds of that strange land.

THE HOME LAND OF THE BIBLE : by Rev. J.

P. MacPhie, M. A., of Harriman, Tennessee, formerly of Nova Scotia, is just published by Fleming H. Revell & Co., and may be ordered of them in Toronto. Pages, 320. Illustrated. Price, \$1.25.

The " Land " like the " Book " never grows old. Every Bible reader would like to see it, but few can do so. The next best thing is to see it through the eyes of those who have been there. Mr. MacPhie makes one see it very clearly, takes one to place after place of Bible history and story, points it out in vivid picture, and makes that history and story live again, and that is the secret of an interesting book on Bible lands.

"SAM JONES" ON HOGS AND BOYS.

"Sam Jones" does not always conform, either in style or thought to the canons of good taste, but he manages in his own way to speak a good many wholesome truths, in a way not difficult to understand. Lecturing in an Iowa town, speaking of those who signed petitions for saloons, he said, as reported in a local paper:—

"The nice little town, with a farming region around it, makes one of the garden spots of the world. But with all your blessings you can't get along without three saloons to debauch your village and ruin your boys, 'Because you need the money.'

"Here Mr. Jones inquired of the surprised audience, 'How much is the license here?' Some one answered, '\$300 each to the town.' '\$900 altogether' resumed Jones. 'What is your population?' Answer, '2,000.' The speaker then did a little lightning calculation and resumed:

"The liquor dealer walked up to you and said, 'If you will let us damn this town we will give you forty cents a piece. Say, what would a 200 pound hog bring?'

"Answer, 'twelve dollars.' 'So, said Jones, 'hogs twelve dollars a piece, and folks forty cents a head. Say, brother, don't you wish you were a hog? You and your whole family would not bring enough in this town to buy a sucking pig. This is a little lower down than I have ever found them. For the pitiful sum of forty cents apiece, you turn over your boys to be debauched, the hearts of mothers to be crushed and the town ruined—all for forty cents. That is cheap. But I expect that is all you are worth. Eh?'"

CHILD TRAINING.

A young man was trained in a home where the Sabbath was observed in a Christian manner. Forced by ill-health to seek work in a foreign land, he was strongly tempted to join some young men of his own age in very doubtful Sabbath evening amusements.

When about to yield he chanced to wander by the sea-shore while debating with his conscience, and over that sea, in the twilight, came floating to him the sweet melody and touching words of a familiar hymn—one often sung with his sisters at home.

"Tears gather in his heart and rise to his eyes," as he exclaims. "Surely it was God who put this song into the minds and upon the lips of those singers." Cheered and comforted by that dear old, hymn, he no longer feels tempted to join the gay throng of Sabbath-breakers, and he returns to the "busy haunts" a wiser and a better young man.—Ex.

And Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." "For it is not the will of your father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

FROM THE HEART COMES THE LIFE.

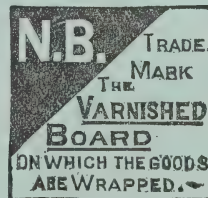
No man does any deliberate evil without first imagining himself doing it. The worst example that any man can have is one of his own making. The mental image of himself becomes his pace-setter. Let the man who wants to break off from the smoking habit think steadily of himself in an old haunt, in an easy-chair, with the blue smoke curling about him, and the temptation to resume the practice at once becomes almost irresistible. And so with the yielding to any appetite or passion,—the place to check it is in the rising thought of it, the imagining one's self indulging in it. Hence the Bible lays so much stress upon the thinking of evil. "As [a man] thinketh in his heart so is he." "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report....*think on these things,*"

THE WORKSHOP OF CHARACTER.

The workshop of character is everyday life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience; but remember that unless we bring it down to the ground and teach it to walk with feet, work with hands and stand the strain of daily life, we have worse than lost it—we have been hurt by it.

A new light in our heart makes an occasion—and an occasion is an opportunity—not for building a tabernacle and feeling thankful and looking back for a blessed memory, but for shedding the new light on the old path and doing old duties with new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day lived in an uncommon way.—Selected.

"It was a thoughtful little lass to whom the question was put—'What is light?' She waited for a moment and then replied:—'It is God's smile shining on the earth.'"



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The last day lies hid, therefore watch every day.—Augustine.

Few people are envied because of their wisdom; many because of their wealth.

Remember that in making character for yourself you are making character for posterity.

A preaching church in a listening land is the best product of religious freedom.—Van Dyke.

To have failed is to have striven; to have striven is to have grown.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

If you would advance in true holiness you must aim steadily at perfection in little things.—Abbe Guilloire.

For whatever happens to me each day is *my* daily bread, provided I do not refuse to take it from Thy hand and so feed upon it.—Fenelon.

"Doctor," said a gentleman to his pastor, "how shall I train up my boy in the way that he should go?" "By going that way yourself," was the reply.

What we learn while we are young we are least likely to forget when we are old, and the things into which we grow are the things we can most readily keep.

The costliest thing in the world is sin. It costs purity of conscience and costs the favour of God. It will cost at the last the loss of heaven.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

The Lord "is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter 3: 9). (Read the entire chapter at your home.)

He who sits down in a dungeon which another has made has not such cause to bewail himself as he who sits down in the dungeon which he has made for himself.—Dewey.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please and is within the reach of the humblest.—F. W. Faber.

Death to a good man is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room in his Father's house into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious.—Adam Clarke.

Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—Charles Kingsley.

Let it be our happiness this day to add to the happiness of those around us, to comfort some sorrow, to relieve some want, to add some strength to our neighbour's virtue.—Channing.

To read a bad book is to open the soul's gate, one's self, to a deadly enemy. We cannot always help hearing or seeing wrong things, but to read what is wrong is our own deliberate doing.

We have only one life to live; we ought, therefore, to do the best possible with it. We pass through this world only once; we ought to gather up and take with us the things that will truly enrich us—things we can keep forever.

It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful. It is not a few faint wishes, but a life-long struggle, that makes us valiant.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Christian service does not depend so much upon one's wealth or position as upon his devotion. He who has a heart for Christ and souls will find ways and means of doing good in His name. Love makes the active brain, the ready hands and the swift feet in Christ's cause.

Ill-temper is a weed that grows rankly in many young hearts. Its root is not high spirit, as many boys and girls think, but just plain, ugly selfishness. If the root is once plucked out and looked at, the young gardener will be ashamed to have a root or weed in the heart henceforth.

Parting and forgetting! What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life never leave us. They cannot separate from our consciousness; shall follow it whithersoever that shall go, and are of their nature divine and immortal.—Thackeray.

The points of character that Peter urges—virtue, knowledge, self-control, patience, godliness and brotherly kindness are like the different instruments and parts in an orchestra. All are needed to complete the music of a well-ordered life. None can be lacking without harming the remainder.

It never does any good to get angry. I once asked a very genial business man how it came that he never got angry. He said: "I find it the best policy to let the other fellow get angry. It always does harm to the cause you represent, besides causing one great humiliation."—*The Bible Teacher*.

A woeful thing it is to any man to have continuous prosperity. A most sad lot is his. He does not know it, because he is little and half blind and wholly deaf. See a man who for the last century has done nothing but win, and you do not see the most chastened, spiritually refined sympathetic soul that can be found.—Joseph Parker.

If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch. You will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you. You will be as wretched as you choose.—Charles Kingsley.

GO YE INTO
PREACH THE GOSPEL
ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

JUNE, 1903.

No. 6

A PRIZE OFFER.

As already intimated in a previous issue of the RECORD, first, second and third prizes, forty, thirty and twenty dollars, will be given for the three best articles, not to exceed 2,500 words (between two and three pages), received at this office on or before the 1st of September next. They may be on any subject connected with the history, doctrine, polity, worship or work of our Church, anything in short that would be suitable as an article for our Church Magazine and helpful to the great body of its readers.

The articles are to be signed by a motto, and accompanied by the name of the writer in a sealed envelope, which will be opened after the award is made by a committee of competent judges. All articles received will be the property of the RECORD. The writing to be plain and clear, and only on one side of the paper.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

There are times when information is wanted about some department of the work of the Church, or it may be the doctrine and polity of the Church, or work beyond our own Church; and it has been thought well to institute for a time a "Question Bureau" in which questions may be answered, or submitted to the public for answer. Questions must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not for publication but merely as a token of good faith on the part of the sender.

For answer in any month of the RECORD questions must be received by the beginning of the previous month. It is hoped that this department may serve a useful purpose.

LIMITING CHINESE IMMIGRATION TO CANADA.

The first step in this direction was in 1886, when, in response to the wish of the people of British Columbia, an entrance fee of fifty dollars was imposed. In 1902, as the result of the investigations of a special commission, this entrance fee was increased to one hundred dollars, and in 1903 to five hundred dollars. Mer-

chants, students, missionaries, the Chinese wives of British subjects and their children, and those in the public service are admitted free.

I. SOME GENERALLY ACCEPTED FACTS.

1. That it is not a matter of party politics. The tax was first imposed by a Conservative Government; it has been increased by a Liberal Government; and a well known member of Parliament from the East writes that both parties from the West are a unit in its favour.

2. That nearly all those who condemn, as well as those who favour, the present method of limitation, admit the undesirability of having the Chinese come in any considerable numbers to our country.

3. A fact that none will question is our duty to do all that we can to give the Gospel to the Chinese in Canada and in China, and to secure to them, as far as possible, lawful treatment as individuals here and as a nation yonder.

II. SOME MATTERS OF OPINION.

On the one hand the tax has been condemned as "unfair," "un-British," "un-Christian," "unworthy of a free and enlightened people," "opposed to the teaching of the Golden Rule,"—"injurious to our mission work," a national dishonour."

By others it is commended, as eminently just and right, as a matter of safety and justice to our own country. It is urged that the Chinese, learning more widely of the better conditions here, would pour across the Pacific in increasing numbers, that five or ten millions of overflow, which would never be missed in China from her four hundred millions, would create a very grave menace to Canada; that many of our people who are the strength of the country, who support its churches and schools would have to work for a Chinese wage or go elsewhere, giving place to a population that would not assimilate; that it is better that races so distinct should work out their destiny in their own lands than to have the two races in our land in any considerable numbers, with the almost inevitable race strife and bitterness that would follow;—that there has been a tax for seventeen years, and

a definite instance of injury to mission work from this cause has been asked for in vain;—that there is nothing unjust in the tax, it simply leaves some Chinamen at home in their own land;—that there is no insult, more in the two dollar head tax that Canadians used to pay when they went to the States;—that the Golden Rule applies to our children and that we owe it to them to leave to them a goodly land such as they have a right to expect, and not one in which they are outnumbered by an alien race.

Such are some of the opinions expressed. There is variety to suit all tastes and judgments.

THREE SYNOD MEETINGS.

The three Synods, Hamilton and London, Toronto and Kingston, Montreal and Ottawa met in Woodstock, Toronto, Smith's Falls, respectively, the first on the 25th of April, the last two on the 12th of May, each continuing in session about two days.

The retiring Moderators were Revs. Alex. Henderson, of Appin, J. M. Aul, of Palmerston, and Prof. James Ross, of Montreal, and their successors, were Revs. John Thompson, of Ayr, John Neil, of Toronto, and Geo. Bayne, of Pembroke.

In one case the roll of the departed was a long one. From the Synod of Hamilton and London eight have gone home since last meeting: Revs. A. P. Niven, Toronto; A. Hartley, Parry Sound; Peter Straith, Innerkip; Wm. Lochhead Brantford; Dr. Proudfoot, London; John Lees, London; D. M. Jamieson, Sarnia, and William Galloway, Ridgetown, and but a few days later, two more, well-known and well-beloved, Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, and Dr. Mungo Fraser, of Hamilton, had passed away. The other two Synods had lost, from prominent posts, Prof. Halliday Douglas, of Toronto, and Principal MacVicar, of Montreal, one beginning life's work, with such high promise of usefulness, the other ending it with promise fulfilled, while Rev. Duncan Anderson, for many years retired, had also passed away.

The work of the different Synods had much in common, conferences on various phases of the minister's special work, on preaching, on the Bible and its critics, on the evening service, etc.; on the different parts of Church work, Sabbath Schools, Y. P. Societies, Church Life and Work, Home Missions, Augmentation, French Evangelization, Foreign Missions, A. and I. M. Fund, in short, a more or less complete review of all that has to do with the work of the Church.

While the Synods can decide nothing regarding the main Schemes of the Church, as a whole, they can discuss them and take steps for the better working of them within the

bounds, and, if desired, can overture the Assembly regarding their larger operations.

In addition to what was common to all the Synods, some had their own specialties, cases of discipline, appeal, etc., which, though unpleasant, seem necessary to the well-being of the Church, but which need not be here recorded.

The three Synods adjourned to meet next year in Central Church, Hamilton, the last Monday in April, and in Knox Church, Toronto, and Chalmer's Church, Quebec, the second Tuesday of May.

OUR PRESBYTERIAN SUMMER SCHOOLS.

Four Presbyterian Summer Schools for S. S. teachers and missionary workers are to be held this summer under the auspices of our Maritime Synod, viz., in the Presbyterian College, Halifax, 14-24 July; in the city of St. John, N.B., 23-31 July; in Charlottetown, P.E.I., 3-7 August, and in Sydney, C.B., 10-14 August.

In the first named Prof. G. W. Pease, of the Bible Normal College, Hartford, the professors of the College and ministers and laymen of the Church will take part. Board in the College building, five dollars for the ten days or part thereof. For particulars address Rev. Prof. Falconer, Pine Hill, Halifax.

In St. John the Presbyterianism of New Brunswick is uniting. Prof. Pease delivers ten lectures, Prof. Falconer teaches the Life of Christ, and a large number of the New Brunswick ministers take part. For information apply to Rev. A. M. Hill, Fairville, St. John, N.B.

At Charlottetown and at Sydney, Prof. Falconer, Prof. Walter C. Murray, Rev. D. S. Fraser and local ministers will take part.

There will also be a Summer School in Knox College, 6-16 July, and one in Edmonton, N.W.T., 22-25 June.

For the ten days in Knox College, Toronto, food and lodging will be provided at the College for \$5, with \$1 for registration. Principal Caven, Dr. J. A. Turnbull, Prof. Walter C. Murray of Dalhousie University, Dr. Tracy, Toronto, Prof. Beattie of Louisville, Ky., and a number of others will give instruction. For full information write to Rev. R. M. Hamilton, Weston, Ont.

Far away Edmonton says: "The studies are to be very practical and suited to the needs of the S. S. teachers and workers in Y. P. Societies. We expect delegates from every S. School and Y. P. Society in the Presbytery, Rev. Prof. Scrimger, of Montreal, and Rev. Jas. Falconer, of Fort Massey Church, Halifax, are to assist." Inquiries addressed to Rev. J. C. Forster, Red Deer, Alta, will receive immediate attention.

Special attention is asked to the series of articles on Edmonton Presbytery given in this issue. They are useful not only as a matter of history but as an object lesson for encouragement in the work of Home Missions and Augmentation. It is the result of such work in the past, and Home Mission work to-day, if pushed vigorously as in the past, will bring forth like results, for the great West is wide enough for many a similar fruitage in the years to come.

On Monday, 18 May, a meeting of a number of ladies representing the different congregations of Toronto, and the W. H. M. S. of Orillia, met in Knox Church, Toronto, to organize a Woman's Home Missionary Society, West, corresponding to the W. F. M. S. which has done such good work during the past quarter of a century. The project was heartily adopted and a large committee appointed to prepare a constitution, nominate officers and report.

The man who looks at Home Missions from the standpoint of a Christian patriot, realises that one of the best means of making a country loyal and true is to leaven it with the Gospel. Something of that kind should be the result of the meeting of Assembly, ministers and elders coming back from seeing the great West and its greater need, to do more than ever in laying deep and sure the foundations of our new land.

MARITIME HOME MISSIONS.

The following are the student catechists and missionaries in the different Presbyteries of the Maritime Synod for the present summer:

Presbytery of Sydney—F. S. Vance, A. J. W. Myers, D. J. Nicholson, A. A. Smith, J. A. McLellan, M. L. Beaten (tentatively.)

Presbytery of Inverness—Norman McQueen, Colin McRae, J. D. McKinnon, G. J. Crowdis.

Presbytery of Pictou—R. G. McKay, Wm. M. Grant, M. F. Grant, G. L. McCain.

Presbytery of Wallace—L. L. Young.

Presbytery of Halifax—J. A. McKean, James Malcolm, H. W. Toombs, W. L. Green, Wm. McPherson.

Presbytery of Lunenburg and Yarmouth—H. A. Kent, G. A. B. McKean.

Presbytery of Truro—G. A. Christie, J. A. Serimgeour, Hugh Upham.

Presbytery of Miramichi—J. B. Carr, H. J. Fraser, A. F. Firth, H. Millar.

Presbytery of St. John—G. S. Gardner, B. H. Stavert, H. J. Keith, J. H. Woodside, G. A. Mitchell, E. Mowatt, L. B. Gibson, D. K. Ross, Fraser L. McLeod, A. S. Wier, W. M.

Ross, Eldridge Kirker, J. A. McLeod, W. F. Burns (second year). Arthur Kernan.

Presbytery of Prince Edward Island—Wm. Macdonald.

The following ordained missionaries were appointed for one year:

Nova Scotia—Revs. J. A. Greenless, St. Mark's, Sydney; W. C. Morrison, Margaree Harbor; A. J. McDonald, Isaacs Harbor; A. F. Fisher, Linden; W. W. Conrad, New Annan; Edw. Annand, North River and Harmony; J. A. Ramsey, Middleton, G. Wood, Digby; D. M. McKinnon, Northwest Arm; E. Thorpe, Riverside; A. J. H. Fraser, New Dublin.

New Brunswick—Revs. A. H. Foster, St. Matthew's, St. John; M. S. McKay, Springfield and English Settlement; J. A. Colquhoun, Nashwaak; A. M. Hill, Fairville; D. Stewart, St. Martin's; J. H. A. Anderson, Greenfield, J. J. McCaskill, Fort Kent; L. H. Boyd, Waweig; R. H. Preston, Riverside; John S. Ross, Doaktown.

OBITUARIES.

REV. MUNGO FRASER, D.D., after a somewhat lengthened illness, died at Hamilton, Ont., 12th May. He was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1835, and studied Theology in Knox College, Toronto. His first charge was Barrie where he was settled in 1866. After ten years he accepted a call to Knox Church, St. Thomas, remaining for nine years, when he was called to Knox Church, Hamilton. After a pastorate of seventeen years he was compelled, owing to ill-health to resign in 1902, and has now passed to his rest.

REV. JOHN THOMPSON, D.D., died at St. Andrew's Manse, Sarnia, 12th May, ult. He was born at Norham, England, in 1834. Taking his Theological course at Knox College, he graduated in 1863. In 1865 he was ordained and inducted at Sarnia, where, after a long pastorate of nearly forty years, he was suddenly taken away by heart failure in the midst of his work. Besides his congregational work he has for a number of years lectured on Homiletics to the Theological classes at Queen's University, Kingston.

The above two notices tell of the departure of two of our well-known ministers. Born, one in Scotland, the other in England, within a year of each other, they were ordained in the same order in two successive years. Both were graduates of Knox, and on the same day, well on to the threescore and ten, they passed to rest, one after a lingering illness, one suddenly. There is much that one would like to say of these and others who pass, but the RECORD is, in a sense, an official RECORD, and must be narrative not eulogy. All the servants of the Church are dear to a circle, more or less, among whom they have wrought. What is said of one in such a case should be said of all, so the only method is to narrate the facts and let each friend pay tribute out of the fullness of a loving heart.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.

CALLS FROM

- Saskatoon, N.W.T., to Rev. Andrew Little.
Accepted.
Port Dalhousie, Ont., to Mr. Brokenshire.
Claude and Mayfield, Ont., to Mr. J. G. Cheyne.
Elmvale and Flos, Ont., to Mr. Geo. McKay, of Caledon.
Chalmers Church, Toronto, to Mr. H. Macpherson, of Acton, Ont.
Carluke, Ont., to Mr. W. T. Ellison, of Singhampton,
Norwood, Ont., to Mr. G. A. McLellan.
Thorold, Ont., to Mr. J. W. McLeod, late of Riverfield and Howick, Que.
St. Paul's Church, Smith's Falls, Ont., to Mr. W. G. Wilson, of Bondhead.
Forest, Ont., to Mr. H. Munro, of Cobourg, Ont.
South Mountain and Heckston, Ont., to Mr. N. McLeod.

INDUCTIONS INTO

- Kaslo, B.C., 1st April, Mr. Jas. Hastie.
Red Deer, Alta, 21st April, Mr. J. C. Forster.
Russell, Silver Creek and Miniska, 23rd April, Mr. G. A. Edmison.
Shoal Lake, Man., 27th May, Mr. J. T. Davidson.
Woodville, Ont., 28th April, Mr. W. M. Kannawin.
St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay, 23rd April, Mr. Jas. Wallace.
Dundas and Annandale, P.E.I., Mr. M. N. McLeod.
Newcastle, N.B., May 7, Mr. H. Arnott.
Dalhousie, N.B., May 14, Mr. G. A. Leck.
Rapid City, Man., 13th May, Mr. Jas. L. King.
Niagara, 12th May, Mr. Duncan.
Lauder, Chain Lakes, etc., Man., 7th May, Mr. Jas. Russell.
Norwood, Ont., 30th April, Mr. G. McLennan.

RESIGNATIONS OF

- Deloraine, Man., Mr. Peter Fisher.
Murray Harbour South, etc., P.E.I., Mr. Ewen Gillis.
Annapolis and Peratle, N.B., Mr. Douglas.
Arden, Man., Mr. A. T. McIntosh.
East Gloucester, Mr. J. Tudor Scrimger.

ERRATUM.

The April RECORD contained a notice, copied from another paper, of the resignation of Thamesville and Turin. Mr. McInnis writes that this was an error; he had no thought of resigning. We regret having been the unconscious means of circulating the error.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces.

1. Sydney, Sydney, May 19, 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Whycomagh, 21 July, 11 a.m.
3. P. E. Island, Charlottetown, 12 May.
4. Pictou, N. Glasgow, 26 May, 1 p.m.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro, Truro, 19 May, 10 a.m.
7. Halifax, Hx, 14 July, 2.30 p.m.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth, Labave, 5 May, 2.30.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi, Bathurst, 30 June, 10.30.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 7 July, 2 p.m.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 30 June.
13. Glengarry, Alexandria, 14 July, 10.30 a.m.
14. Ottawa, Aylmer, 7 July, 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Carlton Pl., 21 July.
16. Brockville, Brockville, 7 July.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 14 July, 2 p.m.
19. Whitby, Oshawa, 21 July, 10 a.m.
20. Lindsay.
21. Toronto, Toronto, 2nd Tues. monthly.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 5 May
23. Barrie, Barrie, July 7, 10.30.
24. Algoma, Gore Bay, end of Sept.
25. North Bay, Burk's Falls, 14 July, 10 a.m.
26. Owen Sound, O. Sound, 7 July.
27. Saugeen, Holstein, 7 July, 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 19 May, 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, St. Cath., 5 May, 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Paris, 12 May, 10 a.m.
31. London, Rodney, 12 May, 9 a.m.
32. Chatham, Windsor, 14 July, 10 a.m.
33. Stratford, Stratford, 12 May.
34. Huron, Clinton, 12 May, 10.30 a.m.
35. Maitland, Wingham, 19 May, 1.30 p.m.
36. Bruce, Paisley, 7 July, 10 a.m.
37. Sarnia.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior, Aug.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 12 May
40. Rock Lake, Baldur, 8 July.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage, P. la Prairie, 14 July.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa.
46. Melita.
47. Regina.
48. Qu'Appelle.
49. Prince Albert, Pr. Albert, 1st week Sept.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary, Macleod.
51. Edmonton, Ft. Saskatchewan.
52. Kamloops, Vernon, 26 Aug.
53. Kootenay.
54. Westminster, Vancouver, 5 May, 3 p.m.
55. Victoria, Victoria, Aug.

LATEST FROM HONAN.

BY REV. W. HARVEY GRANT.

Wei Hwei, 4 April, '03.

Dear Mr. Scott,—

I herewith send you three little items of the "Latest from Honan." We are all well and in perfect peace here. The head official of this city was in calling upon us lately and assured as that there was no reason whatever to apprehend any danger here, and we here are all of the same opinion especially since the fine rain we have lately received.

During the winter the snow-fall here was light and a week ago we looked forward with considerable apprehension to the threatening drought, but throughout the past week there has been such an abundant downpour of mingled snow and rain as has not been seen in these parts for many a long year in the Spring-time.

The Chinese measure the rain-fall by fingers; four fingers depth is a good rain, eight fingers or a plough's depth is called "a full rain," but this time it rained for three days after the plough's depth had fallen, so that the ground is well soaked indeed. This copious rain-fall means more than we can tell not only for the prosperity, but also for the peace of the country, these two being so dependent here the one upon the other. Now farming operations are in full swing, with the brightest prospects for an abundant harvest.

Truly the sins of a man do find him out! Even in this land of official corruption this old adage to some extent holds true as evidenced by a recent occurrence here. Cheng ta lao, the late *chih-hsien* (official) of this district, was a short time ago summoned to K'ai Feng, the capital, to answer for three crimes of which he was guilty, viz:—

1. The theft of the moneys collected at the time of the passage of the Emperor through this city a year ago, for the relief of the poor.
2. The accepting of a bribe of Tls. 1,000, for the release of one of eight condemned highway robbers.
3. The opening *en route* of Imperial letters passing between Peking and the Governor of Honan.

We understand that the punishment for this last crime alone, not to mention the others, is the complete extermination of the criminal and all his family not even omitting the animals that may belong to him. When Cheng ta lao realized the terrible fate awaiting

him he called the Roman Catholic priest here, an Italian, with whom he had been on too intimate terms, and told him that it was he who had led him into all this sin, then took opium and poisoned himself. It is reported that the Governor has asked that the said priest be removed from the Province

Last week we heard rumours, which have been confirmed this week, of somewhat serious trouble in Meng hsien and Wen hsien, two districts under the control of Hwai Ch'ing Fu. It appears that the disturbance is due to the attempt to collect the taxes, increased (nominally) for the payment of the war-indemnity.

Full details of the affair are not yet to hand, but it is said that part of the yamen in Wen hsien has been burned by the people, and the *chih-hsien* has fled; while the *chih-hsien* in Meng hsien is in a state of seige. The rains, however, have fallen since the disturbance began, and further numerous troops are being sent to the scene, and it is hoped that peace will soon be restored.

It will be readily understood that the people have not risen without serious grievance when it is stated that the taxes throughout North Honan have been increased by one-half of the previous rate since the close of the late war.

RUSSELLPURA.

BY MISS MARY E. LEACH.

Mhow, C.I., April 21st.

Four and a half miles from Mhow cantonment is a diamond-shaped piece of land, twenty-six acres in extent. Here are gathered, or will be shortly, over seven hundred famine orphans, the charges of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

On this land have been put up six quadrangular buildings 60 x 20 ft., for dormitories, an office 50 to 20 ft., and a bungalow for the missionaries in charge, Rev. J. T. Taylor and Dr. Geo. Menzies.

A workshop 360 x 24 ft. and a hospital 50 x 24 ft. have been started, but the work on them is stopped and cannot be continued, because there is no money forthcoming to carry on building operations. We are all sorry that this is the case, for workshop and hospital are badly needed. Boys are better at work and when they are sick are much more comfortable and more easily nursed in a clean well-ventilated hospital than in the close dormitories.

We had hoped that money would come and so kept on working at the buildings, but word

came to retrench. One feels sure that if the home friends could only see their orphan boys out here, over seven hundred of them, bright, earnest, hardworking, jolly lads, they would say, "Here's the money. Carry on the work. Don't stop it, for we can't afford to have it stopped." True the work is going on, but in very inadequate quarters, and a big central workshop capable of accommodating all the industries is sorely needed.

What are the industries? Carpet weaving—Beautiful rugs do our boys make. I fancy they are unequalled in India. It is wonderful to see the little fellows tracing out the intricate designs and weaving in the different colours according to the instructions shouted on to them by another little fellow who is behind the scenes, and who reads the pattern.

Durrie making—a durrie is a common carpet much used in India to lay over the matting which covers the floors of most Indian houses.

Cotton weaving—our boys make table-cloths, table napkins, towels of all sizes, tray-cloths, side-board covers, etc.

Blanket weaving—this is coarser work and done with more primitive looms; the blind boys are engaged in this branch of work.

Carpentering and wood work of all sorts,—very nice boxes, wardrobes, tables and chairs do the boys turn out, and they have made some very presentable carved book-stands; lastly, laundry work. So far this is not an accomplished fact, but it is the hope of those in charge, that it may yet be brought about.

It would be a great thing if some of the boys could be taught to do laundry work according to western methods.

The present way of doing such work is to choose a nice jagged stone, large of course, and standing knee deep in water, whack away at this stone with a fine linen tablecloth or any other piece of white goods that needs washing.

By this method the buttons are not always broken. They say that an Indian washerman does not consider a thing clean until all the buttons have been thrashed off—so to facilitate that, another stone, smaller, is chosen and the piece to be washed, having been laid on the big stone, is hammered with the smaller one. In this way the end is accomplished and work is found for the darzai, i. e., the man who does the mending and makes new clothes.

About the most important thing at Russell-pura is the well. At time of writing it is thirty-eight feet deep, and so far no water has

been struck. The hope is that within sixty feet they may get water. The digging of that well is a stupendous piece of work, eighteen men are at work on it, and it is being dug, or rather, blasted, 'out of hard iron rock.' Three times a day is the fuse laid, and a tremendous explosion occurs, then with pickaxes and shovels do the men go down, and slowly slowly dig out the pieces, and fill up the baskets, which other men draw to the top. As the well goes down, the heap of stones goes up, and we thus gauge the progress of the work.

There has been no little anxiety about the well, but the men who are digging say that the rock is getting cooler and they take that as a sign that water is not far off. It is to be hoped they have not mistaken the signs, for it is no light matter to be without a water supply when seven hundred boys are in need of it. At present they are having much difficulty in getting water and it has all to be brought from a great distance. All day long the bullock carts are busy bringing it. It will be a great comfort when we have our own flowing spring.

Has any one recognized in the first half of the name of this village the name of our beloved Mhow missionary, Rev. Norman H. Russell. He started the work and helped lay the sites for the different buildings and till a week before his death daily spent hours out there superintending and helping with his own hands the building process. "Pura" means village, so Russellpura is Russell village. The Romanized Hindi way of spelling it is Rasalpura. "He being dead yet speaketh" and eternity alone will reveal the extent of his influence. We who loved him well rejoice that there is this monument to his memory and that one community has been given his name.

This Rasalpura about which I have been writing is yours, dear home people. Had it not been for you and your liberality the missionaries would never have been able to have gathered in these children, and neither now will they be able to make them self-supporting, if you do not continue to be generous. "Be not weary in well-doing." These lads are well worth training. They have been saved from death by famine and now they are worth all the missionaries' best efforts, as well as the liberal support of their sponsors at home, to make them strong, capable, self-sustaining members of society. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

THE DISASTER AT FRANK, ALTA.

APPEAL FOR HELP.

On learning of the terrible disaster at Frank, I telegraphed our missionary there, the Rev. D. J. McPhail, expressing our sympathy with him and his people, and asking if we could be of any service to them in any way. I have a letter this morning from Mr. McPhail giving information regarding the state of matters.

He went out there from the Presbytery of Kingston about a year ago, having received an appointment from the Home Mission Committee to labour in that field. His family joined him in December and had only got comfortably settled when the terrible disaster happened.

While neither the church nor the house in which Mr. McPhail lived were destroyed or injured in any way, he felt it necessary to move his family on account of the uncertainty as to the future of the town, which is now practically deserted for the time.

Mr. McPhail states that the church is further than any other building from the line of the previous slide and is quite likely to escape another, which is supposed to be imminent. He has not removed his furniture but has gone with his family to Blairmore and has begun to hold a service at another point in room of Frank, viz., McLaren's Mill, where there are about thirty men at work.

Apart altogether from the loss sustained in many ways, the people to whom Mr. McPhail now ministers will not be able to make up more than half of the former income he received from the field. He has done splendid service since he went to Frank. The attendance has increased, as also the contributions of the people, and only the day before the disaster happened they had sent to the Church and Manse Building Board \$125 towards the reduction of their mortgage debt.

I am sure that the sympathy of the whole Church is with Mr. McPhail and his people in the trying circumstances in which they are placed, and I know that many will be glad of the opportunity to extend a helping hand in the present emergency.

I will be glad to receive and forward to Mr. McPhail any contributions that may be sent to me with the understanding that he will have discretionary power to use such contributions in whatever way he thinks best. Those who know Mr. McPhail know that with confidence such discretion may be left with him. In such

a case as this promptness is desirable. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

ROBT. H. WARDEN,

Presbyterian Church offices, 11th May, 1903.

SOME EDMONTON EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. A. FORBES, M.A., B.D., FORT SASKATCHEWAN.

Edmonton Presbytery is essentially a prairie Presbytery. Its extent meanwhile is unlimited. For practical purposes it is bounded on the south by a line running east and west 40 miles north of Calgary on the C. & E. Railway, on the west it stretches to the foot hills of the Rockies, and on the east across the plains towards the western boundary of the Regina Presbytery, where many a thrilling story has been related by old timers of the days of the buffalo. Towards the north there is no limit. As the settler pushes farther back in search of land and a home this Presbytery charges itself with the responsibility of following them up with the Gospel.

At last regular meeting of Presbytery it was found necessary to seriously consider the Peace River country stretching 300 miles north of Edmonton and nearly 500 from our southern boundary. And already a missionary, the Rev. R. Simpson, has been appointed for that northern region and who will be on the field early this summer. Whatever point is selected as a centre from which to work, it will be a strategic point during the next few years.

Under the watchful eye of the Rev. D. G. McQueen, Edmonton was long known by what the late Dr. Robertson called the "Northwest corner post" of the Church. Now this title will be transferred to the Peace River field.

And within this large area are to be found men and women from every nation under heaven. Some coming for health's sake, others to find a home for themselves and families, while a large proportion bent on making money have crowded with the crowd.

Nor is the difference and variety occasioned by race and tongue alone. All sorts and conditions of men are to be found in Alberta; men who have been like the Skye crofter with his less than three acres and minus the cow, and the farmer of expansive view, who has been accustomed to count his acres by the hundred and his bushels by the thousand; from the Yorkshire coal miner or navvy, who knew only how to handle a pick and shovel, up to the engineer of considerable experience;

doctors, lawyers, musicians, bachelors of science, men, the mention of whose names would bring up before the mind of any recent arrival from the old country some of the best society in England, Ireland and Scotland.

Another phase of life and distinction with which the missionary has to deal is the great mixture of religious belief and sentiment. We have met only a few that are openly and avowedly agnostic and these are not impregnable. All or nearly all have some religious connection even though it be on the shaky ground of respectability.

The Northwest missionary ought to be an "all round" man, for his work is as varied as human life is. He is called upon to bear himself with dignity in the face of all this great mixture of human life and character. Many an interesting little volume might be written giving the ordinary and every day experiences of the Northwest missionary if only our men had the time to put them together; incidents that occur in his ordinary course of life that might be amusing but chiefly instructive to the Church, but which he lets go because of exhausted energy as the result of the many and varied calls made upon him. We are thankful to Ralph Conner for the service he has done his fellow missionaries in his publications, and from his own standpoint.

In a letter of one of our men we find the following: "Last week I started on an extended tour. In six days I travelled by 'jumper' (small sleigh) 240 miles, and gave three magic lantern entertainments with a few sermons interspersed. I started on Monday morning and was home on Saturday night just in time to prepare for home services on Sabbath."

In another letter, referring to his visit 50 miles out to the settlers around one of our large lakes, he writes: "The journey to the lake is a pleasant one to those who know the road, and the sleighing good. One stretch of fifteen miles goes right through the bush of pine and poplar—no sign of life—all perfect stillness.

"Suddenly, however, on one occasion I came upon a loaded sleigh making for the lake. The occupant proved to be one of my own people living on the lake shore. 'Oh, Mr. — delighted to see you. I'll be there in time for service to-morrow. The roads are pretty good here, but take care in crossing the lake, the recent storms will have filled up the trails.'

"With the good advice of my friend I pushed on anxious to get to the other side of the lake before dark. Sure enough as I emerged from the bush no sign of the trail. I succeeded in getting to the nearer shore of the lake. The snow began to fall and again the wind was rising. With difficulty I made out the direction of the point I wished to make, and trusted to the wind to keep in the same 'aist' I struck across.

"The first two or three miles I did well. But somehow I seemed to be turning round, and before I was aware I was several miles off my trail. The wind had turned round and so proved a fickle guide.

"For two hours I wandered aimlessly. My horses getting tired I stopped and fed them in the darkness, had a look round for a suitable place to camp for the night, then decided to make another attempt. I took my bearings as best I could and started. In a little time the horses got solid footing again and knew it to be a trail. I followed it, and presently heard the sound of a voice. It turned out to be that of my friend.

"He had gone astray himself, and in his wanderings had seen my track and concluded I was lost. He found his way to his own shack, and mounting the roof of it he shouted at the pitch of his voice. His voice ordinarily is not very melodious, but that night sounding through the blizzard it was like sweet music. That night in that lonely bachelor's shack our evening prayer had a new note of gratitude to Him who preserves our going out and our coming in.

"Next day what a contrast! A bright and peaceful Sabbath and a quiet and refreshing Communion season with hearts yearning for the old and sweet associations.

"One old body's heart fairly filled and overflowed as she told me how it reminded her of the Communion season years ago at Harrington, Ontario, where her old minister, the Rev. D. Gordon, used to break the bread of life. So out in these lonely parts in the Northwest the Communion Sabbath revives the holiest and sweetest memories of the past."

These and like incidents are worth the struggle and endurance the missionary is called upon to undergo in the service of his Master.

[The above article belongs to the series on Edmonton Presbytery given in the succeeding pages.]

Edmonton Presbytery.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE PRESBYTERY OF EDMONTON.

BY REV. D. G. MCQUEEN, B.A., EDMONTON.

After repeated calls from the pioneer Presbyterians of Edmonton the Rev. A. B. Baird, M.A., B.D. (now Prof. Baird, D.D. of Man., Col.), was sent to them as their first missionary. He travelled, as these pioneers, including a number of women with children had done, by trail from Winnipeg, about a thousand miles, and reached his destination early in October, 1881. He not only looked after Edmonton, but immediately set about laying the foundations of what is now the Presbytery of Edmonton by taking up the outlying points of Belmont, Clover Bar, Sturgeon River and Fort Saskatchewan.

To the first missionary and the pioneer band of Presbyterians in Edmonton and the surrounding district the cause of Presbyterianism, and all that it stands for in Canada, owes a great deal. In the fall of 1882 the first church was opened in Edmonton, and continued to serve the purpose as a place of worship until July of 1902, when the present handsome structure was opened for service.

In the summer of 1884 Mr. J. L. Campbell, B.A., a student of Knox College, was sent out to assist in the work of laying foundations. It was during this summer that the congregation of Edmonton called their first missionary, and he was duly inducted by the Rev. Jas. Robertson, Superintendent of Home Missions, and the Rev. D. M. Gordon, M.A., B.D., then pastor of Knox Church, Winnipeg, now Principal of Queen's. The first church at the Sturgeon River was opened during the visit of these men of might and foresight.

After the smoke of the rebellion of 1885 had cleared away Mr. Jas. Hamilton, B.A., another student of Knox College, arrived on the scene to assist in the work for the remaining part of the summer. In that year the connecting links of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway were finished through to what is now the city of Calgary.

In 1886 Mr. A. S. Grant, B.A., of Montreal College, now of Dawson City, came as assistant, and gave good promise of his future career as a missionary.

In the month of April, 1887, the Students' Missionary Society of Knox College sent Mr. A. E. Neilly as their missionary to the "Crossing" of the Red Deer River midway between Calgary and Edmonton.

The Rev. A. B. Baird having accepted another appointment from the Church was about to leave the scene of his labors, and the Rev. D. G. McQueen, B.A., of Knox College, was sent out to take his place. At this time Edmonton was within the bounds of the Presbytery of Regina, and Mr. McQueen was ordained at Qu'Appelle by that Presbytery on June 21, 1887. He reached Edmonton on the 27th day of the same month. Mr. Baird departed for Winnipeg on August 16, leaving Mr. McQueen in the then lonely outpost as the sentinel of the north, two hundred miles from his nearest brother minister, the Rev. J. C. Herdman, B.D., of Calgary.

During all these years, and for fully four years more, it was a case of "Holding the Fort," waiting for reinforcements. No one but those who have stood a siege of that kind knows what a strain is put upon the faith, the strength and courage of the besieged. But the fact that "your labor is not in vain in the Lord" more than compensates for all that is endured.

In the year 1890 began the construction of the Calgary & Edmonton Railway, and the Presbyterian Church, with its genius for pioneer work so wisely and so well planned and guided by the master mind and hand of our late Superintendent, Dr. Robertson, followed up the construction and took possession in the name of Christ and the Church of every point of importance through to Edmonton, the vicinity of which was reached in August, 1901. It was then that the previous stagnation ceased and growth began.

The Presbytery of Calgary had been formed out of the western bounds of Regina at the Assembly of 1887. The Presbytery of Edmonton was formed out of the northern bounds of Calgary in 1896, with Mr. D. G. McQueen, who had stuck to the guns of Fort Edmonton during nine years, as its first Moderator. The Rev. Alex. Forbes, M.A., B.D., of Fort Saskatchewan, who had come out from Aberdeen

late in the fall of 1894, and who has done splendid pioneer work for the Church, was appointed Clerk of the new Presbytery.

Since that time expansion and consolidation have been constantly going on, until now the question of division of bounds is again looming up in the near future. The work of the Presbytery reaches out to the east for fully one hundred miles, and now we are stretching out into the Peace River district, about 400 miles to the northwest of Edmonton.

At the present time there are in the bounds two self-sustaining congregations, four augmented charges and twenty-seven mission fields, including one German and two Scandinavian missions.

The supervision of these fields, which is the most important factor in the development of the work, involves a great amount of extra work and strain upon the minister of the Edmonton congregation who is Convener of the Home Mission Committee for the Presbytery. To such an extent is this the case that relief must be found before very long.

The results abundantly justify the faith, foresight and enduring of hardness of the foundation builders.

Y. F. SOCIETIES IN EDMONTON PRESBYTERY.

BY REV. JOHN C. FORSTER, RED DEER.

The Young People's Society is a most valuable help in any congregation, but in this part of the world it is especially so. The majority of those coming in such large numbers to occupy our fertile plains and to carry on business in our growing towns are young people. These attend our churches, especially when they first arrive, because they are anxious to see everything that is to be seen in their adopted land. But they are apt to come and go without being laid hold of by the Church. It is in the Young People's Society that we can best come in touch with them and learn what to expect of them as influences for good.

There are Societies in nearly all the town churches in the Presbytery of Edmonton. Beginning at the South, Olds, Red Deer, Lacombe, Ponoka, Wetaskiwin, Strathcona, Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan all report Societies. And even Tofield, a rural district thirty-five miles east of the railway, is not behind in this respect.

The largest Society is in Edmonton. Its special efforts are put forth in looking after strangers and helping to bear the financial

burden of a new Church. They have undertaken to provide five hundred dollars a year for this purpose. Strathcona is not far behind with its fifty-eight members, four less than Edmonton.

The Lacombe Society, which has twenty-two members, is doing well also for the congregation, giving about one hundred dollars last year into the treasury. This is the only Society which gives anything for work in other lands, fifteen dollars being contributed to a leper mission in India.

It may seem selfish of our young people to devote their givings almost wholly to work within our own congregations, but, when we remember that churches must be built, manses erected and isolated parts reached with Gospel services and that there are very few comparatively who are willing or able to support the work, the reasonableness of the custom is easily seen.

Young People's Society work in this Presbytery is still in its infancy. We have had no conventions to stir us up and shew our young people the great possibilities of this work. A number of places were expecting much help from the visit of C. E. Eberman, Field Secretary for Christian Endeavour work, but, while we waited for his coming, we received word first of his illness and then of his death at Banff.

A forward step is being taken this year. Traveling being too expensive to make large conventions practicable, Presbytery decided to inaugurate a summer school at Edmonton about the 20th of June. Professor Scrimger, of Montreal, Professor Falconer, of Halifax, and perhaps one or two others are to be with us and conduct classes on Scripture subjects and methods of teaching and working. We hope to gather several from each Sunday-school and Young People's Society in the Presbytery, and for three or four days learn from these men and from one another very much that will be strong and stimulating, enabling us to go back to our work fitted to do more for our young people and for God.

S.S. INTERESTS AND OUTLOOK IN EDMONTON PRESBYTERY.

BY MR. G. A. REID, CON. S.S. COM., ED'TON PRES.

The Sabbath School workers of this Presbytery have much reason for thankfulness, for the success which has attended their labours.

In 1897, the first complete year after the organization of the Presbytery, we had report-

ing twenty-one schools with a total enrollment of 79 officers and teachers, and 421 scholars; while five years later, our 1902 report shows 40 schools with a total enrollment of 196 officers and teachers, and 1,386 scholars; or double the number of schools and treble the number of scholars; while the amount raised by the schools has risen from \$235.00 to \$735.00, thus keeping pace with the enrollment.

That the Sabbath-School is keeping pace with the other work of the Church in the Presbytery is evidenced by the fact that while the number of members and adherents had increased from 97 to 99 per cent., the Sabbath-School increase was over 100 per cent.

The Decision Day arranged for last November by the International Executive Committee, was taken advantage of by the Presbytery's Committee, who sent out a circular in connection therewith.

Out of the 40 schools reporting, there are 13 union schools, made necessary in most cases, by the sparseness of population where they exist, in many cases no one denomination having sufficient children to form a school. These schools are, we believe, as efficient as such interdenominational schools well can be. The returns from these schools include only Presbyterian officers, teachers and scholars.

The bad roads of the past year or two have been drawbacks to the prosecution of Sabbath-School work, many country schools having been practically compelled to close. The "good roads" movement now on foot will prove of great benefit to Sabbath School work, if brought to a successful issue.

Another difficulty is the lack of suitable persons as superintendents and teachers, in many of the fields, especially in the smaller districts, where a Sabbath School would prove a means of holding the people together until regular services could be undertaken, and on the alternate Sabbath where a service is held only fortnightly.

The lack of men for our fields is another drawback, as schools are apt to lapse where the missionary is withdrawn, and once closed, they are hard to revive.

We are looking to our Synodical Superintendent of missions for assistance in the organization of schools, and the strengthening of those in existence; and to missionaries who have been trained in Sabbath School work, and methods, and who will be able to instruct and advise with the teachers of the Sabbath Schools they may organize.

The great inrush of population, while opening new fields, will help to fill some of those which are weaker and more sparsely settled, and our Committee is desirous of taking advantage of every opening for Sabbath-School work, but usually this can only be done where fields are properly manned.

MEETING THE DEMANDS AND NEEDS OF THE IMMIGRANTS.

BY REV. M. WHITE, M. A., B. D., LACOMBE.

During the last two or three years there has been a steady flow of immigrants into the bounds of our Presbytery, and still they come. Some of them remain in towns, but they are, for the most part, seekers after land. At first the homesteads nearest the railway were taken up, but, as settlers kept coming in, the distance from the railway steadily increased until now the homestead land is taken up for sixty and seventy miles east and for thirty and forty miles west of the railway. It has been the aim of our Church to follow these settlers as they come in, and this has been by no means an easy task.

Four years ago, coming in small numbers, it was possible for the missionary to become acquainted with the immigrants and to find out from them their locations and the churches to which they belonged, but the rush of the last two years has made that impossible. Four years ago, in welcoming the immigrants, it was found that eighty or ninety per cent. had no church connection, and if it were possible to repeat the same work to-day, perhaps the same story might have to be told.

In visiting a new settlement recently, fifty to seventy miles east of Lacombe, to arrange for services, I was informed by some of our people there that they thought the majority of the people were members of no church.

This is not an unusual state of matters. But many who are not members were in the habit of attending the church which was nearest them, and this is the reason why so many from the Western States of America, though not members, are adherents of the Methodist Church, because that was the only church near them.

Now it is not our aim to proselytize, but it is our aim whenever we have the men and the money, to give, after carefully considering the matter to every community that asks us, the services of the Presbyterian Church. We have been the first to open services at several points around this district, but whenever, as the re-

sult of the incoming population, another church claimed that field we have willingly left it.

We have never built on another man's foundation nor have we forced ourselves where we were not wanted, but we have always listened to the invitations of our own people and have broken ground where no other church was working. But to comply with the requests of our own people and to do work in places untouched by any other churches was no easy matter for our Presbytery. No one knows better than Mr. McQueen, our esteemed Home Mission Convener—a man who with loyal heart has given so much time and thought and labour to this matter—the difficulty of supplying every new settlement with Sabbath services. At our spring meetings the most of the time of the Presbytery is taken up with the question of the opening of new fields.

We have, however, done our best in the past to meet the demands and needs of the settlers, and not without success. Five years ago I was the only minister here, with a student missionary working two points twenty and forty miles north and a student missionary working two points twenty and thirty miles south. To-day the same district is employing five ordained and seven or eight student missionaries, and more may be needed soon. For nearly every field is far too large to be worked for long successfully by one man. As the people pour in fields have to be re-arranged and more men sent in.

Thanks to the liberality of the Church this year we are able to cope with the present rush and to send men into every new settlement. One thing we sometimes lack and it is men. Many of our fields were closed during the winter on account of our students going back to their studies. This retards the progress of the work very much. If the fields could be kept going all the year through it would be a great gain. Could it not be done?

THE OUTLOOK AND NEEDS OF OUR SCANDINAVIAN MISSION WORK.

BY REV. N. P. GROSE, SCANDINAVIAN MISSIONARY, WETASKIWIN.

The Northwest Territories seems to be the place that many of our Scandinavian people are choosing for their earthly home, and Wetaskiwin, a beautiful little town about forty miles South of Edmonton, is now the centre of emigration to the vast surrounding country blessed with fertile soil where the Scan-

avian farmer can earn a living for himself and family.

But it is not farmers only that are coming to this part of the country. We have the Scandinavian mechanic and business man as well. In the town of Wetaskiwin we have a grocery store, a hardware store, two temperance hotels, three blacksmith shops, a pump shop, carried on by Scandinavians; so that they form quite an important part of the population of that town. Of the twelve to fourteen hundred which comprise the population of that town, two hundred at least must be Scandinavians.

From this town as a centre our Scandinavian mission work is carried on, and here, during last winter, there was erected, at a cost of about \$1,300.00, the first Scandinavian Presbyterian Church in the Dominion of Canada.

When I came here on the 15th of May, 1902, or nearly a year ago, there was no church, no organization. On the 11th of August we organized with seven members, and now have nineteen on our roll, and every Sabbath, in our beautiful church, we have good audiences listening attentively to the glorious Gospel, in their own language.

The success that has attended the work so far has been most encouraging, but the work is only begun. There are hundreds of Scandinavians east of this town and in other parts of the Presbytery that have not been reached by the missionary. If the Scandinavian Presbyterian Church in Wetaskiwin is to be the first fruits of other churches, three more men must be sent in.

At present there is only one missionary beside myself, viz., the Rev. Mr. Pind, who is working North at Millet and Leduc, and at points adjacent to these towns; but the work is greater than can be overtaken by two men.

There is a great work for the Presbyterian Church among our Scandinavian brethren, and now is the time to settle down in all earnestness to the carrying on of that work, grudging nothing that will in the years to come make this work not only a credit to the Presbyterian Church, but a blessing to the country.

LAMERTON FIELD, EAST OF LACOMBE.

BY REV. WALLACE JOHNSON, OF LAMERTON.

This field has characteristics peculiar to itself and also many qualities such as are found in every field. The country here, as in other parts of this Presbytery, is settled up by members of all nationalities, English, Irish, Scotch,

Dutch, American, Norwegian, Swede, Russian, etc., and the problem is, how can so many different kinds of people be united into one whole to work for their own good and the good of humanity at large? All denominations are represented, but Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists and Lutherans constitute the largest portion, while the Presbyterian and the Methodist missionaries are practically alone on the field carrying on harmonious work. It has been my aim to lift up Jesus Christ before the people, to whom all sects are drawn, around whom all hearts centre and because of Him our congregations are composed of members of almost all religions. It is gratifying to think that the work of the Presbyterian Church is being honored and revered in this way.

The area of this field is not so great as it was one year ago before a division was made and another missionary sent in. Two years my work extended over a section of country about 30 miles wide and 40 miles long, but at present it is about 8 miles wide and 35 long.

My preaching stations are located on all sides of my stopping-place. The First Presbyterian Church of Long Valley is situated 10 miles west, the Henry schoolhouse is 7 miles northwest, being a drive of 8 miles from the church. Services are held in these places at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. respectively.

Lamerton is 12 miles east and Nebraska settlement schoolhouse is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north. Service is held at these stations at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. respectively, so that each point has a fortnightly service. The success attending the work has been very encouraging.

THE PEACE RIVER MISSION.

BY REV. R. SIMPSON, ITS FIRST MISSIONARY.

Mountain climbing may develop the muscles of the body, but it is not without its influence on the mind. Those great, grand, majestic, snow-capped peaks inviting attempts to climb, and at the same time seemingly defying success, brace the jaded brain-worker not merely to the overcoming of every obstacle to reach their defiant summits, but also inspire him to go forth to overcome by strenuous endeavour any difficulty that may be in the path of duty.

Just twenty months ago (Aug., 1901), while three tired workers were resting themselves with this strenuous sport in the heart of the Rockies, the idea of a mission to that far-off

and yet fertile and promising region, known as the Peace River District, was conceived. The writer on enquiry of Dr. Herdman was told that no work had as yet been undertaken by our Church in that great country, but if a man was available, he added, work would be commenced. This proved to be the call of God to the recently appointed missionary, so right there he answered "Here am I, send me."

At an early subsequent meeting of the Calgary Presbytery, at which the late Dr. Robertson was present, the subject of a Mission to the Peace River was brought up. Dr. Robertson heartily approved of the advance movement. He had heard from afar the fluttering of that flight of immigration that is even now toward our land; and he knew that it would extend to that goodly part of our Dominion.

With words of wise counsel he informally set apart the missionary-elect for that new work. Dr. Robertson admitted that there were difficulties connected with the enterprise. But he was confident that the Church would not withhold her hand. Now that he is gone the Church will prove that his confidence was not misplaced.

The country to which we go is not unknown to the readers of Western newspapers. Peace River is a name to conjure with at present; newspaper men are interested railway men also; the farmer and the rancher have an eye upon it, so has the speculator; the seekers after a better climate than Manitoba, or even "Sunny Alberta," are pulling their stakes and trekking northwestward; and very soon the men of the chain and theodolite will have laid it out in squares.

The Church must follow those people to Grande Prairie. She has learned that if a new land is to be saved from mental, moral and spiritual death, she must go in hand in hand with the first settlers, go in and share with them their initial difficulties, go in to help them to establish their new communities, go in to attend to the needs of their spiritual life which are greatest when their minds are most engrossed seeking after earthly things. Early settlers will not forget that Church that goes with them to their new land to be their helper and their friend.

No other motive than the desire thus to help these new people in that new land has a place in the heart of the first missionary and his wife as they stand on the threshold of this

new work. No other purpose than to plant the foot of possession for God and the Church on every part of that new country.

For some years our people will be isolated; will be deprived of the advantages of civilization, so to speak. The Manse and the Church therefore, must be the centre of every healthful influence. They will be resorted to in times of sickness and trouble; in times of loneliness and discouragement. They will be resorted to for mental stimulus, for social evenings, lantern lectures, circulating library and such like. All this, and more, the missionaries will be looked to for; but their hands will be tied if they are dependent upon the people for support from the first.

Like Paul the missionaries ought *not* to be burdensome to any. To obviate this weakening dependence the Church must make it possible for the missionary to be independent of local support for a time at least. Help a people at the first and they will soon, as the Macedonians of old, "give according to their power, yea and beyond their power."

The long journey of a few hundred miles over a rough trail, to a land so far removed from all centres of supply, will entail great initial expenditure. Two strong two-horse teams, a wagon and a buckboard, will be necessary to take in the bare necessities of life. Prices being so high in that district at least 6 months' provisions will require to be freighted. For example; flour is \$12 per 100 lbs., sugar and salt are 25 cents per lb.

However, the prospects of the country are the brightest. Very soon we will have railways. The soil is there, the climate is there, the people are going there and together these will produce grain, beef, etc. It follows, therefore, that if produce is produced the railway companies will go to the producers for that produce. We are hopeful that in a few years we will be in the centre of a thriving and prosperous land and people.

Meantime the Mission is but a child and is in need of support. This we are assured will not be denied. There are many of God's stewards who merely require the needs of this vast field to be brought before them to lead them to give out of their abundance to their more needy brethren. Brethren, pray for us.

The Christian who counts on the constant presence and the continuous help of Christ is a person who is hard to discourage.

WHY THE EAST SHOULD CONTINUE TO HELP THE WEST.

BY REV. J. E. HOGG, WETASKIWIN.

The remarkable success and progress during the past few years of our Great West land has called forth the remark from many in the East: "If the West is as prosperous as reports indicate, why is not more done by them for support of their own missions?" Not only has this remark been made, but some are ready to act upon the suggestion, and withdraw their support from Western missions, thinking there is no longer need of their help. At first sight this seems to be a just and wise conclusion. But such a conclusion is reached because of wrong impressions, not of Western prosperity, but of Western conditions.

What then are the conditions which shew it to be necessary for the East to continue to help the West?

When we compare the conditions of to-day with those of, say, ten years ago, we find many modifications.

There certainly has been a vast increase in the wealth; but it must not be forgotten that there has been a far greater proportionate increase in population. And while the Western church is able to contribute far more than at any former time, yet it must be remembered that those who have so largely increased our population are not the sons of Ontario farmers, such as came to Manitoba in the early days, generally with sufficient means to give them a good start on their homesteads; but for the most part people of very limited means, and foreigners, Galicians, Doukhobors, Hungarians, etc., who land here with hardly a dollar in their pockets.

Then too the early settlers in the West came largely from Christian homes in the East, and brought with them Christian principles, whereas now from the Western States, and from the continent of Europe are coming many who have very little respect for the Sabbath, or for religion, or for religious ordinances.

Then again ten years ago the population of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories was 251,473; but this number has been augmented each year by thousands, and this year, making a very conservative estimate, it will be increased by 150,000, an increase in one year by over half the total population of ten years ago. Where ten years ago one missionary ministered to whole communities, to-day three or five are required.

An illustration of this may be seen by comparing the Wetaskiwin mission field of to-day with the same field five years ago. Five years ago Wetaskiwin together with Ponoka and Angus Ridge formed one field. At that time one missionary could quite readily meet the needs of the whole settlement. To day, however, what do we find? Ponoka has been separated, and has become the centre of a new group forming another field. Angus Ridge likewise has withdrawn, and become the centre of its group, and Wetaskiwin has now a minister to itself. So where five years ago one man was sufficient, three men are working to-day. Then besides this there are settlements, seventeen, twenty-five and even sixty miles East that are asking for missionaries.

These are the conditions that prevail, not only here, but throughout the whole West. Where five years ago one or two missionaries were sufficient, to-day three or four times the number is required. Then there were hundreds in need of help, to-day there are thousands. Can it be expected that the seventy-six self-supporting congregations of Manitoba and the Territories, even though prosperous and growing comparatively wealthy, should meet the needs of so many?

A REVIEW OF EDMONTON PRESBYTERY.

BY REV. J. C. HERDMAN, D.D., SUP'T OF MISSIONS
IN ALBERTA AND B.C.

The Presbytery of Edmonton is a great mission field. I take for granted that this fact has been made abundantly evident by the articles in the series which mine now concludes.

These things I may say as Superintendent: that our men who are at work within the bounds are fully alive to the situation in the midst of which they live and move and have their being. Each man does a great deal of scouting, and strives to keep in touch with the development of the work in his neighbourhood. A rich tide of immigration is pouring into the country, the Scandinavians and Germans are good settlers, and the American invasion is not a thing to be dreaded but to be cordially welcomed. To our friends from the States, many of them Canadian-born, we owe not a little of the appreciation which we have come at last to bestow upon what was recently the great Lone Land.

Some of the difficulties of the Presbytery in my opinion are the bad roads, the smallness of

the number of self-sustaining congregations, the fact that in many fields ordained men are necessary long before local finances rise to the figures laid down in the Home Mission rules, and the fact that at several points between Olds and Edmonton the churches which were put up years ago, some of them not yet clear of debt, are suddenly found to be inadequate and declared to be unsuitable.

Each Presbytery in this Synod has a tone and trend of its own. What is our policy in the Presbytery of Edmonton? We are trying to centralize and consolidate. The towns are demanding that their churches be open morning and evening, and that their ministers be not required to give up so much time and strength as in the past to the long drives and the distant settlements. If we are to build up a strong and resolute church life in our leading centres, the demand seems to me reasonable.

As to its tone and methods in church life and Home Mission administration, this Presbytery is thoroughly Presbyterian. Kamloops Presbytery at its spring meeting this year passed a resolution in favour of union with all churches everywhere, but even in the preliminary matter of co-operation with the Methodist Church in Home Mission work, the Northern Presbytery is, at furthest, cautiously cordial (with a whole wealth of emphasis upon the first of these two words). These men are open to conviction, however, and if co-operation is wisely worked, will be among the first to admit its benefits.

In any case let no one look for magical results from the co-operation idea. It will take time for the two churches to know one another, appreciate one another's policy and principles, put misgivings and distrust to one side and perhaps forget a few grievances or misapprehensions which their close contact and strenuous mission-instincts have produced on occasions in the past. That the grace of forbearance and tact is adequate to this task, and that the Holy Spirit as administrator of the Church and her work will guide us into all truth of thought and righteousness of action in this sphere of conduct, I do not for a moment doubt.

And meanwhile, in this very Presbytery our Church has a splendid field of action before her. Let us go on quietly, diligently, not putting the statistical before the spiritual, not building on any foundations but the best, not ashamed to lay old axioms to one side, and not as men willing to be stampeded into ill-advise

action, nor to be made afraid by any fear. We are not to lose our heads over painted visions, nor our feet in the anxious currents, nor yet our hearts by giving place to the stupid jealousies of envy.

The following is a list of all our congregations and mission fields within the Presbytery with the names of ministers and mission labourers appended (arranged alphabetically) :

I. Self-sustaining congregations:—

Edmonton..... Rev. D. G. McQueen
Strathcona..... Rev. D. Fleming

II. Augmented charges:—

Innisfail..... Rev. J. G. Duncan
Olds..... Rev. G. R. Lang
Red Deer..... Rev. J. C. Forster
Wetaskiwin..... Rev. J. E. Hogg

III. Ordained missions:—

Belmont..... Rev. A. Ross
Bowden..... Rev. A. McTaggart
Ellerslie..... Rev. Jas. Douglass
Fort Saskatchewan..... Rev. A. Forbes
Goshen..... Rev. W. G. Johnston
Lacombe..... Rev. M. White
Lamerton..... Rev. W. Johnston
Peace River..... Rev. R. A. Simpson
Ponoka..... Rev. J. A. Mair
Viqueville..... Rev. W. O. Rothney
German work (Glory
Hill). .. Rev. G. F. Netter

Scandinavian work (Mil-
let)..... Rev. J. Pind

Scandinavian work (We-
taskiwin)..... Rev. N. P. Grose

IV. Student missions:—

Beaver Lake..... J. W. Woodside
Edwell..... W. G. Steers
Gull Lake..... W. F. Findlay
Homewood..... A. M. MacLennan
Horsehill..... A. Hood
Leduc..... John Wood
Millet..... J. D. McRae
Morningside..... W. J. Allan
Penhold..... A. M. Chalmers
Pleasant Valley..... W. H. Black
Ross Creek..... D. P. McQuarrie
Stony Plain..... Geo. Livingston
Swan Lake..... Hillis Wright
Tail Creek..... L. C. Fraser
Tofield..... H. E. Thornloe

On this list the last appointment is that of Mr. Simpson to Peace River. It may not be too much to ask that the men who are labouring in the arduous places of the field be thought of and remembered in prayer at the Throne of Grace.

Two Foreign Letters.

LETTER FROM REV. J. BUCHANAN, M. D.

Amkhut, Bhabra P. O.

via Dohad Central India

Dear Friend,

Your letter and the three rolls of Sunday School Lessons came duly to hand. Please thank the lady who was kind enough to send them, and say that these Sunday School picture rolls are the very things I have been wanting.

We have quite a number of lepers about us, but these views will be helpful for many beside the lepers, as the eye helps the ear to understand the stories narrated.

We especially prize those pictures of Old Testament and Acts, etc., and such of the Gospel scenes as have not a picture representing our Lord in them, as we can shew such to everybody.

We have to be very careful in shewing those with a picture of Jesus in them, lest people either worship them or get a wrong idea of Him whom no pen can draw or brush paint.

We shall get these pictures mounted on thin cotton to keep them from tearing. I trust they may be a great help in explaining the truths of the Gospel. We shall be glad to receive others of a similar kind from any friends.

LETTER FROM DR. PERCY C. LESLIE.

Changte, Honan, 10th March '03.

Dear Dr. Warden,

We have just heard from Mr. Slimmon that he has succeeded in getting a very good piece of land at a very moderate price at Huai Ch'ing Fu; it is just outside the wall of the city and lies between two of the city gates; the cost is about \$500. He may possibly begin some building there this year, but he has not committed himself on this point yet.

We had communion last Sunday. Sixty-six Chinese Christians sat down at the Lord's table and the church was filled right to the back. It will not be long before we need additional accommodation here, which will probably be accomplished by throwing the present dispensary into the chapel as it is part of the same building, and we will then need our new dispensary.

Patients are numerous. I have had over one hundred a day on several occasions, and our ward accommodation needs enlargement.

Our Foreign Missions.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

LETTER FROM MISS MARY E. LEACH.

Mhow, C.I., March 23, 1903.

Dear Mr. Scott,

As the children in my school have given themselves a holiday, I've no school work to-day, so am taking this opportunity to write you.

Early this morning I went through the bazar on my way to school and was met by a procession of carts and garis of all descriptions; rough country carts with wooden wheels drawn by oxen, the lighter bazar tonga with its span of tiny country ponies, the bulky shigram with its one horse, usually a "caster," i.e., an old horse that has served its time in the army and been sold into the bazar to be a drudge to some fat old baniya; these various vehicles laden with the Hindu, his wife and children, his father and mother, his brother and sister and as many more of his relatives and friends as could be packed in with the cooking utensils, eating vessels and supplies of stores to furnish the big dinner they were on their way to prepare, were wending their way to the open spaces, to the jungle lands, to any place whatever so long as it was out and away from the habitations of men.

"Where are all these people going?" I asked.

"To the gardens," was the reply.

Let not the western mind conjure up pictures of waving feathery palm trees, of luxuriant undergrowth, of bright flowers at the mention of the word garden. The gardens to which the people were going were only the jungle lands outside the cantonment. True, they would seek shelter from the burning mid-day sun under the clumps of mango trees springing up in clusters over the yellow sun-burnt plains, but there would be nothing like our home gardens or even like the gardens of the cantonment.

"What are they going to the gardens for?" was my next question. "What will they do there?"

"They will eat a big dinner."

"Yes, but why will they eat a dinner in the gardens?"

"Why they will worship there."

"Yes, yes, I know, but why will they worship there to-day?"

"The gods are angry and have sent the plague here, so all the people are going to make offering to the gods in the gardens, and then they will eat a dinner and come home to-night."

So these superstitious, ignorant people, ascribing the plague which has broken out in Mhow to the anger of the gods instead of to their own filthy habits, went on their way to offer gifts to appease the wrath of their gods of wood and stone and clay.

At last plague has reached Mhow and the people are panic-stricken. Official reports show only a few cases, but two known cases generally mean ten unknown cases. The people themselves are circulating all kinds of stories and saying that fifty people died yesterday. Needless to say this is only talk and no truth is in it whatever. Still the authorities are taking all precautions and segregation camps are being opened. The bazar has been placed out of bounds for all troops, both native and European, and there will be as little communication as possible between the bazar and those who live in the cantonment.

It is too early a date to say whether we shall have much or little gil. The hot weather is coming on and plague is always less when the thermometer registers high, so it may be stamped out without much trouble.

It means a great hindrance to the work, for parents will not send their children to the school. So far I have not closed the school, but no children come. The boys' school is closed until July 1, and it may even be that I shall have to close the girls' school until that date. There will be no zenana visiting either, all work in cantonment will be meanwhile closed. If the people were not so ignorant and frightened there would be no necessity for this, but they are so foolish.

Yesterday at Sunday School one of the children touched a glass bracelet I wear (it is a native bracelet like all the women wear) and said, "If you don't break this, you will die." I looked at her in astonishment and asked her meaning. Then she told me that all the women who wore brown glass bracelets of that particular kind had broken them off, because they were a cause of the plague.

I then touched the dozen and more glass

bracelets she was wearing and asked her why they were not taken off, and her reply was, "Oh, these do not attract the plague, it is just the thick brown ones." However, I told her that I should continue to wear mine and that I knew I should not die because of wearing it. She looked incredulous, and she went off anything but certain that my life would remain with me.

The Mohammedans are scoring and cutting their goats in a cruel manner. They don't kill them; that would be a kindness; they just make cruel gashes, long perpendicular lines on their legs and bodies and let them go. I remonstrated with one, and the reply came quickly, "Which is better, that our goats should die or our women?" They think that by treating their goats in that way their families will be saved. It seems so useless trying to teach them anything different or to persuade them to do differently. They believe so firmly in their own practices and religion and look at us so pityingly as if they despaired of ever making us see as they see.

There is much sickness here now, apart from the plague. Fever and chicken-pox are very bad; the latter is almost as bad as the smallpox, so my women tell me. They have never seen it rage so fiercely as this season.

So much of the sickness of these people is directly traceable to themselves, their filthy habits and manner of crowding eight or nine people, two or three chicken coops, a pigeon box, a parrot or two or three, a dog and a cat and a goat into a space nine by eight feet.

You would wonder how they do it, but the fact remains that they do, and when they and their live stock are all inside they carefully fasten the door, they don't have windows in many of the huts, else they, too, would be fastened. Fortunately for the dwellers within the cracks in the mud walls and the thatched or single tiled roof admit a little air, and thus it is that we are spared finding whole families suffocated to death when morning comes.

If the plague would only teach the people habits of cleanliness and make them willing to live according to sanitary rules and regulations we would welcome its arrival, but it has raged in Bombay and other places for more than seven years, and so far there does not seem to be any marked improvement among them. I think, indeed, it is losing its terror for the people in Bombay. They have made up their minds it has come to stay, and they regard it philosophically, and can't see why they should

let it alter their ways and mode of living "Familiarity breeds contempt" is true in regard to this as to other things.

Two days later.

It appears now that all the cases of plague are imported ones, either from Rutlam or Indore.

Cholera, however, has broken out and there were sixteen deaths on Thursday. Any suspected cases are immediately taken to the segregation camp and the people are making a tremendous fuss over this and threatening all sorts of things if the Europeans come near their houses and take away their sick.

In reply the authorities are telling them if they knowingly hide a case of plague they will be liable to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

In Indore city the people mobbed those who were taking all precautions against the spread of the plague, and now they are being left to themselves, to die off if they prefer to instead of being treated by the proper authorities.

That, however, can't be allowed in a British cantonment like Mhow, and I fancy if the people are too obstreperous severer measures than threats will be resorted to. One can't help feeling sorry for the poor terrified people, and just now their fright is genuine whatever it may be a month hence, though one wishes they were a little more amenable to authority and less suspicious of one's efforts to help them.

MISSION WORK AT A CHINESE FAIR.

BY REV. J. GOFORTH.

Chang Teh Fu, Honan, China,

March 1, 1903.

Dear Mr. Scott,

I send for the readers of the RECORD a short account of our recent work at the Hsün hsien fair.

At Hsün hsien two hills rise abruptly out of the great level plain. Temples, grottoes and shrines occupy every point of vantage on their sides and summits. It is the great idolatrous centre for seven or eight millions of people. It is to the Chinese idolator what St. Ann de Beaupre is to some shrine worshippers in Quebec. From one of the hill tops one may look down on almost countless towns and villages.

The work at such a fair is of the utmost importance, not only because the truth can be sent out among so many millions, but because those who attend the fair have their minds set

on worship, and, consequently, are more readily reached.

Since 1892, with the exception of two years caused by the Boxer rising, our mission has tried to concentrate a strong force at Hsün hsien during the fair. This year our force was the strongest ever present there, numbering thirty Foreign and Chinese workers.

For the first time several of the foreign ladies attended the fair. It has proved such a success that hereafter some of the lady missionaries will always make an effort to be at the fair for the sake of reaching the mothers of China with the Gospel.

Some days preaching was going on at five different places at the same time. A vacant lot on one of the most crowded streets was rented and served as an ideal place for open-air preaching.

Another spot for open-air work was chosen at the foot of the hill nearby the path where the idolators went up the hill to the goddess' temple. Besides two empty stores were secured for preaching halls. These were generally filled with men during the day and evening.

Indeed, if the preachers could have done without rest they might have had audiences all night long. The city didn't seem to rest at all. With clanging gong and flag and burning incense band after band of pilgrims ceased not day and night to ascend the hills to prostrate themselves before the gods and goddesses.

There were some of tender years becoming confirmed in the ways of idolatry, but so very many had passed the limit of threescore and ten. Some of them seemed to be on the verge of eternity. Many frail and weak ones were among them. They toiled painfully up the steep hillside as if time and eternity depended upon it.

I saw one old woman look wistfully to one of the stone grottoes and heard her murmur, "I can't climb that steep way." She had to turn away content with that much less merit.

Pity them! They feed on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned them aside.

"Can we whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,

Can we to men benighted

The lamp of life deny."

Oh, may the Sun of Righteousness soon arise before these groping millions with healing in His beams!

Now as to the apparent effect of the Gospel on these idolatrous crowds, I have had consider-

able experience in handling Chinese crowds and have seen crowds moved deeply by the Spirit through the truth, but I have never seen such manifest moving by the Spirit as at times during the last few days of this fair. It was only necessary to explain the Scriptures. The people seemed eager to hear what God's Book had to say.

As one of the native preachers remarked one evening after I had finished an address to a crowded room: "They just stood there with their mouths open as if expecting to eat something." During the evenings the room would remain packed with men for hours at a time.

If any Chinese brother made the mistake of spending too much time in demolishing the idols, the crowd would become impatient and perhaps tell him to sit down and let the foreigner explain the Book.

It is certain that the man who has the Divine gift of clearly and vividly explaining the Scriptures shall reap the most abundant harvests in China. Oh, that the Lord of Hosts may continue to send us men who believe the Bible to be the Word of God and are prepared to preach it as moved by the Holy Ghost sent from heaven!

One thing at the fair struck us as odd. It seemed so out of harmony with the religious idea of it. It was the fact that men and even women could be heard going about the streets up till midnight shouting "cards for sale." The supply was an evidence of the demand. The vendors knew that these religionists after they had gone up the hill and paid their respects to the gods and goddesses would return to their lodgings and spend the rest of the night, male and female, at card-playing and gambling.

We thought how like these heathen religionists are to some Christian religionists in the home land. No Chinese convert thinks it possible to be faithful to Christ and continue card-playing. The Chinese converts regard cards and the Bible both as guide-books, but guide-books to different destinations.

LETTER FROM NATIVE PASTOR, INDIA.

The following is a translation of a letter recently received by Rev. J. Fraser Campbell, D.D., from Rev. Jairam Makasare, pastor of the native church, at Rutlam, Dr. Campbell's station:—

"Plague has been in Rutlam since November. They say that 5,000 or 6,000 of the people of

Rutlam city have died of plague. Perhaps that number is too large, but 4,000 certainly have died.*

"Among the Christians the plague began in my house. On 28th January at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Sundar got fever, and at one o'clock the bubo came, and at two o'clock I informed Dr. Woods. He immediately arranged for our living in the jungle beyond the railway, and gave Sundar (pr Soondar) medicine, and at least twice a day he kept coming to see her and to give her medicine.

"The Lord heard our crying and gave ear to our prayer, and Sundar got relief. In our house there were six persons, but no other of us took the plague. In the end of February I sent them away to Ahmednuggur, and now I am here alone.

"Jora died on 28th January. That family had gone to live in the city; he became ill in the city and was sent to the city plague hospital, and he died on the third day. Since then no one of the Christians has been sent to the city plague hospital; Dr. Woods made his own plague hospital on the 20 acre lot, and there all our plague patients remained.

"Vithal (pr Vit'hul) slept in the Lord on the 14th of February. There has been a great change in his conduct for the last five or six months. He began to apply his heart to the study of the Scriptures, he seemed happy in praying and singing hymns, and he also was applying his heart to his work.

"The teachers and I saw that he was applying his heart to religion, and we rejoiced. Just then the Lord called him. Blessed be the Lord that He first turned him to Himself before calling him. We indeed are in grief, but His will be done. Blessed be His name.

"On the 20th Gumni (pr Goomne), that is Sentwa's (pr Saintwa's) sister, fell asleep in the Lord. She was a very good girl. Her conduct was good and she loved the Lord. Mrs. Campbell knows her well. In the study of the Scriptures she held the first rank. I can say with certainty that now she is rejoicing with the Lord.

"On the 17th Mr. Ramlal's eldest daughter Matilda also fell asleep. She was a good girl. She got fever, but there was doubt whether it was the plague or not. Dr. Woods was saying that perhaps it was.

"Six other girls died of plague; of those, two

had received baptism, the remainder were unbaptized, but some of them were believers.

"Two or three other girls are still ill, and perhaps they will be saved, for Dr. Woods is taking great care of them and is also using new remedies.

"In the city plague has now decreased. In January and February sometimes 80 or 90 a day were dying; now I hear that the number is from 8 to 12. May the Lord remove this pestilence, and may good result from what has taken place!"

LETTER FROM MRS. DR. MALCOLM, HONAN.

Wei Hui Fu, 9th March, '03.

Dear Dr. Warden,

Since seeing you last we have had quite a checkered experience, but have been calmly settled here for over four months; quarters are quite crowded, but we all look forward to the new mission houses on the river. By June there may be one house ready, and we are all rather dreading the warm weather in our thirteen-foot yard with the children.

Monday of last week we walked out to see the laying of the railroad. The station is about two miles from our compound. We had the pleasure of a ride on the hand-car, and we felt like crying out "clear the track" many a time, for the Chinese are rather new to the engines, etc.

We have met a number of these railway and mining men and they seem to be a good class of men. This line of railway goes from Tao K'on to the mines in Shan Si, so it does not benefit us much. The main line from Peking to Hankow will pass within a mile of us.

We are to-day having a big dust storm which always demoralizes us all.

We are pretty well protected here as our walls are two-story high. There is very little fear of our seeing anything but the strip of blue sky above our alley.

We find the work here very encouraging, medical and evangelistic. The people are most friendly and need no second invitation, patients number sometimes eighty-five and six daily. The people seem to be of better stuff than those at Hsin Chen. It may be because we here live in a better part of the town. Opium has many victims, however; over half the population are said to be opium users.

We are all in good health at present.

* For a city of 30,000, most of whom soon fled to the jungle or elsewhere, the above is a terrible mortality. J. F. C.

WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN IN INDIA.

FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE INDIA MISSION.

If we would redeem the India of to-morrow, we must save India's children of to-day. Childhood is impressionable, and has great potentialities. Work among the children, especially heathen children, does not always or even frequently accomplish visibly great results. But it wields a moulding and leavening influence that must leave a permanent impress on the character and life. There is much to encourage in this work, and here and there stimulating results have been attained especially among those who have come wholly under the control of the mission.

RUTLAM CHILDREN.

Of the educational work under his care, Dr. Woods writes that it has been confined entirely to the orphans and children of native Christians. Half the day is spent in school. Those who work in the forenoon attend school in the afternoon, and *vice versa*.

The endeavour is to give the children sufficient knowledge to enable them to cope successfully with the problems that will meet them when they leave the orphanage. This work needs constant attention, otherwise the teachers do not do satisfactory work. The subjects taught are reading, writing, geography, grammar and arithmetic. Satisfactory progress has been made during the year.

SCHOOLS AT DHAR.

As at Rutlam, the educational work at Dhar has been limited to the orphan children under the care of the Mission. This is true of most of our stations at present, on account of the pressing need of this work and the paucity of teachers. What is being done in this connection will be found mentioned in another place, in connection with the orphanage work.

Under stress of circumstances during the famine of 1900, the city schools for heathen boys at Dhar were closed, and have not been re-opened. The provision made for education by the State authorities is so ample in some respects that the former need does not now seem to exist, but some districts are still neglected, and it is altogether likely that one or two schools will have to be re-opened during the coming year.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The main Sabbath School at Dhar consists chiefly of Christian children, including orphan boys and girls. One of the classes, under the care of a catechist, is made up of Hindus and

Mahommedans, both men and boys. The numbers in this have naturally been fluctuating, but some have been very regular.

The progress made by the children in knowledge, committing of verses, etc., has been encouraging. A number had prepared for the All India Sabbath School Examination,



Orphan Boys at Dhar.

and we were hopeful of passing a good number; but other things intervened and the examination could not be held. One of the teachers is a young man in the State service, who readily gives up his time on Sabbath to Sabbath School work.

In addition to the main school, there are two smaller schools in the *mohullas*, conducted by some of the teachers after the other school is over. The class for Sabbath School teachers on Saturday evening is well attended and proves profitable.

INDORE.

Mr. Taylor reports that the College Sunday School has been held throughout the year. Responsibility has rested mainly on the superintendent, Mr. Crossette. Attendance has been fair, about 200 on the average. Irregularity is one of the chief hindrances to success. The distribution of picture cards has to be resorted to largely to secure regular attendance.

For the first time the school took part in July in the All India Sabbath School Examination. The result was very gratifying, 48 wrote, of whom 31 passed.

On Christmas day a Sabbath School gathering was held in the college, when about 700 children from the several mission Sabbath Schools in the city, ladies' schools included, were present. Through the kindness of several of the English officials, we were able to give some excellent prizes of books to scholars who were specially successful in an examination covering the work of the whole year.

In the native city 4 or 5 schools have been carried on with some success. Friends in Canada are thanked for cards and pictures. An English class for advanced students was conducted for some time by Mrs. Taylor.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

Miss Ptolemy has had encouragement in her school work at Indore. She reports for three schools under her charge for Hindu girls, two in the city, in one of which Marathi was taught, and in the other Hindi, and one in the camp, where two classes were taught, one in either language.

The curriculum, based on that of the Central Provinces, was the same in all three schools, and included Scripture, singing, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, sewing and wool-work.

The attendance has been irregular, but the larger girls come more regularly and shew a deeper interest. Several exhibit an earnest Christian spirit, and twelve in all the schools have confessed Christ as Saviour, but are not old enough to be baptized, a step sure to meet with opposition from their heathen relatives.

In the Marathi school a library of 136 books is open to the teachers and larger girls, and is eagerly used. It includes religious, historical and other books. Some have read nearly all of them. Not only the girls themselves but parents and neighbours profit by the library, so that its influence is wide-spread.

OTHER CLASSES.

In connection with the Marathi school a mothers' meeting is held on Thursday afternoons, and though the attendance is uncertain, there are always a few to listen to the singing and Gospel teaching. Most of the zenana work during the year has been carried on by the teachers voluntarily, but none of it regularly. A teachers' class for the study of the Sabbath School lesson is held on Saturday, and special encouragements or difficulties in connection with the work talked over. These meetings are helpful to all.

GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL.

Miss Sinclair reports the regretably small number of girls of Christian parents attending the school at Indore. This is probably due to the fact that Christians object to paying fees when so many hundreds of orphans are being kept and educated for nothing. Perhaps too there has been the fear that the presence of children rescued from famine may make the school unhealthy. The general health of the pupils has been better this year. One cannot, however, be sure of the future of children who have known the horrors of famine.

There are 86 girls in the school at present, from 6 to 16 years of age, 70 of these are famine orphans, some of whom have been nearly 6 years in the school, and others have been drafted at various times from the orphanages at Neemuch, Rutlam and Ujjain. Among them are many bright, earnest Christians, whom it is a delight to teach. They will be light bearers and witnesses wherever their lot may be cast.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

"Just yesterday," Miss Sinclair writes, "a woman who was sheltered and fed at Ujjain during the distress, and whose little girl was sent to me here, came to take her away to their distant village home. Times are good, they have oxen, cows and a good crop.

"At first the child did not want to go, but her mother's love drew her, and she left promising to come back in a month, and to teach her people meanwhile the Word and Christian hymns.

"She came three years ago a starved ignorant waif. She left bright and happy, her mind awakened, for she has learned to read fluently, to write neatly, and better far, has learned of Him, who long ago blessed little children. Recently she asked for baptism. We are all praying that she may be a bright light in the darkness of the distant village.

THE STAFF.

"The teaching staff consists of the pundit, who has been here for over 10 years, Miss Das (teacher of English), the daughter of a Bengali pastor, and five of our own girls, who have grown up in the school and are a great help. The oldest and best teacher has been lent for itinerant evangelistic work for two months, and she is rejoicing greatly in the opportunity of telling the village women in Mhow district of the Saviour's love."

"The daily Bible lessons, memorizing of

verses, Sunday-School and Y. W. C. A. meetings have gone on throughout the year, and there have been visible results in lives made better and brighter. The recent baptism of some, and the admission of a considerable number previously baptized to full membership in the Church, were causes of special joy and thanksgiving."

MHOW GIRLS.

"Miss Leach took over charge of the school in Mhow for heathen girls in March. Since then many of the older girls have left to be married, and there are now only three or four in the fourth book, and about the same number in the third. The rest are divided among the lower classes. The attendance varies between fifty and 130.

"There has been a great deal of sickness during the past season, and the average number in school has not been more than 75. Latterly the attendance has increased to over 100, and will probably remain so until the school closes in April.

"Results are not very marked, but the Scriptures are taught faithfully for an hour a day, and this cannot be without its results. The memorizing of hymns proves helpful.

"The story is told of Husein, the daughter of a retired subadar, who was not at school, and on enquiry being made, it was found that she had been singing over and over the verse of a bhajan recently taught at school.

"Her mother, a good Mohammedan, asked where she had learned it, and when told, said, 'If they teach you that at school, you go there no more.'

"When the father returned he was told of the pernicious influence of the school, but urged in reply that the girl be sent back, so the hope is cherished that she may return. She is a particularly bright child, and I shall be very sorry if the mother's wish carries."

Medical Work.

Among the many agencies which Christianity employs for the amelioration of the social and religious condition of heathen peoples, a prominent place must be given to medical work. It affords the best possible illustration of those principles of benevolence and sympathy which Christian teaching enforces. It breaks down the barriers of suspicion and distrust, and gains an entrance to the hearts of the people. It is of peculiar value in the opening up of new fields, whose doors might otherwise remain closed.

THE WORK AT NEEMUCH.

Dr. McKellar reports changes in the work at Neemuch during the year. For four months Dr. Margaret Wallace had charge, while Dr. McKellar looked after the orphanage in Miss Duncan's absence. In September the work suffered the loss of a valued assistant, Louiebai Paul, who had been in poor health for some time. Dr. McKellar says of her, "Because she was so eager to be on duty, I allowed her to do Bible woman's work in the dispensary, so that her last earthly ministry was pointing her lost sisters in India to Jesus. On the last day of the year she went to be God's guest. A more gentle and loving soul I have never known."

5,112 new patients have been registered, and 11,517 treatments, not including the Widows' Home and Orphanage. 140 houses were visited and 523 visits paid.

The ordinary routine of work in the two dispensaries has gone on as usual, teaching and treating the sick. Teaching consists in a clear Gospel talk, with singing and prayer. There have been several encouraging cases. One was a family living on the compound, and under instruction for nearly ten years, who confessed Christ in baptism. Another was of a young man who was saved from starvation three years ago, and who has been taught from the first. He too has turned to God.

During the year the hospital was closed for two months after Louiebai's death, and while Dr. McKellar was absent with an attack of fever, Mrs. James was set free to go to the more needy and pressing dispensary work.

The nurses then had their first holiday after two years' work. Two of the original ones are at Indore, one in the mission dispensary, and the other in the Boarding-School, fitting herself for more efficient work.

193 patients were treated in the hospital during the year, of whom 17 died, while the rest were discharged cured or greatly benefited.

The first patient from outside was a woman terribly burned on chest and arm and leg. She was found in a village by one of the catechists. She was suffering greatly on account of the barbarous treatment she had met with from her people. She was several months in hospital before the surface burned was healed, and by that time she decided to throw in her lot with God's people. She is now an inmate of the Widows' Home.

The friends of the "Minnie Smee" and

"Calgary" cots have been mindful of their own, and have sent sufficient money for their support.

DHAR MEDICAL WORK.

Dr. O'Hara writes of the forebodings with which the year began. The winter crops were poor, prices high, water scarce, and late rains gave prospect of another famine. But the rains were abundant, and the hearts of all rejoiced in the goodness of God.

for the woman's recovery, when on the eighth day, while the doctor was away at other work, the husband returned, and in spite of all that those in charge could do, carried his wife off on horseback.

The words of Kipling well express the feelings of the staff on their return :

"And when our goal is nearest
(The end for others sought.),
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hopes to nought."



Woman's Hospital at Dhar, with Fort Dhar in Rear.

Whatever be the conditions, the sick and suffering are always present, and the hospital and dispensaries always open to give them relief. The story of the Great Physician is daily told to the patients and their friends.

The rich and high caste women object to waiting to hear the Gospel before they are treated, and there are consequently fewer of these, but the numbers from the surrounding villages have increased.

There were 8,258 new cases treated in the dispensaries, and 22,162 treatments. In-patients numbered 268. These were largely from among the village people.

A DISAPPOINTING CASE.

One Thakur woman was brought in 18 miles. She was in a pitiable condition. Her family were most anxious that she should be cured. They were told that an operation would be necessary, and the physician's orders as to ventilation, diet, etc., implicitly obeyed. After a number of consultations, objections and excuses, it was agreed that the woman and her mother should stay for a month.

The operation was performed, and everything promised well.

A few days after the husband returned, and seeing his wife comfortable and happy thought she was well enough to return to her home to cook his food, and perform her other duties. He was persuaded to leave her longer. He went back home and everything looked hopeful

THE MISERLY RICH.

When the patient is too ill to come to the hospital for treatment, she is visited in her home, but a fee is required where the patient can afford it. But a fee is seldom given. With 268 visits paid, the fees amounted to only Rs. 98-1-0.

One wealthy man refused to have his wife treated if he had to pay; another said he would ask the correct fee before he would pay even a nominal charge. Others say that the opportunity for the physician to lay up merit in heaven is ample reward. The very poor are always grateful, and often where one least expects it a few annas are pressed into the hand when leaving.

A TWO-FOLD HEALING.

A Brahman widow who had spent five years in pilgrimages to various Hindu shrines was very ill in a village from which another patient had come. Hearing that she could receive treatment from one of her own sex, she came to Dhar.

Not only did she receive medical aid, but she heard the word of God and believed the message. She is most anxious to learn and is being taught to read. She has asked for baptism, and she will soon be telling to others the message she has herself received.

INDORE HOSPITAL.

Dr. Agnes Turbull has been alone in the medical work at Indore for most of the year.

The assistant secured a year ago did not prove satisfactory, owing to repeated absences, and her successor has needed much training.

The dispensary work has gone on as usual. 3,284 new patients were treated, with 8,252 treatments, during the last ten months. Many of these have been deeply interested in the Gospel. There have been over 250 in-patients during the ten months. For several months there were over 30, taxing the accommodation to the utmost. The majority have been discharged cured.

The deaths have been chiefly among the famine orphans. No one witnessing the patient suffering, the loving trust in Christ, and the triumphant deaths of these girls could feel that the care bestowed on them had been in any sense lost.

Among the in-patients were two women who professed to be converted, but have not yet been able to confess Christ openly. One was a sad, patient Hindu, who seems at last to have found the Comforter and Friend she has needed so long. The other is a bright Mahomedan woman.

VISITS.

333 visits have been paid to 134 women in their homes, and over \$250 received in fees. Some visits have been to distant villages. Among the patients have been native ladies from the households of some of the Central India Chiefs, and of the Indore prime minister and other officials. Among the nicest patients have been Parsi women.

The Gospel has been taught daily to all dispensary patients and in-patients. A class for Bible study has been held each afternoon, for the helpers and others. There have been 4 baptisms. Two of them are famine widows, one being a hospital servant, the other Renubai's cook. Another is a famine orphan girl whose special work is caring for the sick orphans, and the fourth the daughter of Bhuri, our other hospital servant.

The Sunday-School has been carried on throughout the year. At the Christmas examination Harki, the youngest compounder, took first prize, an English Bible. Those taking 2nd and 3rd received clothing. The class helps to support a girl in the Boarding-School.

BUILDING.

Two good store rooms for drugs and other supplies have been erected. A high wall has been put up to form a women's courtyard, and enclose the quarters for the workers and the

isolation wards. Stables and a buggy shed have been built on the other side of the compound, and the whole place is now to be enclosed with a wire fence.

RUTLAM.

With his time fully taken up with the regular work of the station. Dr. Woods reports that he has not been able to carry on medical work to any extent. The medical care of the two orphanages has been a care in itself. A few outside patients came to the orphanage hospital for treatment, but this was not encouraged. The private work among the Europeans connected with the railway has not only been remunerative, but has brought the missionary into touch with them in many ways. The sick in the homes of the natives have also been visited. While on tour medicines were distributed where needed.

The mission dispensary in the city was opened in December. When the orphans are sent to Mhow, the missionary will be better able to prosecute this work. Ramlal, the medical assistant, has given valuable aid.

UJJAIN.

Dr. Nugent carries on his medical work in Ujjain in a building which is church, dispensary and hospital, all in one. The downstairs is used entirely for services, except one room, which forms dispensary and consulting room in one. The operating-room is situated outside, behind the main building.

A number of interesting cases have been dealt with during the year. One was a Brahman who came fifty miles for treatment. The catechist talked with him, and found that he was evidently a sincere seeker after truth. Each morning for ten days he came to the hospital for medicine and teaching, always one of the first to come, and the last to go.

In the afternoons he came to the bungalow to receive further instruction. When the time came for him to return to his home, he asked for a Bible and hymn-book. He took off his sacred thread and string of beads, and gave them to the missionary, and promised to teach his friends the truth he had himself received.

Another case was that of a Sadhu, who professed great interest in Christianity. For years he had travelled all over India, visiting shrines, seeking peace, but finding none. He came daily for teaching, and after some days professed to be converted. He left later on his journey, promising that he would teach Christ as he went along. Both this man and the

Brahman asked for baptism, but this will not be given till they have been further tested.

Among the Orphans.

The desolating famine of recent years is now a thing of the past, but it has left a heritage in the hundreds of boys and girls who look to our Church for support. We have already had enough experience of work among them to know something of both the blessing and the burden they have brought us.

It is not an easy thing to care for the bodily and spiritual interests of so many, and if disappointments do come in the case of some, it is not to be wondered at.

But no one can tell the plenitude of blessing which has already accrued to the work of the Kingdom in this land through these children, or can predict the wondrous results which are still to be attained through them, as a means of regeneration to the people of India.

The reports from this part of our work all breathe a spirit of thankfulness and optimism which is born of a happy experience among the children.

NEEMUCH.

To the work among the orphan girls at Neemuch Miss Duncan has devoted the whole



Miss Duncan and Some of Her Girls.

of her time during the past year, with the exception of the months spent at the hills in the hot season, when Fr. McKellar had charge. Of all that was done by the latter Miss Duncan says she cannot speak too highly.

The orphanage building is situated about four miles from the mission bungalow in Neemuch. The garden about it presents a beautiful appearance in the midst of the surrounding waste.

The building is a low unpretentious flat-roofed one made of stones. It partly surrounds on three sides the courtyard, the spaces being filled with stone wall or wire fencing.

Within the enclosure, except during school hours, are seen "numbers of dusky maidens" moving about, intent on work or play, or preparing some lesson.

The grinding mills placed under a matting verandah will be objects of special interest to a stranger, but the interest taken in them by the children is one of stern necessity.

Another object of interest is the fire-place, over which if it is near meal-time, a huge pot of rice or vegetables will be steaming, surrounded by girls.

Those who prepare the chapatties of wheat, corn, or jawar, which are the staple foods, are busy in a small room at the back of the courtyard.

IN SCHOOL.

When the eight o'clock bell rings for prayers, the girls gather from all sides, Bible and hymn-book in hand. There are at present 241 girls in the school, on some of whose faces can still be seen the marks of the dread famine. From the majority all such traces have disappeared, and the bright faces make you feel that here is a family of God's dear children, grateful for all that has been done for them.

The first hour, when all are together, affords a good opportunity for making clear the way of salvation and influencing them to give their hearts to Christ.

For half an hour after this the children are taught in separate classes lessons according to their various capacities, also the memorizing of the Shorter Catechism and the weekly Bible verse.

At 9.30 breakfast is served to the children in the courtyard, where they sit in long rows.

Then the rooms are swept, and at 10.30 school begins. The highest class, 29 in number, meet in the main building. In arithmetic they have gone as far as the compound rules, and read the 4th book in Hindi or Barth's Old Testament history.

The next room contains two classes, and the other three rooms three classes each also, while the remaining three classes are taught under

a verandah and in the shade of some mango trees. At one o'clock recess is given, when the children have a second but lighter repast.

WORK CLASSES.

In the afternoon various industries employ their willing though not always skillful fingers. The silk embroidery and drawn thread work are worthy of special mention. A silver medal was awarded them for this work at the exhibition of Indian Christian industries held at Madras last December. For these and the knitting work certificates suitable for framing were also granted. Point lace, button making, and gardening complete the list of the special industries.

The majority of the girls are daily busy stitching the garments needed for our large family. After the evening work grinding, cooking, etc., is finished, the evening meal and prayers bring the day to a close.

SPIRITUAL RESULTS.

During the year 25 of the girls were enrolled among the followers of Jesus. One of these was a young widow who came to us from Jawad. She had attended the mission school there, and learned to love Christ, and when after her husband's death she was ill-treated by her friends, she decided to leave them and cast in her lot with us. She has been with us ever since, refusing to return to her friends, who have sought to persuade her to return.

In March a number of the girls were sent to the Boarding-school in Indore to receive the higher training which will fit them for the work of teaching. Nine of our lower classes are being taught by girls admitted during the first famine, but these are not yet properly qualified.

During the warm weather we had almost no removals by death, but when the cold season came on a few of the weaker succumbed.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

One of our girls had a happy reunion with her friends, from whom she had run away three years ago. We made enquiries about them, and soon they were rejoicing in the knowledge that their daughter was alive and well.

The girl, now a bright Christian, returned to her old home, taking with her her Bible and hymn book. She said that God would give her strength to speak to her people, so much older than herself, of the love of Jesus, and we believe that while there she witnessed a good

confession for Him. But she was weaned away from her former heathenism, and had no desire to remain there, and returned to us shortly after, to take up her work with new zest. She does not forget to pray for her friends, and sometimes writes them letters in which she pleads with them to give their hearts to Christ.

ADOPTED GIRLS.

Among the girls are some supported by friends at home. One of these is Gendi Chapman, supported by one who writes that she will pray for her and us as long as she breathes. A girl of eleven and a boy of six are known as Mendi and Kishnia McLean, while two of the larger girls are called Gori Thomson and Kasturi Hall. Amongst the smaller ones are Swagi Sharp, Mary Nedham, Ummedi Duncan, and little Bhulki, who has a whole C. E. Society for her godmother.

THE ORPHANAGE AT DHAR.

During the year some changes were made in the Orphanage at Dhar, which is under the care of Dr. Margaret O'Hara. The site granted for the Orphanage in 1897 by the late Maharaja was too far away from the bungalow to be convenient for a girls' Orphanage, and the State Durbar very kindly exchanged it for a site of the same size adjoining the Mission Hospital, giving full compensation for the buildings and well.

Mr. Russell planned and erected a much larger and better building on the new site. It was formally opened on July 1st. by Captain Barnes, the Political Agent. After the rains a flower garden was made, and the fields sown, and several fruit and other trees planted. These will in a short time not only beautify the place, but add to its value.

The Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon and his staff, paid a visit to the institution early in November. His Excellency evinced the deepest interest in these Bhil girls, and expressed his approval of their being kept and trained in as simple a manner as possible, so as not to separate them from the conditions they will find themselves in in after years.

A SIMPLE TRAINING.

The aim of the Orphanage has been to train each girl so that she will be a useful woman, knowing how to perform her household duties. Each older girl has charge of a younger girl, and is responsible for the mending and washing of her clothes, also caring for her when she is not well.

The girls do all their own grinding, cooking,

washing, house-cleaning, gardening, sowing of crops, and reaping them when they are ready. They also grind and cook for the boys in Dhar. Several of the older girls have been taught to do drawn-thread work and fine sewing by Mrs. Russell.



Some Orphan Girls Grinding at Their Mills.

The health of the girls has been excellent, only one death occurring during the year, that of a little one who had never recovered from the effects of famine.

PROGRESS.

The girls have made fair progress. 26 are now reading in the third book, and taking up all the subjects for the lower grade teachers or Bible women's examinations. 14 are in the second reader, and the remainder in the first book.

After the rains some were removed by their relatives, who were then able to support them, and others were married to Christian orphans from this and other stations, who are doing independent work.

Some of the girls who are thus settled are in out-of-the way places, and exert a good influence over their neighbours. A dozen more petitions are before us for wives, ten from Christian Bheels at Amkhut.

These girls are by nature straightforward, independent and truthful, affectionate and very easily managed. Over fifty per cent. have confessed Christ in baptism, and several others wish to be baptized. During the year most of those who were baptized entered into full communion with the Church.

GIRLS AT RUTLAM.

During the recent famines Mrs. Campbell gathered together a large number of girls at Rutlam, and cared for them until she went home on furlough. Since then the work has been under the care of Mrs. Woods. Dr. Woods reports that on account of other duties she was unable to devote sufficient time to them, but the endeavour has been to give them a good training. The forenoon is taken up with school work, while in the afternoon the smaller girls grind the wheat for both orphanages, and the larger girls are taught drawn-thread work by Mrs. Woods.

Christmas was a gala day for them. One of their number was married on that day to an orphan boy of Rutlam who has become self-supporting. The girls have been living in the city, but, on account of plague, buildings were put up on the mission premises to accommodate them. There are 81 girls, whose ages range from 7 to 19 years.

THE INDUSTRIAL HOME.

For the Girls' Industrial Home at Indore Mr. Taylor reports that this institution has been, as in former years, almost entirely in Mrs. Johory's hands. The number of girls has diminished, the average being slightly over 80. Mrs. Johory has done earnest faithful work among them. The morning hours have been devoted to knitting, sewing, fancy work, etc. The articles find a ready sale among the Europeans and Eurasians chiefly. School work begins at 11 o'clock. The older girls assist Mrs. Johory in the teaching.

Arrangements have just been completed by which the girls are placed under the control of the ladies, and the Home has become more distinctively a Widows' Home. We bespeak for it the continued sympathy and prayers of the friends in Canada who have been specially interested in this work in the past.

BOYS' ORPHANAGES.

During the year it was decided to amalgamate the various boys' orphanages throughout the mission, and concentrate this work at Mhow. But until buildings were erected at the latter place, the boys were retained in their several stations, being sent to Mhow as accommodation was provided for them.

INDORE BOYS.

Mr. Taylor reports for the Boys' Industrial Home at Indore an average of 80. Results have been gratifying. The combination of Industrial with Educational work has had an

excellent effect on the boys. Four of the older lads have finished their studies and are giving all their time to work. They are supporting themselves entirely.

A number of others who are anxious to pursue their studies further, are earning almost enough for their maintainance, while a large proportion are very little lads who can as yet contribute very little towards their support.

The progress in Bible Study during the year has been good. In the "All India Sabbath-School Examination" held in July, 8 of the older boys passed securing an average mark of 68 per cent. One boy, Dhan Singh, secured 94 per cent. and stood first in his division (i.e., students 13 years or under.) During the year, 8 boys made public profession of their faith in Christ by receiving baptism. Several others are candidates, but have not yet been baptized.

Nor has progress been made only in spiritual things. The lads have made a creditable showing among their class-mates in the vernacular and High School, and have been able to carry off a goodly share of the honours in the College athletic sports as well.

When we remember the weak, starved, sad faced and ignorant lads who came to us a few years ago, we thank God and take courage. The Gospel saves these boys physically, intellectually and spiritually.

But there are sad aspects of the work as well; inherited tendencies to crime are not easily eradicated, and some by their conduct have caused us much sorrow. Some have run away or have been enticed away, and some, even after the most careful nursing, have been claimed by the grim reaper. The number of deaths during the year has, however, been very small.

The proceeds from sales of work done by the boys has shown a steady increase. For the 12 months sales amount to Rs. 3788 (\$1,263), which, along with stock on hand, meant a profit of Rs. 1175 (\$392) over the cost of materials. This profit may be considered as the boys' own contribution towards their support.

WORK AT RUTLAM.

When the year opened there were 350 boys at Rutlam. Dr. Woods reports having sent a large number to Mhow in August, and later on all the boys who were engaged in carpentry. At present there are 80 boys left, and these will be sent to Mhow as soon as buildings are completed.



Some Orphan Boys Digging a Well.

The industries carried on were carpentry, printing, durrie-making, niwar (bed-tape), weaving and tailoring, but all have been closed with the exception of printing and tailoring. As there is always a demand for dressmakers and tailors in India an effort is being made to fit them for this trade.

The Rev. Jairam Makasare, the pastor of the congregation, has been unremitting in his efforts to advance the spiritual life of the orphans. Fifteen were baptized during the year. It was thought wise to decline the applications of others for the present.

A FEW GARDENERS.

The removal of most of the boys to Mhow early in the year reduced the orphanage at Dhar to very insignificant proportions. Only those were kept who had been at Dhar so long that it was thought unwise to put them into new work, or those who had sisters in the girls' orphanage at Dhar, from whom they did not wish to separate.

The boys have done well during the year in fruit and vegetable culture. A number of the larger ones are earning their own living and are putting away monthly something to give them a good start for themselves later on.

Most of the boys have made steady progress in reading, etc., and some of them who cannot attend school on account of their work have had provision made for night school in which they are now reading in the Fourth Book in Hindi. These boys have given great satisfaction in their daily work, and there has seldom

been any occasion for the exercise of discipline.

The older boys are all members of the C. E. Society, and several of them now take charge of its meetings. Good progress has been made in Scripture knowledge, and those who were fit for it have been under instruction for part of the year in the work assigned for the Bible Readers' examination. There is thus far no specific intention of putting any of them into this work, but they are being prepared for voluntary work among the people round about them as they may have opportunity.

THE MHOW ORPHANAGE.

Early in the year it was decided that the orphan boys should be gathered together at Mhow, and as soon as land was obtained about two miles out of Mhow work on the buildings was begun. A number of the smaller buildings for the accommodation of the boys had been put up when the work was called on to suffer the loss of Mr. Norman Russell, who had charge of it, in connection with the work of Mhow station.

Later on Mr. Harcourt was appointed to the care of this work. In the interval Mr. Drew, the assistant missionary at Mhow, had to bear the burden of the building operations. There are now three large quadrangles capable of holding about 700 boys, a large cook-house, a store-room, an office, house for an assistant and a bungalow for the missionary in charge. The whole place bears the name of him who gave his life for the work in India, and is called *Rusal-pura* (Russeltown).

During the rains a severe epidemic of eye-trouble broke out among the boys, and several lost their sight completely. Dr. Nugent was called in, and in a short time had the disease under control.

The long strain of heavy work and standing in the sun during May and June told heavily on Mr. Drew, and he was finally laid up with a touch of the sun. This left the missionary quite alone at a time when the work was at its heaviest. Dr. Nugent again came to the rescue and gave his help for a week and a half.

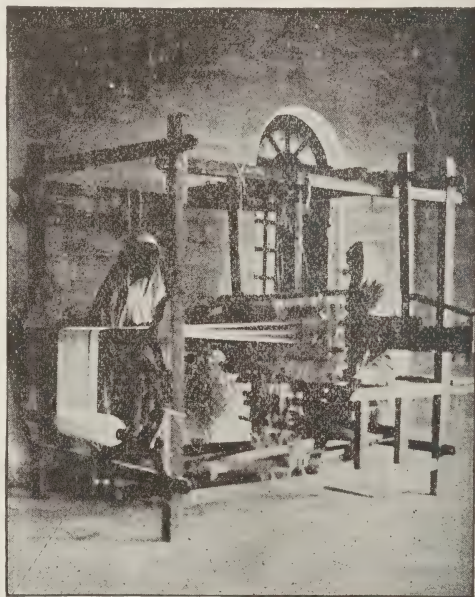
The boys have worked well and deserve high praise for what they have done to help in the erection of the buildings. The boys sent from other stations have had the most to do in this; but the rug-makers in Mhow and the weavers from Indore have come in at different times to do their share. Much yet remains to be done. The school, hospital and workshops are yet to

be erected, while the well must go a little deeper.

The rug-making has gone on apace during the year. Some beautiful rugs have been taken from the looms and are finding a ready sale. This work has suffered a little, however, on account of the building operations.

THE CHAPLAINCY.

The work of ministering to Presbyterian troops at Mhow and Neemuch has been for years part of the work of the Mission. When Mr. Mackenzie left Mhow early in the year,



Widows Weaving.

the work was continued by Mr. W. G. Russell and Mr. Anderson for two months each, after which Mr. John Nelson was engaged by the Mission for this work.

Those who have taken part in it feel strongly the importance of keeping it in connection with the mission if possible. Mr. Russell says of it, "Although this was English work, and I was desirous of giving as much time as possible to the study of the language, still I can by no means consider this as lost time." Mr. Anderson says: "It is very important that these soldiers should have regular religious instruction, and that they should be constantly in touch with the missionary." "One could easily spend his whole time among the soldiers, and we are glad to learn that this

work will soon be undertaken by a chaplain appointed from home."

LEPER WORK.

One of the sad features of Indian life is the number of lepers in every stage of the disease who wander about the country with few to care for them in their misery or attempt their relief. The Mission to lepers has done noble work for the care of these unfortunates and the alleviation of their sufferings. For some time we have been making an effort to have an asylum for lepers established in the mission, and are awaiting the result of negotiations for a site.

At present a number of lepers are gathered together at Ujjain under the care of Dr. Nugent. Of this part of his work Dr. Nugent writes: "Several months ago the number of lepers had increased to about 60. They had been receiving about 2 cents a day for food. But we wished to stop the circulation of so many small coins through leper hands, and began buying and serving out the food ourselves. This did not meet with the approval of some of the thrifty ones, and a number left.

"With this and death their number is now between 40 and 50. Eight of these have been asking for baptism for a long time. Owing to their lack of education and inability to read for themselves, as well as their diseased condition, it is very difficult to instruct them. Truths which they are taught day after day they soon forget."

ENCOURAGING CASES.

"Up to this time, none of the eight have been baptized. One poor fellow, who had been very helpful in teaching the others to sing hymns, died very suddenly. He passed away singing one of his favourite hymns, and confessing Christ to his fellow lepers. The younger ones, 8 or 9 in number, are learning to read. Some of them are in the second reader. One bright little chap of about eleven years has been with us for over a year. He is very anxious for baptism, and has a good grasp of the truth."

FIRST YEAR EXPERIENCES.

It is generally understood that a missionary in his first year should have no burden laid upon him apart from the study of the language. A speedy and accurate acquisition of the latter is a primary condition of success in the work.

But special exigences have compelled those who came to us a year ago to take up other

work in addition to study. During the year Mr. W. G. Russell spent two months at Mhow in connection with the Chaplaincy work. Later in the year Dr. Buchanan's illness and consequent absence from Amkhut, threw upon Mr. Russell a part of the burden of the work there.



A Bhil Shrine.

Of his work there he says: "I endeavoured to give what time was at my disposal to the study of the language, occasionally going with Dr. Buchanan to some of the surrounding villages." Of the people he writes. "At the present time there are a number who express their willingness to become Christians. There are others who appear to be desirous of becoming Christians, but as yet are afraid to make a public confession."

Mr. Anderson too had share in the Chaplaincy work for two months. In addition to this, on Mr. Grant's leaving in September, he was put in charge of the mission press at Rutlam. Of this he says:

"It is not very large, but large enough to demand a considerable portion of my time.

"Here in addition to Christian tracts and other work in Hindi and English, two periodicals are published, the 'Indian Standard,' and the 'Gyan Patrika,' the former the organ of the Presbyterian Alliance (in English), and the latter (in Hindi and English), an evangelistic paper, published weekly. Among those engaged in the press are 'several orphan boys,

who will, doubtless, follow up this trade. Several of them are remarkably good composers, both in English and Hindi, and with a little more training will be in a position to demand fair salaries.”

Of her first year in India Miss Dr. B. Chone Oliver writes: “The climate and I have proved to be companionable thus far. The country offers unlimited resources.” The vastness of the work has made itself felt. “The swarming struggling crowds at the railway stations, the streams of coolies on the streets of the great cities, the gaily dressed throngs—these make one feel that one is among millions”.. “During the eleven months that I spent in India a little more than five were taken up with medical attendance upon those who were laid aside by sickness. Three months were spent in work in the Widows’ Home during the absence of the missionary in charge. The remainder of the time was free for the study of Hindi.”

LETTER FROM REV. DR. ANNAND.

Tangoa, Santo, New Hebrides.

Dear Mr. Scott,

We began this year with thirty-five students in our Training Institution, eleven of whom are married and among them are seven children.

They come from the following parts of the group: From Northwest Santo there are four men, three women and two children; from Malekula we have eight students; Uripiv sends one; Pangkumu, four men, two women and two children, and Aulua three men, one woman and one child; from Epi there are three men, two of them from Nikaura and one from Burumba side; from Nguna and adjacent isles there are eight men and two women; from the south side of Efate we have nine men, three women and two children, and from Aneityum there are three men. Sixteen of these will finish their course here within the year.

If the Institution is to fulfil the purpose for which it was established more students must soon be forthcoming. Since it is the “called” and “Spirit filled” young people that are needed will not our friends pray that the Lord may send forth such to increase our numbers greatly?

During the last year ten young men graduated and left us. Two others went away ill; one of these died in hospital and the other

went home to die of consumption, that dread disease which carries off so many of the people in these islands. On the other hand, fourteen new students joined our classes.

We are frequently asked, “how is the new English settlement near you prospering?” Seven months have passed since the first company arrived. It was fortunate for them as well as for others who came after, that the number of our students was small, as the vacant cottages afforded them shelter in their time of need.

Of the whole number that have come professedly to settle here, thirteen men, five women and seventeen children are still on South Santo and Tangoa, and nine men, one woman and four children have returned to Australia.

Some of these said that they could not stand this climate, others found conditions less encouraging than they anticipated, but many have entered their new environment cheerfully and with determination to succeed.

Their native labor thus far has all been local, and consequently irregular and uncertain. Sometimes for a week or two at a time no one will appear for work. This is certainly discouraging to the man who is eager to see his homestead improving. However, a large amount of work has been done on several of the lots taken up.

One disadvantage nearly all have had to contend with is that they came with too few of the conveniences required for health and comfort. Material for a small cottage is a great advantage in starting in a climate like this, and where so little good native material for building is found. Most of those longest here have had some fever, but upon the whole they have enjoyed fair health.

The last six months have been drier than our average. The ground was more parched at the middle of this month than we had seen it before. This week a good rain has changed the aspect of our landscape. The rainfall of 1902 was 64.53 inches, the smallest in fifteen years at Tangoa.

“The annual expenditures in the United States for various objects run on the following scale: Foreign missions, \$5,000,000; home missions, \$12,000,000; church expenses, \$125,000,000; dress, \$250,000,000; jewelry, \$450,000,000; tobacco, \$600,000,000; liquor, \$1,200,000,000.—Ex.

Young People's Societies.

TOPIC FOR MAY.

ERROMANGA, THE MARTYR ISLE.

REV. H. A. ROBERTSON'S WORK.

BY REV. W. H. SMITH, B.D., PH.D., SUMMERSIDE., P.E.I.

Hugh A. Robertson was born at Avondale, Barney's River, Nova Scotia. When a young man he entered the employ of Mr. R. MacKenzie, Pictou. His health not being good, and having a desire to see other lands, he embraced the opportunity of a passage to the South Pacific in the "Dayspring" which had just been built by J. W. Carmichael and Co., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and sailed from Halifax, November 7th, 1863.

When in Melbourne, Australia, he was offered the position of agent at Aneityum for a cotton company which had its headquarters in Scotland. His work was to buy the material from the natives and ship it to Scotland; though accepting the situation for only six months he remained over four years. He lived with Mr. Inglis and was on intimate terms with the Geddises, Copelands and other missionaries.

In 1868, while still on Aneityum, the Church of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the church of Scotland, invited him to be their first missionary. He accepted the invitation and decided to return home for literary and other training.

He reached Canada the following May and immediately commenced his studies. He was licensed and ordained as a foreign missionary to the New Hebrides by the Kirk Presbytery of Halifax, on August 11th, 1871. On Sept. 6th he married Miss Dawson, of Little Harbour, Pictou county, N.S. They sailed from Halifax, Oct. the 24th, and, after visiting Australia, landed at Aneityum, 1 May, 1872, where the first news that met them was the murder of James D. Gordon on Erromanga.

On reaching Dillon's Bay, Erromanga, a small congregation was coming out of the church, sore stricken because of their leader's death. The Robertsons settled there June 25th.

"That night in that old house, alone on the 'Martyr Isle,' my wife and I knelt at our evening prayer, and the prayer was Erromanga for Christ and Christ for Erromanga."

For thirty years Mr. and Mrs. Robertson have laboured on Erromanga. They have had their years of conflict and of success. The lights and shadows have come and gone, but now the Kingdom of God is established and the people almost all Christianized. During the first year they had a very narrow escape on account of the revenge of Mr. Gordon's death by a friend of the Christian people.

The work of building was immediately commenced. To construct a building 50 feet by 16 feet must have involved enormous toil, con-

sidering the scarcity of help and material. The unsettled condition of the Island is seen in the fact that the men worked with their guns strapped to their bodies and were always on their guard.

In December the house was ready for thatching, but the dreadful hurricane which wrecked the "Dayspring" on Aneityum utterly demolished the building. This was very disheartening, but Mr. Robertson soon recommenced work, this time on a building 62 by 28 with a verandah 6 feet wide, which was in due time finished.

In the midst of all this anxiety, unrest and disappointment the work of teaching went on. Sosa, Mr. Gordon's friend and helper, was of great service. Day classes and night classes were kept up regularly. Mrs. Robertson taught several young boys and girls. Toward the end of 1872 the Sacrament of the Lord's supper was observed and a few joined by profession.

Mr. Robertson in summing up his first year's work says: "I was able to tell of a teacher having been settled five miles south of Dillon's Bay, another at Sofa, one near the South East arm of Cook's Bay and still another at Unora on Portinia Bay, near the spot of Mr. Gordon's martyrdom." Thus, notwithstanding all the hardship and danger, considerable progress had been made.

We are fortunate in having the story of mission work on Erromanga from his own pen. "Erromanga, the Martyr Isle," should have a prominent place in the literature of our people, and if our young people can read only one book this year let it be this one.

To trace the progress of the work during these years by any detailed or chronological method is impossible and unnecessary. A few sketches from his own pen will serve our purpose, in the hope that some greater interest may be awakened in the book itself, and thereby in the mission which has been so dear to the heart of the church.

AMONG THE HEATHEN.

It is well that when our Christian people dwell together in safety; they should constantly remember their missionaries whose lives are frequently in great danger. Erromanga has a dark chapter on violence. From the day Williams and Harris fell, even until almost the present, life has never been secure.

In addition to the danger of the first year of the Robertson's settlement a determined effort was made in 1879 to murder them. The plot was hatched at a feast in the heathen district of Unepang. The natives, alarmed at the progress of Christianity, concluded to arrest the work by assassinating the missionaries and all the teachers. The different chiefs were to show their good will to the missionaries by

asking for teachers at different times until every district had one. At a given time all would be massacred. Then before it was known they planned to take baskets of "down" to the missionary who would buy it and when he was weighing it the murderers, who would be there in force, would watch their opportunity and kill him.

Unknown to the heathen a young man about 18 years of age, friendly to the mission, heard it discussed, hurried to a teacher with the information, who sent two young men to the missionary. Word was sent out in every direction to the friendly chiefs and before morning about 200 armed men had gathered to protect them. About 9 o'clock hundreds of heathen appeared on the track leading over Mount Gordon. They soon understood the situation and most of them turned away. The leader of the plot, Uniko, died very suddenly. This in the minds of the people was interpreted as a judgment, and the danger soon passed away.

Certain rules were drawn up regarding the mission. A number of young men kept guard around the mission house every night for some time. The effect of the whole plot was to expose heathenism and to greatly cement the native Christians in loyalty and devotion to the work and to the missionaries.

In 1886 another plot was laid. This also was formed at a heathen feast at Unepang with a view to wiping out Christianity by destroying all teachers and missionaries. Knowing the previous failure they were more careful to conceal their method. About 10 o'clock at night Mrs. Robertson in drawing down the blinds noticed one of the would-be murderers crouching outside beneath the window. Mr. Robertson immediately rang the big dinner-bell which brought a large number of men ready for defence. Defeated at the beginning of their work they hurried away and were tracked to the shore where their canoe had been waiting. This was the last known attempt to murder the missionaries. Heathenism has lost its power. The few who remain feel the effect of the changed conditions, and there is reason to believe that soon the last remnant will disappear.

WAVES, HURRICANES, EARTHQUAKES.

In addition to the rage and cunning of the heathen we must constantly bear in mind the uncertainty, danger and loss occasioned by the earthquakes, hurricanes and tidal waves. From the first in 1875, to the last a few months ago, these have added much to the hardships of our devoted workers.

"In March, 1875," says Mr. Robertson, "we had the rather startling experience of a tidal wave. About 9 o'clock in the evening of the 29th there was a very severe shock of earthquake followed by a slight tidal wave.

"That same night again an awful earthquake was felt which made doors and windows rattle and shook our house to its very base. I heard a great angry roar. On opening the door of my room, to my horror, I saw a prodigious wall of sea stretching right across the bay and which appeared about 40 feet high come rolling in.

"I sprang into the bedroom, caught up the child and wrapped her in a blanket, and with Mrs. Robertson rushed out at the back door. We ran straight to the hill at the back of our house. As we began the ascent it seemed from the dreadful roar as if the sea was right upon us. It had then reached the stone fence in front of our house. We sprang from rock to rock and rushed through the reeds and scrub, climbing higher and higher till we felt we were safe from the sea, and worn out, bruised by knocks and falls and our clothes torn, we entered a small cave and sat down.

"The men coming at once made us leave the cave, telling us that there was danger from loose rocks while sitting in such a place immediately after a severe earthquake. The danger from the sea was now over and the men very carefully and kindly guided us back to our house.

"We got up at daylight and went out to view the land. What a desolation! Our boat, the 'Yarra-Yarra,' had been tossed like a shell as far as the chain extended and there lay, her planks all torn away from the stern post; the boat herself half full of mud and sand. The new strong boat-house had entirely disappeared. There was a great heap of sand and stones; and dead fish in hundreds.

"Our beautiful front yard was chaos. The wave had swept away 100 feet of stone fence 5 feet in height and breadth. It tore up a plot of about 500 pineapples and carrying with it old logs filled with slugs and tons of fish it spread all over our front premises, and had spent its force by the time it reached the back of the house where it ended in only a wash.

"After some weeks of steady work our grounds began to look better. We rebuilt the stone fence much nearer to the house than before, repaired the "Yarra-Yarra," made a new boat-house and after a time the whole place looked as lonely as ever."

On March 22, 1877, the Island was visited by one of the most destructive hurricanes, accompanied by heavy floods, wherever there were streams or rivers. A great deal of damage was done. At Cook's Bay the new mission cottage was smashed to matchwood, and not a native hut was left standing.

In June, 1885, there was an earthquake of great severity, but the sea did not rise. More recently the Island has been visited by hurricanes which did serious damage, wrecking the Martyrs' Memorial Church. The physical conditions are such that these fearful convulsions must always be considered, and the Church must make provision for the loss and labour they always bring to the mission.

THE MISSION SHIP.

One of the pleasant events in the life of our missionaries is the visit of the mission ship. In the early days of the mission a yearly visit was all that could be expected, but the service has been so much improved that now there is regular communication every two months. One passage in Mr. Robertson's book will shew something of the reception accorded the "Dayspring."

"In 1876 the Synod was to meet at Nguna,

and eager eyes watched the horizon. The missionary, who was some distance from the premises, first sighted the topmasts and about the same time she was sighted from the mission station, and we could distinctly hear the shouting of the people. None but those who know what it is to be weeks and months without hearing from the outside world can realize what we felt at such a time. Our natives knew that they could not shout too loudly for our pleasure. There was always a call when any ship was sighted, but when our own ship, the tidy 'Dayspring,' used to appear the excitement knew no bounds.

"Of course we would be expecting her for days and even weeks beforehand, then one day we would hear a faint 'coo-ee' from a distant headland, for some one had seen a 'speck' away to the south. All would be disturbing uncertainty for a little; then, perhaps, in a few minutes or hours, as the case might be, the calling would become louder, and when she appeared round the point, caught up by one and another came the long drawn out thrilling, 'Sail-oh; sail-oh-wi.'

"Who could mistake that call! the dear old 'Dayspring' call that meant so much to us; friends and letters from dear ones were coming nearer every minute, and the natives had our full consent to shout themselves hoarse, for was not 'the little white ship' worth it.'

One of the very pleasant features in the history of missions in the south seas has been the exceeding cordial and helpful fellowship among all the missionaries and the valuable services rendered by the various mission ships to the various stations irrespective of church connection. In the early days the "John Williams," the vessel of the London Missionary Society, was the friend of our mission, and in later times the "Dayspring" could help the labourers in other fields.

EXTENSIVE VISITS.

One feature of the life and work of the missionary must not be overlooked, namely, the visits to the surrounding country. In 1877 the Synod placed the "Dayspring" at the disposal of Mr. Robertson that he might visit every district around the Island. Captain Braithwaite did his work admirably. There was always a cordial welcome where the teachers were stationed. Presents were given to the ship, contributions received for aiding in the cost of printing the Scriptures and much good cheer manifested.

One picture will illustrate many experiences. "I had a grand visit to the crowd of people at Numpū-norowo and spent the whole day with them. In the evening the great Norowo himself—the high chief, in honour of whom the district received its name—and a party of his men, visited the ship with me and spent the night on board. They were landed the next morning after a huge breakfast of rice, meat and tea, but not before Captain Braithwaite had made them presents of small looking-glasses, fish hooks, calico and knives.

"The chief offered the Captain, with whom he seemed very much taken, two coal black

wives if he would only go on shore and live with him. When the Captain laughingly asked, 'What about Mrs. Braithwaite?' Norowo answered, 'Oh, bring her, too, that would only be three.'

"The old chief was greatly interested and evidently much flattered by his own reflection in the large mirror in the saloon. He was dressed in—well, we'll say, an undress uniform, for that sounds well at any rate, and how he did twist and squirm in front of that glass! . . . I went with them and saw them safely on shore, much charmed with their visit to the ship and seemingly prepared to be more friendly to the mission cause." In this way they visited right round to the north point of Portinia Bay, and the weather becoming unsettled they returned to Dillon's Bay.

After a few days at home he started with a company of fourteen men and two women to visit the different settlements on the north side of the Island. The first morning they went on to a small lot of huts on the tableland back from Elizabeth's Bay where the Chief Naliniwe was ill.

"Of course his three wives were with him, and when we arrived they were all busy preparing dainties to tempt their husband's appetite. Naliniwe—always the perfect gentleman—received me and my party very graciously, and, though sick, was careful to instruct the men about him what food they were to get for us, giving special directions about my portion. Yams and bananas were soon brought in, and pigs and fowl were killed, and in a little time about twenty people were busy preparing our supper.

"When the evening meal was over I talked with the people about 'the Word,' and found the Chief and others very willing listeners. Then before sleeping, they, with my own people, all gathered together, and we had an evening hymn and prayer in Naliniwe's big *siman-lo*."

Thus from village to village, through dense scrub and bad roads, impassable for his horse, he pushed into the very heart of heathenism, meeting in some places a hearty welcome, in others a formal greeting, but always doing something to interest the people and opening the way to the reception of the Gospel. In this way he overtook the places not visited in the "Dayspring" and then struck inland, and, that day after travelling 25 miles through wild bush, crossing 7 streams and climbing mountains a thousand feet high, he reached his home about 10 o'clock at night. During all these years this work has been kept up. One can scarcely realize the importance and magnitude of it.

In connection with this phase of the work there are many interesting accounts of the opening of villages to the Gospel. From the earliest days of the mission great importance was attached to the station at Cook's Bay on the east side. Here the natives seemed more friendly than at Dillon's Bay, and it was here James D. Gordon laboured and died.

At first the trip was made by sea, but now with funds supplied by friends, Mr. Robertson

has been able to open a good road between the stations called Robertson's Road, about 25 miles in length.

In 1875 our missionaries spent four months at Cook's Bay. The natives had built a church and received them with great kindness. A small house was built, the young men carrying the sills and plates a distance of 7 miles. School was kept up regularly every morning. The attendance at all the classes and church services was exceptionally good. On Sunday the great church, one hundred feet long, was literally crammed with people, some being out of heathenism, others still in it, but friendly.

After the house at Cook's Bay was destroyed by the hurricane a new house was built at Port Narine in 1880, which became the chief station on the east side. Here our missionaries spend a few months every year and have met with good success.

MURDER OF TEACHERS.

The horrors of heathenism had a most discouraging effect on the work, leading to cruelty and revenge which kept the settlements in a very unsettled condition.

In 1875 a young man named Noye, who wished to renounce heathenism, was staying at Dillon's Bay. One evening he strolled up the valley to a spot where some of his people were feasting. Returning he passed a group of men, then turned back to talk with the Chief whom he supposed to be friendly. At a given signal a native from behind drove his battle axe into the poor fellow's heart.

The murderer belonged to the village of Raumpong, one of the fiercest, near Dillon's Bay, and this event caused great excitement and enmity. For a long time there was danger, and the missionary in passing the village on the shore had always to keep out of range of their muskets.

Then, again, the work is seriously hindered by the conduct of the traders. The natives believed that the white trader and the missionaries were brothers, and any ill-treatment inflicted by the trader found expression in revenge upon the mission.

In 1876 an effort was made to place a teacher at Unarevin, a district of Unepang, one of the worst on the Island. This failed on account of the inefficiency of the teacher. In 1879 he was able to place Lova, an excellent man. Later in the year a teacher, Umo, was placed in an adjoining district. By his quiet, earnest manner and Christian character he endeared himself to the people.

An English labour vessel appeared, landed a party and seized the daughter of Lova, the teacher. When the father protested he was shot dead before his daughter's eyes.

Another boat from the same ship landed where Umo was working. When the teacher commenced trading he was suddenly seized, and when he struggled to get free was also shot dead. These tragedies were committed by the crew of an English vessel and the captain took no notice of them nor tried to atone for the wrong. The case was laid before the ad-

miral, which resulted in the dismissal of the captain from the labour traffic.

After the murder Mr. Robertson visited the scene of Umo's death. "We went up to the village where the body was lying, about 200 people, principally heathen, sitting around it wailing. I said to Mrs. Robertson afterwards how thankful I felt at the time that these people, though heathen, never for a moment blamed us, the Christian party, for what had happened; they knew well that their grief was ours also. These murders for a time destroyed all mission work in the Unepang district, and did serious harm to the mission on Erromanga. Everything was in confusion again, and it was many a long day before we were allowed to settle another teacher at Unarevin."

CHARACTER OF THE CONVERTS.

One of the serious problems in mission fields is the conduct of the converts. This is not to be wondered at. When compared with the results in the home church, the wonder is they do so well. With generations of evil in their veins, perverted moral sense and judgment, it is surprising they so quickly conform even in outline to the Ethics of the Gospel. Polygamy was common, but the Christian at once put away all except one wife.

It is pleasing to read of the hearty living service rendered by the natives to the missionaries. There is only space for reference to one man, Yomot, a character almost unique in the New Hebrides. He was born near where James Gordon laboured, and died in 1899, about 64 years of age. Physically, he was superior to the people of the Island, and indulged in all manner of sports, swimming, archery, fishing, shooting and the chase. He was converted and joined the Church in 1873 and for over twenty years distinguished himself as a Christian of strong common sense, well read in his Bible, well grounded in faith, fearless in advocating every good cause and in exposing all evil.

As a solid instructive preacher of the Gospel he could hold his own with many in civilized lands. He knew the language of Aneityum, Erromanga and Nguma well, and also some Tannese. He also understood and spoke fairly well colloquial English. He could read with great ease any book printed in these languages and could read slowly the Old and New Testament in English.

"But it was not so much by means of his knowledge of languages, or his power as a clear and forcible preacher, as by his own good influence and sterling Christian character that Yomot did such good service in the first ten or fifteen years of our labours on Erromanga. He was a born leader and ruler. He could not help it if he would, and would not if he could. Dr. Gunn spoke of him as "an iron man." He had lived and worked with white men good and bad, knew them thoroughly, and they all respected him for his straightforward manly integrity and independence. They knew he could not be twisted about their fingers and thought all the more of him on

that account. He was modest without being cringing and was never ashamed of his faith."

THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH.

In 1862 Rev. W. W. Gill of the London Missionary Society had collected a small sum to erect a monument to the memory of Williams and Harris. On account of the troubled state at that time this was impossible and the money was put in a Bank. Dr. Steel took up the idea of a church as a memorial for all the martyrs, and in addition to the money already raised, about \$150 was given by friends in New South Wales. The Church arrived from Sydney in 1879 and with the exception of the plastering was finished in May, 1880. The foundation stone was laid by Usuo, the second son of the murderer of Williams. The Martyrs' Memorial Church was a very pretty and suitable building, 40 feet by 20 feet, weather-boarded outside. The roof was corrugated iron. When complete it seated about 200 people. The tablet to the memory of the martyrs, which had been sent by Sydney friends some years before, was placed in the building. The inscription was in the native language and the English translation is:—

Sacred to the memory
Of the missionaries who died on this Island,

JOHN WILLIAMS,
JAMES HARRIS,

Killed at Dillon's Bay by the Natives,
Nov. 30th, 1839.

GEORGE N. GORDON,
ELLEN C. GORDON,

Killed by the People of Unepang,
May 20th, 1861.

JAMES MACNAIR,
Who died at Dillon's Bay,
July 16th, 1870.

JAMES D. GORDON,
Killed at Portinia Bay,
March 7th, 1872.

"They hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus (Acts vi. 26). "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners (1 Tim. 1: 15).

"The opening service of the Martyrs' Memorial Church was deeply interesting. It was touching to hear Usuo for the first time in his life in public leading us in prayer.

"Yomot's address was especially good. He contrasted that day when we were worshipping without fear or danger in our beautiful new church with the early struggles of Joe and Mana and of the Gordons and McNairs. I was struck with one remark of his. 'Before long' he said, 'before this generation has passed away, some here will forget or be in ignorance of the very doings of heathenism.' This has proved a prophecy.

"Atnelo, too, spoke simply, but earnestly, telling how as a boy he used to be tied and beaten for coming to Mr. Gordon's classes.

"It was a thanksgiving service for our many

mercies, not the least of these being the gift of a house in which to worship God, and the occasion was one long to be remembered by us all." The new church was of great service to the mission.

On January 22nd, 1901, it was wrecked by a fierce hurricane. Prompt response to appeals has provided enough for a new Memorial Church. May it long stand as an inspiration to Erromanga!

"It would not be fitting to pass over in silence the Communion service at Dillon's Bay held in July, 1882. Over 600 were present. It was a solemn service. Of the 210 church members 110 were admitted that day, among them being two sons of the murderer of Williams, Yomot and Atnelo, who were ordained as "Elders." The Memorial Church could not hold the people, so the service was held in the open air. The women, neatly clad, were in one long line, the men, also well clad, in another. The weather was perfect. "As the emblems of Christ's broken body and shed blood were passed down the rows of dusky worshippers—many of whom had once been determined enemies of the Gospel, some of them even cannibals—we lifted up our hearts in gratitude to God who had so blessed us in His work and had brought such a glad day to dark Erromanga."

PARTING AND RETURN.

The missionaries visited Canada in 1882-4. It must suffice to very briefly note the parting and welcome at Dillon's Bay. On December 7, the "Dayspring" appeared. About 500 people had gathered from all parts of the Island. That morning there was a short farewell service and a marriage in the church. They had requested the people not to go off to the ship, but to say good-bye on shore. The natives were arranged in two long rows from the mission house to the shore, and the missionaries walked down between them shaking hands with every one. After all the good resolutions when it came to the last there was a general rush to the shore and even the women clung to and cried over Mrs. Robertson and the children. They had scarcely reached the ship when a boat-load of natives scrambled aboard and rushed down into the cabin. There the parting words were spoken, the memory of many dark and glad days.

The welcome back again after two years' absence was very touching. The people were expecting them on the 25th April, and as the "Dayspring" came in sight of the Memorial Church there was great excitement. A boat-load first welcomed them home again. On shore the natives could not do enough for them. The mission premises were in spotless order. They had left 40 teachers and found 44. All had acted nobly. The work was very encouraging and many new converts had been won for Christ.

The Tuesday after their arrival hundreds of people gathered from all parts of the Island. The generosity and kindly welcome was so hearty that it compensated for many trying days when they stood alone against the mass

of heathenism. Surely a people capable of such a welcome is worthy of great and good service.

RESULTS.

These cannot be tabulated. They are found in the lives of many redeemed and gone home, and of others who are a living witness to the power of the truth. But there are some things indicative of attainment. The natives have a Teachers' Fund and now entirely support their own teachers. They are not a rich people and have only limited means of making money. In one year £100 was collected to pay the teachers.

On account of the reduced population not so many teachers are needed. At present about 20 are employed. In 1894 there were only 1,500 people and even this number has diminished. The Queensland labour traffic has been to a large extent responsible for this. Indeed in its earlier days it was little less than a slave trade.

The Report submitted to the General Assembly in 1892, just 20 years after Mr. Robertson landed in Erromanga, gives a good idea of the condition of the work at that time. "During 1890 there were 30 teachers employed. In 1891 there were 26. At the two principal stations, Dillon's Bay and Port Narevin, there were regular services at 7 a.m., 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., all well attended. In all the 26 out-stations there were two regular services every Sunday, many day schools and prayer meetings every Wednesday afternoon, 8 Elders were engaged in the work. Number of Christian marriages, 36. Number of adults baptized, 16. Infants, 40. The whole population in 1886 was 2,540.

"The only professed heathen are a very few on the extreme south of the Island and a few at the north end. Nearly all would feel insulted if they were spoken of as pure heathen. There are no enemies. I visit every village in all parts of the Island and the missionary party is everywhere received with great friendliness and kindness.

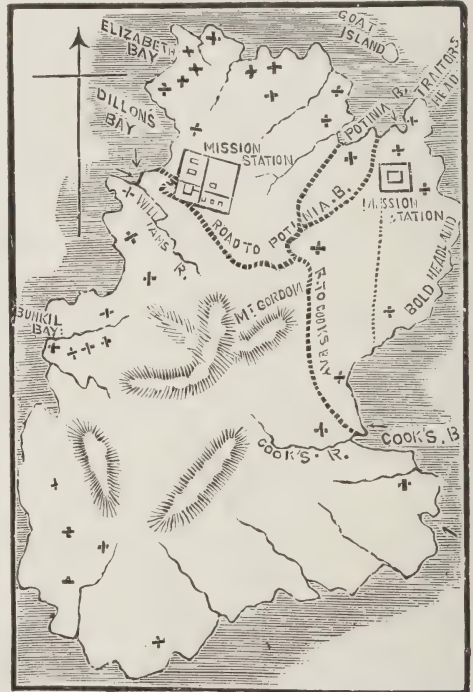
"The Christian natives have given the following free labour for the mission. They burned two large kilns of lime, finished a mission cottage at Elizabeth's Bay, gathered thatching for 4 mission buildings, cleared twice the undergrowth from the road across the Island, kept clean the graves of the martyrs, kept the mission boats painted and did all the boating required in visiting other parts of the Island, kept up all the district school houses, built four new ones and prepared and shipped to Glasgow, Scotland, 16 casks (3,000 pounds) superior arrowroot.

"In addition to this there has been paid labour to the value of £60 sterling, that is, apart from the teachers, to servants and others engaged at times during the two years."

The last report submitted in 1902 is hopeful. The terrible hurricane of January, 1901, had given the missionaries more than a year's work repairing the damage. The work has gone on successfully. Teaching, preaching, visiting, building and translating have all been

crowded into the busy hours. The work among the young people is especially encouraging, and generally the people now conform to the well ordered life of a Christian community.

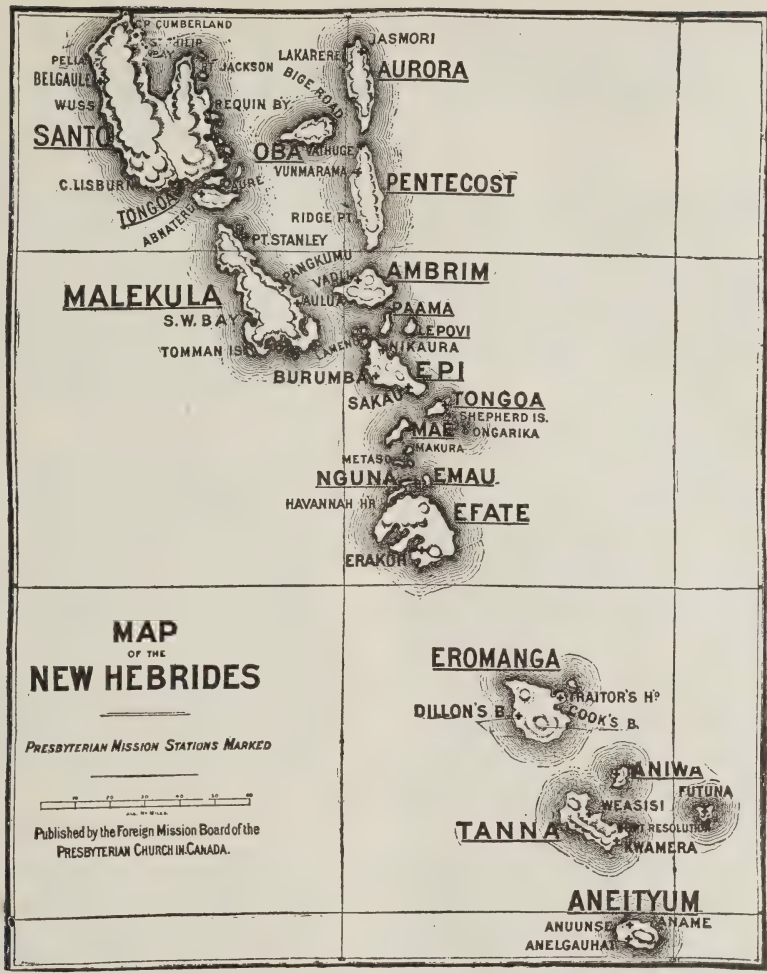
Erromanga has been transformed in one generation. Sowing in tears has preceded the joyful reaping. Few histories abound in so many dark pages, and few record so many triumphs. The heroic days of mission work on the Martyr Isle may in one form have passed, but instead has come the demand for living the new life which sums up and expresses the mind and spirit of the martyrs and present missionaries who separated in sowing and reaping will all rejoice in the great harvest home.



Island of Erromanga.

According to a Berlin newspaper there are 125 Jewish proselytes at the present time occupying the pulpits of Protestant Churches. In the United States there are 4,500 office-bearers in Christian Churches who were born Jews. During the nineteenth century 204,540 Jews were baptized, of whom 72,240 entered Protestant Churches, 57,300 the Church of Rome, and 74,500 the Greek Church, chiefly in Russia.

Where Christ brings His cross He brings His presence, and where He is none is desolate and there is no room for despair.—Mrs. Browning.



LIKE A LADY.

A little girl from an east side slum was invited with others to a charity dinner given at a great house in the west end of London. In the course of the meal the little maiden startled her hostess by propounding the query :

“Does your husband drink ? ”

“Why, no,” replied the astonished lady of the house.

After a moment's pause the miniature querist proceeded with the equally bewildering questions :

“How much coal do you burn ? What is your husband's salary ? Has he any bad habits.”

By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her ask such strange questions.

“Well ” was the innocent reply, “mother

told me to behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our house they always ask mother these questions.”—*London Spare Moments.*

What the world needs, and what the church needs, is a better representation on the part of Christians of the gospel of good works. By their fruit ye shall know them. Skeptics and worldlings never raise their voices against good deeds. The worst men respect true Christianity of the practical variety.

Happiness is composite ; pain is simple. It may take a hundred things to make a man happy, but it never needs more than one to make him suffer.—F. Marion Crawford.

It's very seldom dat gittin' de best of an ahgument will pay foh de time you has to put in doin' it.—Uncle Eben.

Pulpit and Pew.

A WOMAN'S MISSIONARY MEETING.

As Mrs. Morton glanced over her morning mail she saw a postal card from the secretary of her church missionary society, urging her attendance at a meeting to be held in the church parlor the next day. She had promised to attend those meetings, indeed her name was on the roll of the society, but she had never taken much interest in the matter, and considered her duty done if she paid her membership dues. Now she carelessly tossed the card aside and soon forgot it in more attractive correspondence.

Later, her friend, Ida Brown, coming familiarly into the pretty sitting-room, picked the card up from the floor where it had fallen.

"Oh, that is of no account," said Mrs. Morton, "it's only a missionary notice."

"Don't you attend these meetings?" asked her friend in surprise.

"Why, no, I always thought they were stupid."

Miss Brown shrugged her shoulders. "According to your own showing," said she, "I do not think you are a very good judge."

Mrs. Morton laughed. "Perhaps that is so, but anyway I am not going to this meeting, for I am going out calling to-morrow." Then in talk of other matters the card and its message was forgotten.

The next morning when Mrs. Morton went to her work-basket she saw the postal-card with its mute appeal staring at her from the midst of her fancy work. She threw it out intending to destroy it, but hurried off to market without doing so.

On her return she asked the servant if there was any mail. "Yes, ma'am," was the reply, "it's on your desk." There, among some notes of invitation, was that postal which the maid thought she had not seen.

Provoked at the mistake, she tossed it into the waste-basket. After a while she seated herself to reply to a note received that morning, but could not find it.

As a last resort she looked in the waste-basket, where she found it, and where, too, the first thing she saw was the ubiquitous postal card.

"Well," said she aloud, "I can't seem to get rid of the thing, so I suppose I better change my plans and go to that meeting or I will be haunted by that card."

Wherefore, somewhat to the surprise of the faithful, pretty Mrs. Morton was in the church parlor that afternoon. Everything was a surprise to her, and she listened with amazement to the experiences of a teacher from one of our schools in the West, as she told of the needs of the field where she laboured and the privations our missionaries endured. She thought

of her gay, careless life, and then and there a nobler principle of living was born in her soul. At the close of the meeting she asked a few questions as to methods of work, etc.

The next day the heart of the treasurer was made glad by the receipt of a check from Mrs. Morton, which was large enough to greatly aid in finishing the school building for which that teacher had pleaded energetically and earnestly. In whatever she undertook, Mrs. Morton became a valuable, active member of that missionary society.

At a meeting some time after the question of how to gain new members was discussed and various plans were suggested, Mrs. Morton said, "I should advise personal invitations," and then she told the story of the postal card that would not be lost or destroyed.

Tears came to the eyes of the secretary, for well she remembered how discouraged she had been at that time, and how she had sent that postal almost in despair of touching that frivolous heart, and yet God had blessed it, and used it to advance his cause; wherefore she would say to her fellow workers, "Be not weary in well-doing," and persevere in your work and trust God for the response.—Ex.

LOVING TOO LATE.

Not long ago I met a young lady in poverty whom I had previously known in wealth, and this was, in substance, the story she told me: "Father died suddenly in Washington, and the professional skill through which he had coined money for us died with him.

"I am not weeping because we are poor. I am broken-hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he should think it best not to tell any of us that he was sick? And I, his petted daughter, though I knew he was taking opium to soothe his great pain, was so absorbed by my lovers, my games and my dresses, that I just hoped it would all come all right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his suffering, or felt anxious about his life, I might bear his loss better!"

The story is common enough. Many a father, year after year, goes in and out of his home carrying the burden and doing the labour of life, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands all the honour and gold he wins by toil and pain. Then some day his head and hands can work no more! And the hearts that have not learned the great lesson of unselfish love while love was their teacher, must now begin their sad duty when love has left them alone forever.—*Ladies Home Journal.*

A VERY LAME EXCUSE.

What hinders you from becoming a Christian? Though you may not reply with the lips, yet your inner man might speak out if it could, and honestly say, "I am afraid of ridicule. They will laugh at me."

But who will laugh? Will your parents laugh at you? I hope they are praying for you. Will your "best friends" laugh at you? Then they do not deserve the name; they are your enemies. But companions, shopmates, schoolmates, may sneer at you. Suppose they do. What then? Is not every good and noble act liable to sneers?

Will you always continue to be shamed out of your eternal happiness by the short-lived "laughter of fools"? Was not your Divine Master scoffed at beyond measure? And will you refuse to bear a little harmless ridicule for Him?

But perhaps you say, "Youth is no time for psalm-singing and gloom. It is the time for merriment." I do not ask you to be gloomy; it is the very thing I want to deliver you from. "Gloom!" Is it a gloomy thing to have your sins forgiven? Is it a gloomy thing to have a good conscience? Is it a melancholy business to labour for God's glory—to be busy in doing good—in blessing souls?

Ah! I will tell you what is a "gloomy" thing. It is a gloomy sight to see a son or daughter setting out on the perilous voyage of life without chart or compass, in hourly danger of everlasting shipwreck. It is a gloomy sight to see a young man despise salvation. It is a sad sight to see a young maiden "quench the Holy Spirit," and give herself up, head and heart, to the senseless frivolities of the world. It is the saddest of spectacles to behold the slow, steady hardening of a heart in sin—to behold the chains of the destroyer coiled closer and tighter every hour about a soul "without God and without hope."

You admit the fact of these brief suggestions, and say, "I ought to be a Christian; I mean to be a Christian; but there is time enough yet." Who told you so? Has God drawn aside the veil and revealed to you a long life ahead? Has He given you an assurance that next year will be your "accepted time?" Your "next year" may be spent amid the wailings of the lost. The shroud may be already weaving for you.—Dr. Cuyler.

INDECISION.

Indecision is many a man's ruin. This is true spiritually as well as temporally. The soul's safety demands prompt action. Favourable opportunities for salvation must be seized at once. Gracious calls are to be heeded without delay. When the Spirit is working in a human heart, it is a risky and fearful thing to say: "Go thy way for this time; at a more convenient season I will call for thee." The wise will immediately fall into line with his emotions and accept the Saviour and live as He directs.

"Now is the accepted time. Now is the day

of salvation," Close in with the overtures of mercy. Run no risks. Time presses. Eternity is near. The judgment is at hand. It may be now or never with you.—*Our Young Folks.*

HER ONE TALENT.

Margaret Sangster tells of a woman neither young, nor beautiful, nor robust, nor accomplished, nor educated, who became a bride. She realized that she was extremely unlike her brilliant husband. "I have not even one talent to fold away in a napkin," she said. But the husband loved her and she loved him, and would, please God, make him happy. "There is one comfort—I can keep house," she said.

So she planned the delicate, dainty, healthful meals and kept the home clean, but not forbiddingly spotless. It invited the tired husband to rest, to litter it with books and papers, if it pleased him to bring work home from the office, while she sat beside him ready to smile or speak as he looked up.

The husband said, one day: "There's one talent you have, darling, beyond any one else in the world—the talent of having time enough for everything." His home was a suburb of paradise, and he went forth to the competitions of life steadily successful in all his enterprises. And the quiet wife, who had time to love him, to share his hopes, listen to his plans, and make his life supremely happy, was an element in his success which counted more largely than even the husband knew.

It is rare to find in this hurrying world a being who works with an air of repose; who can pause to listen to another's story; who has a heart touched to so responsive a key that sympathy in a friend's good fortune is as ready as pity for a friend's calamity.

This woman, who had the one talent of doing fully and blithely every home obligation, by degrees became a social power. A large class of girls each Sunday bent eagerly around her while she unfolded the lesson to them, and upon stated occasions she entertains the poor, pale, fagged-out girls of the down-town factories and keeps them by kindly words and helpful ministry and a Christian example from places of temptation, for she believes it as much a Christian work to keep young girls pure as to save the poor remnant of their ruined lives after they have fallen.

Telling the life story of this woman, Margaret E. Sangster says: "Altogether, when I think of the sick-beds this little woman sits by, the heartaches she soothes, the confidences of which she is the trusted recipient, the happy home-life which is hers and the good she is doing silently, I am quite sure her talent is bearing interest for the Master."—*S. S. Lesson Illustrator.*

"No girl is really well educated who has uneducated manners. Courtesy is a vital part of a good education; rudeness is narrow and ignorant in its very essence."

KEEPING HOLD OF THE BOYS.

There was once two boys in a home I know and after a few happy years one was taken into the Shepherd's arms.

The two boys and their mother had always knelt together for the bed-time prayer, and each had offered a simple petition. The first night there were only two to kneel, the sobbing voice of the lonely brother uttered but one sentence, "Dear Lord, keep mother and me intimate."

Said the mother, years after, "I consecrated my life to answer that prayer."

Did she have to give up anything? Yes; receptions and calls were secondary matters when the boy's friends needed entertaining.

Embroidered doilies and hand-painted screens were of no account whatever beside the cultivation of intimacy with her boy and the answering of his prayer. "Always give me the first chance to help you, dear," she would say, and he did. Whatever was dear to his boyish heart found glad sympathy in her.

Perhaps mothers do not always realize how soon a boy begins to think toward manhood, and so they treat him like a child to be watched and scolded instead of helped and trusted.

This mother's boy was just as active and self-willed as you often find. But she had a few rules that helped wonderfully. Shall I copy them for you?

1. I will pray and work to be patient.
2. I will strive to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of God."
3. No matter what happens I will try to hold my temper and my tongue.
4. I will try never to scold and never to reprove or punish in anger.
5. I will listen patiently and tenderly to my boy's side of a grievance.

You will notice that these rules are to govern the mother instead of the boy, and is not that the secret of success? Mother, do you want to keep your boy? Then control yourself. Not the fashionable attempt at stoicism that says it is not "good form" to display emotion, but the real-holding of one's self in hand.

Fashion would tie the mettlesome steed fast. Control harnesses him to life and lets Christ hold the reins.

This mother's boy made many a blunder, he had his days of waywardness and times of unreasonableness, but never a time when he was not sure that his mother was ready to listen, advise and help. There were times when his impulsiveness made him sore trouble, but the first place he turned for help was to the tender, loyal "mother friend" and he was sure of comfort.

Do you think it paid? When she reads in the papers the theories on "how to get hold of the boys," she thanks God she has never lost her hold on hers. And in the answering of the boyish prayer the mother has not only grown more and more intimate with him, but both have grown intimate with Christ. Mother, you have no "charge to keep" half so sacred as the heart of your boy. Are you true to your trust?—*Christian Work.*

"SHE WILL COME."

A lady went out one afternoon, leaving her little boy at his grandma's and saying she would call for him when she returned home, which she expected would be by six o'clock.

The time passed till it was nearly six, and his grandma said perhaps his mother was not coming for him that night.

"Yes, she will," replied the boy.

Six o'clock came and grandma said, "Well, I guess your mother will not come for you to-night."

"I know she will," said the boy, confidently, and he watched patiently for her.

It was getting towards his bed-time and grandma was pretty sure his mother would not come, and he would stay all night with her.

"Well, I know she will come," was still his confident reply.

"Why, what makes you so positive?" asked his grandmother.

"Because," said the boy, "she said if she was not here by six o'clock she would certainly come, and my mother never told me a lie."

In a few minutes his mother came and took him home.

What a lesson for mothers in the faith of this child.—*Exchange.*

LOOKING AT THE UNSEEN.

If some one of us had money invested in some factory or mine which he had never seen, but which he firmly believed would prove a rich investment, his thoughts would often turn to that place. To him it would be as real as if he had seen it with his eyes. In his heart he would feel rich in the possession of that unseen property.

Such ought to be the Christian's faith and the Christian's feeling. He has rich possessions, unseen, but as real as the things that are seen. His faith ought to be such as to make these things real to his heart and cause him to feel rich in his unseen possessions.

But many of us are lacking in this faith which makes unseen things real to our minds. We believe, after a fashion, in the realities of the world to come. We assent to the teaching of Scripture on this subject. But often it is little more than mere assent, not a real living faith which takes possession of our hearts and controls our lives. Notwithstanding our belief in the Bible we live as if there were little outside of this world worth striving for. We look but little to the things unseen.

Here is the cause of our want of zeal and of joy in our religion. These unseen things are not real to our minds as the things that are seen, and we are not earnestly striving to make them ours. We have faith, but it does not amount to a firm conviction of the reality of that which is beyond this world, and does not cause us to set our eyes upon it. And for the same reason we do not feel rich in the possession of heavenly treasures. To our minds they are not only unseen, but in a great measure unreal. If only we had the faith to look upon them as real, it would fill our lives with zeal and our hearts with joy.—*Associate Presbyterian.*

CONSCIENCE.

BY REV. ROBERT F. SAMPLE, D.D., N.Y.

Conscience is strengthened by use and weakened by disuse. This is a law of general application, extending to body, soul and spirit. Muscular strength is the result of muscular exercise; mental strength of mental employment; moral strength of moral living.

A man's conscience, enlightened by the Word of God, dictates a course of conduct. He obeys. Conscience is strengthened by obedience, and is more prompt, sensitive and consciously certain thereafter. On the contrary, if he disobey his conscience, even in a little thing, he has weakened it and started on a down grade.

Conscience directs a Christian to perform a certain duty; for example, to pray in secret, to attend a church service, to do some form of Christian work. He prays in secret. He observes a divine ordinance. He works for Christ. He is a stronger Christian; his moral discrimination is increased and his conscience enlarges its vision.

He may do the opposite. Then he goes down in every attribute of his Christian manhood, and continuing thus, stifles the monitory voice, deadens conscience and suffers incalculable loss. He may return, but it will be over a thorny path with a soul seared by sin.

I look abroad. I see Christians where they should not be, doing what their own consciences, when more tender, unhesitatingly condemned. At the same time they neglect religious duty, private, social and public. They grieve God's people, grieve Him, wrong themselves. Now they defend their conduct, do it sincerely, yet are conscious that it is not well with their souls. Conscience is asleep, mumbles something in its dream, can scarcely be trusted any more as a guide to life or a standard of right. This is a progressive experience, but only and sadly downward.

This rule obtains among the irreligious also. Natural conscience obeyed may lead the soul to Christ, and through Him to holiness and heaven. Disobeyed, it may conduct the soul into the blackness of hopelessness forever.

Conscience may be seared, deadened, destroyed. It will live again, but only to torture without end. This explains the progression in sin from petty theft to bank robbery; from violent speech to murder; from a lingering look at the wine to drunkenness; from a half-smothered oath to the blasphemy which makes the cheek of darkness pale. Conscience has lost its power and vacated its throne. It has been abused, and this is the sad end.

Conscience may be resisted, smothered, slain. Then black perdition projects itself across a path of blistering, burning marl, and he that had been often reprov'd and hardened his heart is suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy.—*Pres. Journal.*

“Irreverence is simply insulting a higher power by rendering a servile obedience to a lower.”—Dr. Parkhurst.

PREACH THE POSITIVES.

Macaulay has said: “If Voltaire had contented himself with making jokes about Saul's asses and David's wives, and criticising the poetry of Ezekiel in the same narrow spirit in which he criticised that of Shakespeare, the church would have had little to fear. It is due to him and his compeers to say that the real secret of their strength lay in the truth which was mingled with their errors and in their generous enthusiasm which was hidden under their flippancy.”

These words have an application to the preaching of to-day. If men content themselves with preaching their negatives and doubts, with proving that this part of the Scriptures is of doubtful authority, and that that part is but an inspired parable, they will have, and deserve to have, very thin congregations. There is no power in negatives. They do not draw, they do not inspire.

If we had 10,000 voices we should like to say to all our brethren, “The world does not care the ten thousandth shaving of a hair about what you don't believe, about the convictions that you don't hold. If you believe anything, tell us that.”

“If you believe in God, preach him; if you believe in the Holy Spirit, preach him; if you believe Christ's words, preach them; if you believe sin is a measureless evil, preach this; if you believe that sin always and everywhere will be attended by misery and penalty, preach this; if you believe in prayer, preach it; if you believe in Christ's resurrection, in the coming resurrection, in the resurrection life of the believer, preach these things. But if you don't believe these things, then you have nothing to say.”—Ex.

WHERE CIGARETTE SMOKERS CAN'T GET WORK.

The railroad companies, steamship corporations and nearly all the organizations that employ men are teaching morals these days.

It isn't because men of money have any special love for their fellow men, or feel philanthropic thrills and a desire to benefit humanity. It is business. It is because a better class of employees is wanted.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway Company has placed a ban on habitual cigarette smokers. There are no places for them. Those in the employ of the company who make a practice of smoking cigarettes will not be retained.

“Because,” said H. A. Ives, an official of the company, “the habitual cigarette smoker is almost sure to be more or less colour blind.”

One good thing that can be said of the present system of trade competition is that it has raised the standard of men, and the time is coming when only the clean-limbed, bright-eyed, well developed and well equipped man can secure or hold a position of trust.

It is possible for all men to be good. It is probable that more men will be good when the lash of necessity stings them, for such is the way of the world.—Ex.

The Children's Pages.

THE RESULT OF A WHITE LIE.

A boy told a lie. He has since become a man of considerable prominence in his profession and in the councils of a great political party.

The lie was not an extraordinary one. In fact, it was forgotten by him almost as soon as it was uttered. It entailed no injustice to any one. It merely freed him at the time from an embarrassing situation. He was an errand boy in a lawyer's office, and he told his employer that he had performed some inconsequential duty which he had not performed. He performed it immediately afterwards. No one was the wiser, he thought. He deluded himself with the idea that he had done quite a smart thing. He was pleased with himself.

Twenty years later he was a candidate for the office of State Treasurer. All indications pointed to his election. The opposition party went over his record with exceeding care, and were forced to admit that there was nothing in it upon which to build political capital. They virtually conceded his success, although the vote was very close. Therefore, they were greatly astonished when it was found that he alone of all the candidates upon the ticket was defeated. He, too, was astonished and chagrined. He could not understand it.

Some time afterwards he chanced to be in the city where as a boy, like Sir Joseph Porter, he had served a term with an attorney's firm. Naturally, he called upon his former employer and spent an hour in that gentleman's private office talking over old times and now before a cheerful fire. At the close of that hour he had something to ponder over.

The conversation had drifted into politics, and his former employer, with whose gray hairs had come affluence and influence, referred delicately to the results of the recent election.

"I have a confession to make to you, my boy," he said, after the other had expressed his inability to account for the defeat he had sustained, "I think I can tell you why it was. You may be angry when you hear it, but you have too much sense, I think, to accuse me of treachery in the premises.

"I twenty years ago you lied to me. You have probably forgotten the circumstance. I never had the confidence in you afterwards that I had before you did it. I could not justify myself in voting for you. I told myself and my friends that you were not qualified entirely for the treasurership. The tendency to dishonesty which you had manifested was one which, in that position, might become dangerous both to yourself and the State.

"I could not declare myself against you. The opposition papers would have failed, intentionally or otherwise, to understand my mo-

tives. They would have exaggerated the charge, and the consequences would have been such that your reputation might never have been fully recovered. I did not tell you what I intended to do, because it was unnecessary. It would have made no difference."

The other, very red in the face, listened to the end. He arose excitedly, and his lips moved as though he were about to speak. But he restrained himself. He stood for a moment looking into the face of his defeater. Then, impetuously, he extended his hand and left the room.

Visitors to a certain law office in a Western city observe, with some amusement, a motto which hangs over the senior partner's desk. It reads, "*Honesty is the Best Policy.*" "I had it made to order," says the lawyer, when questioned; "I wished it to express a conviction, so I had the 'is' italicised." This motto is the visible result of the interview between the senior partner and his former employer.—*Good Cheer.*

GROW STRAIGHT.

While you are growing you are forming your figure for life. If you are accustomed to crouch down in your seat in school, if you walk with stooped shoulders, if you stand so that one hip is higher than the other if you twist your head to one side, be certain that this will be your appearance when you are grown to manhood and womanhood.

Keep your head up, your chest out and your abdomen in when walking. Do not crouch down on your spine when seated. When standing, make the hip-bones support the weight of all the upper part of the body; that is why they are made so broad and strong. If your nose, chest and toes touch the wall when you stand facing it, your body is in good position. Practice this until you have an erect carriage that will add not only to your health, but to your appearance.—*Sel.*

A LESSON IN PATIENCE.

"Mother," said Mary, "I can't make Henry put his figures as I tell him."

"Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But he won't let me tell him how to put the figures, and he does not know how to do it himself," said Mary, pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Henry won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try to teach him a lesson in patience. This is harder to teach and harder to learn than any lesson in figures, and perhaps when you have learned this the other will be easier to both."—*Selected.*

HOW THE BALL ROLLED.

"Oh, grandpa, here are your glasses."

A breathless schoolboy came running into the arbor where the old gentleman was seated.

"Where did you find them, my boy?"

"Over on Ned Water's porch. You know you sat there talking with his father last night."

"Yes, I remember taking them out to look at a photograph he showed me. But I thought you started out early to have a game of ball before school?"

"I did, but Ned told me about the glasses —"

"And you gave up your game to come all this way and bring them to me?"

"I knew you'd want them, grandpa. I didn't mind."

The affectionate assurance beamed in the frank eyes which met the faded ones turned on him in loving recognition of the little act of unselfishness.

"You've been setting a ball rolling this morning, I think, Harold."

"I don't know what you mean, sir. I told you I left the ball game."

"Not that kind of a ball. But you are now due at school. I'll tell you later what I mean."

"I have a little more time. Please go on."

"When I was a boy," began his grandfather, "my mother used sometimes to say to me: 'Can't you set a ball rolling to-day?' She didn't say it very often," went on the old gentleman, "for that would have made it seem hackneyed. When she did say it, it seemed to come fresh, and stirred me up to try how I could work it, and I always found fun in it sooner or later."

"This was the kind of ball she meant—she had talked it over with me long ago and didn't need to say anything more—to make a special point of doing a kind, helpful thing to some one, and set it rolling by asking the one receiving it to pass it along in the shape of a kindness to some one else; the some one else to ask still another to have it passed on."

"That's jolly," said Harold with a laugh.

"It's having other folks do your good things for you. Did you use to try it?"

"Yes, I did."

"And did your ball ever go very far?"

"Oh, I cannot say as to that. You can't keep track of it very far, you know. It is like a good many other things that we do for the love of what is right—we have to leave the results with the Lord, in full faith that He will bless our efforts."

"I'm going to try it," said Harold. "I shall begin this very morning."

"Then come at night and tell me about it."

Harold sought his grandfather with a face which showed that he had a story to tell.

"I went to school after I left you, sir," he began. "I had my dinner basket with a good lunch and a bag of peanuts in it. Just as I passed the corner of the woods I heard some shouting and Jack Pierce came running after his dog. Rover had started a chipmunk. I knew he couldn't catch it, but it's always sport

to see him paw and howl when the chattering little rascal gets up a tree out of his way, so I waited to see. I put my basket behind a stump and went a few steps into the woods. Just as I came out I saw a boy stealing along towards my basket. I hid behind a tree and watched. I saw him open the basket and take out the nuts. Then I gave a whoop and jumped on him.

"You rascal! I said. 'So you want my nuts, do you?' I was just going to give him a shake when it flashed on me to think of your ball. My ball, I mean—the ball I was to set rolling. I thought this was a good chance, so I said:

"Billy, I don't believe you want to be a thief. I know you're not that kind of a boy. You just didn't think."

"He looked a great deal more astonished than he would if I'd thrashed him. He put back the nuts, saying:

"I'm sorry. I will think next time. You're real good to me."

"Well," I said, "if you think so you try to do something good yourself to-day. Now, is that a promise, Billy?" "I will," he said. Then I gave him the nuts—he didn't want to take them, but I made him. Then, it is a little strange, grandpa, but I did see a little of the passing on. When I came home from school I went 'round by a way I don't often go, and soon I was passing Billy's house and on the porch was his little lame sister—they're dreadfully poor—and, grandpa, I saw peanut shells on the steps. So you see Billy had kept his promise by giving them to her."

Grandpa smiled one of his beautiful smiles.

"I don't believe that was all that followed the starting of your ball," he said.

"It was all I know anything about," said Harold.

"You forget, perhaps, that you had already set a ball rolling this morning in bringing me my glasses."

"Oh, grandpa, dear, that wasn't what you call doing a kindness. That was, why—I don't call it just a duty, but just a little thing I did because I liked to."

Grandpa patted Harold's head as he went on.

"But you see I took it as an obligation laid on me to roll your ball on. So I had to keep it in mind."

"You, grandpa," Harold looked highly amused as he listened with a look of great interest.

"I must go back a little," said his grandfather. "As I went into town on the trolley two or three weeks ago, I saw a forlorn-looking boy, evidently also on the way to the city, but not taking it as easily as I was taking it, he depending on his legs to get him there. An hour later he came to my office asking me to take him as an office boy and errand runner. He begged so hard, telling such a pitiful story, that I agreed to try him."

"As the days went on I found him active, willing and bright about comprehending his duties, but notwithstanding all this I began before long to realize that he had a fault so serious as to overbalance all his merits. He

was tricky and deceitful. I had reason to know that he was dishonest in trifles and would do things behind my back that he would not do before my face.

"I knew the little rascal was very anxious to stay, so I felt sorry to think of turning him out. But, just as I had made up my mind to it he gave me a great shock of astonishment by coming to me this morning with a confession of his misdoings made of his own accord."

"Ho!" said Harold, in great surprise.

"Yes, he did. He told me of small trickery—things I knew he had done, but he didn't know I knew. Then he said, between catches of his breath:

"I—don't want to be a thief. I ain't—that kind of a boy. I—just—didn't think—"

"Grandpa!" Harold exclaimed in astonishment. "What is the name of your boy?"

"William Hart."

"Not—Billy!"

"Yes, the same Billy—whose way your ball rolled this morning. I talked with him and he told me about some one who said he knew he didn't mean to be a thief. 'And I don't,' he repeated. 'And I promised him I'd do something good, so I—had to tell you!'"

"Grandpa, what did you say to him? Did you turn him away?"

"You seem to forget," again with the loving smile, "that you had already sent a ball rolling my way. It was my bounden duty to send that ball rolling further. Poor Billy had given his honest shove in coming to me with his confession. So I forgave him and promised that he should remain on condition of his mending his ways. And with such a wise mentor as you I have little doubt he will. It will, probably," grandfather spoke more soberly, "be a turning point in the boy's life. If so, your ball will keep on rolling; who can tell with what beneficent results? For if Billy should turn out a good boy and a good man, instead of a bad one—think of the difference it will make to all within his reach."

"Oh, it is so wide, so wide," said Harold, with a face of deep thought.

"Yes, we never can tell how wide our influence may be or how far the effect of a kind action may reach."—*Observer*.

JOY OUT OF SORROW.

The old song that sorrow and joy may meet has its vital illustration in almost every life. The following beautiful example of how the finest joy may be born out of the deepest sorrow came to light not long ago:

A woman living in one of the suburban towns of Eastern Massachusetts lost her only boy a few years ago, under most harrowing circumstances. He was a peculiarly clean-minded, winsome lad of eleven, who seemed to have been born with higher ideas than are usually granted to the modern boy. On the day before Christmas he fell from some joists into the cellar of a half-finished house, and so injured his spine that he died after a few days of agony.

The blow drove the mother almost insane. She could not be comforted. Her husband, her friends, no one seemed to have the slightest power to comfort her or to draw her mind from her loss.

One day when it seemed as if her mind would finally give way, she started up with the cry:

"I must see my boy! I cannot stand it any longer! I must see him!"

It was late in the afternoon and before she realized where she was, and without knowing how she came there, she found herself in the streets of the city. As she stood there on a corner, dazed, undecided, a newsboy approached and thrust a paper toward her with an appealing glance. She looked down, and as she did so met the eyes of her dead son—the eyes that had haunted her and that she had been looking for so desperately.

The face itself was different. It was dirty, unrefined, uneducated; but the eyes were the eyes of her dead son.

Her heart gave a great leap for joy. She found an outlet for the activity of a heart arrested by grief in its natural maternal development. The atmosphere seemed suddenly to clear about her, and her soul leaped for joy. She asked the newsboy where he lived, and told him that she should call on him the next day.

She kept her promise. The condition in which she found the boy were conditions of squalor and poverty, as was to be expected. She began to improve them. The first call was followed by others and the newsboy was invited to her own home. From her interest in him she became interested in others of his kind.

The woman is not rich, and she has many demands upon her; but she now has a family of fifty newsboys, for whom she cares and on whom she calls at least once a month. When they are in trouble she is their help; when they are sick, she is their nurse. She is their mother, their good angel, and to day is one of the happiest women in the world.

Death, sorrow, disaster warp and blind and ruin many lives, because many people abandon themselves to their grief. But the grief that steps outside of self is the only grief which the followers of Christ should permit themselves. Mrs. Durant lost her boy and became a god-mother to Wellesly College. Mrs. Stanford lost her only son and founded a university in his name. Sorrow illuminates our vision. We search for our lost ones in vain; but as we look, behold! the eyes that seek ours for help or sympathy may be those of the Christ, beckoning us to minister in His name.—*Youth's Companion*.

"Chicago has 6,371 saloons. It is estimated that they sell 1,700,000 barrels of beer in a year besides all other liquors. Virtually all of them keep open on Sunday. Nearly one-third of the city's more than \$11,000,000 of yearly revenue is derived from saloon licenses."

The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

—Longfellow.

A CHILD WORSHIPER IN INDIA.

BE MEN.

It was with keen expectation that I left the missionary compound and walked with a party of friends past the great elephant stone in the city of Madura, one shining morning, for was not the temple of Minatchi (one of the finest in all India), with its mysterious quadrangle and towering gateways, still to be explored?

Passing through the great carved gateway under the tower, I saw before me a little boy walking by his father's side. The slim, little fellow had a scant bit of white cloth draped about his waist, and a little black, braided-queue standing up on his crown. With one hand clasping his father's, he held in the other a long wreath of pink oleander flowers, strung upon a thread.

With eager interest I followed him on through the large vestibule where are kept the elephants that are so imposing in the great festival processions, and still on through the "Temple Bazaar," from which no Master has ever driven the money-makers with a whip of small cords.

Coming into the hall of the gods, he stood reverently before a colossal image of Puliar with the elephant's head. The gross clumsy body of dark stone was sitting cross-legged upon its pedestal. The four clumsy hands were outstretched. Into the oil of the offerings poured over it, the dust of a torrid city had settled. It was repulsive in the extreme.

A Brahmin stepped forward, took the flowers, delicate, fragrant, a fit emblem of a child's worship, and, reaching up, he threw them over the neck of Puliar! Then the little brown hands were clasped against the wee lad's forehead, and he cast himself at all his length before the hideous thing!

That was the best ideal that father had to set before his child!

As I turned away from the sight, I came face to face, for the first time, with Kali. She, too, stood upon her pedestal of stone; the human victim was under her feet, the string of skulls was about her neck; drops of blood from her victim were painted as if they had fallen from her mouth upon her breast.

I must have been standing near the spot where, in the darker days, before the hand of Christian England guarded the lives of the lowly, the appeasing human victim was offered to Kali during outbreaks of cholera.

The bonnie little boy could not go out without looking at this fierce, vengeful idol. Could he see it without a chill of fear? Did not the shadows of a dark superstition haunt his soul forevermore? Did not these debased ideals enter into the stream of his life and pollute it at its source?

Ah, little brown boy! type and representative of tens of thousands of other little boys—"if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"—*Mission Studies*.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—J. M. Barrie.

"Be men," said the doctor to his class of bright-eyed students, "strong, self-controlled, manly men. Build your character up to full measure; make it such that others can rely upon it and not be disappointed.

"Don't be apologies for men, nor men that need apologizing for. Did you ever notice how many people there are for whom their friends are continually having to make excuses? 'That's his way: we always have to make allowance for that.' 'He is so quick-tempered that it often makes him unreasonable; but he's good-hearted down under it all.' 'You can count on him if you take him in the right mood,' and so on.

"I charge you, boys, to be masters of your moods, your tempers, and your ways. Never let them get so strong that they shall represent you to the world, that you shall be known by them rather than by anything else that may be in you.

"No one has a right to do business on the patience of his friends, or to expect those about him to excuse the faults and weaknesses he can remedy. What the world wants is the man who has honestly made the best of himself, and who needs no apology."

"HOW A CHINESE GIRL COULD DIE."

A Chinese girl, the only Christian in her village, lay dying. Her husband had just promised her to become a Christian and she was radiantly happy. Seeing a crowd of people going to their idol worship, her heart was filled with pity, and, after a word of prayer for them, she said, "Throw open the doors and call the people in. Let them see how a believer in Christ can die."

They came in and stood looking at her radiant face. They had never seen a Christian die before. They had seen many a bride at her wedding, but never one so bright, so happy as this dying girl. She told them she had no fear of death, that this last day of her life was the happiest. She besought them to come to the same Almighty Saviour.

Suddenly she ceased speaking; her ears heard sounds, her eyes saw sights vouchsafed to no others. She looked up and waved an adieu with her hands. Her face took on a brighter radiance and she cried out, "Jesus is coming, Jesus is coming," and fell asleep. Quickly and silently the people went out. But the witness of her death did more than a whole life might have done. Soon her husband and four of her girl friends were saved and the work of God went on extending into other villages.—Sel.

"The boy that can be trusted gets the places of trust in the end. The boy that shirks or cheats may start off brilliantly, but look for him ten or twenty years later and you will find him just where he belongs—among the failures."

Received in April

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St Martins.	7 50
Lindn	10
Rev A F Fisher	20
Milford Gays Riv.	39 30
John Ferguson	10
S S Com	950
E Riv St Marys.	14
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Rev E Smith	19 26
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"Presbyterian"	10
A B R M.	15
Quoddy Mosers Riv	32
Beg Thos Fulton	5
St Peters Bay.	10
Cavendish	4
Waterville Lake v'l.	20
Charlton Zion ss	83 50
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Mrs Sanderson	2

MOTHER FIRST.

Fred Baker sat one winter evening watching his mother as she patiently stitched away on the garments of her more prosperous neighbours. Mrs. Baker was a widow, and her income was so small that she must needs eke it out by the help of the needle. Fred was almost thirteen, and was the oldest of her three children. He attended school every day, and Saturday he also spent over his books, for he had determined to make a scholar of himself, and so be fitted to make a good livelihood for his mother and sisters.

But other thoughts suddenly crossed his mind. "What if mother does not live until I am a man? She looks pale and thin. I'd better not wait to do great things. I'd better begin now. Mr. Richie needs a boy over at his store. I think that I will speak for the place. He paid Bert Randolph four dollars a week."

He put on his overcoat, took his hat and went toward the door.

"Where are you going, my son?" asked Mrs. Baker, looking up from her work.

"I'm just going over to Mr. Richie's store."

"Very well; that is a safe place for you."

Mr. Richie was Fred's Sunday-school teacher, and she thought that he wanted to ask something about the lesson, as it was Saturday evening and he had been looking over his lesson-leaf. But he did not even think of his lesson. His mind was full of his new plan. He asked for the situation and procured it, but said nothing until early Monday morning, when he was obliged to explain.

"Mother, I am going into Mr. Richie's store. I knew you would not object, and I had intended to keep the whole thing a secret until I had in my hands four dollars, my first week's wages. But I could not do it, because I must leave home before seven o'clock and stay away until nine in the evening. What do you think of my plan?"

Mrs. Baker burst into tears and replied:

"I think that you are a blessed boy, Fred. I never felt the pinch of poverty in all my life as I did last week. My heart was very heavy, although I tried to be trusting. I said a score of times: 'God will provide a way'; but these thoughts would return: The snow and the cold are here, and I have only a bushel of coal, almost no provisions and but fifty cents in my purse. Why, Fred, four dollars is more than I can earn in a week. God bless you, my son! I feel that He has indeed provided a way. I had not thought of your leaving school; you were so anxious to secure an education."

"I was, mother, but I am anxious to secure immediate help for you. I could not go on making fine plans about being able to help you by and by, while you were breaking yourself down to keep a big, strong boy in school. It's right to do the first thing first, Mr. Richie says. 'Mother before books,' now."

He was soon ready, and as he stood with his hat in his hand he said:

"Give me a kiss, mother, to keep me company. The hours may seem long to-day."

She kissed him fondly, and again said: "God bless you," and he went out to undertake his first day's work."—*Word and the Way*.

ENCOURAGED OTHERS.

A Highland chief of the Macgregor clan fell wounded at the battle of Sheriffmuir. Seeing their leader fall, the clan wavered and gave the foe an advantage. The old chieftain, perceiving this, raised himself on his elbow, while the blood streamed from his wounds, and cried out—"I am not dead, my children; I am looking at you to see you do your duty." This roused them to new energy and almost superhuman effort.

So, when our strength fails and our hearts sink within us, the Captain of our salvation cries:

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—D. L. Moody.

WHAT TO LEARN.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

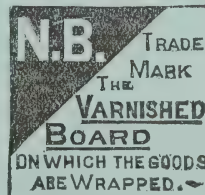
Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything calculated to create friction.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop grunting. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.—*Christian Life*.



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"Success is costly if we pay for it in lowered standards and degraded manhood and womanhood."—Mrs. Whitney.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—O. W. Holmes.

"The secret of a quiet heart is to keep ever near God. Stayed on Him, we shall not be shaken and our hearts shall be fixed, trusting in the Lord."

I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do, with cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.—Jean Ingelow.

Every time we keep silent under insult and loving and sweet under irritation and provocation, we have made it easier for all about us to do the same.—J. R. Miller.

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.—Chalmers.

It is a pleasant sight to see anybody thanking God; for the air is heavy with the hum of murmuring and the road is dusty with complaints and lamentations.—C. H. Spurgeon.

"We can dye cloth any colour we please, but the pattern woven in at the beginning must stay to the end. So by the pattern we weave into life in youth, all the rest of life will be characterized."

Suppose, by the insistence of the Church, it could be brought to pass—which is a vain expectation—that every man should in any measurable period of time be well fed and dressed and housed, should be free from disease, idleness, weariness, should have equal rights, privileges, opportunities with his neighbour, then this bread-and-butter paradise were a poor exchange for the eternal hope.—Ian McLaren.

If you impute motives, and pretend to read hearts, others will do the same towards you. A hard and censorious behaviour is sure to provoke reprisals. Those around you will pick up the peck measure you have been using, and measure your corn with it. You do not object to men forming a fair opinion of your character, neither are you forbidden to do the same towards them, but as you would object to their sitting in judgment on you, do not sit in judgment upon them.—Spurgeon.

Character is great and worthy in itself, and not because of the greater or less fame of a deed through which it manifests itself. The sad sacrifice of Gordon at Khartoum for the sake of England and of Egypt is of the same heroic quality as the sacrifice of the missionary among the Arabs or the Chinese, of whose name and fame the world hears but little. It is not the kind of thing through which we show ourselves, but the kind of self we have to show, that counts with God.—Ex.

Much good is done by persons of great energy, but as much by persons of sweet will. For energy is at times in danger of provoking opposition, but gentleness wins upon its object unawares.—R. W. Barbour.

"The stability and character of our country and advancement of our race depends, I believe, very largely upon the mode in which the day of rest, which seems to have been specially adapted to the needs of mankind, shall be used and observed."—John Bright.

"Bad company" is the epitaph written over many a dead career. The choice of comrades is so often the choice of success or failure that every lad and lass should think well before taking a new friend into their lives, and let only good company, in the truest sense, be their choice.

No mere human zeal can save men. It may be wisely guided, and the best possible work may be done, but it will not avail if it rests alone. Even the truth itself is helpless unless vitalized by the divine Spirit. A successful evangelism requires spirit-filled men and women.—Rev. Robert Bagnell.

Occasionally a chance meeting of a scholar on the street, or by the wayside, gives a better opportunity for an influential personal word, than any which could come of the teacher's deliberate seeking. The very naturalness of the meeting gives the teacher an advantage.—From H. Clay Trumbull's "Teaching and Teachers."

The sweet-toned bell rings out sweetness, however gently or rudely it is struck, while the clanging gong cannot be so touched as not to respond with a jangle. There is the same difference in people. From some you learn to expect always a snarl, or a whine, or a groan, while others give forth words of cheerfulness and joy. When the grace of God possesses mind and heart, you will respond with a sweet spirit to every touch, kind or unkind, rude or loving. You will be a voice for God, in whatever place or company you are thrown, a witness for charity and kindness and truth.—Ex.

A great deal is said and written in these days about beauty, and as never before women are counselled about the care of the skin, the teeth, the hair and the general hygiene which ensures a perfect physique. There is a secret of beauty which goes deeper than any of these things; it is the possession of a happy heart and a sweet serenity of temper. The soul writes its own lines on the face. She who lives calmly and unselfishly, who begins and ends the day with God, who thinks high thoughts and communes with the Unseen, who is pure in heart and restrained in emotion, and gentle to all, will inevitably grow beautiful. For beauty is not a thing put on from the outside; it is developed from within, and the plainest may in time grow comely if the heart be right with God.—Ex.

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PREACH THE GOSPEL

ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE

The

PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

JULY, 1903.

No. 7.

THE VANCOUVER ASSEMBLY.

LETTER I.

Arrival and Opening.

Vancouver, B.C.,
9th June, 1903.

Dear RECORD,

The special train that drew in at the station here to-day was a notable one. It was the longest passenger train with the largest number of passengers that ever crossed the mountains to Vancouver; its freight was wholly Presbyterian, ministers and elders with a goodly number of their wives and daughters; it carried the first General Assembly, the first great religious convention, the first large convention of any kind, representing all Canada, to meet on the Pacific Coast.

It had started at sundry times and in divers parts. A special Assembly train left Toronto on Tuesday, June 2; special cars attached to the regular train left the Maritime Provinces the same day, connecting, June 3, with other special cars at Montreal; while Manitoba specials joined later on. The whole for-gathered at Banff and the Sabbath was spent in that grand and beautiful resting place among the mountains. Pulling out early Monday morning a continued wonder ride of over five hundred miles brought Tuesday noon, the "Gateway of the Orient," and a hearty reception from Vancouver's open hearts and homes.

The journey's end was welcome, for many had travelled far. Three thousand six hundred miles of railway lie between Truro and Vancouver, with near two hundred more from Sydney and beyond. For the Maritime men, an Assembly in Edinburgh or Belfast, or even in Paris, Brussels or Berlin, would have been nearer than their present meeting place.

But distance did not daunt. The oldest member of the Assembly, Rev. J. Macgregor Mackay, in his eighty-fifth year, came from New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and enjoyed it all, while James Croil of Montreal, and Dr. Torrance of Guelph, each in his eighty-third year, and others nearing fourscore, not to

speaking of those around life's lower limit, were young again, in fullest touch and sympathy with the strong young life of a great young land, which, from ocean to ocean, each with heart and soul joined in chorusing "our own."

And what shall be said of the journey? The Eastern half is more or less familiar. All have seen its like, alternating hill and valley, forest and field and plain, with homesteads of infinite variety from Atlantic to North Bay; then the rough, rocky wilderness North and West of Lake Superior to the outlying skirts of the prairie East of Winnipeg.

The Western half with its thousand miles of prairie to "the Gap" and six hundred more of mountain to the coast can only be known when seen, and but little can be seen from the train. The prairie's length but not its breadth is apparent. The only way to grasp it would be to traverse it in a balloon two or three miles in height and through its clear, far-visioned air grasp something of both length and breadth in all their immensity.

The mountain region from foothill to the Western sea scorns harnessing in words. In its successive ranges, Rockies, Selkirks, Gold, Cascade and Coast it laughs in its rugged vastness at trying to tell what it is. Exploded adjectives heaped high along the track, like cartridge shells upon a battle field, witness the futile attempts of nearly a generation to compass its wonders.

And what of Vancouver at the journey's end? Sixteen years ago, in 1887, at the close of the first Assembly in Winnipeg, a number in a special train took a trip to the coast. Vancouver had been founded in 1885, burnt in 1886, and on our visit in 1887 its present site was a "burnt field" with logs and stumps and a few small buildings skirting the shore. Now it is a beautiful city of some twenty-six thousand, with well paved streets, electric cars, solid business blocks, and neat and tasteful homes with many a luxuriant bower of roses, while here and there in back yard or vacant lot the remains of a huge stump still

tell of the giant Douglass pine that covered so recently the site of the busy city. But this letter is long and with a postscript for the opening must come to a close.

THE OPENING.

Evening, 9th June, '03.

Dear RECORD,

This evening the Assembly meets in St. Andrew's Church. It is larger than expected, 193 ministers and 154 elders, 347 in all. It is the first year of reduced representation. Presbyteries formerly sent one in four of their ministers with an equal number of elders; now the proportion is one in six, so that a full Assembly would only be two-thirds as large as formerly. Taking into account this reduction it is the largest Assembly ever held in Canada. At Toronto last year, the largest Assembly up to that time, out of a possible 623 there were present 418, or four-sixths of the whole. This year, out of a possible 416, or thereabouts, there are present 347, or nearly five-sixths of the whole, besides a number who are not commissioners.

There is also a much larger proportion of wives and daughters than ever before; the good angel of many a manse and elder's home taking advantage of this life-time opportunity to see their own country, and to visit perhaps some loved one, son or daughter, who is making a new prairie or mountain home in the far west.

Besides the commissioners there is present to listen to the opening sermon of Rev. Dr. Bryce, retiring moderator, a large number of the good people of the city, for General Assembly is a new thing here and the Vancouverians are loyal to their church.

The text of the evening is "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem," a most fitting one for the occasion. It is at once a caution and a comfort; a caution to trust in God and not in man in all our work of building up the Church in this new land, and a comfort amid hindrances and disappointments, when we remember that the work is the Lord's.

And now the sermon ends, the Assembly is constituted by prayer; the moderator gives a few parting words, makes touching reference to those who have fallen at their post during the year, and his work as moderator is done.

He asks the Assembly to choose a successor to the chair. Dr. Fletcher of Hamilton and Dr. Armstrong of Ottawa are nominated. The

latter asks that his name be withdrawn and Dr. Fletcher's election made unanimous. This is done. He takes the chair with few and fitting words.

Replies are read from the Throne and from its representative in Canada to the loyal addresses sent from last Assembly, a few committees are appointed, the hours of meeting for the Assembly, forenoon, afternoon and evening are fixed. Committees who do much of the work out of Assembly hours must find time where they can, early and late. The Assembly adjourns and weary seeks repose.

LETTER II.

The First Day's Work.

MORNING SESSION.

Vancouver, 10th June, '03.

Dear RECORD,

Prayer and money are sometimes dissociated as of entirely different, even opposite, moral spheres. But "the silver and gold are His." It is the prostitution of money, as of prayer, that is evil. Money is but portable work, and prayer and work are the two great essentials of all true life in the world, whether so called "secular" or "sacred." It was fitting therefore that this morning the first hour of this first business session of the Assembly should be given to devotion, seeking first God's help and guidance upon our Assembly and all the work which it represents, and that the second hour should be devoted to reviewing our own performance of duty, the Reports on Finance as given in by the Agents, East and West, Mr. McCurdy and Dr. Warden.

These reports shewed that in the West the balance is on the right side in all the Schemes, except the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. In the East it is on the wrong side in the same Fund and in Home and Foreign Missions as well. This is not due to decreased giving, but to increased demand from the ever-enlarging work. But the East has always risen to its demands and will do so again, and the Agent and Committees hope this year to overtake what is now lacking. The Endowment Funds, East and West, are all safely invested and yield a good return.

The "working balances" are a great help in all the Funds. During the early part of the Church year, from March to November, nine months, the revenue for the Schemes is comparatively small. Most of the income for the

year is received in the last three months, December to February, inclusive. But the expenditure goes steadily on, and in former years large amounts had to be borrowed during the early part of the year to be repaid when the revenue came in. This involved a considerable sum for interest, besides the unpleasantness of debt. During the past few years an effort has been made to establish "working balances," to have a reserve fund to draw from early in the year and repay towards the close. Part of the Century Fund was for this purpose, and it has been most helpful.

Between the hour of devotion and the hour of finance, this morning, there was a pleasant social interlude. The Mayor of Vancouver appeared upon the platform and gave a cordial address of welcome, to which the Moderator responded with a charming Highland grace and courtesy.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Afternoon, 10th June, '03.

Dear RECORD,

This afternoon's college filled session of Assembly recalls the oft-told tale of the worthy couple who were blessed with more months than spoons. One of the former a childless neighbour offered to adopt and fill. Which should it be? One night the parents visited their sleeping bairnies to decide. One by one they looked over them in vain. From eldest to youngest some special tie, some tender memory, some winning way made parting impossible.

Our Church, like that couple, is said to have a goodly family of Colleges, five of them, one each in Halifax, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and Winnipeg. Sometimes their needs would like larger supply.

A most worthy elder, Mr. John Charlton, M.P., tries each year, as on this afternoon, to persuade the Assembly that there are too many Colleges, and moves to that effect, and speeches are made pro and con, but the result is always the same. The Colleges are carefully looked over and all of them are kept.

And there is little doubt that the Church is right. Not only is there the past history of each one to consider, the special circumstances which gave it being, the bequests that were left to it because of its location, and the difficulty of transfer, but there is the present and future, the strong opposition on the part of many to the removal of their own college, the local interest and support that a college calls

forth, which would not otherwise be given, the help that it is as a missionary centre and source of supply for the mission fields within its sphere, the influence of a Theological College near an educational centre in turning young men's thoughts to the ministry, etc., etc. It may be interesting to while an hour or session of Assembly discussing certain ideals, if the Church were starting anew, but existing facts and conditions will not away, and the Colleges remain.

An atmosphere of sadness pervaded the business of the afternoon. Halifax had just appointed as professor Rev. James Croskery, of Ireland, a young man of high promise, and was looking hopefully to his coming, when, a few hours before the submission of the Report, a cable message announced his sudden death. Montreal had to tell of the loss of her much loved Principal MacVicar, and her failure as yet to appoint a successor. Queen's had the problem of separation from the Church, "to be or not to be." Toronto was in deep anxiety over the illness of Principal Caven. Manitoba alone was without burden or care, only looking forward from great to greater things. But "this too will pass" may be written over these anxieties, and a brave and hopeful and trustful face presented to the future.

The chief College problem of this afternoon is the separation of Queen's University from the Church. Queen's was founded by the Church of Scotland in Canada over half a century ago to train men for the ministry. Arts as well as Theology had then to be provided. It grew to University dimensions, with Arts, Law, Medicine, Theology.

To meet the growing needs Principal Grant felt that a wider constituency was necessary, and for the last few years he had laboured to have the University, apart from its Theology, separated entirely from Church connection, so that it might look to all Eastern Ontario and to the State for aid. From step to step the Assembly acquiesced rather than approved.

This year the final stage had been reached and the bill to be submitted to the Government in Ottawa, legalizing the transfer, was laid before Assembly for final ratification. One and another in Assembly began to express regret that the one University connected with the Church should pass from it, and when the hour of adjournment came no decision had been reached.

EVENING SESSION.

Evening, 10th June, '03.

Dear RECORD.

What a full and varied day this has been; forenoon, half devotion, half "budget"—afternoon, colleges—and this evening the great subject of Home Missions. The H. M. Reports East and West were given; the former shewing a slight deficit in its own Eastern work, but nearly double the amount of the previous year given to the Northwest;—the latter with the balance right, but with pressing need for larger income to care for the great in-flowing tide of immigration.

Then followed facts, figures and eloquence, the eloquence that Joseph Howe defined, as "speak the truth and feel it." Earnest workers from Sydney in the East to White Horse, Yukon, in the West, and from points between set forth the conditions, the needs, the prospects; and one could not but wish that not only this crowded audience but the whole Church from C. B. to B. C. were present to hear and learn.

But many an echo will reach the Church through the members of the Assembly who will not only tell what they have heard but still better what they have seen and realized of the needs of the West.

The Assembly, too, had an opportunity of measuring the type of men who hold some of the outposts, and those who heard Wright, of White Horse, and others, will not soon forget the manhood that is on the frontier seeking to save.

But you have had enough letters to-day and will be weary, so referring you for facts to H. M. Reports on another page I will say "good night."

LETTER III.

The Popular Evening Meetings.

Vancouver, 16th June, '03.

Dear RECORD.

Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" began bravely their daily diary, but soon fell off to—"got up, washed, went to bed." It was not wholly human infirmity but partly the sameness of successive days. I sent you letters of the first and second day of Assembly, and of none succeeding, for even with varied themes, the daily narrative becomes monotonous, and after the first day subjects get "mixed;" important matters taken up in the early days are

given to committees which labour on them and report later in the Assembly, or matters which may be under discussion at the hour of adjournment may have to give way to other business next session. Permit therefore a few words of retrospect on the Assembly's completed work.

First in importance as in practical and popular interest are the evening public meetings, when the Reports of the great Schemes of the Church and her practical work are presented, and speakers familiar with that work tell its story. Of Home Mission night, which always has precedence, mention has been made.

FOREIGN MISSION NIGHT

came next, with presentation of Reports, East and West, by Drs. Moore and Falconer, joint conveners, followed by addresses from a number of missionaries: Mr. John Grierson, from Korea; Dr. McClure and Rev. Murdoch Mackenzie, of Honan; Rev. Dr. Campbell and J. Ledingham from India; Sinclair, of Regina, and Swartout, of Vancouver Island. The Church was overflowing and interest was deep to the close.

Grand as are these Foreign nights at Assembly there is one lack, that of time. A convener has a quarter of an hour to present the work for the year. A missionary who has spent seven years in the Foreign field and has travelled to Assembly to tell of the heathen world and its needs has "seven," "ten" or "fifteen" minutes to do so. If the Reports were presented to the Assembly at some previous session and the evening were left free for the missionaries it would enable the conveners more fairly to present their reports to Assembly, and the missionaries their sowing and reaping to the Assembly and the public together.

OTHER EVENINGS.

The two great themes of Home and Foreign Missions have their own nights, the second and third evenings of Assembly. On other evenings the subjects may vary. French Evangelization—Church Life and Work, including Sabbath Observance, State of Religion and Temperance—Young People's Societies—Sabbath Schools, fill up a series of evenings that are helpful to the Assembly and the community. It would be hard to find a week's continuous evening meetings with more good, strong, useful, practical speaking.

A few facts and thoughts presented during these evenings were:—

That family worship is observed in about half the families of our Church, the returns of congregations ranging all the way from five to ninety-five per cent.

That the Sabbath Observance and Legislation Committee had, during the year, taken up and stopped two hundred cases of Sabbath desecration.

That the Young People's Societies in our church have a membership of 27,428, and are carried on under quite a variety of names: Christian Endeavour, Young People's Associations, Presbyterian Guilds, etc., etc., twenty-one in all; that organization among the young is all important, but that greater unity would be preferable.

That there are some 183,538 children in our Sabbath Schools; that over 600 of them received diplomas during the year for memorizing Scripture, and as many more for repeating correctly the Shorter Catechism.

That these Sabbath Schools gave during the year, to their own running expenses, \$57,291 and to the Schemes of the Church \$26,526 and \$20,783 to other purposes outside of self and Schemes.

Many, many good things there were in these evening meetings, which, like the falling rain drops, bless where they fall, but with their attendant atmosphere cannot be carried to far-off fields. The chief facts are given in this and next issues, and the inspiration must be gathered by each one for himself.

LETTER IV.

A Few of Many Subjects.

Vancouver, 16th June, '03.

Dear RECORD,

Some idea of a work-day in Assembly has been given in a previous letter of the 10th. Mention has been made of the evening popular meetings and the main Schemes and work of the Church with which they dealt. Suffer a glimpse at two or three other questions before Assembly, and what was done with them.

THE COLLEGE PROBLEM.

The general question of the number of colleges is scarcely a live one. The motion regarding it was laid on the table till after the Queen's matter is decided.

But pressing and practical was the special problem of the relation of Queen's University to the Church. After considerable discussion on two successive days in Assembly, and

patient consideration by a committee for further days, the final result was that a large Commission was appointed to confer with the trustees of Queen's. If these are in favour of maintaining existing relations with the Church, the Commission has full power, after consulting the Presbyteries in the three Synods of Old Canada, and ascertaining their mind regarding its support, to decide that connection retained.

THE CENTURY FUND

Completed at last! For four years it has been a feature of our Church finance. Launched in Hamilton in 1899, the final report was given at Vancouver. It aimed to raise a million dollars, \$600,000 for the Schemes, the balance for local church debts. There has been given for the Common Fund for the Schemes, \$559,685, besides \$33,677 specially designated outside that Fund, while church debts to the amount of \$934,163 have been paid. Subscriptions of \$29,000 to the Common Fund remain unpaid. Some of it cannot be expected, but these who can should surely make their promise good.

Good results have followed this effort. Several of the main Schemes have been placed in a much better position, many congregations have been relieved of part or all of their burden of debt, and the whole church has been raised to a higher level of giving. More has been given to the regular work of the Church during these years than ever before.

THE AGED MINISTERS FUND.

Scarcely any other subject occupied so much of the time of Assembly. On the whole the years has been a good one though a more generous response was looked for.

The Fund is made up partly ministers' rates, but chiefly of congregational contributions and interest from endowments. At present only ministers who pay rates are entitled to full benefit, others receiving half rate. There were several memorials asking that as but a small part of the Fund comes from ministers' rates, the rules be changed, that all might share alike, or that it be divided into two parts, insurance and benevolent, all sharing alike in the latter, the former for those who pay. The Conveners and many others hold that most of the endowment Fund has been given under the present regulations, that these are known, that it would be breaking faith with ministers who have long paid their rates, to allow equal privileges to others who never paid, perhaps reducing their

own annuity ; that the true remedy is for all to connect themselves with Fund and pay its rates, which most can very easily do. Thus far no change has been made.

FROM SISTER CHURCHES.

There were greetings from the two largest Presbyterian Churches in the world, the United Free Church of Scotland and the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. and both were brought by Canadians, the former by Rev. A. MacKinnon, of Scotland, a son of the late Rev. John MacKinnon of Hopewell, N. S., the latter by Rev. M. Scott of Detroit, formerly of Ontario. For their own sake and their greetings they were welcome.

THE WEE CUPPIE.

It was there ! But so altered ! Oldest friends scarce knew it. The change was almost pathetic. Whether disappointed in life's struggle, or worn with the long, long journey, or heart broken for the loss of its micro-comrades among the mountains, the old martial fire was gone, and, within a few moments of reaching the platform, it breathed its last and was quietly laid to rest in the Assembly cemetery. "Not a drum was heard". R. I. P.

To be strictly literal, the Committee appointed by last Assembly recommended that congregations have liberty to use the individual communion cup if they wish, and the Assembly agreed, *nem con.*

This letter might, for matter, be any length, but for reading it is long enough ; the rest some other time.

LETTER V.

The Social Side.

Vancouver, 19th June, '03.

The end has come. The diminishing group that represents the Assembly returned this morning from its visit to Victoria, and, still further depleted as members scatter in different directions, will once more turn Eastward this afternoon, reaching Banff or Calgary for Sunday. As work is over it is a fitting time to mention the social side.

There were the usual college reunions, in the recess between afternoon and evening sessions ; Knox, Queen's and Manitoba men hiving and dining together—eating and speech-making sandwiched to taste—recalling olden days and fostering loyalty to Alma-Mater.

VANCOUVER'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The good folk of Vancouver had little opportunity for wholesale entertainment until Assembly took a Saturday half-holiday, and then they improved it to the utmost. First came a luncheon, on Saturday noon, by the Mayor and Corporation, on behalf of the city. Free cars carried the commissioners to a large hall, where seven long tables, seated for over four hundred, soon bore witness to Assembly powers along that line.

It had been announced "for men only," but, as is often the case, men were not left to the penalty of their own devices. Sweet orchestral music (Scotch predominating, the floor responsive), together with stirring speeches by host and guest, helped digestion and the flight of time, and all too soon came adjournment for another treat, an afternoon excursion by steamer up Burrard inlet, with its vast deeps, its busy milling industries on one side and its mile-high snow-tipped mountains on the other. Air and scenery and company combined to make the sail a delight.

A lime light evening lecture by Rev. Donald Grant for the benefit of the Assembly finished out the day, shewed the visitors how little of B. C. they had thus far really seen, and whetted their appetite for Western wonders still beyond their ken.

THE "MARITIME PROVINCES ASSOCIATION."

Monday evening brought an unlooked-for treat to the fortunates whose blue (nose) blood could claim it. The "Maritime Provinces Association" of Vancouver invited all the members of Assembly from the Maritime Provinces, or who had been born there, to a reception. The guests well knew how warm would be the welcome but wondered at its size, as they entered a large and thronged hall, where speech and song and social intercourse forged stronger the bond between the shores on either coast, stirring fond memories in the heart of the willing exile and making the visitor realize more fully that though travelled far he was still at home, that country, kin and flag were still his own.

VICTORIA'S INVITATION AND RECEPTION.

The tickets to Assembly included Victoria, and in a voyage of some ninety miles across the Gulf of Georgia, on Wednesday afternoon at the close of the Assembly, over two hundred and fifty, one-fourth wives and daughters responded to a cordial invitation to visit B. C.' capital on Vancouver Island.

Arriving at seven, they gathered soon after eight to a crowded welcome meeting in St. Andrew's Church. The Mayor of the city presided. Sir Henri Joli de Lotbiniere, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, gave a cordial welcome. In a number of excellent responses the keynote was "this great land and our duty to it." Then followed meetings and greetings with old friends and new, strawberries and roses of Victorian size and plenty, and all other good things to match.

Another treat the following day was an electric car trip three miles to visit the Admiral's ship and the dry dock at Esquimaux, our farthest west Gibraltar.

Victoria's twenty thousand have a city beautiful for situation and climate. Snow-capped mountains and Pacific breezes make summer cool and pleasant, while roses plucked in gardens may bloom on Christmas trees.

On board again as evening fell, this morning finds us back in Vancouver, to say final farewell this afternoon for far-away Eastern homes, thankful for both West and East with all their promise and hope.

LETTER VI.

"Prominent" Men of the Assembly.

Dear RECORD,

A series of letterettes might be thought incomplete without some special mention of the doers as well as the doings of Assembly. There is usually in stock in the daily press a series of Assembly cuts more or less artistic for use from year to year. The pictures attract attention. Vancouver being a new city with its first Assembly had not a supply, though it gave full and excellent press reports.

But there were good pen pictures, East and West, under various headings:—"Assembly Sketches"—"Assembly Leaders"—"Prominent Men in the Assembly"—"Front Line Men in the Assembly"—etc., etc., etc.

These pictures were, for the most part, fairly drawn and many of them well deserved, for, as a rule, there is a larger proportion of truth in the good than in the evil that is said of men.

But the trouble with this feature of reporting from year to year is, that it gives, not so much an incorrect, as a partial, idea of the Assembly. There is no doubt a wide difference between men mentally as physically, but a man's prominence in Assembly does not by any means

measure his comparative ability. There may be other ministers and elders, rarely heard, with quite as much judgment and ability as the "forrit" ones.

"Prominence" in the Assembly is owing to various causes. With a few it is unusual ability. Judgment is strong and clear. Problems solve at their touch. With some it is "usual" ability combined with frequency of speech, a tendency which grows; while others with knowledge as ample and ideas as definite, keep silent—for all cannot speak—and are consequently less known. Moreover, "to him that hath shall be given," and the "prominent" are usually called upon for any special service, thus getting greater "prominence."

Napeleon was startled when told that one of his chief marshals had been killed, then recovering himself, said calmly, "No man in necessary." This fact was noticeable during the past days. Never has there been an Assembly with so many absent who have long been "leaders," and yet it was one of the best of Assemblies. This does not imply that those were not good and able men, but that they were not the only ones; that "prominence" is not the measure of men; that "no man is necessary," and that though men come and go the work of the Church will go on.

"Prominence" of a kind is unfortunate, both for its victim and its victims, but it is one of the things that always will be. As one generations of "prominents" goeth another cometh. Well is it that Assembly is not all. The real work of the Church, and of Christ, is done in the sphere of the individual life, and here each one has ample scope, a clear field, opportunity for his best, where all that is best will tell.

But I began to write of the personelle of the Assembly and have wandered, so instead will try and indicate an honour roll which each reader can fill at leisure and pleasure. There are in it those who have won to themselves a good degree in the harder and more difficult work of the Church, and have now what may seem more important positions with advancing years. There are in it the men who are now at the front, many of them strong men, some of them at Assembly, their voice unheard and known to few, but "front line men" in sight of Him whose "well done" is the highest attainment of human destiny.

These do not complete the roll, but others can be placed by each reader at will.

LETTER VII.

"What shall the Harvest be."

Home again, 26th June, 1903.

DEAR RECORD.

It is difficult to write history, much more prophecy. Yet as one turns from trying to tell what *has* been done during the past three weeks, the journey and work from start to finish, one cannot but ask and try to answer, "cui bono"—what good—what *is* and *shall* be—as the result of it all.

To some it may seem trifling to mention the pleasure of the four hundred (over fifty women) who enjoyed this privilege; their recruited health, their increased knowledge of their own land and its greatness and wonders, which will be to them a fountain of pleasant memories for life; but the four hundred themselves would agree that these things richly repaid the cost of the journey. But these, good as they are, are lesser results. There are other, and greater.

Many a Western heart and home has been made glad—taking up life with new heart—by a visit from minister, elder, parent, friend, from the old home in the East, and perhaps some who had grown careless have been in this way led to better life.

The wider intercourse in public and private will do not a little to strengthen the national bond that makes us one. We are so far separated, and they in such close touch with the U. S. A., that anything which fosters the sentiment of nationhood and makes Canada one should be prized and cherished.

The members of Assembly will have a deeper interest in Home Missions. They can realize something of the need. Their congregations will profit more or less in the same direction and more will be done to supply the incoming multitudes with the Gospel.

Presbyterians in the West will realize more fully the oneness of our Church from sea to sea, and their workers will be cheered amid much that there is to discourage.

Not to particularize further it is not too much to say that, in its bearing on the future of our country, this meeting of Assembly, comparatively unimportant as it may seem from some points of view, will, with all its many streams of influence, rank among the events which have a large place in moulding that future;—and the Church, and the West, and Canada, owes thanks to Mr. MacBeth and

those who wrought with him to get the Assembly West, for the energy and persistence that would not rest until the end was gained; and thanks, above all, to Him who rules above, for putting into their hearts the thought which has become so grand a reality.

Amen.

NOTES.

Absence at Assembly from 4th to 26th June has made this issue of the RECORD late.

The Assembly meets next year in St. John, N.B., three thousand four hundred miles from Vancouver. The good that these Assemblies do is not confined to the Church. They are an important factor in fostering the sentiment of national unity in the Dominion, a sentiment so important especial in this formative period in our history.

There are times when information is wanted about some department of the work of the Church, or it may be the doctrine and polity of the Church, or work beyond our own Church; and it has been thought well to institute for a time a "Question Bureau" in which questions may be answered or submitted to the public for answer. Questions must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not for publication.

For answer in any month of the RECORD questions must be received by the beginning of the previous month. It is hoped that this department may serve a useful purpose.

As already intimated in previous issues of the RECORD, first, second and third prizes, forty, thirty and twenty dollars, will be given for the three best articles, not to exceed 2,500 words (between two and three pages), received at this office on or before the first of September next, provided there be a reasonable number of fair merit. They may be on any subject connected with the history, doctrine, polity, worship or work of our Church, anything in short that would be suitable as an article for our Church Magazine and helpful to the great body of its readers.

The articles are to be signed by a motto, and accompanied by the name of the writer in a sealed envelope, which will be opened after the award is made by a committee of competent judges. All articles received will be the property of the RECORD. The writing to be plain and clear, and only on one side of the paper.

From Reports to Assembly

HOME MISSIONS, EAST, 1902-3.

REV. T. STEWART, CONVENER.

(Extract of Report to Assembly of Com.)

There has been diligent effort and sustained activity in the various mission fields under oversight, fair progress in the way of growth, organization and consolidation of their work generally, and in some quarters a most gratifying increase in the number of accessions to the membership of the Church, as well as a very marked advance in the amount of the contributions both from the mission fields and the congregations generally.

In the number of communicants added to the Church during the past year in our Home Mission fields there has been an increase of a little more than 30 per cent. over the preceding year.

The amount paid by their fields to the catechists is upwards of 11 per cent. more than for 1901, while in the congregations in charge of ordained missionaries the increase has been nearly 6 per cent.

The contributions for the Schemes of the Church in fields supplied by catechists have increased by 78 per cent., while their gifts to the Home Mission Fund have increased by no less than 149 per cent.

One element of discouragement in the Eastern Section is the slow increase of the population. In some places the increase is noteworthy, but in many places it is stationary or decreasing. In Cape Breton, and especially in the vicinity of the Sydneys, large numbers are pouring in in connection with the mining and industrial development of that region. In consequence of this fact the old congregations have been greatly strengthened and new congregations are springing up in various directions.

It has been the aim of your Committee to strengthen the hands of the Presbyteries in their efforts to make provision for the spiritual needs of the people.

In the Eastern Section the various Presbyteries for the most part oversee and direct the work within their own bounds, and so far there is only one Superintendent of Missions in the East and his labours are directed to the necessities of the Presbytery of St. John.

Your Committee have had under their oversight 32 mission charges, under the care of as many ordained missionaries, of whom two have been called and settled. Two others, being in charge under a two years' appointment, are paid from the Augmentation Fund.

Reports have been received from all the missionaries who have been in charge for the whole year and from some of those who have served for only part of the year. These reports shew 100 preaching stations with an average Sabbath attendance of 5,107, 1,736 families, 2,535 communicants, of whom 222 were added during the year, and 233 single persons not connected with families.

Still, further, they contributed \$11,083.73 for the support of their own missionaries, \$1,640.27 to the Schemes of the Church, of which \$269.65 were for Home Missions. They received from the Home Mission Fund in the way of grants in aid \$7,213.45, being \$1,400.70 more than last year.

Forty-eight students have been employed as catechists, of whom 6 have been assistants to settled pastors. The other 42 fields have 1,343 families, 342 single persons not connected with families, 1,128 communicants, of whom 92 were added during the year.

In their 109 preaching stations they had an average attendance of 5,662 persons and they contributed no less than \$6,509.88 towards their support.

For the Schemes of the Church these mission fields have given \$503.58, as against \$278.47 during the previous year and to the Home Mission Fund they contributed \$227.57, as against \$91.42. The Committee have aided these fields to the extent of \$2,449.25, or at the rate of \$1 for \$2.66 contributed by the fields.

Your Committee has to report that the year closed with a considerable balance against the Fund. On February 28 the debt was \$1,609.44, an increase of \$431.21 over what it was at the same date last year. Of the expenditures it is expected that one sum of \$350 will be refunded, in which case the expenditure will be really \$81.21 more than the receipts on the operations of the year.

Further, your Committee are not sure that the regret of the Assembly in view of the debt,

may not be exceeded by their joy when they learn that the debt this year is due solely to the fact that the amount contributed by our people in the East for missions in the Northwest is much larger than it ever was before and nearly double what it was in the year immediately preceding.

Your Committee rejoice in this fact, because it shews that the horizon of our people in the East is not bounded by narrow limits and that they are impressed with the needs of the great West, and desire to have a share in the work of carrying the Gospel to all who come to this Dominion for the purpose of making it their home, a work to which the voice of patriotism summons them almost as imperatively as the voice of piety.

If further evidence were needed that the interest of our people is not declining in the work of Home Missions, it can surely be found in the fact that the contributions this year are considerably larger than they have ever been before, being \$3,177.25 more than the previous year and \$41,378.15 more than in 1900-1. Still, further, the receipts from congregations in 1901-2 were \$12,912, whereas last year they amounted to \$16,006.

AUGMENTATION, EAST, FOR 1902-3.

REV. E. SMITH, CONVENER.

(Part of report to Assembly.)

The past year has been a prosperous one in the work entrusted to your Committee in the Eastern Section of the Church. Fifty-two congregations have called for aid and received it, as against fifty-five for the previous year, and nearly all of them have had the continuous service of their pastors during the whole year. The receipts have been \$249.44 more and the grants which needed to be paid have been \$738.13 less, so that instead of decreasing the working balance of the fund, as has been done by a small amount in former years, it has been increased.

As authorized by the last General Assembly the deferred applications were dealt with in October and the following grants additional to those that were then sanctioned were made.

The receipts for the year have been \$9,406.50. The payments on account of grants for the twelve months from March 1st, 1902, to March 1st, 1903, were \$8,524. One sum of \$33.33 was paid to Cape North for the months of January and February, 1902. Office expenses amounted to \$269, and all other ex-

penses to \$113.06, making a total expenditure of \$8,939.39, leaving a credit balance on the operations of the year of \$467.11, which, added to the working balance of \$2,642.25 reported last year, made it at the close of the year \$3,109.36, in addition to the \$2,250 which had been allocated from the Century Fund. Since the closing of the accounts at the end of February last \$375 additional have been passed over from the Century Fund, so that the working balance of the Augmentation Fund at present is \$5,734.36.

It is satisfactory to be able to report that four congregations have this year become self-sustaining, the same number as was reported last year. These congregations are Little Harbour, in the Presbytery of Pictou; Noel, in the Presbytery of Halifax, and Loggieville and Blackville in the Presbytery of Miramichi.

The increase in local support has this year been only \$457, so that there is room for the cultivation of the grace of liberality in this direction.

The Committee have agreed to request the Assembly to so modify the terms upon which a congregation can be placed on the Fund as not to discourage the addition of members to the Church, and the reporting of the same to the Assembly.

Among the resolutions adopted by the New Hebrides Mission Synod at its last meeting was the following:—

“The Synod rejoices in the appointment of a British Resident, and hereby welcomes him back to the Group.”

“Notes with pleasure the joint action of the Commonwealth Government and Messrs. Burns, Philip & Co. in promoting British settlement, hoping that such settlement may be for the advantage of settlers and natives and for the true advancement of our nation.”

“Thanks the Commonwealth Government for its activity in looking after New Hebrides interests.”

“Hopes that France and Germany may join Britain and America in prohibiting supply of intoxicating liquors, firearms, ammunition, dynamite and other explosives to the natives.”

It is stated that during last summer sixty-five new schools were established in Manitoba providing accommodation for nearly 2,500 pupils. This is closely in line with our Home Work.

OUR FRENCH MISSION WORK FOR 1902.

FROM THE REPORT OF THE BOARD OF FRENCH
EVANGELIZATION.

During the past year the work entrusted to the care of the Board of French Evangelization has steadily advanced, notwithstanding the peculiar forces and forms of opposition which it has had to contend against and the great loss which it has been called to sustain by the death of the lamented Principal MacVicar, who, on the 15th of December last, passed to his eternal reward. "His works do follow."

At the first meeting of the Board, after this sad event, the following resolution was presented by its senior missionary and unanimously adopted:

"This Board, representing our French missionaries labouring in Canada and in some ways all the French Canadian converts, records its sense of the irreparable loss sustained by the sudden and unexpected death of the Rev. D. H. MacVicar, D.D., LL.D.

"For a period of over forty-one years Dr. MacVicar devoted a great deal of thought, energy and unwearied zeal to the cause of French evangelization in Canada, carried on:

(1) By the French Canadian Missionary Society, of whose committee he was for twelve years an active member and wise adviser.

(2) As the first and only Chairman of the Board of French Evangelization of the Presbyterian Church in Canada up to the very hour of his death.

(3) And, as the founder of the Montreal Presbyterian College, which has equipped and sent forth into the Master's vineyard a large number of devoted and faithful young French Canadians who will never forget the cordiality and sympathy with which he greeted them in the class-room as well as in his study and home, nor his words of genuine appreciation of their work and nationality.

As a faithful servant of his Master he gave the last hour of his life to the work near and dear to him, discharging the duties of Chairman at an important meeting of the executive of the Board and returning to his study in the College, whence, with manuscript in hand waiting to meet his class, he was called to a higher service.

"The Board expresses its sincere sympathy with Mrs. MacVicar and her family in their bereavement, and commends them to the gracious care and guidance of 'God who is Father to the fatherless and Judge of the widow.'"

THE WORKERS AND WORK.

The work has been carried on by 31 pastors and ordained missionaries, 17 students, evangelists and colporteurs and 17 teachers. The average attendance of persons over 10 years of age at 85 preaching stations in 40 mission fields (the apparent decrease in numbers is due to the omission of English statistics in mixed fields) was 1,859, representing 800 families and 366 single persons not connected with these families; the number of communicants, 1090, of whom 139 were added during the year; of scholars at mission day-schools, 557, of whom 281 came from Roman Catholic homes; of copies of Scriptures sold and loaned, 2,628, and of religious tracts and papers distributed, 35,118. The fields contributed \$6,638 and the schools \$2,376, making a total of \$9,014, being an average of over \$11 per family.

MISSIONARIES.

The missionaries have been diligent in sowing the good seed of the Word. They have had much encouragement with some discouragement. It must be borne in mind that in a work like theirs, demanding consecration, zeal, tact, faith and perseverance, the net results cannot be tabulated by ordinary arithmetic. The enlightening and spiritual influences of the devoted missionary is affecting a disintegration all the time. The old prejudices are passing away and being replaced by good-will and confidence.

As a consequence there are large numbers belonging to the Church of Rome who are no longer Roman Catholics in either thought or sentiment. They linger under the ægis of the old Church because it is convenient to do so. Once the way opens and they can separate from it without boycott and social ostracism there will be thousands who will throw off the galling yoke of spiritual bondage and enter into full enjoyment of the liberty of the children of God. In the meantime we must hold aloft the Gospel of the only Saviour, who said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

COLPORTAGE.

The importance of this simple agency cannot be over-estimated. In a quiet, unobtrusive way our colporteurs have done a great work. Wherever they go they call attention to the Bible, offer it for sale, read and explain it in the homes of the people and to individuals and little groups of listeners by the way, and thus seek to make known the unsearchable riches

of Christ. Their primary aim is not converts from Romanism, but conversions to the "faith once delivered to the Saints" and to a knowledge of "the true God and only Saviour, Jesus Christ."

In a sense all missionaries of the Board are colporteurs, giving paramount importance to the Word of God and endeavouring to bring it home to the heart and conscience of the people. And all in the language of the apostle's appeal to the friends of the Gospel, "Brethren, pray for us that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." During the year 2,628 copies of the Scriptures, in whole or part, were sold and loaned, and 35,118 tracts and religious papers distributed by colporteurs, teachers and missionaries in colportage districts.

MISSION SCHOOLS.

In proportion to population Quebec has a larger number of schoolhouses, convents, classical colleges and seminaries than any other province in the Dominion, and withal far the largest number of illiterates,

A few months ago a Chairman of the Police Committee in a public address, said: "If they (French Canadians) do not occupy the place they should—and we do not—it is due to the lack of education. . . . However, we are French, that is to say, intelligent and endowed intellectually and morally. . . . We are not an inferior race, as it is sometimes said, but because we lack instruction we are in inferior conditions. . . . Out of fifty French Canadian candidates for places on the police force only ten can read in an intelligible and rational manner. The other forty have to be refused. . . . The Scotch and English write well and read intelligibly and surprise us by their practical knowledge. . . . And yet the English and Scotch are not more intelligent than we are, and a proof of it is that we speak their language and they do not speak ours."

Much is truthfully said and written of a similar character, and prominent citizens have banded themselves into a society, or league, for the purpose of improving, if possible, the present deplorable system of popular education. In this widespread and growing demand on the part of the people for educational reform is found the explanation for the presence of so many Roman Catholic scholars in Protestant schools in the larger centres of population and also in our modest mission day-schools and in the Central Mission Schools at Pointe-aux-Trembles.

During the past year seventeen mission schools were aided by the Board, and about an equal number begun and fostered by the Board have within recent years developed into regularly organized dissentient schools. These schools have provoked more than one parish priest to open schools where otherwise there would be none.

THE POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES MISSION SCHOOLS.

The Schools are situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River nine miles east of Montreal. They were founded in 1846 by the French Canadian Missionary Society, and were purchased by the General Assembly of our Church in 1880, and since enlarged. On the mission property there are two buildings, one for boys, which can accommodate about 100, and the other for girls, with accommodation for about seventy. Upwards of 5,000 French Canadians have been educated here. Many of these now occupy positions of trust and influence as ministers, teachers, physicians, lawyers, farmers, mechanics, etc.

Pupils are admitted between the ages of thirteen and twenty-five, the average age last year being about fifteen. A preference is given to the sons and daughters of French Roman Catholic parents, and to the children of recent converts from Rome, living in parishes where there is no Protestant school. The session begins in October each year and continues for seven months. The pupils reside in the buildings and thus enjoy the advantages of a Christian home, under the supervision of earnest, devoted, Christian teachers. They all take their share of housework.

The day's duties are thus laid out:—Rise at 5.30 a.m.; all are in the class-room studying privately from six to seven; breakfast at seven; house and out-door work from 7.30 to 8.30; family worship, when all assemble together, boys and girls. School begins at nine, the first hour being given to Bible study, and continues till twelve. Then dinner, followed by recreation to 1.30. Classes resume till four; recreation from four to five; classes from five to six; tea at six; recreation to seven; family worship (boys and girls in their separate buildings); studying privately in the class-room till nine, and all in bed and lights out at 9.30 p.m.

The staff eight in number, all residing in the buildings, is composed of experienced and trained teachers whose Christian character and missionary zeal give them special fitness for their work. They are—Rev. E. H. Brandt, Principal; Rev. L. Abram, Mr. A. R. Ross,

B.A., Mr. E. Tremblay, Madame J. Bourgoin, Melles. V. Giroux, E. Bourgoin and E. Duclos.

Special prominence is given to the religious instruction of the pupils, and to the teaching of God's word on the points of difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics. It is no exaggeration to state that comparatively few, if any, of our English-speaking young men and women are better acquainted with their Bibles, or are better able to give a reason for the hope that is in them, than are the pupils of the Pointe-aux-Trembles Mission Schools.

Great care is exercised in the selection of pupils from the increasingly large number of French Canadians applying for admission. The schools are visited and examined monthly by a committee of the Board. In January and at the end of the session written examinations are held in all subjects taught. The work of the past session on the part of both pupils and teachers was very satisfactory.

When the Board acquired the property in 1880, it resolved to admit no pupils gratuitously, except Roman Catholics whose parents were unable or unwilling to contribute; all others are required to pay something, in proportion to their ability, towards board and tuition. The amount received in this way during the past session was \$2,026. A considerable portion of this amount was money earned by the pupils themselves during the preceding summer.

After deducting these fees, the average cost to the Church of each pupil is \$50 per session. The Board desires that the institution should be supported by means of scholarships of \$50 each, guaranteed by private individuals, or Sabbath Schools and Young People's Associations. A particular pupil is assigned to the donor of a scholarship, to whom reports as to the progress made are forwarded from time to time. In this way a Sabbath School contributing a scholarship is put directly in correspondence with the Mission Schools, and the letters, if read publicly to the Sabbath School, tend to keep up their interest in the work. It is hoped, therefore, that many more Sabbath Schools and Young People's Societies will assume the support of pupils. From those unable to do so a contribution is earnestly asked.

The Board has no hesitation in warmly commending the schools as worthy of public confidence, assured that no means are likely, by the blessing of God, to be more efficacious in the work of French Canadian evangelization,

and in advancing the cause of Christ in the Province of Quebec.

The Board met last March at Pointe-aux-Trembles, and many of its members were thus enabled to look into the practical working of the schools. While most favourably impressed by the general methods pursued, the thoroughness of the teaching, the spiritual tone and excellent discipline of the schools, all were fully convinced that the accommodation and equipment are far from what they should be. After a study of the situation it was resolved unanimously to ask the General Assembly to authorize the Board to take such steps as may be deemed necessary to provide adequate accommodation and equipment for the carrying on of the missionary work at Pointe-aux-Trembles.

WORKERS' CONVENTION.

For the first time in the history of the Mission the workers met in convention in Quebec city last October. Three days were spent in discussing various aspects of the work. The addresses and papers were of a high order and some of them of permanent value and have since been published by THE PRESBYTERIAN RECORD. A fine spiritual fervour and missionary zeal marked every session and left no room for doubting that French Protestantism is coming to its own, and aims at nothing short of the evangelization and emancipation of the Province. Good results of the convention are manifest, and another has just been held at Smith's Falls, immediately preceding the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, from which like good is expected.

AUGMENTATION, WEST, FOR 1902-3.

REV. DR. LYALL, CONVENER.

Extract of Report to Assembly:—

In submitting the report of the Augmentation Fund, for the past year, your Committee most sincerely and most heartily thank God, the giver of all good, for his continued goodness to the Church, and for his putting it into the hearts of the members and adherents to support so liberally the work committed to the care of your Committee. The year has been one of advance along the whole line. In 1901 the sum given by the Western Section of the Church for Augmentation was \$22,976, and in 1902 the sum was \$24,117; in 1901 seventeen Augmented Charges became self-sustaining congregations, and in 1902 twenty-one; in 1901 sixteen Home Mission stations were trans-

ferred to the list of Augmented Charges, and in 1902 twenty-eight.

Your Committee is pleased to mark the growing evidence of the desire of the Augmented Charges to support themselves, and be as little burdensome to the Fund as possible. The increase of sixty-six cents per communicant for stipend is most gratifying.

In order to stimulate Augmented Charges to do their duty to their pastors, the following important resolution was passed at a meeting of your Committee in March:—"The Committee resolved that in any case in which the grant just made does not give the minister the minimum stipend, it would become responsible for one-half the amount needed to raise the salary to the minimum, provided the congregation raise the other half; this additional grant to be paid only upon the express condition that the Executive be furnished, before its meeting in October, with an extract minute of the Presbytery, showing that the congregation has been dealt with in this matter, and that the amount called for under this resolution from the people has actually been provided by them and not by the minister himself."

As the national expansion grows; as God has placed so much wealth and influence in the hands of our Church; as the Home Mission work develops; as the vast importance of the Church influence as a factor in the making of character and in the moulding of races is more and more recognized; and as the Augmentation Fund has done much to aid Home Missions and the Church generally, your Committee would most respectfully ask the Assembly to urge all its members, all Synods, all Presbyteries and all congregations to do all in their power to raise the \$30,000 needed for this department of Church work.

Considering the changes in the modes of living during the past twenty years—changes entailing extra expenses; having due regard to the rise in prices, and to the general advance in wages, your Committee is of the opinion that the minimum ought in justice to be raised at least \$50.

In order to draw the attention of the Church to the claims of augmented ministers, and to elicit the opinion of the Presbyteries, your Committee submit the following recommendation:—"That the Presbyteries within the bounds of the Western Section of the Church be asked to consider the advisability of raising the minimum, and if so, to what amount."

HOME MISSIONS, WEST, 1902-3.

REV. DR. WARDEN, CONVENER

Extract of Report to Assembly:—

It is with profound gratitude to Almighty God that your Committee on Home Missions submit this report, the most gratifying and encouraging they have ever had the pleasure and privilege of presenting.

As regards the interest taken in this work by the Church at large, the liberality displayed in support of it, the rapidity with which it has increased in magnitude owing to the rapid development of the country, and the importance of the results that have followed its vigorous prosecution, the past year stands unrivalled in the history of Home Mission enterprise.

During the last few years of his life, the earnestness and enthusiasm of the late Superintendent were bearing more abundant fruit than ever. The Church was realizing, with increasing clearness, the vastness of the responsibility laid upon her and the magnificence of the opportunity presented to her, and before he was called to his rest and reward Dr. Robertson had the satisfaction of seeing the tide of interest in the work that lay so near his heart rising steadily throughout all sections of the Church.

This growing interest in Home Missions was intensified by his lamented death; and when the last General Assembly, believing that the circumstances of the country demanded a more strenuous effort in the department of Home Missions and a more adequate supervision of the rapidly extending Home Mission field, appointed a General Secretary and two Synodical Superintendents to carry on the work that had so vastly increased during Dr. Robertson's incumbency, the Church showed its appreciation of the Assembly's faith and courage by contributing to Home Missions with a liberality never before evinced. The estimated expenditure for the past year was \$100,000. This amount the Church was asked to place at the Committee's disposal, and the response was \$103,207. The grandeur of the opportunity has appealed powerfully to the Church, and her sense of responsibility has been aroused by the gravity of the situation.

The heartiness and enthusiasm with which the people have responded to the appeal made to them have not only afforded your Committee the extreme satisfaction of meeting all claims upon the Fund and granting every application made for assistance in the opening of new

fields, but also encouraged them to hope that as the demands of the work increase the contributions in support of it will advance in equal ratio.

The great desideratum now is an adequate supply of the right kind of men, men of practical sagacity and fervent piety; men of wide outlook and large, generous instincts, and yet, withal, men of faith and prayer and whole-hearted consecration. If our rapidly increasing Home Mission fields can be kept continuously supplied with workmen that "need not to be ashamed rightly dividing the word of truth," then, by God's blessing, the forces of vice and lawlessness and irreligion will be overborne, and the foundations of national life in our vast Western heritage will be laid in righteousness and purity and the fear of God.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

The past year has been a year of progress all along the line. The note of hopefulness, present in all the reports from Presbyteries, sounds forth with ringing clearness from the reports of the great majority of the Presbyteries of the West. New fields opened; students' fields becoming fields for ordained missionaries; ordained missionaries' fields advanced to the status of augmented charges; augmented charges attaining to the full dignity of self-supporting congregations; increased liberality on the part of the people of the mission field and gratifying additions to the membership of the Church, call for devoutest thankfulness to Him who has crowned the year's endeavours with such a large measure of success.

The number of new fields opened during the year was fifty-nine, of which eleven were within the bounds of the Synods in Ontario and Quebec, and forty-eight in the Western Synods. Twenty-six mission fields were advanced to the status of augmented congregations, nineteen of them belonging to the two Synods in the West, and three fields, one in each of the three Presbyteries of Rock Lake, Melita and Qu'Appelle assumed at once the full burden of self-support without passing through the usual experience of receiving assistance from the Augmentation Committee. The number of churches built during the year was thirty-four, and of manses, fourteen.

The total number of fields under the care of your Committee is 457, and in these various fields there are 1,182 preaching stations. The families number 13,631, and the communicants 15,173. During the year the additions to

the communion roll amounted to 1,654. The people contributed toward the support of ordinances amongst themselves the sum of \$90,755, or at the rate of \$5.98 per communicant. This is 25 per cent. higher than the average rate of giving toward stipend throughout the whole Church, as reported to the last Assembly.

THE OLDER PROVINCES.

Even in Quebec, and in the older portion of Ontario, where comparatively little development has been taking place, the success of the year's operations is exceedingly encouraging. A perusal of the extracts from the reports submitted by Presbyterial Conveners will show that steady progress is being made in the work carried on both in the small settlements of English-speaking people in the rural districts of Quebec, and in the weaker sections of the Church throughout the Province of Ontario.

Fields are being consolidated; churches and manses are being built; and, what is specially gratifying, in the districts contiguous to lumber camps, the missionaries are giving a larger measure of attention than ever to the religious needs of the thousands of men who, for many months of the year, are deprived of the opportunities of worship, and are far removed from the influences of Gospel ordinances.

The great majority of these men are not Presbyterians; many of them are not even Protestants; but they show a grateful appreciation of the efforts put forth on their behalf, and our Church is surely under obligation to do everything she possibly can for their religious welfare. In this connection it may be mentioned that your Committee again made a small grant in aid of the undenominational work that is being carried on among the shantymen by one of our ministers, the Rev. A. Fitzpatrick, a work that is receiving, as it deserves, the sympathy and support of people of all classes and all creeds.

In what is known as *New Ontario*, very rapid development has been taking place; and the Assembly will be gratified to learn that the work of the Church has at least been keeping pace with the progress of the country. Three new fields have been opened during the past year in the Temiscamingue district and four in the Presbytery of Algoma. Faithful, fruitful work has been done also among the men engaged in the construction of the Temiscamingue railway.

The case of the *sojourners* in the *summer resorts* of Muskoka and the lower St. Lawrence

has not been overlooked, and the labours of the missionaries in these districts have been supplemented by the valuable and greatly appreciated services of visiting clergymen.

THE NEWER WEST.

It is in the vast stretch of territory lying west of Lake Superior that the most rapid changes have been taking place; and it is there, in the interests of the East as well as of the West, in the interests of the country as well as of the Church, that the great bulk of the Church's energy must be expended for many a year. No thoughtful Christian who contemplates the marvellous development that is going on in Western Canada can fail to realize that God is summoning the various branches of His Church in this young Dominion to greatly increased earnestness and zeal in religious work in their own home land.

The important onward step taken by the last General Assembly, in making provision for the more efficient prosecution of Home Mission Work, has been abundantly justified by the remarkable development of the country during the past twelve months.

Already, this spring, thousands of immigrants have reached our shores from various countries of Europe; and before the season closes our population will have been increased by at least 50,000 settlers from the United States alone.

The problem of the West is the problem of supplying this vast body of future citizens with the ordinances of religion, and permeating our rapidly expanding national life with the uplifting, broadening, saving influences of pure Gospel truth.

The accomplishment of the task that devolves upon us is rendered more difficult and expensive by the presence of a large foreign element, and by the policy that has been followed of allowing these foreigners to settle in large colonies, a policy that cannot fail to retard seriously the process of their assimilation. The preservation of some of the characteristic features of our national life depends upon that process of absorption going steadily on. Unless we can raise these people to higher intellectual and religious levels and imbue them with a deeper appreciation of our Canadian institutions, the consequences to ourselves may be serious in the extreme.

Of these alien races who have come amongst us, the Doukhobors and Galicians are by far the most numerous. The *Doukhobors*, though primitive and simple-minded, and easily

swayed by forceful, fanatical leaders, are of a deeply religious nature, and thoroughly honourable in their business dealings. They require, however, to be taught "the way of God more perfectly;" and then, under the influence of the freedom and enlightenment of the land of their adoption, they will speedily become loyal and valuable citizens.

Work amongst the *Galicians* is even more necessary than work amongst the Doukhobors, if for no other reason than this, that it will have to be carried on for a much longer time and amongst a much larger number. The supply of Doukhobors is said to be already exhausted, but the supply of Galicians is practically unlimited. In Central Europe, hundreds of thousands of eyes are turning eagerly toward this fair land of promise, and even without the stimulus furnished by the efforts of Government officials, the tide of Galician immigration is likely to flow with increasing volume for many years.

More quick than the Doukhobors to adapt themselves to the conditions of the new life into which they have been transplanted, but lacking some of the attractive and admirable features that the Doukhobors possess, the Galicians constitute a large, inviting and very important field of Christian effort. In this field, for the past two years, your Committee have been feeling their way along the lines of medical and educational work; and the results of the efforts put forth have been extremely gratifying. Suspensions have been disarmed, prejudices have been broken down, confidence has been awakened, and an opening has been made for more distinctively aggressive work of an Evangelistic character.

A new medical mission was opened last fall in the Pleasant Home district, forty miles north of Winnipeg, and the Rev. Dr. Hunter, a recent graduate of Knox College as well as a graduate in medicine, was appointed missionary. At Teulon, which is Dr. Hunter's headquarters, it is proposed to open a hospital, if the necessary funds can be secured; and the Atlin Nurse Committee has been asked to enlarge the scope of its efforts so as to include this work, and work of a similar kind at other points in the Northwest.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure; sow peace and reap its harvest bright; sow sunbeams on the rock and moor, and find a harvest home of light.—Horatius Bonar.

SOME OF THE NATIVE PREACHERS IN HONAN.

BY REV. W. HARVEY GRANT.

The Hsun Hsien Fair has just ended! This fair takes place annually during the last fifteen days of the first month of the Chinese year and is the greatest religious fair in this part of China; its fame attracts pilgrims from very great distances.

It has been the regular practice of our mis-

This year, for the first time, the ladies of the mission attempted to preach the Gospel to the women, who comprise fully half of those who come to worship the great idol. With the help of two native Christian women they received large crowds of these women in the yard of the compound where we stayed, and were much encouraged by their experiences in this work.

This year has been by far the best of any



Native Christian Preachers, Hsun Hsien Fair, Feb. 12-16, 1903.

WANG TSI CHING, HU FENG HWA, FAN YEN T'EN, MA PANG LIN,
HU I CHWANG, CH'AI TUNG FENG, CHENG LU, CHENG PU YUE, WANG SUNG,
WANG CHAO TAI, CH'AI TUNG JAN, CHIN PENG KE, CHI CHING CHIEN, WANG HWA LIN,
CHANG MEI, SHAO YUNG YEN.

sionaries ever since the establishment of this mission in Honan to attend this fair with as large a force as possible, since it presents an unsurpassed opportunity of reaching the multitudes with the Gospel.

In the early years we had few native Christians to assist us, and so had to be satisfied with efforts far more limited than we desired. But God has blessed our labors, and yearly the number of native preachers has been growing and we have been enabled to extend our borders until this year we were able to keep preaching going all day in five different places in the city and in two places in the evening.

thus far. Three new men were recorded as catechumens during the progress of the fair, and we hope for still greater results in the future.

A brief account, in their own words, of some of the natives who assisted preaching at this fair may be of interest as illustrating the way in which the Lord is blessing our labors and establishing for Himself a church in Honan.

Beginning with the top row at the left-hand corner of the photo:

1. Wang Tsi Ching is 44 years old; home is 7 miles from Ch'u Wang; taught school for over ten years, but can get no school since becoming a Christian.

"I first," says Mr. Wang, "came into contact with Christianity in 1897 when attending the examinations at Chang Te. I visited the mission there and was presented with John's Gospel and some other books, but I did not understand them. I often, after this, talked about Christianity with the late Mr. Fan (Dr. Dow's teacher), who was a friend of mine, and I began to have a favorable opinion of the Gospel. In 1902 I was led to believe through the preaching of Ch'ai T'ung Feng (mission helper), and was recorded as a catechumen in September of the same year."

2. Hu Feng Hwa is 38 years old; home 6 miles from Ch'u Wang; is well educated in the Chinese classics; now farms; he smoked opium for 21 years.

"I first heard the Gospel in 1899 when Mr. McKenzie and Ch'eng Lu visited our village. I thought the doctrine good, but did not fully believe. I read several Christian books during 1899 and 1900, and believed because I realized that this was the only power that would enable me to break off my opium smoking. I was recorded as a catechumen in May, 1902, and have stopped smoking opium. My wife does not believe, but does not persecute."

3. Fan Yen T'ien is 33 years old; lives 6 miles from Ch'u Wang and is a neighbor of Hu Feng Hwa; is an educated man of leisure.

"I was a distant relative and pupil of the late Mr. Fan (Dr. Dow's teacher). I got Christian books from him which I read. I heard Messrs. MacKenzie and Grant preach in 1897, and have believed from that time, but was not recorded as a catechumen until May, 1902. My mother and wife do not believe, but my son of 15 years does."

4. Ma Pang Lin is 30 years old; home 4 miles from Chang Te; was formerly a fortune-teller and quack doctor; is now a Bible colporteur; smoked opium for some years.

"In 1896 I went to the mission at Chang Te to see the buildings that were being built. I was very much afraid that I would be bewitched with 'foreign medicines.' But when there I first heard the Gospel and thought it good doctrine. I afterwards visited the mission frequently to hear more. I learned to pray and prayed for half a year, then grew careless and did not pray.

"A short time afterwards was visited by one of the other Christians and began to pray again. Grew more courageous and was recorded as a catechumen in May, 1900, just before the missionaries had to fly for their

lives. Was baptized after their return in 1902."

5. Wang Sung is 53 years old; home 40 miles from Wei Hui; is a farmer.

"I first heard the Gospel at Hsun Hsien Fair in 1893, when I went there to worship 'Lao Nai Nai.' Chou Lao Ch'ang (the first convert in North Honan), who was preaching, said that we came to 'Lao Nai Nai' not to seek *light* but to seek *gain*.

"I was convinced that the Jesus Doctrine was the Heavenly Doctrine, the True Light, so I did not worship Lao Nai Nai, but went home and soon afterwards went to Hsin Chen and bought several New Testaments and heard more of the Gospel.

"I was recorded as a catechumen in September, 1893. I at that time had two wives, the first wife persecuted me for a time, but afterwards both believed. After the death of the first I was baptized in September, 1902."

6. Ch'eng Pu Yue is 30 years old; home 17 miles from Chang Te; was a maker and seller of reed mats; is now a preaching helper in the employ of the mission.

"I first heard the Gospel from Mr. Wang, an opium-smoking teacher. I afterwards met one of the mission helpers, Li Lung Kwang, and was detained by rain for three days at the same inn with him, he told me that the idols we worshipped were not spirits; we read together the story of Creation in Genesis; he explained the Beatitudes in Matt. 5 to me; then I believed. The first book I read was 'Buddhism Refuted.'

"I was recorded as a catechumen in 1895 and baptized the next year. At first my neighbors forbade my using water out of the village well, but I was patient and this soon ceased. I accompanied the missionaries in their flight in 1900 to Shanghai."

7. Ch'eng Lu is 46 years old; home at Hsin Ts'un, 17 miles from Chang Te; was a grocer and baker; now is a preaching helper in the employ of the mission.

"I first learnt the truth from a catechism which I bought from Mr. MacGillivray and Dr. McClure when passing our village on a boat in 1890.

"The next year Mr. Goforth visited our village and I went to the inn to see the 'foreign devil;' he would not talk of anything but the Gospel. I was disappointed, but I understood more of the Gospel when I left. In 1893 Wang Fu Lin, one of my neighbours, went to Ch'u Wang to break off opium, and by him Mr. Goforth sent back his kind regards to me. I

was pleasantly surprised. One of the Bible colporteurs visited us soon afterwards, then I believed. I went to Ch'u Wang and got a New Testament.

"I had smoked opium for 6 years, I now broke off without taking any medicine. I was recorded as catechumen in 1893 and was baptized in 1894. I was much impressed by the words of Luke 14: 25-35. My wife is also a church member and two of my children have been baptized."

8. Ch'ai T'ung Feng is 29 years old; home at Tou Kung, 23 miles from Chang Te; was formerly a farmer; is now a preaching helper in the employ of the mission.

"I first heard the Gospel from Mr. MacGillivray who preached on the streets of our town in 1891, but I did not believe. I heard again from Messrs. Goforth and Grant in 1893. In 1894 my uncle believed and I argued with him, he gave me 'The Gate of Virtue and Knowledge,' by Dr. Griffith John to read. I soon after this believed, and in 1895 was recorded as a catechumen.

"One of the chief causes of my conversion was the preaching of Wang Te Hsing, a neighbor; he seemed to have a loving heart, and I felt that this doctrine must be good. Soon after hearing him I fell ill. I thought of Saul's conversion which I had heard from Wang Te Hsing and resolved to ask God's help. In a few days I was well again. I was baptized in 1896.

"My wife at first persecuted me, but now she and my father both believe. I accompanied the missionaries in their flight to Shanghai in 1900."

9. Hu I Chwang (elder brother of No. 2) is 48 years old; home 5 miles from Ch'u Wang; is a literary man; was a writer of Chinese plays for 15 years.

"I first heard the Gospel in 1890 when I visited Mr. MacGillivray and Dr. McClure in the inn at Ch'u Wang. Here I saw the 'Ten Commandments' hanging on the wall, and I said this doctrine is right. After they had rented a compound at Ch'u Wang I again visited them, but I saw only the lamp, bed, etc.; in Mr. MacGillivray's room and heard nothing of the doctrine he was preaching,

"During the next 7 years I saw the foreigners only once or twice. In 1899 Mr. MacKenzie and Ch'eng Lu (a helper) visited our village, but I did not believe what they preached.

"My brother, who was ill, believed, and said it was a good doctrine. I replied that it

was good enough for him, but I was not ill and did not need it.

"In 1900, after the missionaries had fled, I fell ill, and then felt if Dr. McClure or Dr. Leslie were here now I would soon be cured. They returned in September, 1901. I went to Chang Te and was cured. There I heard more of the Gospel and believed. I was recorded as a catechumen in April, 1902. We have daily family worship in our home, my two wives and hired man joining with me."

10. Wang Chao T'ai is 34 years old; home 30 miles from Chang Te; formerly a Confucian student; now has no employment; can neither farm nor work at any trade.

"I first heard the Gospel in 1897 preached near my home by Hoa I (preaching helper), but did not believe. I believed in 1899 and was recorded as a catechumen at Chang Te."

11. Ch'ai T'ung Jan (cousin of No. 8) is 26 years old; home 23 miles from Chang Te; is a farmer.

"I saw the missionaries several times in the town where I live in 1891-1894, but did not listen or take any interest in what they said. At that time I gambled, drank, swore and attended theatres.

"After my father believed in 1894 I persecuted him; he wished me to go to Ch'u Wang and see the missionaries, but I would not; when he reproved me for quail-fighting I retorted that he was a slave of the 'foreign devils.'

"In November, 1895, I visited Ch'u Wang and there heard the Gospel; then I believed. For more than a year I was half-hearted, but since then I have had much peace. I was recorded as a catechumen in 1895 and was baptized in 1898."

12. Chin P'eng Ke is 48 years old; home is 53 miles from Chang Te; has studied Confucian classics for many years; is a farmer.

"I first read two Christian tracts, 'The Most Important Truths' and 'Forsake the False and Adopt the True,' which I had bought from one of the mission helpers, but I did not believe. I afterwards brought my father to Ch'u Wang where he was cured of cataract; there I heard more of the truth and believed. I was recorded as a catechumen the next year. My father (76 years), my mother (72 years) and my two sons also believe.

13. Chi Ch'ing Chien is 39 years old; home is 20 miles from Chang Te; formerly was a coke-burner, but now is a farmer.

"I first heard the Gospel from Messrs. Mac-

Kenzie and Grant at Hsun Hsien Fair in 1898 when I went to worship the idol. I believed and bought a catechism, and later I went to Chang Te where I learned more. I was recorded as a catechumen in May, 1898, and was baptized a year later. I have preached at the Hsun Hsien Fair in 1899, 1900 and this year. Father and mother are dead. My elder brother persecuted me for a time, but does not now. My wife is also baptized."

14. Wang Hwa Lin is 39 years old; home is 17 miles from Chang Te; is a farmer.

"I first heard the Truth from my brother Wang Fu Lin (late helper at Chang Te) in 1893. I believed. I and my wife are both baptized and the whole family believes.

15. Shao Yung Yen is 41 years old; home is 32 miles from Chang Te; was formerly a bailiff; now is a farm labourer; smoked opium for some years, but never had a craving.

"I first heard the Gospel at Ch'u Wang in 1895, but did not believe. In 1898 I heard again from Ch'ai T'ung Feng who visited our village and I believed. I was recorded as a catechumen the same year and was baptized in 1899. There are nine in my family; all believe; my eldest son is baptized and the two younger ones are catechumens."

16. Chang Mei is 31 years old; home is 23 miles from Chang Te; is a mason and is always busy.

"I first heard the Gospel in 1899. I was at that time member of a secret sect, but when I read the Christian catechism I knew that this sect was false and believed the Gospel. I was recorded as a catechumen in June, 1900, just before the missionaries had to fly, and was baptized in 1902, after their return. At first all my family persecuted me and would steal away my clothes whenever they knew I was going to learn more of the doctrine or to preach, so that I had to do anything of this kind secretly. Now my father and brother don't bother me, but my mother is still bitter against me. My wife is frightened, but does not argue with me or persecute me."

TRAINING INSTITUTION, SANTO.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. ANNAND.

Santo, New Hebrides.

Dear Mr. Scott,—

Will the daily routine work of our school interest you? If so, let us get up early, and ring the big bell at six. Three minutes are allowed for the students to assemble. We then call the roll, sing a hymn, and pray. These take about ten minutes. (The pupils are divided in school, all the day except the evening hour, into two classes, junior and senior. Mr. Henderson takes the former and I the latter.) Reading in the New Testament,

with such explanations as we deem appropriate, occupy the hour. In this way every student during his term goes over the whole book three or four times.

At seven we adjourn to breakfast and family prayers; after which medicine is given out to the ailing ones, and other wants supplied.

At 7.45 the bell calls to manual labour; Mr. Henderson takes charge of this, while I attend to the sick and lame who do not go to work.

At 9.15 the bell rings to cease work and make ready for school. Half an hour later we enter our classroom, and open as we did at six.

The programme of the two classes is much alike, varying a little according to the attainments of the pupils. Monday and Thursday we take twenty minutes at geography in its several departments. In the other three days this time is given to dictation, using the blackboard largely for corrections.

Then writing from the Bible occupies my class for twenty minutes; thirty-five more are spent in reading and spelling in the Old Testament, with questions about the meaning of words and phrases.

On three days of the week we next take up arithmetic for forty-five minutes, again using the blackboard for all the exercises.

During the same time on the other two days we teach grammar, mental arithmetic, and pedagogics. The last half hour every day is devoted to a general Bible lesson; going over the whole of the Scriptures in order, and giving an outline of the revelation in each book. At half past twelve we close.

On Thursday afternoon three hours' manual labour is required. The other afternoons are given to the boys for their plantation work.

Every evening there is a meeting for an hour in which there is hymn singing, prayers, reading and explanation of the Scriptures.

At nine o'clock the curfew bell rings, and if the day's duties have been faithfully done we may soon thereafter retire to rest.

During the afternoon there is always something to do, some duty to attend to. So you learn from this that we do not lead an idle life in this sultry, feverish land, where the balmy breezes allure to indolence. Saturday is, in theory at least, a holiday with us.

On Sunday we have regular service at nine o'clock, Bible classes at three, and at seven we meet for singing, reading, prayer, and addresses. This latter service is conducted chiefly by the students.

The wives of the students are taught by the ladies general house work, cutting out and sewing their own and their children's clothes. For an hour and a half in the afternoons Mrs. Henderson teaches them the ordinary school lessons.

Fine weather and fair health have been enjoyed thus far this summer. Greetings to all.

MACAO, OUR NEWEST MISSION.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, MRS. W. R. MCKAY.

Macao, South China, March 4, 1903.

Dear Mrs. Scott :

Four months in Macao and I have not written to you! You must think I am trying to save my box of pens. Indeed they are keeping very well as all my correspondents will believe. But you know we use a brush to write Chinese characters.

Perhaps I had better confess how my Chinese writing is done. The teacher rules a paper in squares. In each square he writes a character large and well inked. He puts this under my paper which is semi-transparent, and I trace the strokes and dots.

You will say, "She must be in the first grade." Indeed, I felt that at the Chinese service last Sunday when a woman found the places for me and a little girl helped me keep the place by pointing with her finger as the preacher read.

This is very bad, but it was worse when we knew nothing of the spoken language. One had such a helpless feeling when people came talking an unknown tongue, and seemed to think if only they talked loud and long and fast enough we would understand. We do understand a little now and it is a great help, but it takes a long day to master Cantonese.

You have probably heard that it was a hard language. That is not stating the case at all. But I will refrain from speaking of its tones, its aspirates, strange sounds and idioms. I might use too strong language, and besides you cannot realize until you try how it feels to put your teeth together and shoot the word out of one side of your mouth, or, harder still, out of both sides and at the same time give it the proper pitch and inflection.

We live on a peninsula which is indeed "almost an island." From its point a walk of two miles brings us to "The Barrier" or neck of land connecting us with China. This entrance to the Celestial kingdom is marked by an archway and guarded by Portuguese soldiers. Beyond lies the rich and fertile district of Heung Shan.

But standing at "The Barrier" we see only some stations or the customs officers and the narrow winding stone road through a cactus-bearing country whose numerous upright stones declare it to be part of China's great graveyard.

Chinese, except Christians, are not allowed to be buried in the colony, and many a sad procession goes over "The Barrier" or is ferried over to one of the rocky coast islands.

We went to one of these islands not long before Christmas for a picnic. You can think how bare the land is when you know that only by long and diligent search we found enough sticks to make a tiny kettle boil. In some parts of the island there were dwarf pines and shrubs growing perhaps out of clefts in the rocks, but everywhere there were graves. Some were marked by a simple upright stone, others by elaborate tombs of various forms. But all alike told of hopeless sorrow.

Yet one of these rocky coast islands has become covered, under British care, with trees, vines and shrubs in tropical profusion. Hong Kong is, indeed, an attractive city. By night the lights from the water's edge up to the summit of "The Peak," and the harbour with its wonderful phosphorescence and myriad lights. By day the shops full of elegant silver, china, blackwood and other products of the East, the beautiful homes and scenery, and, not least of all, the British flag give it a never-failing interest.

But you would like to hear of Macao. We said when we first saw it from the boat, "How quaint!" and now I do not know a better word to describe the view we then had.

It was the Bund or sea wall that curved like a bow, separating the bay from the broad front street shadowed by spreading evergreen trees. On the other side of the street and on the hills rising above we saw the homes, the churches, forts and ruins of Macao.

The last, one feels very forcibly, for this is a very old colony, once very prosperous, but living now on its past glory. The rise of Hong Kong was the fall of Macao. The revenue is now derived chiefly from gambling-houses and the opium trade.

The forts and churches also bear witness to the age of the city. But the gardens are its pride. "Cæmoen's Gardens" are famous and well deserve the fame.

The houses are of all kinds, from the modern hotel to the native hut. But the typical Macao house is built of brick, two stories high, plastered inside and out, and kalsomined in all colours, blue and yellow preferred. The windows have bars and the doors have locks, unlike the early Acadians. The larger houses have a castle-like appearance, and very often they are kept from public view by a high wall.

A door in the wall informs you that there is a house inside.

In Montreal you took me to the market. I am not sure that I should take you here if you visit us, but you can see all kinds of wares for sale taken past the door.

"And what a noise of trucks and carts there must be," you say. Why, no! The truck is only a pole which is carried over the shoulder and on each end a load hangs. If there is load for only one end they put a stone on the other.

Here comes a man with his double load of cloth, another with tin boxes made from kerosene oil cans. Here is one with a basket or rather cage of chickens on each side, and soon you may see a man with a whole variety store, dishes, shoes, purses, yarn, etc.

The Chinese do not seem so strange to us as they did in Montreal. We are getting to know them. We will be so happy when we know their language.

Mrs. Lui, the wife of the Chinese preacher here, and I visit each other. She introduces me to the other women at church, and when I can speak a little more will go with me to visit them.

Mrs. Woods and Mrs. Lewis, two American women, whose husbands teach in the Christian College, have opened a little school for girls who wish to learn English. We have also a Chinese teacher for them. It is a pleasure to teach children so anxious to learn, and we hope to be a help to them in more than English.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

Tunapuna, Trinidad, April 7, 1903.

For the RECORD,—

The removal of those dear to us should come as a call to make the most of life's opportunities for good that we may be prepared to give account of our own stewardship.

If there be anywhere a need for Christian men and women willing to spend and to be spent for the Master's cause that need is surely in Trinidad. The mingling of races and religions has to a large extent resulted in the propagation of all that is evil and the proportionate decay of moral and religious restraint.

It is freely asserted of our heathen population that they have on the whole degenerated by residence in Trinidad. Rum and ganja (Indian hemp), freely licensed, are doing deadly work; the hardness and degradation patent in some thickly populated localities makes one

think of slum work in large cities like London.

There is little doubt that the East Indian has imbibed some of the racial feeling pervading the West Indian atmosphere, thereby increasing the difficulties of the missionary, leading the young to be slow in yielding to guidance, making the old quick to resent and traduce. Great patience and wisdom are called for in dealing with the present state of things.

The thought often intrudes that it was indeed a blessing that our Church entered upon this work 35 years ago—then the prosperous sugar industry lent help that has since, in many cases, been very reluctantly withdrawn. Then agricultural labour was lighter and much better paid.

Now the intensity of the struggle for daily bread seems to choke out higher thoughts and aspirations. In his poverty the East Indian is apt to look upon the missionary as bound to help him to his daily bread.

Knowing that a missionary in India must frequently provide for his converts the means of earning a living, in the vastly different circumstances here he longs for the same provision. In the early days of discipleship he is apt to regard his church somewhat in the light of an extensive friendly society. When he has cents in hand he pays the dues; when he wants to buy a cow it seems to him that now is the time for him to get a loan in aid.

Quite lately on being refused such a loan one said, "I do not care to belong to a church that refuses to help me to buy a cow," and that disciple walks no more with us for the present.

The Trinidad missionary cannot conform to what was perhaps once his own cherished ideal; he cannot be pictured as a harmless and very paternal figure in the shade of a banyan tree slaking the spiritual thirst of idolatrous crowds. The heathen of our experience are conscious of no thirst other than that for present gain or pleasure. Why should they thirst for things of which they never even dreamed?

To persuade him of the existence of better things means a long step toward a man's conversion. Densely ignorant, madly superstitious, the white-faced missionary is, at first, to him nothing more than the representative of a beef-eating, rum-drinking nation.

Possibly he has been taught a horror of destroying life that shrinks from a hoe or a spade lest the meanest worm should be hurt, and these white faces are not ashamed to kill the animal of all others most sacred to him,

and this, oh horror of horrors that they may gnaw the sacred bones. The very thought might well cause him to turn away in disgust But this is only the one side.

After a while he finds out that there is a house where he can get medicine for nothing, there is a school within reach where his children will be kindly taught and looked after, and will occasionally get a present of a new shirt, and so an acquaintance with the missionary begins that in thousands of cases has meant so much.

Let us conclude, having tried to give a peep at the troubled waters in which our church is casting her net. For results, see Reports in the March number of the RECORD.

SARAH ETTER MORTON.

MEETING OF HONAN PRESBYTERY.

BY REV. W. HARVEY GRANT.

[Honan Presbytery meets yearly, reviews the year past and plans for the coming. The following is somewhat old but gives a good bird's-eye view of the Mission.—Ed.]

Met at Wei Hui Fu, Honan, China, 14 Jan.

During the year in the Chang Te and Ch'u Wang fields 47 were baptized and added to the Church, 8 infants were baptized and 103 persons were examined and recorded as catechumens; and the work in almost every quarter is promising.

The work among the women was in charge of Mrs. Mitchell from Dec., 1901, till Mar., 1902, when the other ladies arrived from Canada, after which Mrs. Menzies took charge of the station-work, while Dr. Dow and Miss Pyke spent most of their time among the women in villages where there are Christians, teaching several station classes with great encouragement. The medical work, though much hampered through lack of supplies and inadequate accommodation, yet makes a satisfactory showing. From April 1 to Nov. 30, 8,266 treatments were given, 89 operations performed, and 5 cases of opium-poisoning treated, of which 4 were saved. One former patient was baptized and received as a church member and 5 or 6 others were recorded as catechumens.

From Wei Hui Station it was reported that after the return of the missionaries to Honan it was resolved to open Wei Hui Fu as a new station. Mr. Mitchell settled there in Feb., renting premises on the main business street suitable for a temporary home for the missionaries. During the summer some 6 acres of land

were purchased just outside the western suburb of the city, on which to erect Mission buildings, and preparations to build next summer have been proceeding ever since.

During the year 7 persons were baptized, and 19 were recorded as catechumens; while one was suspended from church membership for Sabbath breaking and opium-smoking. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell went to Canada on furlough in Sept., and in Nov. Messrs. Menzies, Malcolm and Grant with their families took charge of the work in Wei Hui.

From Hwai Ch'ing Station it was reported that work was re-opened there by the late Mr. Hood early in the year. An inn was rented as a temporary compound, and during the two months that Mr. Hood spent there he was much encouraged by the numbers of people who came to hear the Gospel, and also by the number of Gospels sold. Mr. Hood died there of cholera on Sept. 19, 1902.

The School Committee reported that 3 schools were carried on during the year, of which 2 are flourishing. The third is to be closed at once.

The Building Committee reported that buildings were repaired and erected at Chang Te to the amount of \$4,695.25, of which \$1,230 62 was paid for out of indemnity.

The Rev. J. Griffith, B.A., was elected Moderator of Presbytery for the current year. Dr. P. C. Leslie was re-elected Treasurer of the Mission, and Rev. W. H. Grant was re-elected Presbytery Clerk.

The Rev. Alexander Grant, B.A., St. Marys, Ont., was nominated as Moderator of the next General Assembly, and Rev. R. A. Mitchell, B.A., Rev. M. MacKenzie, William McClure, M.D., and W. B. McKechnie, M.D., Fairview, Vancouver, were appointed commissioners to the same.

The appeal to the Foreign Mission Committee for four more ordained missionaries was renewed, and an additional medical man was also asked for, to meet in some measure the urgent needs of this wide field.

The generous gift from Rev. Norman McPhee for school work in Honan was gratefully acknowledged, and it was resolved to build therewith a school at Chang Te Fu, to be named after the donor.

A large amount of routine business was also transacted.

On Thursday, Jan. 15, at five minutes past ten o'clock in the evening Presbytery adjourned.

LETTER FROM MRS. GOFORTH.

Chang te fu, March 2nd, 1903.

Dear Mr. Scott,—

It has been the custom of our mission ever since its establishment in Honan for the male members to concentrate their forces during part of the first moon at the great fair held in the city of Hsun Hsien for the worship of the goddess Lao Nai Nai, but until this year no woman's work has been attempted at this fair.

Mrs. Leslie, kindly consenting to take charge of my children, left me free to accompany my husband, and my going also opened the way for Miss MacIntosh. This being quite a new departure, some doubt was felt as to the possible success of it, but we went trusting to God to open our way and make us a means of blessing to some.

After a long thirteen hours' springless cart journey we reached Hsun Hsien to find Mr. and Mrs. Grant awaiting our arrival in the native house hired for our accommodation during the fair. These quarters were so very close that the gentlemen were obliged to look for other places for the men to preach in. This proved a blessing, for the outcome was that during the fair preaching was carried on continuously in a large number of places.

From the day after we arrived until we left women came in ever-increasing numbers. The last five or six days we were obliged to receive them only in the courtyard, the numbers being far too great to admit into our room. Miss MacIntosh and I took turns in taking charge, which meant sitting on the narrow brick verandah about two feet above the courtyard, with two Christian women and sometimes a native helper to take turns with us in addressing the crowd in the court below. In other words, holding day after day protracted open air meetings lasting from breakfast till sundown.

Our audiences were entirely women, mostly those attending the fair for the worship of the goddess. This class of women is the most easily reached for, as a rule, they are seekers of something better than that which they already have.

Oh, how I wish I could picture some of the scenes of those days! Many, many times we have had women listening for hours and when called by friends to leave, showing the greatest distress lest they should forget how to pray to Jesus.

One woman listened two forenoons and was -

very much touched. She came back a third time when the helper was speaking, and drawing aside one of the Christian women she said: "I have not time to stay as my party is leaving, but I want you to tell me again how I should pray. I'm so stupid I'm afraid I shall forget;" in a little while she left repeating "Jesus, Jesus, God's son, saves sinners. Oh, if I would only not forget!"

Another woman came with some others about nine one morning, evidently intending to just see the foreign women and then go, but something I was saying seemed to arrest her attention and coming closer and closer till she stood right in front, she listened for a while as if spellbound; at last she exclaimed, looking around at the crowd. "Why have we never heard this before?" Every little while as the message dawned upon her, her face twitched with emotion. She listened on till noon when she was obliged to join her party and return home.

Another woman came in quite early one morning much excited, saying she had been at the Fair three days and had only just heard we were here preaching good doctrine. She said, "My party is now getting ready to leave and will be here for me in a little while; tell me quickly what this good doctrine is."

I told her as simply as I could the story of God's love in sending His son Jesus to die for her sins and to be her mediator (middleman) and of His preparing a place in Heaven for her. As I talked I prayed that the Spirit might carry home the message.

When finally she was called to go the tears stood in her eyes. As she turned to leave she said, "Have'n't you something to make me remember what you've told me." I gave her a prayer sheet and a hymn sheet the words of which are an epitome of the Gospel.

These are but a few of the many cases of women who were touched by the message. Much seed was sown and many seemed to understand at least something of the Gospel. Mr. Goforth is writing you regarding the men's work. We believe much good has been done and can but leave it in God's hands.

I am very glad that a beginning has been made in carrying on women's work at this important centre and in future since our visit has been such a success, every effort will be made for the continuing of woman's work at future Hsün Hsien fairs.

LETTER FROM REV. W. HARVEY GRANT, HONAN.

TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF KINGSTON PRES-
BYTERY.

[The Kingston Presbyterian Union, composed of all the Sabbath Schools and Young People's Societies within the bounds of the Presbytery, has undertaken to raise \$400 per annum for three years towards the support of a foreign missionary. The Rev. Harvey Grant, B.A., one of the Honan staff, has been chosen as the representative of the Union. We publish herewith the first of his letters to the Union. If it were read, as it certainly ought to be, in each Sunday School and Young People's Society in the Presbytery, it would surely lead to a deeper and more intelligent interest in the work in which Mr. Grant is engaged.]

Dear Friends :—

Just a week ago to-day while away from home, preaching at a large "fair," a letter from the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee of our Church reached me informing me that you had chosen me as your representative in Honan, and that you desired to hear from me at my earliest convenience. I have just returned from this fair and make haste to write to you.

In the first place I desire to express my sense of the honour done me in your choice. I moreover deem it a great privilege to write to those thus deeply interested in the work to which God has called me here, news direct from the field; and it shall be to me a great pleasure indeed to do so regularly as you may desire, and I trust that I too shall hear from you occasionally, and that you will not cease to remember me and the work here continually in your prayers.

I believe thoroughly in the wisdom and benefit of having a special representative among the heathen. Such a relationship, if its obligations are properly fulfilled, should be for the glory of God and mutually helpful to those who enter into it. I do trust that we shall find this so in our case. No endeavour on my part shall be lacking to make it so. You shall let me know your wishes as soon as possible, will you not?

It is perhaps a matter of regret to us both that we have never met face to face (though I do know personally a few of the ministers among you), but we can hope that in a few years we may be spared to meet.

Meanwhile, a few facts about your represen-

tative may not be out of place. I was born "a son of the manse" in the County of Haldimand and spent my early years there; my thoughts were early turned by the conversation of my father to the duty and privilege of preaching the Gospel to the heathen.

I graduated in Arts at Toronto University in 1889, and, immediately upon the completion of my theological course at Knox College in 1892, offered my services to the Foreign Mission Committee and was sent in the autumn of the same year to Honan.

The succeeding years were spent in Honan, until March, 1900, when I went home to Canada all unconscious of the terrible events which were to happen in China within the next four months, destroying so many precious lives and stopping all Mission work for many months in North China.

After six months spent in Canada, I was sent to Central India in October of the same year to assist our missionaries there, who were overburdened with the stress of the famine work.

In August, 1902, Honan being again open for the return of workers, we left India and reached Honan on November 1.

Here we are now at a station which has been opened just a year. During the year we have made substantial progress and the prospects for the future are bright and encouraging in every way. The names of several have been recorded as catechumens, and almost daily we are meeting with new ones who are interested.

The sale of Gospels and Christian tracts has been large, which indicates a real interest on the part of the Chinese in our work.

All the officials, from the highest downward, are cordial and friendly, and calls are frequently exchanged between us. All this has a decidedly good effect upon the attitude of the common people toward us, such as had not been the case in the past.

The condition which here impresses one most of all is the vast extent of densely populated country, which is put under the charge of each ordained missionary, and to which he is expected to minister. The district under this station extends 80 miles east and west and 40 miles north and south, with at present only one ordained man to overtake the work in the field, for the Dr. is a fixture at the station with his medical work, and even when Mr. Mitchell returns next autumn the divided parishes of 40 x 40 miles will be no small fields to labour in, especially as each contains probably 750-000 persons.

There is in consequence of all this the very greatest necessity of constantly moving about and thus making as much of one's ability to spread the truth as possible.

Consequently, a large part of my time is spent in touring about among the towns and villages, which are scattered so thickly everywhere, remaining two or three days in each place, or longer if it seems wise to do so, and preaching the Gospel and selling Christian books wherever we go.

Perhaps a brief account of the "fair" from which we have just returned will be interesting to you. This "fair" takes place annually at the city of Hsun Hsien, which is 36 miles N. E. from here and an equal distance S. E. from Chang Te. It begins immediately after the 15th of the 1st Chinese month and lasts for about two weeks.

It is in the first place an idolatrous gathering, immense crowds of both men and women coming from far and near to worship the great mud idol on the hill, which is called "Lao Nai Nai" (i. e. "The Great Grandmother"), whom they believe to be able to bestow posterity and other minor blessings.

But thrifty John Chinaman does not lose opportunity to turn a penny, and the merchants and vendors of various wares are on hand offering their goods for sale in the temporary mat booths erected along either side of the streets and up over the temple hill, and a brisk business is carried on as long as the "fair" lasts.

The city of Hsun Hsien itself contains a population of about 25,000, crowded into an area of about a mile and a half square, and probably 80,000 to 100,000 persons from outside places come in to worship or do business during the time of the fair.

It has been the regular practice of our missionaries since 1891 to attend this fair in as large force as possible to preach the Gospel to these large crowds. With the exception of 1901 and 1902, the two years of the troubles here, we have been present every year, and the results have been gratifying thus far; we expect still greater results in the future.

At first we had few native Christians to help us, but year by year our force of native helpers has been growing, and we have been able to extend our operations, until this year, which was better than any that has preceded, we kept preaching going at five different points all day, and had evening meetings at two places every

night, so that the people heard the Gospel as never before.

On February 12th Mrs. Grant and I started from here on a house-boat for Hsun Hsien and arrived there the next day. On the evening of the next day Mr. and Mrs. Goforth and Miss McIntosh arrived from Chang Te.

We had with us nineteen native Christians to help in the preaching, some of them could not do very much, but all of them could do something and some of them were very capable. Several of them had themselves first heard the Gospel at this "fair" in previous years, and we feel assured that their testimony will be the means of leading many others to forsake the worship of idols.

A steady interest was evinced by a larger number of those who heard the Gospel at this "fair" than at any previous "fair," many remaining attentively listening for hours at a time to the preaching.

The sales of Christian books also were most encouraging. Three men were examined and their names recorded as catechumens during the progress of the "fair."

This is the first year that work has been attempted among the women who attend this fair, and who constitute fully half of the worshippers of "Lao Nai Nai." This year the ladies accompanied us and daily received large crowds of the women in the courtyard of the compound (i. e. premises) in which we were staying; there they, with the help of two native Christian women, told these women the "Old Old Story." Many of the women who heard seemed deeply affected and we hope to hear of substantial results later.

The ladies have been so pleased with the result of the experiment this year that they have determined to make it a part of the regular yearly programme, and henceforth preaching at the Hsun Hsien "fair" shall be carried on among both men and women until there is no longer any idolatrous fair.

We all left Hsun Hsien by mule-cart on the early morning of February 24th and reached our respective homes the same evening. Report of further work I shall reserve for a future letter.

Trusting that this may reach you safely and prove interesting to you, and with the prayer that God may bless you all with an increased sense of responsibility for and privilege in taking each your part in the evangelization of the world.

World=Wide Work.

"PRIESTS AND PEOPLE IN BELFAST."

BY MICHAEL F. J. MCCARTHY, AN IRISH R. C. BARRISTER.

"I am an Irishman ; I am a Roman Catholic ; I have a right to speak.—M. F. J. McCarthy.

The Roman Catholics of Belfast constitute nearly one-fourth of the population of our most prosperous Irish city—84,000 out of 348,000 ; yet the only record they can point to by way of achievement, as a body of Belfast citizens, are their ecclesiastical buildings, churches, presbyteries, convents and sacerdotal schools.

In the words of the Rev. A. Macaulay, P.P., St. Brigid's, addressing the members of the Belfast Catholic Association : "The fruit of the labours of those who have in the past so strenuously wrought for your benefit is worthy of being carefully preserved. You have only to open your eyes and behold massive and magnificent buildings—schools, convents, churches and other institutions—in order to show what *your ecclesiastical authorities* have effected for yourselves, your children and children's children . . . a regular series of magnificent works which will render the name of Father Convery immortal." It is the "ecclesiastical authorities," not the lay subscribers, who get the credit of the work.

"And these works are, after all, but preludes to the glorious fabrics which, in the past few years, have arisen, as it were, under the touch of a magic wand by the fostering care of the prelate (loud applause), whom thoughtless people now ask you to insult ; for I hold that to an honourable mind ingratitude is fully equivalent to insult. How can you afterwards look on those stately buildings—colleges, institutions, venerable monasteries—without the bitter pangs of shame and remorse (applause) ?" *

The "insult" to which he refers so passionately, consisted in a Belfast layman, Mr. Matthew M'Cusker, standing as a candidate for the representation of the Falls Ward in the corporation of Belfast, against Dr. M'Donnell, the candidate nominated and supported by Bishop Henry !

One would not expect to find language so repellent of the Middle Ages in Belfast. But,

there it is, nevertheless. Nay, what is worse still, wherever you see one of our Roman Catholic Churches or a "venerable monastery" or a "gorgeous fabric" in Belfast, in any portion of the Roman Catholic quarter, you will also see, hovering around in the vicinity, dirty women and children, barefooted, with unkempt hair and ragged clothes, poor, mystified and mendicant—the guardian angels of the "magnificent works" which are to immortalize Father Convery. When such things can be done in the *green* wood of Belfast, can one be surprised at anything which is done in the *dry* wood of Mayo, Donegal, Kerry or Carlow ?

Father Laverty, V.G., on the same occasion, is reported as having used the following words : "He hoped no Nationalist in the Falls Ward would be so recreant as to vote for a man so dishonourable as to turn his back on his friends and to attack the Association, and to *stab in the back* the venerable President of the Association, the Bishop of Down and Connor. He was proud that since the inception of the Catholic Association he had stood by the bishop of the diocese. He might have incurred obloquy from his enemies, but he spurned such obloquy, for he felt it was his duty, as it was the duty of his lordship, the bishop, to organize the Catholic Association to safeguard and protect the Catholic interests of this great city."

But for the heroic sacerdotal shepherds the Protestant wolves would devour the Roman Catholic sheep. How false ! The Catholics of Belfast live well upon the work of the Protestant majority. If any one dines off the tender and juicy inmates of the Catholic sheep-pen, it is the prelatial wielder of "the magic wand" and the other "ecclesiastical authorities."

The one Catholic newspaper of Belfast, the *Irish News*, from which I quote, is the docile mouthpiece of the bishop and priests ; and, in a leading article commenting upon the foregoing proceedings, it says : "The splendid reception given to the Very Rev. Father Laverty by the Catholic people of the Falls was well worthy of the vicar-general's brilliant and fearless services to Catholicity in this city. Thanks in a signal degree to his labours, the Catholics of the Falls have to-day the power to send a

* *Irish News*, January 9, 1902.

representative to the Town Hall. Hence the unwarrantable abuse of the patriotic priest in the Unionist papers."

There is no foundation whatever for this statement. The Unionists—that is to say, the Protestants of Belfast—are only too glad to find intelligent Catholics filling places upon every representative board in the city. They, perhaps, do not like priest-ridden Catholics who speak for Father Lavery instead of for themselves. But who does? Neither do they like the "venerable monasteries" and "gorgeous fabrics" and the "magnificent works" eulogized by Father Macaulay, and which are always surrounded by poor, neglected people, whose presence constitutes a blot on the community.

They prefer such magnificent works as Harland & Wolff's, Workman & Clark's, Robinson & Cleaver's, Gallaher's, the York Street Spinning Company, the new City Hall, the new waterworks or their fine public library. They know that Roman Catholicity, as it is worked by the priests in Belfast, is nothing but a drag upon the prosperity of their native city.

They would naturally encourage, as would every one else who wishes well to Ireland, the efforts of such a man as Mr. Matthew M'Cusker shows himself to be, in his address issued on this occasion to the electors of the Falls Ward.

"I have resided for twenty-five years in the city," says Mr. M'Cusker, "and, having during that period acquired a substantial stake in the community, I am deeply interested in its continued prosperity and in the efficient and economical administration of the public trust."

There is nothing abusive to any one in Mr. M'Cusker's address. It is a plain, business-like document and does him credit. But the result of the election was the defeat of Mr. M'Cusker, who received 1,080 votes and the return of Dr. McDonnell, who received 1,800—a victory for the priests, but won by such misrepresentation of the issues at stake and mediæval eloquence as that of which I have given a small example in my extracts from the speeches of Fathers Macaulay and Lavery.

The character and extent of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical establishment in Belfast are worth nothing. The bishop retains all the city parishes, except four, which are unimportant, in his own hands, so that he receives all the money made in them except the stipends of his thirty-two curates, who are subordinates with scarcely any rights or vested

interests. The four parish priests within the city have seven curates to assist them.

The Passionists and the Redemptorists are established in force in Belfast in addition to the secular priests, and two classes of Christian Brothers are located in different districts of the city.

The Sisters of Mercy possess a convent and State-subsidized national school at Crumlin Road, and there they have an "industrial" school also, containing 88 vagrant little girls and receiving a yearly State endowment of £1,450, 17s. 7d.; they have another convent and national schools at Sussex Place, and, as we shall see, they manage the new sectarian hospital known as the Mater Infirmorum. They possess also the Sacred Heart Convent at Abbeyville, with an "industrial" school attached, containing 95 vagrant little girls, for whose maintenance the State pays £1,558, 15s. 1d. per annum.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have a convent and Magdalen Asylum at Ballynafeigh, where the "inmates, under the direction of the nuns, make and embroider vestments, etc."*

The Dominican Nuns have a boarding and day-school, and a remunerative State-assisted training-school for young national school-mistresses.

There are also a convent of Bon Secours at Falls Road; a convent of Poor Sisters of Nazareth at Ballynafeigh; a convent of French Sisters of Charity at Clonard Gardens, working State-aided national schools; a convent of the Sisters of the Most Holy Cross and Passion at Ballymacarrett, working a national school also.

There is the diocesan college of Down and Connor, owned by the bishop, called St. Malachy's, in which the priests swoop down upon all the money spent by the Belfast Catholics on "superior" education, and of which Father Lavery, V.G., fresh from the hustings, is the president, and where all the teaching is done or directed by priests.

There is also the St. Patrick's male "industrial" school at Milltown, Belfast, in which 164 vagrant boys are "maintained" under clerical control at a cost of £2,530, 17s. 4d. per annum to the State.

The drawings of public money by the clerical managers of Catholic "industrial" schools in Belfast city alone amount to £5,540, 10s. per annum.

* *Catholic Directory*, 1902.

If the Protestant community in Ulster drew a proportionate sum for minding derelict children, it would amount in money to £60,945, 10s per annum. But the entire Protestant community of Belfast city and the whole of the province of Ulster combined, having a population of 882,299, only receive £9,991, 11s. 5d. for the purpose, and this amount covers a great deal of territory outside Ulster as well.

The Catholic priests and nuns of Ulster, on behalf of the Catholic population, outside the radius of Belfast, draw an additional of £7,428, 13s. 10d. for "industrial" schools, making a total of £12,974, 3s. 10d. per annum, taken under the Industrial Schools Act, by the Ulster priests' organization, a condition of things with which self-respecting Catholic laymen should not be content.

Thus the art and craft of our priest and his helpmate the nun, flourish in Belfast and Ulster, where one would have hoped to find sacerdotalism kept in abeyance by the laity. A trade in vagrants, derelicts, invalids, mendicants and sinners is being carried on and thrives amongst the Roman Catholics in the northern diamond of Ireland, just as the same industries do in priest-infested lands all over the globe.

Within recent years the Belfast Catholics have been induced to add to the list of the architectural achievements of "their ecclesiastical authorities" a new, priest-owned hospital for Catholics, managed by nuns, and called the "Mater Infirmorum." The "venerable" bishop and "immortal" priests of Belfast seem in constant terror lest the fence of bigotry and isolation which they maintain between the lay Roman Catholics and their Protestant fellow-citizens should be broken down, and the origin of the "Mater Infirmorum" Hospital gives an instance of the extremes to which they are driven by their jealous precautions lest any of the funds derivable from the laity should by any chance be diverted from the priestly organization.

It was in the year 1897, at the celebration of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, that it occurred to the practical people of Belfast to found, by way of commemoration, a large hospital adequate to the needs of a commercial city of the first class. A fund of over £100,000 was then subscribed and the Royal Victoria Hospital was founded; a fine institution, adequate in every way to all the needs of the city.

The Belfast Roman Catholics, lay and clerical, took no part in the Queen's diamond jubi-

lee. But when the intended foundation of the Victoria Hospital was announced, and in order to prevent Catholic working-people from going to the new institution in sickness or accident—though no restriction whatever was placed upon the clergy of all denominations visiting patients in that hospital—the "ecclesiastical authorities" of Belfast started the project of a separate nun-managed hospital for themselves, to be called the "Mater Infirmorum." They refused to take any part in the building or management of the Royal Victoria Hospital, though offered adequate representation on its Board of Governors.

By means of "the magic wand" they built their new hospital; the Sisters of Mercy are installed in the "Mater Infirmorum" to-day, and it is being managed, like every other religious hospital in Ireland, over the heads of the laity and, as I believe, on a profit-making basis. The inspection of all books and accounts and the management of all profits are vested in the bishop of the diocese in the case of every nun-managed institution in the country that I know of.

One who did not know Ireland would conclude that no pecuniary support could possibly be solicited from the Belfast Protestants for an institution founded under such circumstances. On the contrary, the facts by no means prevent the nuns, whom I can never regard as anything more than the agents and managers of the bishop, from dunning the Protestant members of the Belfast community for periodical subscriptions to its support.

The "ecclesiastical authorities" who rejected the Victoria Hospital scheme have not hesitated, I understand, to employ the services of some persons belonging to the Reformed Churches! Will such procedure induce the Protestant community of Belfast to subscribe to their funds? The liberality of Protestants is so great that they may get the subscriptions. Indeed, public collections are made openly in the streets of Belfast for this hospital and generously responded to by the Protestant city.

The Catholic Association of Belfast is one of those sectarian institutions which make for the permanent isolation of its members from the bulk of their fellow-citizens. It was founded by the bishop and priests after the fall of Mr. Parnell and the consequent disintegration of the Irish party. Through it the priests partially control the political views and actions of the Belfast Catholics, and the association tightens the grasp of sacerdotalism on the laity.

Let it profess to be what it may, that is its actual result. It is a religious society in which politics and religion work in combination for the estrangement of the Belfast Catholics from the progressive majority, amongst whom they are induced to live in a state of isolation and revolt rather than partnership.

Indeed, whenever they meet under the auspices of this Catholic Association, for political or municipal purposes, they are under direct clerical control, and they are members of a religious association breathing forth antagonism to all outside the influence of Bishop Henry's "magic wand," under which "glorious fabrics" arise like Aladdin's palaces.

In any secular society there might be a sprinkling of Protestants holding Nationalist views, there would be some semblance of independence and freedom of speech and thought. But in this Catholic Association there is no room for anybody but an obedient servant of the priests, be he a professional man or a trader.

I have often been struck when in Belfast by the poverty of the Catholic quarters, and overwhelmed with sadness at the position of our people in that great and rising city where they have such splendid opportunities of improving their position in the scale of humanity.

They can see daily before their eyes numerous examples of self-made men in almost every walk of life. They see their Protestant neighbours enjoying to the full all the fruits of their industry. They see them cheerful, active and industrious; working hard for six days of the week and concentrating all their energies on their legitimate business, and on the seventh day devoting themselves to rest and to the society of their families, and engaged in the consideration of their religion and the payment of proper respect to their Creator, the Giver of all good.

One would look, not unnaturally, with hope to the 84,000 Catholics settled in Belfast for an example of enlightenment by which their fellow-religionists in all Ireland might profit. The action of men like Mr. M'Cusker, in the Falls Ward election, and those who think with him, whatever may be their political views, would seem to afford solid reason for thinking that the Roman Catholics of Belfast will at length awaken to a sense of the subordinate and damaging position which their priests constrain them to occupy.

"Magic wands," "massive and magnificent buildings," "glorious fabrics" and "venerable monasteries" cannot always be considered

all-sufficing for practical men. If the lay Catholics of Belfast desire to go forward with their city they should rescue themselves without delay from their present position.

Hundreds of heads of Catholic families in Belfast have been driven to the necessity of becoming licensed publicans in order to get a living, and the vast majority of the publicans' licences in this Protestant city are held by Catholics.

It has long been a well-known fact that many Catholic public-houses used to be mortgaged to the Catholic bishop—it may not be the case now—and that most of those "glorious fabrics" dilated upon by Father Macaulay were erected with the subscriptions of the bishop's publican-mortgagors.

Let the Catholics of Belfast reflect. Why should they not take a creditable part in the great industries of Belfast, and assert themselves like men, apart altogether from their religion, in the management of their native city?

It suits the priests admirably to see the Catholic population of the city engaged either in the drink trade or in the commonest forms of labour. Our Catholic priests, as a body, have no antipathy to the drink trade in any part of Ireland. It is a prolific source of income for them, their platitudes on temperance notwithstanding.

I do not cast a reflection upon the persons engaged, unhappily for themselves, in the retail distribution of drink. But, if it were my duty to do so, I should most earnestly adjure the Catholic parents of Ireland, whether they be licensed traders or not, never to put their sons to that business, save as a last resource! I should implore the Catholic youth of Ireland, if my words could reach them, not to go to that business, even when they think it is a last resource!

Let the manufacturers make money in millions, if they will; let them be the welcome guests of royalty because of their success in its manufacture; let rich brewers be ennobled by the score because the Powers that be so will it; but let the respectable, self-supporting, state-supporting Catholic citizens of Belfast follow the example of their Protestant fellow-countrymen and leave the exacting work of drink distribution to be attended to by those who reap nine-tenths of the profits and all the honours of the Belfast trade.

Let the wife's emaciated frame, the widow's penury, the father's grey hairs bowed down in sorrow to the grave and the orphan's destitu-

tion be placed to the debit of those who are the first cause, and let the Catholics of Belfast claim a fitting share in the great world-enterprises for which Belfast is becoming famous.

It is dawning upon our politician-patriots that the species of religion practiced by us, Catholic Irish, may be to blame for the unhappy condition in which we find ourselves. The environment of the present Irish party is not one calculated to embolden its members to enunciate such an idea.

In a recent address, delivered in Belfast, Mr. Michael Davitt, who is not now a member of the Irish party—having left it about the time that one of the Irish bishops was appointed head paymaster and treasurer of the funds—struggled with some half-expressed convictions on this vital subject. His speech was delivered in honour of the centenary of Robert Emmet, and he is thus reported.*

"The three permanent popular forces of Ireland—the Church, the moral force and the physical influences—were all responsible alike for this shameless epidemic of moral cowardice on the part of the people. Had they been told in Ireland—as Archbishop Hughes, of New York, told them when too late, that it was permissible on the part of a starving man to seize the sacrificial bread off the Altar of God if it would save his children's life in a famine—if that sound Christian and national doctrine had been taught in Ireland in 1847 by prelates and patriots, the year of the Black Famine might have been a year of less humiliating reproach to Irish national manhood and memory."

Mr. Davitt is referring to what he calls "The appalling chapter of our history, which tells of 300,000 deaths from starvation, in a land with plenty of food and with 8,000,000 of people, and which records to our eternal shame as a race that there were not 1,000 of those 300,000 miseries found willing to sacrifice their wretched lives by throwing themselves against the forces of England, which stood by to see fair play between the famine and its victims."

I am glad to see that Mr. Davitt acknowledges the "Church" to be the first of the permanent popular forces in Ireland, and, therefore, the organization responsible in the first degree for our degeneracy. He might have gone further and said that the "Church" now includes the two remaining forces which he mentions. It

controls the Irish party, which is the "moral force" alluded to by Mr. Davitt, and the physical force party, if it exists, is equally dependent.

And, furthermore, the legislation of our common Government—which has again been "standing by to see fair play" between the priests and their flocks or victims, as Mr. Davitt charges it having stood by between the famine and its victims—has endowed the "Church" with supreme control over the minds of the children of Catholic Ireland. Hence its power, and hence the Government's contempt for Mr. Davitt.

Some future critic of our times, when the priest has done his work as effectually as the famine, will revile the "miseries" who now inhabit the island for not having resisted the priest.

Not by such thievish heroism as Archbishop Hughes preached, but by manly self-assertion and firm resolve not to be trifled with can we win our coming battle with the priests. Our lives are not asked from us, only a little pluck and, perhaps, some brief discomfort. But, if the sacrifice of life itself should prove necessary, it could not be given in a nobler cause than that of the emancipation of the mind of one's own people.

I dare not hope that Mr. Davitt, much as I find myself in agreement with the sentiments of many of his speeches and writings, will take any practical steps to put his innuendoes against the priests into practice.

In Belfast, where his speech was delivered, he was inhaling an atmosphere of moral strength and independence. He was not the guest of the Catholic Association. Therefore, he found himself in a position to half-express a conclusion that the Church is the prime cause of our mental and physical penury. Such is the influence of a free environment.

But when Mr. Davitt goes to Dublin, to Cork, to Limerick, to Waterford or to Galway he will find that "shameless epidemic of moral cowardice on the part of the people" as rampant as he describes it to have been in 1847, and a criticism of the priests in any of those towns would put too great a strain even on his own moral courage.

Mr. Davitt taunts the son of Daniel O'Connell, the Catholic Liberator, with "having made it a boast one day in Dublin that God had permitted him to live in a land in which there was a race of men who would rather die

* *Freeman's Journal*, March 5, 1902.

than 'defraud their landlords of the rent.' May not our children taunt Mr. Davitt himself with being a party to the far more degrading boast that we now live in a land in which there is a race of "miserables" who would die rather than assert their own and their children's right to free mental development, through fear of a priestcraft under whose malign blight they are decaying; a race of men who would rather die (in bed) than claim the inalienable right of their children to good and true education, as the result of which they might develop into self-respecting free citizens worthy to rule a free land.

Mr. Davitt calls the generation after Daniel O'Connell's time "a soulless age of pitiable cowardice." Despite his great ability Daniel O'Connell at his best was but a tergitant, and, at his death, he showed himself steeped to the lips in Italian unctuousness. When in his prime he used to declare for "religion from Rome, but politics from home." But the ingrained Roman Catholic weakness was in him, and his will, in which he split up his body, leaving the better part of it in Rome and consigning the rest to Ireland, will be a subject of criticism for generations who will mock the theatricalities of our Roman Catholic Irish politicians.

The Catholic emancipation which O'Connell won for us has emancipated the priest so that he might enslave the layman's mind. All the gain resultant from it, so far, lies with the clerical class. We have the right to vote; we can elect a member of Parliament, but, when elected, he serves the priest and injures us by his public conduct.

Our minds are in manacles firmly riveted on by the priest in the school; our youthful spirit is broken by him beyond reparation. And it is probable that the Irish politician of fifty years hence will be as scathing in his denunciation of Mr. Davitt for his subservience to our selfish priesthood of to day, as Mr. Davitt is unsparing in his censure of the poor Irish Catholics who died in 1847.

Our Irish politicians, like Mr. Davitt, ought to be the champions of the liberties of the laymen of Ireland. But, so far from ranging themselves on the side of true freedom, they are selling the birthright of their country for a mess of pottage to the Irish priests, who are themselves the partners of the ravening Italian priests at Rome.

It must be borne in mind that, in the partnership with Rome, the Irish priests get the

larger share of the spoils, but, in the partnership of the Irish members with the priests, all the spoils are for the priests. The Irish party, since 1890, may be justly charged fifty years hence with having "stood by" while the Irish race at home were being reduced to the level of the poor Italian "dagoes," and that they took "priest's money"—which, it is said, brings bad luck to the recipient—for their parliamentary fund, while the birthright of freedom was being filched from the people by the priests. What betrayal could be more serious, more irremediable?

What a false note runs through the mock heroism of their speeches on Magdalen laundries, Catholic chaplaincies in the navy, priest-managed universities and other clerical business in the House of Commons! Little, indeed, need our common Government fear, much though they may pity, such a body of parliamentarians. Little respect have the priests themselves for that party, whose members are constantly giped at in the priests' especial prints. I should advise Mr. Davitt to read one of the priests' newspapers if he wants to know how the priests regard him and his friends, and how little it redounds to the credit of an Irishman to serve our priests.

It has often struck me that the Roman Catholics of Belfast have an example before their eyes which should imbue them with the necessary courage to be the first Catholic body in Ireland to insist upon a fair division of authority, in educational, charitable and church work amongst the laity and the clergy. The Presbyterian and Episcopalian Churches are the predominant religious bodies in the cities, and our fellow-Catholics must know countless instances of the marvellous success of individual members of those churches in life.

How self-reliant, cheerful and industrious the Presbyterians are, for instance. It often edifies me to see the amount of really hard work done by them everywhere; some of them in Dublin, for instance, are the most hard-working men I know; at work late and early; always at work, at full pressure. For six days of the week their energies are concentrated on their business, and they do not know how to idle, even when they acquire money.

I believe that the strenuous, constant work of the Presbyterian body is one of the most salutary elements in the social life of Ireland.

Pulpit and Pew.

THE SIN OF SELFISHNESS.

BY REV. ALEX. HENDERSON, APPIN, ONT.*

*"Son, remember that thou in thy life time," etc.—
Acts 16 : 25.*

This parable contains a series of bold contrasts. Two men are contrasted with each other as to their social positions in this life and the circumstances attending their death. Then they are pictured in their disembodied states after death, and contrasted with each other there, and with themselves in this life—the angels bear Lazarus to Paradise; the rich man—"instantly stripped of all he loved and lived for on earth, wealth, honour, friends and flatterers, is in torment."

The state of the soul between death and the final judgment is evidently not one of unconsciousness. Lazarus was "comforted." The distinction between Hades and Gehenna did not seem to afford relief to the poor rich man. Moreover it is not purgatory, "they cannot pass to us that would come from thence."

Neither is it, to such as he, a sleep, but an awful awakening. "Here we forget much of our meannesses and selfishness and hard-heartedness, our cruelties in heart, speech and behaviour, and we try to forget more; and men have wished themselves dead that they might extinguish memory and remorse, and some have violently taken their lives in the vain hope of obliterating their past in death, only to find that man cannot hide from his sin any more than he can hide from himself—that the falling asleep of the body is the waking up of the conscience and the memory and the moral understanding, and then, 'then, begins the real tempest of the soul,' when 'conscience hath a thousand several tongues, and every tongue brings in a several tale and every tale condemns him.' 'Son, remember!'"

Now, what was the great sin of the rich man that formed the ground of his condemnation? It was not the fact of his being rich; Abraham was rich. So far as indicated in the parable there was no gross sin laid to his charge. He was not a vulgar miser, or dishonest, or a churl. There is no proof that he was a glutton. Had he lived in our day he would have

passed current in Christian society for a gentleman such as any congregation would willingly receive into its communion.

What, then, has he done? Nothing. Nothing? Yes, that is the very head and front of his offending before Heaven—that he did nothing when he should have been doing something. The God, whose he was, gave him riches and honour and position and influence for His service, and he failed to see, or forgot to discharge, the responsibility of his stewardship. Providence brought the suffering poor and laid them under his very eye, and, so far as the story goes, he simply did nothing. His crime was the crime of selfishness, neglect of those who were in want.

Further, Lazarus was a worshipper of the same God as he. To him pertained the covenants and the promises as well as to the other, forasmuch as he also was a son of Abraham. The rich man disregarded the law of his God—"If thy brother be waxen poor and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him." "If there be a poor man, one of thy brethren, within any of thy gates, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend unto him sufficient for his need. Take thou not usury from him; because that for this very thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all thou puttest thine hand unto."

This he did not do, and this was impiety. This was a forgotten text with him, as it is with very many; but the God of the needy never forgets any of his texts, and one jot or tittle of His law will not fail, and so the awful retribution followed. For

"Who will not mercy unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?"

Fathers and brethren; what is the deadly sin of Christian Society to-day? It is not intemperance, nor any of the grosser forms of immorality that mark the works of the flesh—"adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings and such like." None of these can be said to give character to our Christian communities. These things happen, and too often; but they are not "respectable sins," if you

* Sermon at the opening of the Synod of Hamilton and London, 27th April, 1903. Published by request of Synod.

please. Society condemns them and Church rulers deal with them.

But it is selfishness, with its attendant sin of covetousness—mammon worship—that spirit which so sets the heart on this world's things for the sake of the supposed good one hopes to get out of them for the gratification of his lower self, that both the acquiring and using of them leads the man to forget God, and ignore His claim to the property and his own stewardship of it. That spirit leads to dishonesties when they are found in business, and to corruption where it exists in politics. On one side or the other, or on both, it is the cause of the struggles between capital and labour. Self! self! suffer who may! It destroys contentment with little, and cheerfulness with more if in the good providence of God more should come, and leads to a vain and foolish emulation of one's neighbours, so that people are sometimes more ashamed of poverty or humble appearances than they are of dishonesty and dishonour.

It sometimes hinders our Home Mission and Augmentation Schemes, when the strong decline to help the weak. There are the claims of God in Quebec, in the North and the West, in India and in China. Are these claims met according to the ability of our Church to meet them? Is this cry on all hands for the Bread of Life, aye even for the surplus crumbs that fall from the table of a people that fare sumptuously every day on Gospel advantages until they are surfeited with sermons and services, is this cry answered?

It is to be feared that this sin of selfishness and mammon worship is proving the eternal ruin of many, who in the sleep of self-complacency under the opiate of decent, moral lives and well-to-do-ness are oblivious to Heaven's rights and claims, and also to inevitable retribution. How many of our people consider that withholding more than is meet not only tendeth to poverty here, but to misery hereafter?

"Enough of dogma," men have said! "Let's back to Christ and His own words." Be it so. "Give to every one that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow turn not thou away." "Lay not up for yourselves treasure on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, for where your treasure is there will your heart be also." That is the word of Jesus, and it stands.

How many believe His teaching of the unjust steward? "Make to yourselves friend, of

the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye (disciples) fail"—when heart and flesh, and life shall fail, and all this world shall fail you, and you pass on into eternity, these friends whom you have made on earth by your timely help, may welcome you "into the everlasting habitations!" "For no servant can serve two masters; ye cannot serve God and mammon." That was the moral of the parable of the steward, spoken to His followers.

And there were Pharisees who were covetous who heard the remark, "and they derided Him." And the Lord saw it, and the story of the rich man and Lazarus was His answer to them—and to us. The rich man had his opportunity to make friends, and so make God his friend. He missed it, he failed, and went into eternity friendless.

And were the Lord Jesus to put on a Geneva gown and say these things in many a modern pulpit, some of His hearers, while they might pay compliments to His discourse, for He would speak as no other man spake, would receive His doctrine and warning with indifference and unbelief; that is to say, with practical contempt.

Hear ye another parable, a modern one, founded on fact. The treasurer of a certain congregation of our Church one Sabbath morning, after divine service, accosted one of the hearers whom he found in the horse-shed yard.

"It is a beautiful morning, Mr. —."

"Oh, yes, it is a very fine morning, indeed."

"We have had a very good sermon to-day, don't you think?"

"It was a grand sermon—a grand sermon."

"I noticed for a long time that you come very regularly to church."

"Oh, yes, yes. I wouldn't like to miss the church."

"We have been thinking, Mr. S—, that perhaps you would like to be contributing something towards the minister's stipend?"

"Mr. —! is this a day to be speaking about such worldly matters! Go away with you!"

And that saintly man was so indignant at such desecration of the Sabbath that no member of the deacon's court dare approach him again on that subject on any day of the week. Is this species of ignorance and cant and close-fistedness a thing altogether of a past generation?

Well, we have gone "back to Christ," and now we ask, how many believe Him? It was a brotherly love in more than name that char-

acterized the early Christians. Hard times drove them into each other's arms for mutual comfort and support, and they were prepared if and when need occasioned, to divide up their means and have a common purse.

But reconciliation with the world-power, and consequent worldly prosperity, changed all that, and by and by good works were enforced, and made, along with faith, a joint condition of justification, and the penalty and bondage of purgatory followed.

Then came the great awakening of the 16th century, and its consequent revolt against doctrinal error and practical abuses, and justification by faith alone without works of law was preached. The doctrine of grace was triumphant, and God's remnant were free.

But now the swing of the pendulum tends too far the other way, and the "strait gate" is no longer narrow. The Gospel of free grace and infinite love has in some quarters degenerated into a salvation-made-easy style of preaching; and a species of evangelicalism is abroad that borders on antinomianism, at least so far as the positive precepts of the Christian religion are concerned. And the outcome, in some cases, is that with them the chief end of man is just to believe in Christ that they may escape hell and go to heaven when they die; which is selfishness. Glorifying God with their bodies and their spirits, their time and possessions, is no part of their practical religion.

"Only believe" is the glorious receptive condition of "Salvation by Grace," but the genuineness of our believing is to be tested and proved by our doing. The root sin of the rich man was unbelief, as it is the sin of multitudes in the Church to-day.

God had said to him, as to us, that he would surely prosper him in all his works, that he might cheerfully extend an open and liberal hand toward the needy. He did not believe that. Do we?

God said, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given He will repay him again." He did not believe that. Do we?

God said, "Honour Me with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty." Is that practically believed by all professing Christians to-day?

The Master says, "When you make a feast, call the poor who cannot recompense you, and you shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." How many believe that and act upon it? Let the round of social parties our Christian people have given and received during the past winter for selfish enjoyment, and without the slightest regard for promoting the

Lord's work, answer. Let the sums that have been ungrudgingly laid out to furnish entertainment for the evening guests, and then laid out in turn again by these that a recompense be made, be placed side by side with all the time and money and thought that have been devoted to doing good for God's sake and for humanity—denying rather than gratifying self—let these answer to what extent men believe in Christ not only as to His priestly intercession and pardon, but as to His prophetic instruction and His kingly authority.

Fathers and brethren, we do not forget that there are many, very many, self-denying, gracious souls in the Church to whom these words do not apply. There are poor widows yet whose mites honor the Saviour. There are rich men whose gold and silver are not allowed to canker, whose hearts the grace of God has kept. These, poor and rich, are the salt of the earth and of the Church.

But, brethren in the ministry and eldership, there are sinners of the Dives sort in the Church. And we must be faithful to our trust in regard to them. We must declare God's truth plainly and fearlessly, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. We have Moses and the prophets, and the evangelists and the apostles, and the Son of God Himself, and we must make them hear them, lest they also follow the rich man of the parable to his place of torment and of vain regrets and we be answerable.

And brethren, ministers and elders, we must be careful to set the example of self-denial and liberality and single-eyedness. In all our dealings, while the people must be taught to cultivate a spirit of honesty and honor that would scorn to shirk just obligations and compound for less than one hundred cents on the dollar in any of their engagements, we must not be too exacting of our rights, and we must give no just cause for suspicion of penuriousness or greed.

Of all the legion of devils that infest the human heart this of covetousness is the most difficult to exorcise. You can put your hand on the devil of drunkenness, and at least discipline its victim, but you cannot touch covetousness. It does not always show itself in such shape that you can deal with it personally. It is of the hidden man of the heart. You can only instruct the conscience by Divine precept and your own example, and leave the result to God. You may make something by ordinary treatment of the unclean devil and the blaspheming devil, and the deceitful and lying and dishonest spirits, and the moral sense of the community will, on the whole, sustain you in your efforts; but this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.

COMITY AND CO-OPERATION.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN AND METHODIST CHURCHES.

Dear Brethren,—

You are doubtless aware that within the past few months several joint meetings have been held by Committees representing the Home Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church and the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, to discuss the question of comity and co-operation in mission work, and to devise if possible such plans as will prevent even the appearance of unfriendly rivalry, and supersede the era of competition by an era of co-operation.

At the last meeting at which were present not only the members of the Committee, but all the Superintendents of both Churches, it was decided that the undersigned should prepare a letter on the subject, and publish the same in the denominational papers of the two churches. In obedience to that mandate we now address you.

For some time past it has been felt by not a few ministers and members in the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches that the circumstances surrounding the problem of Home Missions, especially in New Ontario, the Northwest and British Columbia, were such as to demand a policy of co-operation among the churches if the religious needs of a rapidly increasing population were to be adequately met.

There are some who think that the application of the principle should not be limited to those parts of the Dominion just mentioned, but should also include Home Missions in all parts of the Central and Maritime Provinces; and the Joint Committee are not without hope that this phase of the question may receive due attention from the local authorities of both Churches in District Meetings and Presbyteries, Conferences and Synods; but at the present juncture attention is directed especially to New Ontario, the Northwest and British Columbia, where foundations are being laid, and where the increase of population is so phenomenally rapid that no one Church can possibly keep pace with it.

It should be distinctly understood that the Joint Committee did not meet to discuss the question of organic union between the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. No overtures on that subject have yet been presented

to the courts of either Church, and while it is not for us to prophecy what Divine Providence may or may not bring about, in this respect, in the near or distant future, it may be confidently affirmed that present duty lies in the direction of strengthening the bonds of fraternity between these two Churches, so that by mutual counsel waste of means and effort may be avoided, and by a wise distribution of available forces the kingdom of God may be extended more rapidly in the earth.

The conversations that took place in the Joint Committee (there were really no debates) were conducted in the most fraternal spirit, and made clear the fact that the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches had so much in common that each might appropriately address the other in the words of Abraham to Lot: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we are brethren." It was felt that differences of administration were incidental rather than fundamental, and that even differences of doctrinal statement affected the form rather than the substance of the truth. In these points of divergence the Committee saw nothing that need prevent cordial co-operation in carrying on the work of God.

But although Committees may see eye to eye, and plan never so wisely, yet will their efforts be all in vain unless the ministry and membership of the Church at large are animated with a similar spirit and direct their efforts to the same ends. Committees can act effectively only as they are sustained by a general consensus of opinion in the churches they represent.

It is very desirable, therefore, that the subject of comity and co-operation should come before the various courts of the two Churches for friendly discussion, and that all whose hearts are in sympathy with the movement should help to cultivate fraternal relations between Methodist and Presbyterian congregations where these exist side by side. It is believed that there are many places where friendly consultation might result in re-adjustments of work that would be of mutual advantage to both denominations, strengthening weak congregations and raising to a position of self-support fields that are now dependent on aid from Church funds.

Beyond all question Missions constitute the most serious problem confronting the Churches at the present day. Practically the whole

world is open. Vast millions of the heathen are still unreached. The needs of our own country appeal to us with an urgency never known before. And He who has opened for us so wide a door has placed in the keeping of the Churches ample resources, provided there is no sinful waste. In the face of such grave responsibilities denominational Shibboleths should be no more heard, and the watchword of the hosts should be "Jesus only." We do not disparage Church organization. We do not undervalue those aspects of truth for which various bodies of Christians have contended. But in this crisis of the world's religious history the paramount duty of Christians is not to build up organizations, each after his own pattern, but to evangelize the world in obedience to the Master's Word. And if this can be done more effectively by united than by divided effort—if it can be brought about more quickly by co-operation than by competition—the path of duty is conspicuously plain.

Commending this whole question to the prayerful sympathy of all who long to see the Kingdom of our God established in the earth, we are,

Your fellow servants in the Lord's work,
A. SUTHERLAND,
ROBT. H. WARDEN.

THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY.

In one of the recently published volumes supplementary to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" the Bishop of Ripon gives some statistics showing the gradual increase in the diffusion and in the influence of Christianity throughout the world.

He computes the population of the world at the beginning of the last century at 1,000,000,000 and the Christian population at 200,000,000—that is one-fifth of the whole. In 1896 the population of the world was estimated at 1,500,000,000 and the Christian population at 500,000,000—that is one-third of the whole.

He shows that the relative increase in the number of professing Christians was far greater during the last ten years under consideration than during any other decade in the country. Again, in the year 1900 the population governed by Roman Catholics was estimated at 242,000,000 and the population governed by Protestants at 520,000,000. At the beginning of the 100 years the population governed by Protestants was only one-third as large as that governed by Roman Catholics, at the end of the

100 years that governed by Protestants was more than double that governed by Roman Catholics.

Lastly, he shows the extraordinary rapidity with which the English language spread during the nineteenth century. Thus, in the year 1800 the number of millions speaking the chief European languages were: English, 20; French 31; German and Russia, 30, and Spanish, 26. In 1890 the numbers were: English, 111; French, 51; German and Russian, each, 75, and Spanish, 42. The English language is, therefore, spoken by one out of every fifteen people in the world.

FOR "EUCHRE" MOTHERS.

A certain mother in one of our small cities was very fond of playing "progressive euchre." One evening she received a fine silver cup for being the most successful player in a group of her society friends. She was much delighted with her success, and, on showing it to her family the next morning, her son, in his early "teens," said, "Huh! I can beat that, for I made ten dollars at the pool table last night!" Immediately the eyes of the mother were opened in more senses than one, for, in the first place, she had no idea that her son had thus been spending his time, and, in the next place, partners in sin, how could she condemn him? It taught her a lesson once for all.

MISSIONARIES AND CIVILIZATION.

When Livingstone died, a few years ago, there was not a civilized town in Central Africa. Now Livingstonia is to be lighted by electricity. The cost of the machinery and its transportation to the mission was about \$20,000. The only source of illumination for the home or the school or church has been, hitherto, kerosene, obtained at a cost, by the time it reaches Lake Nyassa, of \$1.50 a gallon. Steam power being out of the question on account of the scarcity of fuel, it was suggested that the falls of the River Manchewe, near to the mission, be used for the production of light and the driving of machinery. The machinery is on its way, and was to be set up this month. The natural waterfall will thus thresh wheat, grind it to flour, and bolt it in the mill by day, and at night give light to the people in their homes. The civilizing influence over the natives of this electrical power is beyond calculation.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

IN A RAILWAY TRAIN.

BY GRACE PETTMAN.

It was a dull and cheerless winter morning. I had been up north for a ten days' mission and was returning to London by train. The work had been done under difficulties. All the week I had been really too ill to conduct the meetings. Worn out and tired, I just longed to be alone, and when my only fellow passenger got out at Doncaster a great desire filled me to have the carriage to myself the rest of the way to London. But I was disappointed. The train was on the point of starting, when a young railway man in uniform handed his wife—scarcely more than a girl—into the carriage.

The fast-melting snow was flooding the meadows and the air was bitterly cold, so I said, "Wouldn't you like the window shut? It's very raw this morning."

The girl-wife started. "Oh, yes, please; I forgot, I wasn't cold. I came away in such a hurry—I only had two hours' notice."

I closed the window and retreated to my corner, while the young woman leant back and gazed steadily out on the flooded fields; but a glance told that her eyes saw not and her thoughts were far away. Suddenly an idea struck me and I said:

"I expect you have had no lunch if you came away so hurriedly; will you accept some of my sandwiches?"

A rush of unshed tears came to the young woman's eyes as she thanked me gratefully. The ice was broken and she told me her story.

"My father is dying—they've just telegraphed for me—I am summoned home to see him die—it's hard, so hard!"

A few words of sympathy brought the ready tears, and they were falling quickly when I ventured a pointed question—tremblingly, it is true, "And your father; is he ready to die?"

"Oh, yes!" the words came brokenly, "he is one of the best of men—as good a man as one could meet." "But goodness is not enough," I ventured; "is he really trusting the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour?"

"Yes, he is," she said, emphatically, "and he has been a Christian and a preacher of the Gospel for many years."

"Then you cannot regret his being called if he is old and full of years; it only means going home to the Lord Jesus in glory, and you will meet him some day again—will you not?"

Another rush of tears, and she burst out: "Oh, I am not a Christian—I do wish I were! I have wanted to be saved for years, but somehow I could never understand the way!"

"Suppose God has sent you to meet me, in order that from His Word He may show you the way here and now! Are you willing to accept Christ as your Saviour?"

"Yes," she answered, "I am, that is exactly what I want."

Taking out my pocket Bible, I opened it at Isaiah 1: 18, and asked her to read it—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be

red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "There, you see, is the Lord's invitation; are you willing to accept it?"

"Yes, I am!" "Then let us tell Him so!"

The train was rushing on at forty or fifty miles an hour, but there, in the carriage of the express, we had a little prayer-meeting, and the Lord drew very near. From her lips came a sentence of earnest prayer, as in simple fashion she gave herself to the Lord Jesus, yielding heart and life and soul to Him, just as she was, forever.

Then she read for herself those words in John 6: 37, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," and I asked:

"You have come, here in this railway train, and given yourself to Him?" "Yes, I have."

"Then has He cast you out?" "Oh, no. He said He wouldn't." "Then what has He done?" "Why, He's received me!" and the light of sudden joy broke over her face. Then I asked:

"Since He has received you, who has to deal with the question of your sin—you or the Lord Jesus?" "Why, He has."

"Yes; see what His Word says about it: 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.' Whose transgressions was the Lord Jesus wounded for?"

"Mine!"

"Then you are free!" and together we read the verse in the first person, "He was wounded for my transgressions, He was bruised for my iniquities—the chastisement of my peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed!" Then together we thanked and praised Him for so great salvation.

The train slowed down at a big junction, and my companion changed to a branch line for her home. But, oh, the change in her face! Despite the fact that she was on the way to her father's dying bed, the light of a holy joy shone on her face, and God had stamped His own peace upon her brow.

A few days later I had a letter from the railway porter's young wife—a sweet little note, full of joy and assurance in God. "Perhaps," she said in closing, "I may never meet you again on earth, but I shall see you in Heaven where I shall be one star in your crown!"—*London Christian*.

COURTESY.

The grace of courtesy is not the least of life's charms. Nowhere should it grow richer than in the Church of Christ. A smile, a handshake, a kindly spoken greeting, the sharing of a hymn-book, invitation to a seat, such little things as these have often gladdened an overburdened heart, led a life nearer to Christ, and been the "cup of cold water" delighting the heart of the Master, brightening the life of the recipient, and making the soul of the giver glow with a consciousness of having helped the Christ in his ministry of love to men.—Charles H. Moss.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

STUDY AND PULPIT.

A great violinist is credited with saying: "If I should cease to practice for a single day, I should at once recognize the difference in my art; if for a week, my audiences would likewise recognize it." The principle involved in this saying is capable of the widest application. If a preacher, for example, lets a week go by without careful study, he may draw on his old resources, but he will detect the lowered tone of his thought and emotion; and if he remains careless and indolent for a month, everybody that listens to him will see that his words are the expression of past processes and not of vital and current thinking. Nothing dies quicker than the human intellect when it is suffered to be slothful or indolent.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

PRUNING AND FRUIT BEARING.

I stood last summer in a magnificent hot-house, where the luscious clusters of grapes were all around and above, and the owner said, "When my new gardener came, he said he would have nothing to do with these vines unless he could cut them clean down to the stock; and he did, and we had no grapes for two years; but this is the result."

It did not look much like fruit when the stocks stood bare and the floor was heaped with cuttings; but the gardener looked over the two years and saw what we were seeing and tasting.

And thus we naturally turn to our Saviour's words, "Every branch in Me which beareth fruit He purgeth (pruneth) it that it may bring forth more fruit." God prunes the trees in His own garden, and Faith looks away from the stock which seems so cruelly cut down, and sees the riches of coming years.

Anyone can see, at a glance, how Paul has learned this lesson, when he says of tribulation, and distress, and peril, "Nay, in all these things we are abundantly the conquerors through Him that loved us."—M. R. Vincent.

A DANGER TO CHILDREN.

A man, not a church member, but a parent, lately remarked that he used to dance and play cards, but he did not wish his children to do so, and then asked, "How can I train them to keep away from these evils when church members about them patronize them?"

This is a question that others, similarly situated, are asking. It used to be that these worldly amusements were largely discountenanced by those who claimed to be Christians, but now there is little or no distinction among church members and worldlings in respect to them. Religion suffers in consequence.

Many persons are injured by the dance and card-table in body, purse, character, principle and life, while those who profess the Christian religion and engage in them prove stumbling-blocks to those who, from past experience, see harm in them, and who want to guard their children from damage from them. Here is

ground for thought and prayer on the part of all who desire to live so as to do most good and the least injury in society.—*The Presbyterian*.

CITIZENSHIP SAFEGUARDED BY HOME.*

On the parlour walls of a home there hangs a large photograph of a babe one year old. He stands naked but for a loincloth, with his back to the parlour, head turned so as to look over his shoulder.

One wonders, looking at him, how he can stand so steadily; the secret is beyond. Behind the curtain, hidden from the photographer is the mother, her unseen hand clasps both his hands, he stands in her strength. This sturdy babe is the coming citizen; multiplied, he is the hope of the nation.

The years pass, the babe becomes a boy; the tide of temptation rises about his feet, but he stands firmly. The mother's strength is his stay, her presence is his power.

The years pass, the boy becomes a youth, the tide has risen, the struggle is fierce, the currents press against the eager life, but he stands, anchored by a mother's love.

The years pass, middle life has come, the tide has begun to ebb, temptation has lost its meaning, he longs for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still," but the silent presence of the absent friend holds him steady. He is a successful business man, a pure father, an honest citizen, a consistent Christian. The country is safe in his keeping, safeguarded through the home.

The web of life is woven of two sets of thread, heredity and environment; the shuttle is thrown in the home. The generations past find expression through the home, the environment of the age finds point of contact with the new life through the home. The home gathers into itself and passes on the stored human life of the generations, the sort of home decides the outcome of the life.

There is much debate as to which is strongest, heredity or environment; illustrations are plenty of the power of both. But whichever, heredity or environment, be strongest, the home is the meeting place of both in shaping character and deciding destiny.

What the boy is in the home, the man will be in the state, with few exceptions, and what the boy is in the home is determined by the home, if the parents are wise; by the boy, if the parents are foolish. Citizenship is not safeguarded by the home, if the children make the home. The law must still come from the top of Sinai, or the calf will be surely shaped at the base of the hill by the unthinking children.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Francis Bacon.

* Adapted from a Paper read before an Association of Mothers by O. P. Gifford, D.D.

WHY PROHIBITION?

A gentleman once said to us, "I do not favour prohibiting the sale of liquor: it would be an injustice to the men in business; besides, it would throw thousands out of employment."

We replied: "You do not look at the issue from the right side. You take a contractor's view."

"Just before the war closed, a government contractor said, in a car: 'I hope the war will not close under two years. I will lose thousands of dollars; besides, many men will be turned out of employment from the government works.'"

"A lady passenger, clad in weeds of mourning, rose to her feet, and with a tearful voice, said: 'Sir, I have a brave boy and husband sleeping the sleep of death in a soldier's cemetery. I have only one boy left, and he is in front of the foe. O God, I wish the cruel war would close now.'"

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

When the richest man in the world tells of his small beginnings, there is a natural curiosity to hear what he has to say. And this is the story Mr. John D. Rockefeller told the church in which his whole career had been run, with his little 50-year-old account books as witnesses.

"I had canvassed Cleveland industriously to secure employment," he said. "I had completed my studies, and was trying to find something to do. I had been unsuccessful."

"As good fortune would have it, I went down to the dock and made one more application, and I was told if I would come in after dinner—our noonday meal was dinner in those days—that they would see if I could come to work for them. I went down after dinner, and I got the position, and I was permitted to remain in the city, permitted to remain in the church, and with me that was the beginning."

"How grateful I am for that day! How grateful I am to the man who gave me that work to do. And I was all ready to do it. If there was ever anything in the world that I was thankful for, it was that I had something to do; and I have been thankful for that ever since. I am sorry for the man who hasn't anything to do, and who doesn't want to do anything in the world."

Mr. Rockefeller told how when he was "getting in a prosperous way"—earning sixteen dollars a month—he began at once to try to put his shoulder under the church debt and help in other directions. He quoted some of the items: "Missionary cause, ten cents; Mite Society, ten cents; slip rent, one dollar; Sabbath School, five cents; present for the superintendent, twenty-five cents; Five Points Mission, New York, twelve cents; the Macedonian, a little religious paper, ten cents; present to teacher, Deacon Sked, twenty-five cents; poor in the church, ten cents; Young Men's Christian Association, one dollar."

Those things were more to Mr. Rockefeller then than giving eleven million dollars to the

University of Chicago is now. They moved him to say:

"I want the boys and girls in this church, or in any church, to remember that if they are ever going to give away money, they must begin to-day, and do what they can to-day and we will be sure of them to-morrow."

"That is the secret of generosity. Don't wait until you are rich. Begin giving to-day. If you can't give a million dollars, give ten cents. If you don't give the ten cents now you will not feel that you can afford to give the million dollars when you have it."—The Consecrated Life.

SURGEON AND A YOUNG DUTCHMAN.

A young man came all the way from Holland once to ask Mr. Spurgeon the oft-repeated question: "What shall I do to be saved?" He was sitting in his vestry seeing inquirers when the young Dutchman came in and spoke in broken English.

"Where did you come from?" asked Mr. Spurgeon.

"I came from Flushing, sir, by boat."

"And you want to know what you must do to be saved? Well, it is a long way to come to ask that question. You know what the answer is, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"But I cannot believe in Jesus Christ."

"Well, now," said Mr. Spurgeon, "look here. I have believed in Him a good many years, and I do trust Him; but if you know something or other against Him, I should like to know it, for I do not like to be deceived."

"No, sir; I do not know anything against Him."

"Why don't you trust Him, then? Could you trust me?"

"Yes; I would trust you with anything."

"But you do not know much about me."

"No, not much; only I know you are a preacher of the Word, and believe you are honest and I could trust you."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Spurgeon, "that you would trust me, and then tell me that you cannot trust Jesus Christ? You must have found out something bad about Him. Let me know it."

He stood still and thought for a moment, and then said: "I can see it now. Why, of course, I can trust Him; I cannot help trusting Him. He is such a blessed One that I must trust Him. Good-bye, sir," he added; "I will go back to Flushing; it is all right now."—Ex.

True godliness is no more to be taken out of business, out of social life, and out of politics, than the leaven is to be taken away from the meal, or the salt is to be barreled up by itself. Christ puts his followers right into this wicked world, and commands them to let their light so shine that men may see their good works and be led to honour God. The Christian who is afraid to mix with his fellow men lest his godliness be rubbed off has really but little godliness to lose.—Dr. Cuyler.

The Children's Pages.

PHIL'S POSITION.

"What did he say?" and Mrs. Lincoln looked up from her sewing with a look of anxious inquiry on her sweet, motherly face.

"He didn't answer me definitely; told me to come to-morrow and he'd give me his answer. But I think, mother, he'll give me the place. He said he liked my face, and after he had seen my penmanship he nodded, and 'twas a 'like' nod, I thought."

The clock on the mantel ticked more merrily that evening, so Phil thought, than it had at any time since his father died.

"I'm sure I'll get it. I guess he'll not mind my bare feet, for I'm going to get shoes with the first week's pay. Besides being a help to mother, I can be learning something about law," for young as Phil was, he had his dreams of being some day a member of the Oxford County bar and perhaps a judge—who could tell!

In the *Pantagraph*, that morning, Phil had noticed in the "want" column the following: "Boy wanted in J. B. Hilburn's law office. Must be honest, quick, reliable."

"It will be general messenger work, principally," explained the busy lawyer, as Phil stood by his desk, having hastened to answer the advertisement. "I can't decide this morning; I've already had two other applications. Come to my house to-morrow, promptly at 1 o'clock, 224 State street. Good day!"

Phil could hardly wait for the next forenoon to pass.

"Take this letter," said Mr. Hilburn, glancing up from his desk a few minutes after Phil had been ushered into his comfortable library, "to 602 East Front street, and if no one should be at home, go again later in the afternoon. You may report at the down-town office to-morrow at 8 o'clock."

"Didn't tell me whether he'd give me the place or not," thought Phil slowly, going down the steps, "though I s'pose by 'reporting' he means it. Mother'll be glad; now I can help her!"

No one was at home in the little house on East Front street, so Phil put the letter in his pocket, and, whistling merrily, retraced his steps down the uneven brick walk.

"I don't think I'll come back here again this afternoon," he decided. "It's an awfully long way, and probably no one would be at home if I should. The letter can't be of much importance—to any one living down this part of town. I'll start earlier in the morning and come with it on my way to the office," and the thought of his new position gave him a thrill pleasant to realize.

"Two of us!" exclaimed Phil in wonder, as he was taking off his hat the next morning in

the cloakroom. Mr. Hilburn was directing some other boy on an important errand; he could hear him.

"Carl Howard has the place," was the lawyer's brief reply to Phil's look of inquiry. "Did you deliver the letter yesterday afternoon?"

"No-o; I didn't find them at home and took it down this morning."

"Too late! I told Carl when he applied for the position, if he heard nothing from me before 9 o'clock last evening, he might consider himself engaged; he's now gone on his first errand."

Mr. Hilburn partly turned round in his office chair.

"If we are to succeed, my boy," and the tone was kind but firm, "we must learn obedience to duty. No other way."

"I—I think I've learned it," said Phil slowly, going toward the door, "and I'll not have to be taught twice!"—*The Morning Star*.

WHEN DORCAS 'MEMBERED.

Sometimes Dorcas's dinner pail was dropped by the doorstep; sometimes it was left in the carriage or cart she rode home in, and once it swung all night on the gatepost. Dorcas said she "couldn't 'member" to bring it in and hang it on its own nail in the pantry, because she had so much to do when she got home. "Much" meant playing with Jip, the dog, and Zebra, the cat, and the hens and chickens and calves, and all the other creatures on the farm.

"Seems as if she can't," mother sighed, but Aunt Ellen, who had come to keep house for a week while mother went away, said nothing. Her eyes smiled, but her lips were shut close.

The first night mother was gone Aunt Ellen talked about remembering to Dorcas after she had gone to bed.

"You want to help," she said, "and keep mother young and pretty; not wear her all out waiting upon you," and the little girl firmly resolved she would "member, 'member everything." But just then she dropped asleep, and in the morning Aunt Ellen's talk seemed very dim and far away. By the time she came home from school at night, and Jip and Dan Blake, a dog that had come to visit Jip, rushed down the road to meet her, she had forgotten it altogether.

There were pancakes the next morning for breakfast. Dorcas wished she could take two to school, and Aunt Ellen said she could. Aunt Ellen was very kind. She let Dorcas put on her new pink gingham dress to wear to school and she let her hair hang instead of braiding it up tight as Eva Monteith did when

she kept house while mother was away last year. But when Dorcas came downstairs, very happy, and went to the little table where mother always put her dinner pail, the table was bare.

"Why—where?"—she began, staring about, "where's my dinner?"—

"Pail?" added Aunt Ellen, from the pantry, where she was kneading bread; "I'm sure I don't know, dear."

Dorcas grew red. "Oh, I'll get it," she said, running out, but it wasn't on the piazza where she looked for it, nor was it on the corn crib steps, nor anywhere about the henhouse. Dorcas felt cross. She called to Ned for help, but he drove off down through the field without looking round.

Dorcas began to cry, but just then Jessie Almy came to call for her.

"Aren't you ready, Dorcas?" asked Jessie. "Oh, dear," she said, when she heard Dorcas's story, "do something up in a paper and come along. Eva Smith's going to bring her big doll to-day and I want to get there early."

Aunt Ellen kindly took her hands out of the bread and made up a little parcel for Dorcas, but the little girl laid it down on a stone while she jumped across the brook near the school-house and a stray dog tore it open and ate one of the pancakes. The pumpkin pie was hopelessly crushed and Dorcas had little appetite for what was left.

She went home hungry. As she turned in at the gate something bright peered out from the tangle of the lilac bushes by the path. Dorcas gave a little scream. "There's the old thing, now," she said, picking up the pail. She took hold of it and shook it. "You're going right on that nail, sir, every day and every night," she said.

And sure enough, there Aunt Ellen found it every morning, waiting to be filled with Dorcas's dinner.

"You can 'member, but you have to want to," Dorcas said, when she told her mother about it.—*Ex.*

TRUDIE'S GARDEN.

Jonas was at work in the garden, and Trudie was traveling after him, watching everything he did.

"What do you do that for?" she asked, as he turned over the earth with his spade.

"That's to loosen the earth, so the rain and the dew can get in better," he said. "I am getting the ground ready for seed. We are going to have some nice posies here before long."

"You are picking posies out of it?" said Trudie.

"Oh, no!" said Jonas, "those are nothing but weeds. They hold up their heads and look green and pert as though they were good for something, but they're not; they are just making believe. By and by, when the nice sweet peas begin to come up, these weeds would hang on to them and twist about them and choke them, if I should leave them here;

so they have got to get out, every one of them."

Trudie listened, and thought. "Miss Alice said my heart was a garden," she began, after a minute. "Is yours, Jonas?"

"I reckon it is, said Jonas, "Something like one, anyhow. It's queer, but I was thinking of that very thing only this morning. I guess it was the verse my Joe is learning that made me think of it."

"Is Joe learning a new verse?" asked Trudie. "So am I. My verse begins, 'Prepare your hearts.'"

"That's just exactly the way Joe's verse begins," said Jonas. "I shouldn't wonder if you and he had picked out the very same verse to learn. I remember his, because I was talking to him about preparing his heart—getting out the weeds, you know, and giving good thoughts a chance to grow."

"Has Joe got weeds in his heart garden?"

"I guess he has, Miss Trudie. Most people have. I was talking to him this morning about some weeds named Carelessness, and Selfishness, and Play, that I had seen growing there."

"Play isn't a weed" said Trudie in a sober voice.

"Well, now, I guess it is, sometimes. It is like this potato vine that I'm pulling up. Now, potato vines are real nice out in the potato lot; we hoe round them and take good care of them; but here in your mother's flower garden it's nothing but a weed, and up it comes. It's out of place, you see. And that's the way it is with Joe. When he plays in the right place it's all right, and I like to see him at it; but when he puts it in where work or study or something else ought to be, it's just an ugly weed that will make him trouble. What is the whole of your verse, Miss Trudie?"

"*'Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only,'*" said Trudie. Jonas nodded.

"That's it; Joe has the same verse; and I told him this morning that boys who want to serve the Lord mustn't let any kind of weeds grow in their hearts. If they creep in and coax to stay, they must be rooted out. Hearts are a good deal like gardens, I think. We can't make a single thing grow, but we can get the ground ready and take care of the seed and God will do the rest. And we can't make our hearts good to save our lives; but God can, and will, if we will let him; but he has given us something to do. Hasn't he?"—*Sunbeam.*

NEVER.

Never make fun of old age; no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly upon the aged head.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.—*Sel.*

HOW SHE PUT OTHERS BEFORE SELF.

The Northeast Relief Company was selling coal at ten cents a pailful. A long line of customers reached to the sidewalk and far down the street waiting and shivering in the bitter air. Sarah Conley was almost at the office door. She was glad her turn was so near. She was chilled and her breakfast had been scanty that morning. Moreover, she was old and not strong."

"It's hard standing," she remarked to the woman behind her.

"It is that," returned the woman. "I'd rather freeze at home if it wa'n't for the babies. They're crying with the cold."

"Look here," said Sarah, "You take my place; it'll get you there one quicker," and she stepped out of the ranks and in behind the woman.

"Lor, that's nothing!" she continued, smiling away the mother's thanks. Her change of position brought Sarah in front of a young girl who coughed and shivered pitifully in the scarching wind. Just then a rumor was passed that the coal supply was giving out. The waiters pressed close. Sarah glanced uneasily around.

"You can have my chance," she said, suddenly, as she slipped back of the sick girl.

Sarah did not look behind her again. She was so cold and she trembled from weariness. The slow progression of the line had brought her to the office door, when she noticed a little girl standing at one side, carrying an empty pail and crying softly. Sarah beckoned to her.

"You won't get your coal if you stay there," she said. "You'll have to run round to the end of the line."

"I've lost my money," whispered the little girl.

"I'll hold your pail while you go home and get more," suggested Sarah.

"There isn't any more," sobbed the child.

Sarah stood still a moment. Then she slipped her dime into the girl's purple little palm. It was the last money she had, but she did not say so. Then she went home to a cold room. The bowl of soup she had saved for dinner stood frozen on the table. She took the clothes from the bed and wrapped them around her.

"My rent's paid and I've got a job of scrubbing for to-morrow," she said to herself, "There's lots worse off than I am."

Her teeth chattered and her joints ached. But away down in her heart there glowed a warm spot as she thought of the babies' mother, the sick girl and the child, all with their heaping pails of coal.—*Youth's Companion*.

"The lives that make the world so sweet
Are shy, and hide like the humble flowers.
We pass them by with our careless feet,
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the
bower
And cheers and comforts us hour by hour."

LAY UP TREASURE IN YOUR MIND.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A precious treasure may be ours for the asking if in early life we begin to memorize from the Bible, from Shakespeare, Tennyson and Wordsworth, and from the hymn writers whom we love.

Not only are our vocabularies very much enlarged and enriched by the familiarity which is gained by frequent repetition of a beautiful sentiment or a stirring speech or a comforting chapter, but our ideals are elevated and our critical faculties are developed. And much time is saved for us in the busy years when time presses if our minds are our convenient reference books, so that when we hear an allusion in a sermon or meet a quotation in a newspaper we can instantly verify or place it, or recall its context, because it is one of the treasures committed to memory.

You know nothing about it now, my bright-eyed friend, in the blithe strength and gladness of the twenties, but there may dawn a day in the long march of the days when you will not sleep as you sleep in youth. If one must lie awake when others sleep there is great joy and consolation in having some pleasant food for thought. The hours drift by slowly, it is true, but are neither desolate nor unprofitable when stanzas of poetry, thrilling lyrics, fine ballads and beautiful scenes from favourite books come at a call and give one "songs in the night."

Commit to memory's keeping many texts of Scripture and a few beloved chapters of Isaiah and St. John and St. Paul; learn by heart the Beatitudes, and, indeed, the whole Sermon on the Mount. You will find your intellectual equipment vastly greater and your power of assimilation in every direction much increased by the simple process.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY MORNING.

Two small children, boys or girls—be sure they are good ones.

Two wooden pails.

Two shovels of wood or metal.

One sea.

One sandy beach, with not too many pebbles.

One dozen clam shells (more or less).

One sun.

Two sunbonnets or broad-brimmed hats.

One mother or nurse, within calling distance.

Starfish and sea urchins to taste.

Mix the shovels with the sandy beach and season well with starfish. Add the sunbonnets to the children, and, when thoroughly united, add the wooden pails. Spread the sun and sea on the beach and sprinkle thoroughly with sea urchins and clam shells. Add the children, mix thoroughly and bake as long as advisable.

N. B.—Do not add the nurse at all, except in case of necessity.—*Ex.*

THE APOSTLE OF THE RED INDIANS.

Among the treasures of a famous college in the United States is a Bible which nobody in the world is able to read. It is printed in a language that nobody speaks. The "last of the Mohicans" was the last man who could handle it in the same familiar way as you handle yours; and every boy who loves a stirring tale knows that *he* vanished many scores of years ago.

That Indian Bible was the work of John Eliot, an Essex man, who followed the Pilgrim fathers to America in 1631, when Charles and Laud were making England too uncomfortable a place for quiet souls to live in, and serve God according to their conscience. He was only twenty-seven then—a clever, resolute, pious youth, of the same brave breed as Cromwell, though called to prove his bravery in other ways and among other scenes. In his teens he had coveted to be a minister; now among his fellow-exiles, not far from Boston, he found a congregation.

But he had no sooner begun to preach than he dreamed a dream. All around him and far beyond were the wigwams of the Redskins. What sort of people they were you could tell me better, perhaps, than I can tell you. Fond of war and the buffalo chase, pain-proof, proud, cunning, cruel to captives, sharp-eyed, sharp-witted, trackers of finer instinct than the hound, delighting in tomahawks and scalps, and yells and paint, yet capable of generous things, solemn in council, and as faithful to the pipe of peace as the white man to the flag of truce—with what a fearful joy have you roved the forest with them, or paddled along the lake, or dashed across the prairie, or camped in a cleft of the hills, while, so far as appearances went, you were only poring over a book by the fire that bore on its title-page the name of Cooper or Mayne Reid!

Eliot's dream was to rescue these red men from their wild and evil life, gather them into "towns," and make them Christian. So he set himself to learn their tongue. It cost him fifteen years of patient toil. And little wonder; for sometimes a native word was forty-one letters long! At last, in 1646, he stood face to face with a purely Indian audience in a great chief's wigwam, preached the first sermon ever preached to such as they on American soil, spent three whole hours in talk with them, and went home highly pleased with the planting of his mustard-seed. Two weeks later he discovered an old warrior weeping lest it should be too late to find God. Two weeks more, and he heard the great chief himself repeating to his "braves" the old, old story of Jesus and His love. Then as the number of "praying Indians" grew, he got grant after grant of land on which to settle them, and teach them the habits and industries of civilized life.

Farther and farther from his centre he journeyed, sometimes under a *Sachem's* escort, sometimes alone, preaching as he went, in forest or swamp, to as many as would listen. Hardship and danger were the twin comrades of every step. "I have not been dry, night

nor day," he wrote to a friend, "from the third day of the week to the sixth, but have travelled from place to place in that condition, and at night I pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue . . . But God steps in and helps me." What but the help of God, too, saved him from the snares of chiefs who hated his work and sought his life? What but the help of God kept him steadfast and hopeful, when his own countrymen mocked and slandered him, and put all sorts of obstacles in his way?

His first convert was John Hiacomoes, who became afterwards a devoted minister of the Gospel. One day there was a great meeting of Indians, heathen and Christian. They were all talking about the *Powaws*, or medicine-men, who had vast power and did much harm. "Who does not fear the *Powaws*?" somebody asked; "there is no man who does not fear them." Up rose Hiacomoes to make reply. All eyes were fixed on him as the brave words followed: "Though they may hurt such as fear them, yet I trust in the great God of heaven and earth, and therefore all the *Powaws* in the world can do me no harm; I fear them not." Friend and foe expected some dreadful thing to befall him for his bold speech. But "after they had looked a great while," as the barbarians of Melita looked on Paul, "and saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds;" and when the meeting was over, no fewer than twenty-two of John's heathen neighbours pressed forward to embrace the truth that had made him free.

I may not tarry to tell you how the work sped on, until in 1674 there were as many as 1,100 "praying Indians" in fourteen towns, or how "our Eliot," as friends loved to call him, founded settlements, built churches and schools, trained native ministers, and translated books, until war came, and shattered the labours of a lifetime. Yet he never lost heart. Even in old age he could say: "My understanding fails me, my memory fails me, but I thank God, my charity holds out still. I find that rather grows than fails." When too weak to go a journey, he begged families to send their negro servants to him once a week for Bible teaching. But the end was not far off. The last waters were already laving his feet. For nearly sixty years he had done the work of an evangelist. Then on a May-day in 1690, with the cry, "Welcome joy! Come, Lord, come?" on his lips, this good and faithful servant of Jesus Christ passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Memorable words were written of him by the young Puritan friend who has handed down the story of his life: "He would ring a loud curfew-bell wherever he saw the Fires of Animosity." . . . "He was perpetually jogging the wheel of prayer." . . . "We cannot say that we ever saw him walking any whither, but he was therein walking with God; wherever he sate, he had God by him; and it was in the everlasting Arms of God that he slept at night." A man of peace, a man of prayer, a man of God!

More memorable still is a sentence of his

own, set first at the foot of his Indian grammar—

*Prayers and pains
through faith in Jesus Christ
will do anything.*

And that explains how John Eliot is honoured by you and me to-day as the APOSTLE OF THE RED INDIANS.—*Morning Rays.*

THE LIFE OF CHUNDRA LELA.

Threescore years ago a little Brahmin girl was born in the mountainous country of Nepal, to whom was given the name of Chundra Lela ("Playing of the Moonbeams"). Her father was a wealthy landowner, whose forefathers had been the family priests of the Rajah of Nepal for centuries. At the early age of seven Chundra Lela was married to the only son of another branch of the priesthood. Two years later her husband died. She remained in her father's house until she was thirteen years old. At this age she went with her father on her first pilgrimage to a sacred shrine in the east of India. There her father met the same fate as that of many another pilgrim. He died suddenly, and as he was dying, he called Chundra Lela and said: "My child, I must leave you. Here is a bunch of keys; when you reach home, open the chests and boxes to which they belong, and what you find is yours, left you by your husband." She took the keys, and with a sad heart watched her father die, and then returned with some fellow-pilgrims to her own land.

She spent the following year in close study of her sacred books, and determined she would do everything laid down in them. She made herself a long, narrow bag, and going to her boxes, she took from them the gold left her by her husband. She then selected two trusty maid-servants, and confided to them her secret. They consented to take the journey with her. Her two brothers and sisters, with her step-mother, were asleep in the house on the night this young girl stole away and began that awful journey in search of God.

Chundra Lela daily read her Shastras, and followed their direction in all she did. On she went, down the sacred Ganges, until she arrived at Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus. There she worshipped Siva, the god of destruction, and made the prescribed offering of the following articles to the head Brahmin:—An umbrella, a bed-cover, a bed, a plate, a lamp, a drinking-cup, an earthen pot, a vessel for sprinkling idols, sandals, and a cow. She cast her offering of flowers upon the Ganges river, and watched them float away with myriads of other such offerings. She visited also the birth-place of Ram, where she spent a month worshipping this, her favourite idol. Near this place one of her faithful maid-servants took cholera and died. Chundra Lela did everything she knew to save her life, but of no avail. A short time after the other companion died in the same way, and she was left alone.

She now became more dejected and sad. Seven years had passed since she left her home and began this pilgrimage. While undecided what to do, a party of pilgrims passed her way one day. She asked them where they were going, and they said to Jagannath. "Let me join your band and go with you. I am all alone." They told her their way lay through a dense forest, and great would be their suffering before they reached the other side. Still she went, and suffered with them many hardships. The gold she had brought with her was growing less; as from it she had made expensive offerings.

She next travelled to Ramgunge, and there joined the fakirs, becoming one of their number. Each selected their own mode of penance or self-torture. Some were lying on beds of spikes; others buried in the sand; still others lying over smoking wood; some had held their arms in an upright position until the flesh had withered and dried on the bone. Chundra Lela smeared her body with ashes, and painted her face red and white, after their hideous manner. Her long, beautiful hair was besmeared with cow-dung, and then drawn up in a horrible way, and fastened in a knot on the top of her head. A deerskin became her only bed. In her hand she carried iron pincers, with which to perform the sacrificial work before the idols. Thus equipped, she vowed to sit, during the six hot months of the year, on the deerskin all day in the burning sun, with five fires built about her. And thus she sat, day after day, while sweat ran from every pore of her body. In addition to this torture, at night she stood on one foot, with the other drawn up against it, her hands pressed together before the idol, imploring the god to reveal himself unto her. During the cold season, instead of standing on one foot, she spent the night sitting in a pond, with water up to her neck, counting her beads from dark until daylight.

When Chundra Lela told this part of her story to us, she said, "Mem, nobody knows how long those nights were, nor how I suffered before morning. . . . All this I endured just to find God."—From "An Indian Priestess."

NO SURRENDER.

In one of the great battles of history the French general was approached by an officer, who cried: "The battle is lost!" "Yes," was the cool reply "but there is time to win another." And so it proved for the retreating troops rallied, and pressed forward in a still fiercer attack because of their temporary repulse, and at nightfall victory rested with the French. No defeat is final, unless you choose to make it so. There is still time to win another battle.

Make your next onset all the fiercer because of that temporary defeat. In the Christian warfare, at least, there is no possibility of permanently overcoming one who will not surrender.

THE STORY OF THE CHAIN.

Did you ever read the story that Dr. Miller tells about the chain that an old blacksmith made? He lived in the heart of a great city, and all day long people could hear the clanging of his hammer upon the anvil, and they knew that he was forging a chain. Now and then idlers dropped in to watch his work, and as they saw how faithful and patient he was, and how he would never pass over a link till it was absolutely perfect, they laughed at him and told him he would do much more if he did not take so much pains. But the old smith only shook his head and kept on doing his best, making every link as strong as if the whole chain depended upon it. At last he died, and was laid away in the churchyard, and the great chain which lay in a corner of his shop was put on board a ship. It was coiled up out of the way, and for a long time no one noticed it. But there came a fierce, wild storm in winter when the wind blew a gale, the rain dashed down in torrents, and vivid flashes of lightning darted through the sky. The ship toiled through the waves and strained and groaned as she obeyed her helm. It took three men at the wheel to guide her. They let go the anchor, and the great chain went rattling over the side of the deck into the gloomy waves. At last the anchor touched the bottom, and the chain, made by the old blacksmith, grew as taut and stiff as a bar of iron. Would it hold?

That was the question every one asked as the gale increased. If one link, just one link was imperfect and weak, they were lost. But the faithful old smith had done his best in each link. Each had been perfect, and this night his work defied the tempest, and when, at length, the waves were stilled and the sun arose, the vessel, with all her precious lives on board, was safe.

What had saved her? The chain, you say. Well, yes, but what was the quality that had been wrought into the chain? FIDELITY. Yes, that was it. And don't you see what a parable it is of our daily character-building? Link by link, hour by hour, deed by deed we fashion it, and when temptation comes, it will test our work. One weak spot and we shall be wrecked by that one imperfect link. But if we have been faithful in all, we can withstand temptation and hold fast to the anchor of our souls.—*Ex.*

THINGS THAT COME NOT BACK.

Remember, three things come not back ;
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed, it flies to wound or slay ;
The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not ;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill ;
And the lost opportunity
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weep'st, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.

IN A STREET-CAR.

"Jesus loves me, this I know."
Sweet and clear rang out the childish treble. It was on a horse-car. A little girl, between three and four years old, has been out visiting with her mother, and, being shy among strangers, has kept quiet till her prattling little tongue could stand it no longer. So, as soon as the horses began to trot and the bells to jingle, she began—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,"
For the Bible tells me so ;
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but —"

The car stopped ; so did the singer. Two or three passengers got in. Ding ! ding ! went the bell. Away went the car. Away went the singer—

"They are weak, but he is strong."

A smile went around the car, but the little one, kneeling on the seat and looking out of the window, and therefore quite unconscious of it all, sang on—

"Yes, Jesus loves me ! Yes, Jesus loves me !
Yes, Jesus loves me ! The Bible tells me so !"

I do not know how many hearts were touched during that ride, which was quite a long one, and many passengers came and went. I do not know how many burdens were lifted, but I know that, while the song lasted, every one on the car heard the Gospel message. Everybody listened ; everybody smiled ; there was not a frown ; there was not a troubled look on any face. The simple story of Jesus and his love had driven them all away. At length the song ceased, the mother turned, the little head was resting against the window. The baby was fast asleep. She had "done what she could."
—Selected.

GOOD INTEREST.

"My son," said a banker to his son, "I want to give you a lesson in business. Here is a half-dollar. Now, if you can find any boy whom you can trust, who will take this money, pay you interest for it, you may lend it to him ; and if you invest this wisely I'll increase your capital." When night came the banker said, "My son, how did you invest your money to-day?" "Well, Father," replied the little fellow, "I saw a boy on the street without any shoes, and he had no dinner ; so I gave him my fifty cents to buy something to eat with." "You'll never make a business man in the world," said the banker ; "business is business. But I will try you once more. Now, here is a dollar to invest ; see how well you can do it." A loud peal of laughter from the boy followed this speech, which was thus explained : "My Sunday school teacher said giving to the poor was lending to the Lord ; and she said He would return to us double ; but I did not think He would do it quite so quick."—James R. White.

DOING "EVEN SO."

"Did you order the soup-bone on your way to school this morning, Sam? Because it didn't come."

"Why, no, mother! I forgot it."

"Sam's mother looked more vexed than you might have expected, for, of course, little boys will forget sometimes, and people have to be patient with them."

"But Sam wasn't surprised; he knew that it wasn't just now and then that he forgot; it was almost all the time. He forgot to open the window in the morning when he left his bedroom, and mother always had to attend to it; he forgot to shut the front door behind him; he forgot to wear his overshoes when it rained; he forgot to wash his hands and brush his hair for dinner; he forgot to feed the goldfish; he forgot to water the geraniums—oh! the list would be so long you would fall asleep over it were I to tell you all the things Sam constantly forgot to do."

And he did not seem to think it was his fault; he always said, "I forgot," as if it were a perfectly good excuse.

"I am going to give you some medicine, little boy," said his mother, "to improve your memory."

"Medicine, mother! Out of a bottle?"

"No, not out of a bottle; you'll find out about it presently."

That night at tea Sam's cup had no sugar in it, and he made a wry face. "Oh! I told Hannah she might forget the sugar," said his mother; "you are used to forgettings."

"My, what a week it was! Everything went wrong with Sam; there was no salt in his oatmeal, no spoon at his plate, no gown under his pillow, no fire in his bedroom, no water in his pitcher, no buttons on his shirt-waist; the things that other people had been used to doing for him all went undone, and to every complaint his mother answered smiling, "Why, Sam, you ought not to mind people forgetting."

But mothers do not like to see their little boys unhappy, or even uncomfortable; so pretty soon this mother said: "Suppose we start over again, little son, and keep the Golden Rule 'Whatsoever ye would that men, women, and children should do to you or for you, do ye even so.'"—Mayflower.

THREE BOYS.

"Watch that boy now," said Phil.

"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us down on the sands. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the boarding house. Here it was that Phil and Ned saw him.

First, he had hunted out a large easy-chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There! He's got it moved round just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now he's moving the lamp nearer to it," said Phil.

"Well! If he isn't putting a footstool before it. I suppose he's aill ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look he gazed round the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted toward her and said:

"Come, mother, I have a nice place for you."

He led her to the chair and settled the stool at her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

"Mother, take my chair," he said.

"Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped, and returned it with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.—*Messenger*.

EVERYDAY LITTLE THINGS.

"Learn to do little things as though they were great." For little things are often the beginning of great things, and even when they are not, they may be made great by the spirit in which they are wrought. There is a tendency to think that true nobility can only be reached on great occasions; and many continue to live mean lives only because they overlook the many small opportunities of every day. Jesus Christ has shown for all time how the divinest fabric of beauty and goodness can be woven out of the warp and woof of daily experience, how humblest circumstances and facts may become channels of grace; how the instrument of torture and shame may be transferred into the symbol of holiest love. What he did as Saviour of the world we cannot repeat, for He stands apart from us; but in this matter we may hope to follow afar off.—*Ex.*

HOW THE CHILDREN READ IT.

The Sabbath-school lesson for the day was "Joseph Sold into Egypt," and the teacher of the infant class asked a bright little boy to tell the lesson story.

He went on with it all right until he said, "His brothers murdered a little child, and dipped Joseph's coat in the blood."

"What?" asked the teacher.

"That's what my lesson paper said," persisted the boy. So did mine," "And mine," added one child after another.

"Let me see it," said the teacher, and the children passed up a regular shower of little pink lesson papers.

"There, see!" said the boy. "They killed a kid and dipped the coat in the blood."

This actually happened in northern New England, where the children are not familiar with goats.—*S. S. Times*.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

"SIXTY YEARS IN CANADA." By William Weir, Esq., of Montreal, printed by John Lovell & Son, pages 268, reviews the salient points in the political and financial history of these sixty years, discusses the "tariff movements"—"silver nuisance"—"copper currency"—the Canadian Banking System"—etc. It is written from the point of view of an actor and participant. Its many personal reminiscences of the stirring scenes of bygone days, especially in Montreal, will make it of special interest to the older citizens who can in its pages "fight their battles over again."

LIVING SWEETLY AMID TRIALS.

Many of us find life hard and full of pain. The world uses us rudely and roughly. We suffer wrongs and injuries. Other people's clumsy feet tread upon our tender spirits. We must endure misfortunes, trials, disappointments. We cannot avoid these things, but we should not allow the harsh experiences to deaden our sensibilities, or make us stoical or sour. The true problem of living is to keep our hearts sweet and gentle in the hardest conditions and experiences.

If you remove the snow from the hillside in the late winter, you will find sweet flowers growing there, beneath the cold drifts, unhurt by the storm and by the snowy blankets that have covered them. So should we keep our hearts tender and sensitive beneath life's fiercest winter blasts and through the longest years of suffering and even of injustice and wrong treatment. That is true, victorious living.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

THE BEST SOCIETY.

There is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk as long as we like, whatever our rank and occupation,—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them; and this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves—we make no account of that company, perhaps never listen to a word they would say all day long? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable boy when you may talk with kings and queens; or flatter yourself that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common herd for *entrée* here or audience there, when all the time this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time?—John Ruskin.

"WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?"

Character is not determined by a single act, but by habitual conduct. It is a fabric made up of thousands of threads and put together by uncounted stitches. Some characters are stoutly sewed; others are only basted. A Christian ought not only to have his spiritual garments well sewed, but kept clean; in fact, as a representative of Jesus Christ, he ought to present such an attractive apparel before the world that others should say to him, "Where did you get this? I want one just like it." Theodore L. Cuyler.

"IN THE SWEET BY AND BY."

HOW THE GREAT HYMN CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

In Richmond, a little town of less than one thousand inhabitants, almost on the southern boundary line of Illinois, U.S.A., lives the author of "In the Sweet By and By." He is a practising physician, and is under sixty years of age. The immortal hymn was written when he was only thirty-one, and is the single song of his life.

During the wave of intellectual activity that swept over the nation at the time of the Civil War, Samuel Fillmore Bennett had graduated from Ann Arbor, Mich., and began a newspaper career at Elkhorn, Wis., on *The Independent*. J. P. Webster, the musical composer, was living in the same town, and it was only a few months before the editor and the musician were collaborating. Mr. Bennett thus tells of his conception of the hymn:

"Mr. Webster, like many musicians, was of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to fits of depression. I knew his peculiarities well, and when I found him given up to the 'blues,' I just gave him a cheerful song to work on. One morning he came into the store and walked to the stove without speaking.

"What's up now, Webster?" I asked.

"It's no matter. It will be all right by and by."

"The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine—"The sweet by and by." Everything will be all right then. 'Why wouldn't that make a good hymn?'

"Maybe it would," he replied gloomily. Turning to the desk I wrote as rapidly as I could. In less than half an hour I think, the song as it stands to-day was written.

"In the meantime two friends, N. H. Carswell and S. E. Bright, had come in: I handed the verses to Mr. Webster, a little tremulous with emotion. As he read it his eyes kindled. Stepping to the desk he began to jot down the notes. He picked up his violin and tried them. In ten minutes we four gentlemen were singing that song. Mr. R. R. Crosby came in, and with tears in his eyes, said, 'Gentlemen, that hymn is immortal.' We were all excited, elated. Within two weeks the children were singing it on the streets.

"In 1868, 'The Signet Ring' was published, the publisher distributing circulars to advertise it, and on the sheets were 'The Sweet By and By.' On the strength of that one song nearly 250,000 copies of the book were sold. The song was afterward brought out in sheet music, and it has been translated into a number of foreign languages.

"Webster, Crosby and, Carswell, are all dead. S. E. Bright, of Fort Atkinson, Wis., and myself, are the only living witnesses to its origin."

He who prays as he ought will endeavour to live as ought.—Owen.

Whatsoever we beg of God, let us also work for it.—Jeremy Taylor.

THE LOVE IN THE DEED.

It is not the deed we do,

Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,

The treasure our treasures must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
By the love that cannot be told.

Behold us, the rich and the poor,

Dear Lord, in Thy service draw near;
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear;
Look, Master, the love is here!

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Religion is a poor orator. Like the dumb it speaks by actions rather than words.

"Pride won't take us to heaven," said a poor country woman to a worker of the Country Towns Mission, "but cleanliness will." "Well, yes, ma'am," replied the missionary, "but it must be a clean heart."

Observe the true motive for Christian work. The Lord did not say to Peter, "Lovest thou the work?" or "Lovest thou my lambs?" but, "Lovest thou me?" For the most potent principle in the Christian heart is love to Christ.—William M. Taylor.

One can go through his work well or shirk it. One can consider his neighbour or neglect him. One can repress the fever fit of impatience or give it wild sway. And the perpetual presence of such a choice leaves no hour without guidance.—George S. Merriam.

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.



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Abstinence is favourable both to the head and to the pocket.—Horace Greeley.

The man who remains master of himself never knows defeat.—Ralph Connor.

The only safe way of drinking is—to leave off before you begin.—Canon Farrar.

Reverence for age is a fair test of the vigour of youth.—Charles Kingsley.

"Don't get discouraged. It is often the last key on the bunch that opens the lock."

"It is never hard to do the right thing: it is in deciding to do it the tug comes."

A love that thinks it will die at some time or other is already dead.—Richter.

The ignorant are never defeated in argument.—Japanese Proverb,

Unless you can do a kind deed without looking for applause, better leave it alone.—Anon.

If you would keep the wrinkles out of your face keep sunshine in your heart.

"Something I must do individual,
To vindicate my nature, to give proof
I also am a man."

Prayer will make a man leave off sinning, or sinning will make a man leave off prayer.—Anon.

If knowledge is power it is doubly true that knowledge of God is spiritual power.—Dr-Hudson Taylor.

Nothing pays smaller dividends in spiritual results than making a specialty of discovering the shortcomings of other folks.

Nothing impresses me so much about this temperance reform as the eternity of it.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Temperance brings blessings in both hands—blessings for time and blessings for eternity.—Father Matthew.

Every moderate drinker could abandon the cup if he would; every inebriate would if he could.—John B. Gough.

I cannot consent, as your Queen, to take revenue from that which destroys the bodies and souls of my subjects.—Queen of Madagascar.

Liquor-selling is one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money ever adopted by the bravoos of any age or country.—Ruskin

Count no duty too little, no round of life too small, no work too low, if it comes in thy way, since God thinks so much of it as to send His angel to guard thee in it.—Mark Guy Pearse.

My sin was this, that not in Him, but in His creatures—myself and others—I sought for pleasures, honours, and truths, and so fell headlong into sorrows, confusions, errors.—Augustine.

Not the least of God's mercies is the apparent decay of the faculties by age as a pro-

vision for death. It is the ripening of the apple that it may fall without violence.—Watson.

Honour must grow out of humility, freedom out of discipline, righteous joy out of righteous sorrow, true strength out of true knowledge of our own weakness, sound peace of mind out of sound contrition.—Charles Kingsley.

The face receives the record of the passing years. It grows in beauty if the soul shining through the windows be in touch with God, and it is beautiful with a beauty born of strength, of striving, of failure, and of victory.

What sculpture is to a block of marble education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, the hero, the wise, the good, and the great man, very often lie hidden and concealed where a proper education might have brought them to light.

Irresolution is a fatal habit; it is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victims with a fatality the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean and the drunkard are among its victims.

If any one here is troubled with doubts about prayer, those two simple words, "Our Father," if he can once really believe them in their full richness and depth, will make the doubts vanish in a moment, and prayer seem the most natural and reasonable of all acts.—Kingsley.

Anyone can destroy but it is Christ-like to restore. To destroy wantonly, life, character reputation, happiness, is devilish. To restore to the favour of God and men, to purity and self-respect and hope, one who has fallen into sin, is the very work of God in which his children are invited to be co-laborers with him.

The sainted Baxter's one regret at the close of his life was couched in these words: "I remember no one sin that my conscience doth so much accuse and judge me for, as for doing so little for the saving of men's souls, and for dealing no more fervently and earnestly with them for their conversion."

Our religion must cover all the relationships of life. It is not enough to be a good husband, or a good neighbour, or a good parent, or an honest business man, or even a good churchman. To have a religion that does not cover all relationships is to be one-side; it is to have a character out of proportion.—Rev. W. R. Laird.

The first lesson to be learned in the school of Jesus Christ is the lesson of self-denial. He placed it at the very gateway of his kingdom. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." These words, if translated literally, would read—if any man wishes to go the way I am going, let him say no to himself.—Dr. Cuyler.

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The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

AUGUST, 1903.

No. 8.

THE DEATH OF POPE LEO XIII.

On the afternoon of the twentieth of July, ult., the cathedral bells of Montreal and of many another city tolled the passing of Pope Leo, the thirteenth of his name, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, having celebrated, a few months previously, his semi-jubilee in the papal chair. As an old man and frail, on the verge of three score years and ten, he was, over quarter of a century ago, elected to the pontificate, and for nearly twenty-five years beyond life's limit he has filled that high office.

As a man his death marks the close of a long, earnest, devoted, successful life. An accomplished scholar and able administrator, he will stand out in history as one of the best in the long line of Roman pontiffs.

In one respect he has been in advance of all his predecessors. Some years ago he issued an encyclical in which he recommended the reading of the Scriptures by all, quite in opposition to the traditional attitude of the Church, though, strangely enough to our ideas, it was made to appear an unpleasant duty, a penance, for with the recommendation was a promise that every one who would read the Gospels with pious intent for fifteen minutes would receive an indulgence of three hundred days.

Even this was a marked advance, and would at least afford an opportunity for the Word of God to speak for itself, and, if his will as to reading the Scriptures were carried out, it would be an untold blessing to Roman Catholics and to the world. The trouble is that both the Scriptures and the Pope's recommendation to read them are, for the most part, kept from the knowledge of the people, the recommendation being, in some places in Quebec, denounced by the priest as a "Protestant lie" to get the people to read the Bible.

As the head of the Roman Catholic Church the Pope occupies a unique position in the world, for he is not merely the chosen head of that organization, as any other man might, by birth or election, be placed at the head of a society or nation. He is that and more. He is

for them God's vice-gerent upon earth. The claim of his office is that all earthly potentates are his subjects and that if they do not yield obedience it is their rebellion. That he is very literally, "king of kings and lord of lords," and that all owe him complete obedience, is the claim of the Holy See. And even pope Leo abated not one jot or tittle of that claim.

But, although his position is unique, so far beyond that of any other headship, yet like others he is but a passing part of a more or less permanent whole, where personal character exerts but a temporary influence. The Czar of Russia is of a humane disposition and would like his subjects to enjoy the fullest measure of freedom, British freedom; but, although he has nominally absolute power, the Government of Russia is, in many respects, a cruel despotism, and he is a comparatively helpless part of the vast machine which goes on while emperors come and go.

So is it with the pope. The church of Rome, as a vast organization, may change its head but not its principles; and therefore while respect is paid to the personal character of the venerable man who has passed away, it cannot be forgotten that the Church of Rome remains, that it claims to be the only Church of God on earth, with the right to supreme temporal and spiritual power, and that where it has the power it claims the right to compel, by pains and penalties, conformity to itself.

An article on another page, by Rev. Dr. Robertson, of Venice, which was in type for the Record before the Pope's last illness and death, shews that Protestants, while appreciating to the full the excellent qualities of the late pontiff, should not forget that he is but the part of a system, and that with all his personal excellencies he had not the power to mould or control that system, and reminds them that if the Papacy had its way untrammelled they would not have the liberty that now they enjoy in visiting Rome.

The system is still that to which Michael F. J. McCarthy, an Irish R. C. barrister, ascribes Ireland's woes to-day. It is the system which

sometimes, even yet, burns the Bible in the Province of Quebec.

While, therefore, all becoming respect is given to the many good men and women who are in the pale of that Church, we must not forget that we have a good which they need, and we must not rest until all have in their own tongue, our Father's Message of warning and instruction and comfort and hope to all His children of every name and race and colour and clime, with all the liberty, temporal and spiritual, which that Message brings.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL IMPRESSIONS.

One deep and abiding impression was the loneliness of the prairie. A wee bit housie is seen on the horizon. It commands a view miles in extent. But perhaps in all these miles of vision there is no other house nor tree nor any living thing to break the monotony. One vast expanse of this year's green or last year's grey—prairie, prairie everywhere. In the older parts this is changing, and neighbours a mile distant seem quite near.

How lonely the home keeper. How welcome the Sabbath if some place of worship be within reach, even for the human fellowship and cheer that it brings. How welcome the missionary as he comes to the lonely home, his very coming reviving memories of past happy days and cheering with the hope of better days to come. How fitting the opportunity for mission work, to give the Gospel with its peace and comfort to those homes! How much more lonely would they be were there no missionary and no church.

Two young men, sons of an elder in an eastern city, are ranching in Alberta. In their little hut they do their own housekeeping. Writing to their father recently they said in substance: "We have no church near, so we cannot go to church, but we have a little Sabbath service by ourselves." No news of worldly prosperity could give that father and mother such glad hearts as that message from their boys.

But there are many young men from our eastern homes, similarly situated, who are not thus mindful, and our earnest aim should be to bring the missionary and the Church within their reach, to win and keep them to the right. In this good work we can all have a share.

The missionary, too, in his long, long drives by day and sometimes by night, visiting

his congregation, looking after the lonely pioneers, so widely scattered, travelling between distant churches in all kinds of weather, should receive our generous support and cordial sympathy.

This latter thought recalls another impression, what our Church owes to the men who are laying there the foundations of the Church and Christianity for the future. In many cases they might, if they chose, have easier positions and better payment in the East. Their work is often a toilsome one and there is great difficulty in making ends meet, from the greater cost of living in the West, but they keep bravely on at the post of duty. The world and even the Church hears not of them, but the Master sees and knows them. Every day, well filled, brings, in consciousness, His "Well done," with its peace, the best of all rewards.

There was one item of business in the Assembly which will make their burden in some measure lighter, and that is the adoption by Assembly of the Home Mission Committee's proposal to increase the salaries of its missionaries in the West.

The very loneliness of the prairie suggests the thought of unlimited space for homes, and the numbers of them for which there is room. And fancy pictures in the future these immense plains with their teeming millions a chief factor in the destinies of our land. The call to the church is imperative, to mould these new settlements by planting missions within reach of all and thus bring the Gospel to bear upon the rising families all over the great and fertile West.

Another impression is the grandeur of the mountains. Nowhere in the world is there a six-hundred mile ride of such grandeur as from Calgary to Vancouver. Sometimes one is hemmed in, the vision limited by mountains rising near and steep, and almost perpendicularly, perhaps a mile above the track; or again the outlook widens, the mountains are a little farther off, while side views through narrow valleys running at right angles to the track reveal vistas still further away, but all bounded by the rugged mountain top, frequently snow-tipped and sometimes draped in cloud. Yet so grand is the setting that the height is not realized when one is near them. Only when one looks at the base with flower and plant and tree, and sees vegetation gradually diminish and then disappear as he looks up the mountain side, and higher still sees the bare rocky face again seeking to hide

itself, but this time with snow, does one realize the height.

A far-off view, from fifty to eighty miles or more out on the prairie, when their cold grey or white tops first become visible and one travels towards them hour after hour before reaching them, impresses their greatness more than when one is near. The best way of all to realize their greatness would be to climb them.

These mountains, in some places, have their wealth of mineral, these valleys their wealth of forest. The miner and the lumberman, our sons from the East, are seeking to win that wealth, and the Home missionary in his turn seeks to win and hold the men to purity and righteousness. In this, too, let him have our support and sympathy and our prayers.

Another impression was the rivers among the mountains and the life they gave to the mountain journey. Grand as the journey would be with the mountains alone, it owes still more of its life and variety and beauty and even grandeur to the rivers. One can weary of mountains, but never of a rushing stream.

Some one has said that the engineers had not so much to do after all, that nature made a way through the mountains for the streams, that the Indians in their journeyings followed these streams and that the engineers followed the Indian trails.

From Calgary we follow the Bow River, a large, rapid stream, up through the foot-hills for more than sixty miles to "The Gap," at the entrance of the Rockies, and sixty miles further in its windings among the mountains to the "Great Divide," the summit of the pass through the Rockies, where a drop of rain, falling, may find its way, half to the Atlantic and half to the Pacific.

Thence down the Kicking Horse pass we creep cautiously along, with mountain tops a mile above and the Kicking Horse River rushing far beneath, down to the bottom of the pass and follow the river forty miles to Goldens where it flows into the Columbia, which here runs north between the Rockies and the Selkirk range.

Along the Columbia, some twenty miles to Donald, and there crossing it, we plunge into the Selkirk range, up the gorge of the Beaver and Bear Rivers thirty miles to Roger's pass, the summit of the Selkirks, where mile-high sentinels, bare, precipitous and helmeted with snow stand guard on every hand.

Immediately beyond the pass is the "Great Glacier of the Selkirks," from under which

flows the Illecillewaet, and river and train rush down a long and winding gorge, crossing and recrossing for forty miles to Revelstoke where the river joins the Columbia running south. The Columbia since the previous crossing at Donald, some eighty miles back, has run far up to the North, around the Selkirk range, and is now flowing south between the Selkirk and Gold range. Crossing the Columbia for the second time, into the Gold range by the Eagle pass, up the Eagle River, through mountain, lake and wilderness, one hundred and thirty miles brings the town of Kamloops and the Thompson River, one of the largest on the Pacific coast.

For nearly a hundred miles we company that mighty stream, its huge volume forcing itself through deep and narrow canyons until it joins the Fraser at Lytton, the two making still vaster volume which drives its tempestuous way through gorge and canyon as we follow it for nearly one hundred miles to the delta of the Fraser and near the Pacific coast.

Either mountain or stream would be grand were either by themselves, but combined they are ! ! !

The Home Mission Committee, West, says :—
 "It is earnestly hoped that the fact of there being a balance on the right side at the close of last year's operations will not lead any one to suppose that there may safely be a lessening of contributions during the present year. The balance in the treasury at the close of the year must not be understood to imply that a larger sum was contributed than the necessities of the case demanded ; it was really due to the fact that through lack of workers the full measure of needed work could not be overtaken. If it had been possible to keep all the fields supplied during the whole year, the development of the work was so great that even the splendid response of the Church to the appeals made would hardly have been sufficient to prevent the balance being on the other side. It must also be borne in mind that in the receipts of last year there was included the sum of \$6,000 from the British Churches which cannot be counted on for the future.

A look or a word can help or can harm our fellows. It is for us to give cheer or gloom as we pass on our way in life ; and we are responsible for the results of our influence.—Ex

RACIAL STRIFE

The developments of recent years shew that where two nationalities live together, and are so different in race or type that they will not coalesce and become one by intermarriage, one race must be dominant in order to peace. Where they are at all on terms of equality there is certain to be racial rivalry, which, among the grosser elements on both sides will take the form of strife and violence, thus embittering the relations up through all grades of society.

The outstanding example is the race strife between whites and negroes in the U. S. A. For long the negro was in servitude. The white was supreme. Individual cruelty on the one hand, and perhaps escape, or, in rare instances, retaliation, on the other, there might be, but race strife in a larger sense was unknown. One was dominant, the other helpless and hopeless, with no rights but obedience and toil and suffering.

Now the negroes are nominally on an equality with the whites, and are claiming more or less their rights. They are sometimes the aggressors in a very brutal fashion, equalled occasionally by brutal retaliation. The race riots, shootings and burnings which figure so frequently in the news from across the line tell their own story; and every such instance but intensifies the feeling of both parties and makes more difficult the problem of how the blacks and whites are to live there together in future.

In racial strife alone the country seems destined to pay bitterly for bringing in the negro as a slave and for the age long sufferings of that down-trodden race, and to that bitter payment one can see no end. There is no possibility of the removal of the negro to some other country, Africa for example, as has been sometimes mentioned. It is a physical impossibility too absurd for sober refutation. The negro, twelve millions strong, is there to stay and increase. The race bitterness is, on the whole, becoming more intensified. The Christian people can only carry on their work of education and evangelization, and leave the future with Him who rules over all.

In our own country there has been more or less of rivalry, but English and French can look upon each other as equals, work in harmony and unite as a Canadian people, which they are more and more learning to do.

But there is another element more recently introduced, which if allowed free access might

lead to racial rivalry and strife equal to that across the lines, and that is the Chinese. The government has increased the immigration tax from one hundred to five hundred dollars, in order to further limit the numbers of them coming to our country. It has done so, presumably, because by their coming in such numbers as China could readily spare, they would undersell our own people in the labor market and drive them from it, and would also introduce, in addition to immoralities that we may now have, those of the "leathen Chinese" as well.

The further result, racial strife, or the fear of it, may not have been a factor in this further limiting of their numbers, but there can be no doubt that in this particular, the restriction is a blessing. The Chinese and English, being such different types, would remain separate as the white and black races to the South. The Chinese would in increasing numbers become naturalized, and if in equal or greater numbers in any community, would, as citizens, claim equal rights in all respects with others in civil and political life. The Canadian no longer dominant would not yield to the dominance of Chinese. Race rivalry and strife would in evitably ensue. It would be fiercest among the more ignorant and from these it would spread to all.

The sum of the whole matter is the statement with which this article begins, that nationalities which will not blend, should, as far as possible, work out their destiny apart, each in his own country, and that in any intermingling of races that will not unite, one must be dominant in order to peace; that intermingling without fusion, on terms of equality, must as human nature is constituted, result in racial strife, with all its evils. Meantime it is the work of the Church of Christ to seek to bring all the races into the Kingdom which is righteousness and justice and peace.

Since the above was in type the daily press tells of a society in New York bearing the name of St. Luke, whose object is the solution of their problem by assisting the negro to Canada, and that the first fruits of its work have already appeared. White human nature is much the same in Canada as in the South, and black human nature is not likely to change with latitude; and sending the negro North is transferring to us the problem which slavery has brought upon the South. In the interests of our country such transference should not be permitted.

WORK AMONG THE MORMONS.

Rev. Dr. Herdman, Superintendent of Missions in B. C., says:—"The Mormons are settled along the line of the St. Mary's Railway, between the Crow's Nest Pass Railway and the International Boundary. They number about 5,000, and are steadily increasing and becoming more aggressive. The Gentile population is growing less, and may be expected to diminish steadily (that is, in some sections, at least) in view of the difficulty in maintaining their own views in the midst of such a large Mormon population.

"The question that must now be faced is whether or not the Church is prepared to meet the whole expense of carrying on this work, the local assistance, that was expected to increase from year to year being likely, according to present indications, to diminish instead of increase.

"The general opinion of the Committee was that the work should be prosecuted more vigorously than heretofore, that our missionaries among the Mormons should be recommended to do house to house work; explaining and defending the Christian position on the points in dispute, that the authorities of Manitoba College should be requested to give special attention to the subject of Mormonism in the study of theology, and that literature, couched in kindly and courteous terms, be prepared for free distribution among the Mormons, and that one or two members of the Assembly's Committee be requested to visit the district next spring with a view to bringing the whole subject before the next General Assembly.

"The grounds on which this opinion is based are as follows:—

1.—"Our duty to the non-Mormon population throughout that whole district, subjected as they are to the ceaseless proselytizing influences set in motion by the Mormon hierarchy

2.—"Our duty as a Church to proclaim a full and pure Gospel to to all classes our of citizens.

3.—"The danger of disaffected Mormons—who are likely to increase through educational and other influences—lapsing into infidelity, unless some Church is at hand to point out to them the Way of Life.

4.—"The importance of bearing testimony to the truth, even though the immediate results may seem to be disappointing."

While the above, the findings of the Synod's Committee, may not have spoken the final

word, they certainly embody views of those in our Church who have come into anything like close touch with Mormonism.

I am glad to be able to state that the authorities of Manitoba College intend to give a place in their theological lectures to the study of the Mormon system, and take the liberty of commending the other recommendations to the interest and sympathy of the whole Church.

NOTES.

Of the "Woman's Missionary Society."—The Assembly says:—"Your Committee have again to express their grateful appreciation of the valuable assistance rendered by the Woman's Missionary Society of Montreal. Besides continuing to assist in the maintenance of two missionaries in the Northwest, this Society has materially lessened the labours of the hard-working wives of a number of our Western missionaries by valuable gifts—gifts that had much more than a mere money value. This good work was participated in also by other societies and individual ladies in different parts of the Church.

"The magnitude of the work that confronts the Church in the vast Home Mission Field is appalling. New Ontario, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories, and British Columbia—more than half a continent—rapidly filling up with settlers from many lands; the national life of our young country cultivating the tastes, practising the manners and forming the habits that are to determine its character all the coming time; the task of laying the foundations of this national life in righteousness throughout this vast extent of territory clamouring to be performed at once if it is to be performed at all—such is the situation! Surely it is sufficiently grave to call for anxious thought and earnest prayer and unremitting effort." Dr. E. D. McLaren, H. M. Soc.

There are times when information is wanted about some department of the work of the Church, or it may be the doctrine and polity of the Church, or work beyond our own Church; and it has been thought well to institute for a time a "Question Bureau" in which questions may be answered or submitted to the public for answer. Questions must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not for publication.

The congregation of Maitland, N.S., 21-23 June, celebrated the completion of one hundred years of long and honourable history made up of the lives of good men and women, many of them entered into rest.

Seven pastors filled the century :

Rev. Alex. Dick.....	1803-1816
“ Thos. S. Crowe.....	1816-1857
“ John Currie (Prof., D.D.).....	1857-1871
“ L. G. Macneill.....	1872-1878
“ T. C. Jack	1879-1896
“ S. J. MacArthur	1897-1900
“ Rev. Geo. E. Ross.....	1901

The graves of the first two are in the churchyard near, while other five were present. Impressive was the sight when the five, with the congregation, gathered at the graves of the two and sang our time-honoured prayer,

“O God of Bethel.”

May that prayer be fulfilled in the making of the second century even better than the first.

A book which would be helpful in many a home is—“Village Life in India”—by the late Rev. Norman Russell, published just before his recent lamented death. The last letter we ever received from him had reference to it, and, if memory serves, he had passed away before the letter came to hand. The book needs no other recommendation than its own merits, shewing very vividly, from the author's experiences, village life in India to those who cannot go and see it for themselves. A leading New York literary paper gives a very lengthy and most commendatory notice. As an additional recommendation to our own church it is the work of one of our missionaries, most highly esteemed for his own and his work's sake. Published by Revell. May be ordered through any bookseller. Price, \$1.25.

The Church “Blue Book” is just to hand containing the Minutes of the Vancouver Assembly and the Reports of all the work of the Church and its various departments for the past year. It is a veritable storehouse of information. Scarce a question can be asked about our Church and her work but will find here an answer. If ministers would carefully take home from Presbytery the parcels containing a copy for each of their elders, and call special attention to it as they distribute it, and if elders would study it when they

get it, a deeper interest and greater work would be the result.

Church work has had its vacation. In the country there has been a very busy season of sowing and reaping, now drawing to a close. In the city many who could do so have been absent in the country gathering health. The many who could not go have spent the time they could spare from toil, in the open air, and the nights have been all too short for rest. Soon, with shortening days, the work of churches and missionary societies will take on new life. Let it be a more vigorous life, for the work to our hand, both Home and Foreign, is greater than ever before, and our lives one year nearer the time when work must cease. “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

The following is the Assembly's action in regard to Queen's University :—

“That the Assembly deprecates the severance of the connection between Queen's and the Presbyterian Church, recommends and will actively promote a movement securing adequate increase in the endowment of the university if it be decided to continue the existing connection, and the Moderator be instructed to appoint a [commission with Assembly powers to confer with the Trustee Board of the university, and adopt the proper means to secure the necessary financial aid for the support of the university, with a guarantee of adequate maintenance. The commission shall refer the question to the three central Synods before taking final action.”

The commission has been called for 15th September, in Kingston.

In a note accompanying his letter from Honan, which is given on another page, Rev. W. Hervey Grant writes :—“This leaves us all well here and work prospering. All peaceful at present and prospects for the future also promising. The Peking Coal and Iron Syndicate, Railway built from a city 30 miles further down the Wei River, reached here on March 1, and has now passed on toward the mountains on the western border of this province. They are building a mile a day, and have still 70 miles to the mountains. We now have teams passing here daily. Thus is China advancing in western civilization! Nor are we without Gospel conquests these days.

Persecution from Rome has been experienced by Korean Christians. Our missionary in Wonsan, Rev. W. L. Foote, writes: "In Hwang Hai the Catholics, led by the French priests, have been carrying on a bitter persecution against the Protestants, even going so far as to commit murder. The Protestant missionaries have taken a determined stand against the action of the priests with the result that the Government is now looking into the matter."

Our Korean mission is making good progress. "Since writing my last report," says Rev. W. R. Foote, "I have baptized fifty-four and enrolled fifty-five catechumens." He also writes: "Reports from out-stations are encouraging and they are contributing to the support of work outside their own locality. The Wonsan congregation now supports an evangelist, a Bible-woman and three school teachers. This is an example to us at home, and is by a congregation only recently gathered from heathenism."

Mission work is carried on by our Church among the Indians of Manitoba and the Northwest at seventeen different points, exclusive of work among the Indians in B. C., which is described in this issue by Rev. J. A. Logan of Eburne. In these seventeen stations there are one Industrial School, six Boarding Schools and five Day Schools. On the different reserves occupied there is a population of about 2,200, of whom 560 are children. About 370 children are on the school roll. There were 45 baptisms last year and there are 375 communicants.

For thirty-seven years the F. M. Committee, West has been carrying on work amongst the Indians of our own Dominion. The Committee thinks that the time has come when that work should be transferred to the care of the Home Mission Committee, and, with that end in view, have adopted the following resolution:—

"That the Convener and Secretary be instructed to confer with the Home Mission Committee and with the Women's Foreign Mission Society in order to ascertain whether, in their judgment, it is desirable to transfer the work now done in Canada, or any part of it, to the Home Mission Committee, and, if so, on what terms such a transfer should be made."

MINISTERS' OBITUARIES.

REV. DANIEL MACGREGOR died at Amherst N.S., on Sabbath, 19th July ult., in the 53rd year of his age, after a somewhat lingering illness. He was born at Lake Ainslie, C.B., took his Arts course in Dalhousie University and his Theological course in the Presbyterian College, Halifax. He was ordained and inducted at New Dublin, N.S., 24th May, 1877. Some two years later he accepted a call to Merogomish, N.S., where he was inducted, 7th October, 1879. In 1883 he was called to Amherst where he was inducted on the 29th of March of that year, and where for twenty years he has laboured until his call to rest. He was a room-mate for some time at College with the writer, and one would fain speak of him and his work, but these notices are necessarily limited to uniformity in narrative.

REV. D. M. MACKINTOSH died in Toronto, 30th June, in the 72nd year of his age. He was born at Granton-on-Spey, Scotland. Took his Arts course at the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and studied Theology in Glasgow Free Church Divinity Hall. He was licensed by the Free Presbytery of Glasgow, was assistant for a time in the Free Tron, Glasgow, came to Canada in 1871, was ordained and inducted, 17th June, 1873, by the Presbytery of Toronto as pastor of Melville and Brown's Corners. After a pastorate of 18 years he resigned in 1891 the active work of the ministry.

REV. PETER MUSGRAVE, died 20th May at McKillop, Ont. He was a native of the Isle of Wight, England, but came to Canada as a young man and taught for nine years in the Clark and Hope Townships before studying for the ministry. Graduating from Knox College in 1867 he was inducted the next year into the Milverton charge, and nine years later into Duff's Church and Caven Church, Winthrop, where, on the day of his death, he completed his 35th year in the ministry.

REV. DONALD SUTHERLAND, of Gabarus, C.B., died suddenly while reading a newspaper on the 30th July ult. Further notice in next issue.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces.

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness, Whycocomagh, 21 July, 11 a.m.
3. P. E. Island, Charlottetown.
4. Pictou.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro.
7. Halifax, Hx., 14 July, 2.30 p.m.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox.
13. Glengarry, Vankleek Hill, 8 Sept., 11 a.m.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 1 Sept., 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Carlton Pl., 21 July.
16. Brockville.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 8 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
19. Whitby, Oshawa, 21 July, 10 a.m.
20. Lindsay.
21. Toronto, Toronto, 2nd Tues. monthly.
22. Orangeville.
23. Barrie.
24. Algoma, Gore Bay, end of Sept.
25. North Bay.
26. Owen Sound.
27. Saugeen, Palmerston, 8 Sept., 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 15 Sept., 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, St. Cath., 1 Sept., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Woodstock, 14 July, 11 a.m.
31. London, London, 8 Sept., 10.30.
32. Chatham, Windsor.
33. Stratford, Stratford, 21 July.
34. Huron, Clinton, 1 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
35. Maitland, Whitechurch, 15 Sept., 9.30.
36. Bruce, Cargill, 1 Sept., 10.30.
37. Sarnia.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior, Ang.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll.
40. Rock Lake.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage, Neepawa, 1 Sept.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa.
46. Melita.
47. Regina, Moosejaw, Sept.
48. Qu'Appelle.
49. Prince Albert, Pr. Albert, 1st week Sept.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary, Macleod.
51. Edmonton, Ft. Saskatchewan.
52. Kamloops, Vernon, 26 Aug.
53. Kootenay, Rossland, 25 Aug.
54. Westminster.
55. Victoria, Victoria, 1 Sept., 2 p.m.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.

CALLS FROM

- St. Andrew's, Vancouver, to Mr. R. J. Wilson.
Accepted.
- St Paul's Church, Brandon, Man., to Mr. R. W. Dickie, of Orangeville, Ont.
- Blue Mountain, etc., to Mr. F. L. Jobb, of Maccan and River Hebert.
- Wroxeter, Ont., to Mr. L. Perrin, of Georgetown. Accepted.
- St. Andrew's Church, Rossland, B.C., to Mr. A. L. Burch.
- Okotoks, Alta, to Mr. G. M. Young. Accepted.
- St. Andrew's New Westminster, B.C., to Mr. Henderson, of Hensall, Ont.
- Kirkhill, Ont., to Mr. A. Morrison, of Minto, U.S.A.
- Streetsville, Ont., to Mr. E. J. Martin.

INDUCTION INTO

- St. Paul's Church, Smith's Falls, Ont., 26th May, Mr. W. G. Wilson.
- Burgoyne and Dunblane, Ont, 26th May, Mr. J. R. Brown.
- Shawville, etc., 21st July, Mr. Rondeau.
- St. Andrew's, Bowmarville, 9th June, Mr. Hugh Munro.
- Dungannon and Port Albert, Ont., 2nd June, Mr. Chas. M. Rutherford.
- Chalmer's Church, Toronto, Mr. H. A. McPherson.
- Elmvale and Flos, 30th June, Mr. Geo. McKay.
- Mission City and Mt. Lehman, Mr. Gillam.
- Austin, Man., 28th July, Mr. G. W. Faryon.
- Rosthern, 7th July, Mr. D. Iverach.
- First Church, Port Hope, 14th July, Mr. H. E. Abraham.
- Corbetton and Riverview, Ont., 27th July, Mr. D. W. S. Urquhart.
- Claude and Mayfield, 28th July, Mr. J. G. Cheyne.

RESIGNATIONS OF

- St. Andrew's Molesworth, Ont., Mr. Geo. Ballantyne.
- West and Clyde River, P.E.I., Mr. J. G. MacIver.
- Tilbury, Ont., Mr. J. F. Johnston.
- North Gower, Otta. Pres., Mr. J. T. Lothead.
- Chelsea and Cantly, Otta. Pres., Mr. A. Logan.
- Paris, Ont., Mr. E. C. Cockburn.

NEW CHURCHES OPENED AT

- Elm Creek, Man., 27th June.

STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE CHURCH FOR THE YEAR 1903-1904.

I.—PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, HALIFAX.

1. *Board of Management.*

Dr. Sedgwick, Chairman ; Principal Pollok, Prof. Currie, Prof. Falconer, Dr. McMillan, Dr. Forrest, J. S. Carruthers, E. D. Millar, R. G. Strathie, L. G. McNeill, A. McLean Sinclair, J. M. McLeod, T. Stewart, A. McMillan, C. McKinnon, Geo. Miller, A. S. Morton, T. Cumming, Dr. Stewart, W. H. Chase, J. D. McGregor, James Walker, J. Ramsay, Dr. R. Murray, R. Baxter, Judge Forbes, Senator McKeen, Geo. Mitchell, Prof. W. C. Murray, The Agent, East, and members of Finance Committee East.

2. *Senate.*

Principal Pollok, Chairman ; Professors of the College, Dr. Forrest, Dr. Black, J. F. Dugan, T. Fowler, J. S. Carruthers, C. Munro, W. P. Archibald, J. B. McLean, H. Dickie, Dr. Fotheringham, J. S. Sutherland, M. A. McKinnon, Prof. Walter Murray, Dr. A. H. McKay, Dr. R. Murray, Prof. D. A. Murray, Judge Stevens.

II.—PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

1. *Board of Management.*

D. Morrice, Chairman ; Prof. Campbell, Prof. Scrimger, Prof. Ross, Dr. Warden, Dr. Barclay, R. Gamble, J. R. MacLeod, W. R. Cruikshank, Dr. D. W. Morison, J. Fleck, Dr. Herridge, D. Currie, T. Winfield, G. Whillans, Jas. Ross (Stanley), Lord Strathcona, A. C. Hutchison, W. Yuile, R. Munro, C. J. Fleet, Walter Paul, M. Hutchinson, Charles Byrd, Wm. Drysdale, Geo. Hyde, Jas. Davidson, Dr. Berwick, A. R. Creelman, Jas. Tasker, W. A. Kneeland.

2. *Senate.*

The Professors and Lecturers of the College (the Acting Principal, Chairman), Dr. R. Campbell, Dr. Barclay, Dr. G. D. Bayne, N. A. McLeod, Dr. Mowatt, D. Tait, W. D. Reid, P. H. Hutchison, C. B. Ross, S. J. Taylor, E. A. McKenzie, Geo. F. Johnston, J. L. George, J. Matheson, A. Russell, W. R. Cruikshank, J. R. Dobson, T. A. Mitchell. Principal Peterson, Prof. Murray, Dr. Kelley, David Morrice, Prof. McGoun.

III.—MORRIS COLLEGE, QUEBEC.

Governors appointed by the General Assembly—E. Scott, J. R. MacLeod.

IV. QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

Bursary and College Committee.

Mr. J. McIntyre, K.C., Convener ; Dr. D. Ross, Vice-Principal Watson, M. MacGillivray, John Mackie, J. D. Boyd, Geo. Gillies, Judge MacTavish, G. N. Northrup.

V.—KNOX COLLEGE.

1. *Board of Management.*

Hon. W. Mortimer Clark, Chairman ; Principal Caven, Prof. McLaren, Prof. Ballantyne, Dr. Warden, A. Esler, Dr. A. Black, Dr. E. F. Torrance, Dr. Battisby, Dr. Fletcher, Dr. R. N. Grant, G. R. Fasken, J. Neil, A. MacWilliam, R. E. Knowles, S. H. Eastman, R. Fowlie, W. J. Clark, E. Cockburn, G. C. Patterson, T. Nattress, A. Gandier, W. A. J. Martin, R. J. M. Glassford, A. McGillivray, Hon. J. M. Gibson, J. K. McDonald, Jos. Henderson, D. D. Wilson, A. I. McKenzie, R. Kilgour, R. C. Steele, G. C. Robb, J. A. McDonald, John Charlton.

2. *Senate.*

Principal Caven, Chairman ; The Professors and Lecturers of the College ; Dr. W. T. McMullen, Dr. Somerville, Dr. R. Torrance, Dr. J. Gray, Dr. T. Wardrope, Dr. G. M. Milligan, Dr. D. D. McLeod, Dr. R. P. McKay, E. W. McKay, J. S. Scott, W. Farquharson, A. G. Sinclair, A. L. Geggie, R. W. Ross, D. R. Johnson, C. Fletcher, W. G. Wallace, J. A. Turnbull, T. R. Robinson, A. H. Macgillivray, J. McD. Duncan, H. W. Read, J. H. Ratcliffe, A. McMillan, R. Martin, J. Crawford, W. G. Hanna, R. C. Tibb, A. B. Winchester, Dr. John McNair, Sir T. W. Taylor, A. McMurchy, Hon. W. Mortimer Clark, Geo. Dickson, J. A. Paterson, D. Fotheringham, Dr. J. F. McCurdy, Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. James Bain.

VI.—MANITOBA COLLEGE.

Board of Management.

Hon. C. H. Campbell, Chairman ; Sir D. McMillan, Principal Patrick, Prof. Hart, Prof. Baird, Prof. Kilpatrick, Dr. Bryce, Dr. Duval, Dr. Pitblado, John Hogg ; J. Farquharson, Dr. Herdman, C. W. Gordon, J. H. Cameron, R. W. Dickie, Dr. P. Wright, Dr. Carmichael, J. W. McMillan, Dr. G. B. Wilson, Wm. Whyte, R. W. Ross, D. W. Bole, W. A. Donald, A. Dawson, J. Fisher, Alex. McDonald, K. McKenzie, J. B. McLaren, Lord Strathcona, Alex. Leonard, G. R. Crowe, John Leslie, E. Brown, A. N. McPherson, Dr. McDiarmid, Daniel McIntyre, J. D. McArthur.

VII.—HOME MISSIONS.

1. *Western Section.*

Dr. Warden, Convener; Dr. E. D. McLaren, Dr. J. Somerville, Dr. J. A. Carmichael, Dr. Herdman, Dr. Findlay, W. Shearer, W. R. Cruikshank, A. Givan, Dr. Armstrong, M. H. Scott, A. A. Scott, Dr. J. Stuart, M. W. McLean, J. G. Potter, J. Hodges, D. M. Martin, W. Frizzell, Dr. D. D. McLeod, S. Childerhose, J. Rennie, S. Acheson, J. M. Aull, Dr. J. A. R. Dickson, J. H. Ratcliffe, Dr. McMullen, A. J. McGillivray, Dr. Batisby, S. G. Livingstone, M. L. Leitch, Dr. J. L. Murray, J. S. Henderson, D. A. McLean, J. Farquharson, D. G. McQueen, A. Gilray, Dr. A. Black, N. MacPherson, Dr. S. Lyle, R. Kilgour, J. Penman, E. H. Bronson, Col. McCrae, G. Rutherford, Wm. McIntosh (Madoc).

2. *Eastern Section.*

Thos. Stewart, Convener; E. A. McCurdy, Geo. Miller, Geo. S. Carson, P. M. McDonald, D. McDonald, T. C. Jack, James Ross, D. Henderson, David Wright, J. Burgess, F. W. Thompson, A. Robertson, George McMillan, J. S. Sutherland, John McDougall, J. K. Munnis, W. H. Studd.

VIII.—AUGMENTATION.

1. *Western Section.*

Dr. Lyle, Convener, Dr. Warden, Dr. Kellock, Dr. Findlay, Dr. Herdman, Dr. J. A. Carmichael, Dr. Somerville, Dr. E. D. McLaren, D. M. Ramsay, D. G. McQueen, Alex. Henderson, John Hay, J. Farquharson, W. G. Wallace, R. Laird, J. C. Tolmie, Wylie C. Clark, John Penman, A. T. Crombie.

2. *Eastern Section.*

E. Smith, Convener; J. W. Falconer, J. A. Forbes, G. L. Gordon, J. Sinclair, J. M. McLean, Dr. Tufts, E. S. Bayne, D. MacGillivray, Dr. D. J. Fraser, A. B. Dickie, T. F. Fullerton, H. Dickie, J. A. Morrison, T. C. James, H. W. Cameron.

IX.—FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Dr. Falconer and W. A. J. Martin, joint-Convener.

1. *Eastern Division.*

Dr. A. Falconer, L. G. MacNeil, D. MacGregor, A. F. Carr, E. Smith, M. G. Henry, E. A. McCurdy, J. A. McGlashn, E. D. Millar, Geo. Ross, D. McDodrum, T. C. James, Prof. W. C. Murray.

2. *Western Division.*

W. A. J. Martin, Convener; Dr. Warden, Dr. Wm. McLaren, Dr. Milligan, Dr. J. B. Fraser, Dr. Johnston, Dr. J. Frazer Smith, Dr. R. P. MacKay, Prof. Baird, Dr. D. McTavish, D. Currie, E. Scott, A. Gandier, J. H. MacVicar, J. H. Turnbull, John MacKay, G. C. Patterson, J. R. McNeillie, H. Cassels, A. Jeffrey, G. Tower Fergusson.

X.—FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

Dr. Mowatt, Convener; S. J. Taylor, Dr. R. Campbell, Prof. Scrimger, Prof. Campbell, Prof. Coissirat, Jas. Fleck, G. C. Heine, F. M. Dewey, W. R. Cruikshank, J. L. George, W. D. Reid, G. F. Johnson, C. A. Tanner, Dr. Amaron, E. H. Brandt, Dr. G. Munro, Alex. Forbes, J. A. Anderson, N. McPherson, G. L. Johnson, R. J. McAlpine, Wm. Patterson, J. R. Munro, J. W. H. Milne, J. U. Tanner, E. G. MacQueen, G. A. Woodside, R. P. Duclos, J. E. Duclos, J. R. MacLeod, D. McLaren, D. Tait, J. L. Morin, James Ross, J. F. McFarland, Hon. E. H. Bronson, A. C. Hutchinson, D. Morrice, W. Paul, G. S. May, Paul Payan, James Ross (Crescent), A. N. Cheney, W. T. Huggan, A. G. Farrell, W. Drysdale, Dr. Kelley, R. Brodie, James Ross (Stanley.)

XI.—DISTRIBUTION OF PROBATIONERS.

Dr. R. Torrance, Convener; J. G. Stuart, J. A. Grant, E. Cockburn, Neil McPherson, Geo. Rutherford.

XII.—CHURCH LIFE AND WORK.

A. B. Winchester, Convener; Conveners of Synod Committees—D. Stiles Fraser, J. A. Mackenzie, Dr. W. A. Mackay, Dr. P. Wright, W. J. Clark, A. E. Mitchell, F. M. Dewey, A. C. Reeves, John Abraham, W. C. Clark, G. C. Patterson, John Young, J. M. Gill, W. B. Wood, Thomas Humphries, Thos. Yellowlees, W. M. Dickson.

XIII.—SABBATH SCHOOLS.

John Neil, Convener; J. A. Logan, J. S. Henderson, Dr. F. W. Kelley, Prof. Falconer, D. Stiles Fraser, Principal Patrick, W. W. Peck, J. McEwen, W. R. Cruikshank, Dr. Herdman, Dr. Carmichael, R. D. Fraser, A. S. McGregor, Wm. Parkinson, W. Leckie, Alex. MacGillivray.

XIV.—MINISTERS' WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

(*Late Canada Presbyterian Church.*)

Joseph Henderson, Convener; Dr. Warden, R. Gamble, Alex. MacGillivray, D. A. Thomp-

son, W. Amos, D. R. Drummond, J. W. Stephen, J. R. Dobson, J. L. Blaikie, J. Harvie, W. Gordon, A. Jeffrey, W. Galbraith, G. F. Burns, T. Norwich, John Armstrong, A. McMurchy.

Eastern Section.

R. Laing, Convener; Dr. Sedgwick, Dr. A. McLean, A. McL. Sinclair, D. McGregor, J. S. Carruthers, A. S. Morton, J. W. Falconer, R. Baxter, G. Mitchell, Dr. A. H. McKay, J. D. McGregor.

XV.—AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

1.—*Western Division.*

J. K. Macdonald, Convener; Dr. Warden, W. Cooper, Dr. D. H. Fletcher, A. H. Scott, Arch. Graham, John Hay, Dr. D. L. McCrae, H. McQuarrie, G. McArthur, F. McQuaig, Dr. Herridge, S. Carruthers, Dr. Armstrong, W. J. Dey, J. S. Hardie, Dr. S. Wallace, J. R. S. Burnett, A. Esler, Lord Strathcona, J. A. Patterson, Wm. Adamson, J. R. Reid, John Aitken, Alex. Nairn, Wm. Wilson, John Lowden, W. G. Craig, H. Cook, J. F. Clarke, Thos. Kinnear.

2. *Eastern Section.*

Anderson Rogers, Convener; Principal Pollok, A. McL. Sinclair, J. F. Forbes, Robert Cumming, E. S. Bayne, R. L. Coffin, F. W. Murray, C. Munro, James Sinclair, Thos. Fowler, W. H. Smith, D. McGillivray, R. G. Strathie, J. S. Sutherland, C. McKinnon, Willard Macdonald, Judge Forbes, Sheriff Archibald, J. B. Calkin, Peter Chisholm, W. C. Whittaker.

XVI.—FINANCE.

1. *Eastern Section.*

Mr. J. C. Mactonish, Convener; D. Blackwood, E. A. McCurdy, J. F. Stairs, Geo. Mitchell, Hugh MacKenzie, Jas. Kennedy.

XVII.—BOARD OF TRUSTEES WEST.

Dr. R. H. Warden, Dr. Wm. MacLaren, Hon. Justice MacLennan, Hon. W. Mortimer Clark, Robert Kilgour, Hamilton Cassels, A. R. Creelman.

XVIII.—STATISTICS.

Dr. R. Torrance, Convener; Dr. J. A. R. Dickson, G. R. Fasken, A. M. Hamilton, R. W. Ross, H. R. Horne, Col. Higginbotham and the Church Agents.

XIX.—PROTECTION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

Hon. Justice MacLennan, Convener; Dr. Warden, Dr. R. Campbell, Dr. Pollok, Dr. J. Campbell, Prof. Don. Ross, Prof. Hart, Rev.

D. Flemming, Hon. D. Laird, J. S. Morris, G. M. Macdonnell, J. MacIntyre, Sir T. W. Taylor, W. B. MacMurrich, H. Cassels, D. C. Fraser, Thornton Fell, F. H. Chrysler, W. B. Ross, J. Muir, J. A. McKinnon, Hon. C. H. Campbell, Judge Stevens, J. A. Paterson, Hon. J. M. Gibson, George Keith, W. M. Clark, Hon. Justice Sedgwick, Thos. Caswell, Judge Trueman, A. G. Browning, D. B. McLennan, D. McCormick, Jas. McQueen, Justice Forin, Wm. Short, Col Ponton.

XX.—CHURCH AND MANSE BUILDING FUND.

Mr. J. B. MacLaren, Chairman; Dr. Warden, Wm. Whyte, Prof. Baird, Dr. E. D. MacLaren, J. W. McMillan, R. G. MacBeth, W. L. Clay, Dr. J. Herdman, Dr. Somerville, J. Farquharson, W. M. Rochester, Dr. Carmichael, C. W. Gordon, D. G. McQueen, Sir D. H. MacMillan, Sir T. W. Taylor, Geo. Crowe, Hon. C. H. Campbell, J. Balfour (Regina).

XXI.—HYMNAL COMMITTEE.

Dr. Gregg, Convener; Dr. D. M. Gordon, Dr. Wm. MacLaren, Dr. D. L. McCrae, Dr. Scrimger, Dr. J. Somerville, Dr. W. D. Armstrong, J. A. Macdonald, W. J. Dey, J. Thomson, Dr. Herdridge, G. C. Heine, James Anderson, J. B. Mullan, Alex. Henderson, R. S. G. Anderson, M. MacGillivray, Alex. MacMillan, J. G. Stuart, W. B. MacMurrich, R. A. Beckett, W. B. Geikie, John H. Thom, Joseph Henderson, Dr. R. Murray, James Gibson, James Johnson, John Henderson, Prof. S. W. Dyde. The members in Toronto to be an Executive Committee.

XXII.—PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

Dr. R. H. Warden, Convener; E. Scott, Editor; Dr. R. Campbell, Dr. J. S. Black, Prof. Scrimger, Prof. J. Ross, Messrs. W. D. Reid, Jas. Fleck, C. B. Ross, W. Paul.

XXIII.—YOUNG PEOPLES' SOCIETIES.

Dr. W. S. McTavish, Convener, Conveners of Synod and Presbytery Committees, J. McP. Scott, J. A. Brown, A. Gandier, W. R. Mackintosh, E. A. Henry, R. M. Hamilton, G. C. Pidgeon, John McDougall, R. W. Ross, R. A. Falconer, J. S. Henderson, D. R. Drummond, F. M. Dewey, G. Tower Fergusson, F. Reid, J. B. Halkett, Thos. Yellowlees, W. S. Leslie, Thos. Rennie.

XXIV.—SABBATH SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.

Dr. R. H. Warden, Convener; Dr. D. H. Fletcher, Dr. D. McTavish, J. Murray, R. D. Fraser, J. Neil, J. A. Brown, E. Scott, J. McD. Duncan, G. Tower Fergusson, S. J. Taylor.

A. W. Wright, J. Barn, jun., Hamilton Cassels, together with J. McEwan and Alex. McGillivray from Sabbath School Committee.

XXV.—SABBATH OBSERVANCE AND LEGISLATION.

D. R. Drummond, Convener; Principal Caven, J. G. Shearer, J. Crawford, H. D. Cameron, T. Wilson, Dr. Armstrong, J. W. Falconer, J. A. Sinclair, Dr. R. N. Grant, C. S. Lord, Prof. Dyde, J. L. George, D. M. Ramsay, J. J. Elliott, T. Cosgrove, Jas. Hamilton, Dr. E. D. MacLaren, R. G. McBeth, Principal Pollok, W. H. L. Rowand, C. McKillott, R. J. MacAlpine, W. L. Clay, C. W. Gordon, Dr. Fotheringham, John Charlton, M.P., J. M. Douglas, M.P., D. C. Fraser, M.P., Alex. Bartlett, J. K. MacDonald, J. P. Bronson, Geo. Hay, W. T. Kennedy, S. W. Russell, M.P.P., R. Harrison, J. A. Paterson. Wm. Clark, Hon. Senator Vidal, John Fleming, J. Aiken, James McLachlan, Owen Sound, A. J. McDonald, H. C. Sutherland, K. W. McKenzie, Edmonton, Alex. Matheson, Sydney.

It is recommended that the different local sections of the Committees meet for Conference at the call of the different Sub-Conveners, viz:—Principal Pollok, Maritime Provinces, D. M. Ramsay, Ontario and Quebec; C. W. Gordon, Manitoba and North West, and W. L. Clay, British Columbia.

XXVI—UNIFORMITY OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Dr. J. Ross, Chairman; Dr. A. Pollok, Dr. W. McLaren, Dr. D. Ross, Dr. Geo. D. Bayne, Dr. J. Scrimger, Dr. W. T. Herridge, Dr. J. B. Fraser, Principal Patrick, W. G. Wallace, J. Mackie, J. Murray, T. Stewart, S. C. Murray, Wm. Farquharson, Dr. A. Black, Dr. T. F. Fotheringham, Hector Currie, J. G. Stuart, Dr. Thos. B. Kilpatrick, Sir Sanford Fleming, W. W. Miller, Dr. John Thorburn, Hon. W. Mortimer Clark, W. B. McMurrich, Thornton Fell, Dr. R. Murray, Prof. J. Clark Murray, J. B. Halkett.

XXVII.—COMMITTEE ON CORRESPONDENCE WITH OTHER CHURCHES.

Dr. Warden, Convener; Principal Caven, Dr. Robt. Campbell, Dr. Herridge, Dr. W. G. Jordan, Dr. Scrimger, Dr. Pollok, W. B. McMurrich, Dr. Thorburn, David Morrice, James Rodger, Hon. W. Mortimer Clark, Hamilton Cassels, John Lowden.

“Groaning and grumbling under your burdens doesn't lighten them of one ounce of weight, but it does deprive you of that much breath which might be useful in carrying the load.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

For some time there has been a strong feeling among the women of the Presbyterian Church that a Woman's Home Missionary Society should be formed. In accordance with this sentiment a committee of ladies met with the Home Mission Committee in March with the view of organizing a society the object of which should be to aid the Home Mission Committee in whatever work it might select or deem advisable to have taken up.

A meeting of ladies was consequently called for Monday afternoon May 18th. in Knox Church, Toronto and the initial steps towards organization were taken. The meeting then adjourned until May 26th. At this adjourned meeting a constitution was adopted, officers elected and committees for organization; literature and hospital work were appointed.

The new society held its first public meeting in the Lecture Room of Knox Church, Tuesday afternoon June 9th. Mrs. R. S. Smellie, the newly elected President occupied the chair. The gathering was large and enthusiastic.

The constitution for Home Mission Auxiliaries was considered article by article and passed. Many encouraging letters were read from those interested in the new movement and the hope expressed that the Home Mission Bands now in existence would affiliate with the General Society.

The officers of the new Society are :—Honorary President, Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark; President, Mrs. R. S. Smellie; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Cochrane; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. McCurdy; 3rd Vice-President, Mrs. Parsons; 4th Vice-President, Mrs. Thom; 5th Vice-President, Mrs. Lindsay; Rec.-Sec., Miss Inglis; Cor. Secy's, Mrs. W. E. Long and Mrs. R. F. Scott; Treas., Miss Helen Macdonald; Executive Committee—Mrs. George Gillies, Miss Caven, Mrs. Lytle, Mr. S. S. R. Hart, Mrs. Kipp, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Caswell, Mrs. McClelland, Miss Court-nay.

The next meeting will be held in Knox Church, Toronto, the second Thursday in September, and the Annual Meeting, next February, in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto.

Do not be discouraged because you are tempted. There is no sin in being tempted. Christ Himself was tempted. The sin is in yielding to temptation. According to a famous saying, “I cannot prevent foul birds from flying over my head, but I can keep them from making nests in my hair.”

Our Foreign Missions.

FROM REV. J. R. HARCOURT, MHOW,
CENTRAL INDIA.

Simla, 20th May, 1903.

Dear Mr. Scott,—

It has been a long time since I promised a few lines to the RECORD, but it has been all most impossible to write with the amount of work I have had on hand.

Mrs. Harcourt and I are now enjoying a little rest, the first since I came to the country. On our return to Mhow we expect to begin building a bungalow for ourselves to abide in.

When appointed, last August to take charge of the erection of the Boys' Orphanage at Mhow, I found two temporary shacks for orphan boys, one quadrangle almost completed and another with its walls almost up, while the foundation of the third was just laid. There were about twenty masons and ten carpenters at work, while the boys were doing all the work entailed in waiting upon these men.

To give you an adequate description of the work as it then faced me is quite beyond me. So vastly different are the ways of working in Canada and India. Sand, lime, yellow clay and bricks are all brought to you in big open-mouthed bags swung over the backs of donkeys. The sand, lime and clay are measured by the 100 square feet. The bricks and the tiles for the roofs, which are brought in carts, are all counted and put in heaps. By mixing the yellow clay and water a very slippery yet sticky sort of mortar is obtained called—*gārā*—and this is used in nearly all common buildings. In larger and stronger buildings proper lime mortar is used, but this again is not mixed as we would mix it. They dig out a large circle about twenty feet in diameter. This is bricked or stoned up till it is about one and a half feet deep. In the centre of the circle a shaft is set firmly in the ground and attached to it is a long beam or often an iron rail upon which is fastened a large thick stone wheel, part of the rail projecting beyond the stone. To this projecting piece they attach a pair of Water Buffaloes who drag the big revolving stone around and around the circular trench in which the lime, sand and water are first placed, and thus the mortar is mixed.

The making of both kinds of mortar, waiting on the masons, carrying brick and mud, the digging of foundations and trenches was the

main work of the boys for a long time, some of the larger boys from the very first were put to digging in the well. The stone was near the surface, but yet was so soft and open that the boys dug down with pick-axe to a depth of about twelve feet or more. Then the well was given out on contract to regular well-diggers. The boys also dug a great number of large holes for trees and made roads, as well as filled up the inside of the foundations for all their rooms; for you will remember that the natives have nothing but clay floors in their houses, all this work lasted for months, in fact is scarcely done yet. But you must not think that the 150 boys or there about, which are at Rusalpura, did all this work. No, they certainly did by far the most of it, but Mr. Drew's 130 boys from Mhow did no small amount of work. For Mr. Drew would bring them all out for a day and set them at a special job, and by night you knew that an army had been at work. Mr. Taylor also sent down about fifty of his boys from Indore for a couple of weeks or so, when we were almost off our feet with work. Yet the Rusalpura boys have been the coolies for the rest, to a large extent, and deserve extra attention now.

These boys, like all other boys, are, as a rule, more fond of play than down-right hard work. Yet they are not beyond doing real hard work. But they like to mix their work and play, and freedom for play was always a great incentive to work. At one time it was necessary for some of our boys to work most of the night in order to have plenty of mortar on hand for our next day's work, and the boys were always ready to work most of the dark cold night in order that they might be free to play marbles or football, or make sport of the others while at their work the next afternoon. It was amusing to watch them when on the completion of a given amount of work they were promised freedom for play. They would work like Trojans.

Once a few of the boys were sent to carry some tiles a short distance. They had worked nearly all morning quite steadily, yet, of course, in no hurry, but still there was a large amount to do, and I saw that they must work harder if they were to finish the work. So I told them that as soon as they could finish it I would let them off work. A murmur went

around, and then every one settled down as if by common consent to good hard work. No half-filled baskets now, and the slow "put-in-time" pace was quickened to almost a run. It was only eleven o'clock, and, by time for the noonday meal, the work was far from being done. I expected to see them go off for their meal and then quickly return, but no, two of their number were sent away to receive the portion due to the others and keep it for them while they redoubled their efforts. By twenty minutes after one o'clock the work was done, and with a yell the boys ran off for their food and then for play. They had done in two hours and twenty minutes what they would scarcely have finished during the rest of the day had they been left to work quietly away. Very often it was hard to keep them at work. The moment they saw your back was turned they stopped work, and perhaps until you came around again would sit and chat, but as soon as you started towards them. "The Sahib is coming" passes around and all are hard at work.

The boys, however, are quick to take up some things. Just as in football and other sports there arose one or two recognized leaders, so in almost all the branches of work there arose leaders, and, following the example of the masons and contractors, gathered a few boys about them and asked to undertake a certain portion of the work. As far as this was possible it was allowed, for it seemed to me that good-natured rivalry not only promoted the best work but also unconsciously, the work was a training school in independence and responsibility—two characteristics sadly lacking among the common people of this land.

In the midst of all their work you could never forget that they were boys, for their pranks would come out. A boy dressed in a pair of pants twice too large for him and likely got from the bazar, another wearing a paper cap on the side of his head, one lad stripped almost naked and all painted in mud and lime like a fakir, while another lad standing on a brick pile sings a comic song of his own composition to his fellows, to say nothing of all the tricks boys will play on each other, are sights you would continually be meeting. The boys enjoy a comic song, and often Mr. Drew would sit down and sing to them, keeping them all laughing while they worked.

One scene I shall never forget. We wished to continue the well work, but a large tank constructed above it was causing us a great

deal of trouble. So I decided to let the water out of the tank. The whistle was blown and soon every boy was on the spot. I gave them an hour's leisure in which to have their last swim in this pond. I will never forget the sight. Can you imagine a pond nearly twenty five yards square and about four feet deep with nearly 150 boys in it, swimming diving splashing and fighting, while some little fellows, new to the water were content to splash a little water at the bank, their eyes bulging out with excitement and a grin widening from ear to ear telling you they were unspeakably happy. But when the order was given for the bank of the pond to be broken down the scene was wilder than ever. It would have cured any dyspeptic to have seen those boys in roars of laughter, mouths wide open, puffing snorting spouting water like little fiends, tumbling over the top of one another as they threw themselves into the breach in the bung and were rolled down and out by the force of the water. In spite of the passing showers of rain I stood my ground until my sides were sore with laughter.

The water was spreading too rapidly outside and I was afraid it would go into the well, so I called the boys to carry some mud and dam its course in that direction. This was soon done. Twice it broke out and a third time it was about to break down the low mud wall when a little fellow about six summers standing by saw it. He promptly put some mud on the outside, but it was carried away at once. He stopped and looked, then carefully put his hand down into the water and plugged the hole from the inside. A smile look over his face as he viewed his work. I could not keep from patting the little chap on the head and wondered how many six year old Canadian lads would have had as much common sense.

These lads however are not without their faults and some are faults such as will take years to erase from their hearts. As everything at the begining was in a rather unsettled state there were many temptations to steal and lie. To sell a blanket, a hammer, a pickaxe, or give some food to the men working about in exchange for a few annas or even pice, would be a great temptation to any native and our boys are not saints as yet. Yes, and even those you most trusted sometimes failed you. At one time three of our blind boys disappeared at night, and when I arrived on the scene early the next morning no one knew anything of them. One strong lad had

run away and we suppose he had led these poor blind boys away, only to sell their clothing at some future time. Such things are heart-rending. Yet it is utterly impossible for the missionary to be omnipresent. Yes, the boys have their faults, but still I doubt if 150 Canadian boys would have lived through those eight months of hard work as peaceably as did these boys.

One of the hardest things to do was to devise adequate punishment for their faults. Shirking work or doing it badly would be met with more and harder work. Sometimes for faults their food was kept from them or a shorter allowance given them; a judgment passed upon them by the other boys and carried into effect by them also. A smart sting from a cane, a sharp word, a rebuke or thoughtful word to our older boys, were at times given, while twice for stealing, boys were locked up in an empty room all night without any evening meal. On one occasion one of the Masters was dissatisfied and talked a number of the boys over to his way of thinking. So they packed up early one morning and started off for Indore City. Mr. Drew however met them just outside of Indore and turning them about, told them to walk back to Rusalpura, nearly twelve miles. There was no dissent but no doubt conscience stricken they picked up their burdens. Mr. Drew took mercy on them however and gave them a little parched grain by the way. Foot sore and weary of their 24 mile tramp they crept into camp much ashamed of themselves and much to the amusement of the other boys. The Master was dismissed and no more trouble was incurred.

We are glad that Mr. Taylor and Dr. Menzies are now in full charge of the orphanage. Both being on the compound and able to see to everything personally, will, certainly make great and needed changes for the boys, especially for those who have had to bear the brunt of all the work at Rusalpura for they have had no chance to study or help themselves along. Until February the boys were compelled to walk into Mhow every Sabbath morning and evening a distance of about 3 miles. But in February Mrs. Harcourt and I moved out into the big Mission tent, and later into the office so that we might be among the boys while the Bungalow was being finished and hospital and workshops begun. Now things look much brighter and we hope for a reign of peace and prosperity under the oversight of Mr. Taylor and Dr. Menzies.

LETTER FROM REV. W. H. GRANT.

Wei Hwei, Honan, April 13, 1903.

Further reliable particulars of the disturbances in the Hwai Ch'ing prefecture have now come to hand. The rioters after looting and burning the yamen at Meng hsien, 50 li S. W. from Hwai Ch'ing, advanced toward Hwai Ch'ing city where they collected to the number of several thousands. This mob was composed of two distinct parties,—(a) *the farmers, etc.*, who were rebelling against over-taxation, (b) *the Hsiao Tao Hui* (Dagger Society), who seized this as a favourable opportunity for action.

They had posted placards declaring their purpose of looting the city of Hwai Ch'ing and afterwards destroying all foreigners. Upon the appointed day they approached the city gate; the farmers armed with brooms, the members of the *Dagger Society* armed with daggers and revolvers and with the bridges and bells of mules carried aloft upon the tops of long poles. Their approach struck great consternation into the hearts of most of the officials and people in the city, but the *chih fu* (the head official in Hwai Ch'ing) exhibited great presence of mind. He, against the advice of the *chih hsien* and other city officials, rode out without any escort to meet the rebels as they drew near the city.

Meeting them he exhorted them to desist from their unruly proceedings. When they began to pelt him with clods of earth and pieces of brick, he still stood his ground telling them that they might kill him, but that they would gain nothing by this, "if," he continued, "you have a real grievance, I shall be your leader in presenting it to the higher authorities, if however you are merely raising an uproar for nothing you shall surely suffer loss." Still continuing to exhort them, he slowly retreated toward the city; as soon as he had re-entered the city the gates were shut.

The rebels then burnt part of one of the gates, but by night all had dispersed and there was no further trouble.

The wisdom and bravery of the *chih fu* is worthy of the highest admiration, as it probably averted a disaster which would have resulted in much bloodshed.

The districts of Meng hsien and Wen hsien are still somewhat disturbed, but danger of any immediate general rising seems to have passed. Several members of the *Dagger Society* have been apprehended and executed at Wen hsien.

LETTER FROM REV. J. H. BRUCE.

Chang-te-fu, Honan, Feb. 15, '03.

Dear Mr. Geddes,—

The New Year season of feasting, visiting, fine clothes and firecrackers, which began on January 29, will continue throughout the first Chinese month, but the labouring classes can afford to observe only the first two weeks which is called the "hsiae nien" or "little year." The little year closes with a great display of fireworks and candles at the Feast of Lanterns on the fifteenth day of the first month. On this day there is what we would call at home a callithumpian procession with many acrobatic performances in the streets, and at night a great paper dragon is paraded through the streets which are ablaze with hundreds of beautiful lanterns. Dr. Leslie and myself accompanied Mr. Goforth on this evening to the city chapel. Even Mr. Goforth had no hope of securing an audience in the chapel on such an occasion. But, much to our surprise, we found the place filled with men listening to a native preacher. Others soon crowded in until there was scarcely standing room for another, and many were in the courtyard unable to enter. Speaker after speaker followed and this crowded audience remained even, when we could hear the hubbub of a procession passing on the street. We are exceedingly thankful to find this interest now awakened in the people, and we pray that many may be led into the light.

When we were returning home through the crowded streets we heard a heathen Chinese referring to the procession saying, "This surely is the worship of the Devil."

At the close of the "little year" the masses of the people, having frittered away more than all their savings, return to their toils, and immediately the fairs begin, which, with few interruptions, are continued according to a fixed program throughout the year until the next New Year season. The first great fair in Honan is that at Hsün Hsien, about 36 miles southeast of Chang-te.

We left Chang-te about 7 o'clock on Saturday morning in small passenger carts, each drawn by two mules in tandem fashion. These are more rapid than the heavy horse-carts which I have formerly described. We covered 18 miles by noon, and were glad to crawl out of the carts to stretch our limbs and shake off the thick dust and get a bowl of mien-tiao at an inn. This is a favourite Chinese dish. It is

composed of flour prepared in long strings like vermicelli and boiled in thin soup with fried eggs mixed in. It is then eaten with chopsticks. The slimy strings are not easily picked up by a new-comer, and, when he does succeed in conveying a few ends of the tangled mass to his mouth, he is greatly perplexed as to how he is ever to reach the other end.

While we were at dinner the whole town apparently gathered in the courtyard to see the foreigners. Mr. Goforth immediately began preaching to the crowd outside, and the women who came in large number to see the feet of the foreign ladies were allowed to go inside, where they, too, heard as much of the Gospel message as could be given in the few minutes at our disposal.

We reached Hsün Hsien after dark at about 8 o'clock, and found that Mr. and Mrs. Grant had come the day before and had secured an inn and small preaching chapel. The chapel is on the street and has standing room for about 50 men. In the rear across a narrow little courtyard is the inn proper, being a room about 12 feet wide and 24 feet long, with a brick floor. The lofty roof about 23 feet high at the gable is almost obscured by cobwebs. Three of the walls are plastered and have been wondrously decorated with the inscriptions and sketchings of several generations of guests. The furniture consists of a brick stove without a chimney or pipe, a small square table, two stools and two raised platforms, one at each end of the room, on which to spread our beds.

The Chinese spring has already begun, although the mornings and evenings are still quite cold, and we must wear our heavy winter garments even at the breakfast table.

The season called by the Chinese the "awakening of insects" also begins early in February, but thus far we have escaped fairly well. We have 2 candles for lights. An extra room or shed about 9 feet by 15 has been secured in the rear, and is employed as a sleeping apartment for the three ladies. They could not use this larger room as it is too public. No time was wasted in getting settled in these quarters and we are quite comfortable, except the ladies, two of whom Miss McIntosh and Mrs. Grant, have each been ill for a day and who have really no proper accommodation. Besides the ladies cannot go out during the day as the curiosity aroused in the crowds is too great.

About 15 native Christians have been selected from various towns to attend the fair and

preach. Two native Christian women also are here to assist the ladies in talking to the heathen women who come eager to see and hear.

On Sunday morning preaching was begun immediately, in the chapel or front room, and was continued there all day chiefly by native preachers. Mr. Goforth found an open square a few rods away and began preaching to the men who soon collected. He then left Mr. Grant and several helpers at this point, and proceeded to the south suburb with five other helpers. Here the crowds were denser, and we soon found an open square very favourably situated. Soon after the preaching had begun at this point and the crowd had gathered the owner of the property, of his own accord, much to our surprise, brought out a small table and several seats for the speakers, and on the following day (Monday) he gave us the exclusive use of this property for the ten days for about \$1. This was very providential, for otherwise such a square situated almost at the centre of the district occupied by the fair would have been occupied by gambling stalls and opium dens. In fact, we had not been there ten minutes before, a number of men applied for the space for gambling purposes. They succeeded in getting only a small room at the back for an opium den. The preaching is kept going both at this point and in the two halls in the west suburb from 9.30 in the morning until 5 or 6 in the evening, and the meetings are continued in the two halls after tea until between 9 and 10 o'clock. The interest is visibly growing every day, and many are convinced of the truth of the Gospel. One cultured scholar from a neighbouring town has returned each day and sits hour after hour listening to the Word. He declares emphatically that this is the true doctrine. It fills us with joy to have the privilege of thus giving forth the Word to men who have never before heard it, and we ask you to continue to wait earnestly upon the Lord in prayer asking that He will manifest Himself in great power throughout this whole region, and especially that those who have heard and have returned to their homes may be led out to be faithful witnesses each in his own district.

This town is full of interest. It is built partly upon a great rocky mound which rises out of the level plain. Its wall and buildings are better than any I have yet seen. Many memorial arches are seen over its streets, and it is noted far and wide for its temples. It is

in fact, a centre of idol worship to which pilgrims come at this time from all the surrounding district. Just outside of the south wall upon the highest point of the hill is the great temple of Lao Nai Nai, which is, literally, "Old Grandmother." Prayers are continually offered to her in the hope of obtaining male children. It is the most beautiful temple I have yet seen, and consists of a score of great buildings with many scores of idols. We saw many young men kotowing before the Lao Nai Nai and burning before her small bundles of sticks of incense. One young man left a bundle of incense burning in the front court while he entered the inner sanctuary to bow before the idol and offer his prayer. When he returned his incense was gone, having been stolen by the priest. He immediately began to revile the priest, and a great outcry was raised. But he was told that the Lao Nai Nai would accept his offering just as if it had not been stolen.

On another rocky peak, which rises 300 feet out of the plain on the side of the city, is the great temple of the 10,000 fairies. It is, in fact, a collection of temples of many deities. In one of these are thousands of small human forms, three or four inches in length, hung over all the walls and ceilings. In another is the life size figure of a man in bronze reclining naked upon a couch, and any individual diseased in any part of his body, if he touches the corresponding part of this figure, will be healed of his disease after paying so much cash to the priest. Out of the perpendicular cliff on the east side there has been carved a huge image of Buddha 85 feet high and 30 feet wide, and over this a temple 100 feet high has been built. Near by this temple are two square holes in the face of the rock about 15 feet above the roadway. Any pilgrim who succeeds in depositing a stone on the narrow ledge of one of these cavities will be sure to meet with good fortune. Many of the practices in these temples are too vile to be mentioned. In all of them the priest stands at the altar, and, as soon as a worshipper kotows (or prostrates himself), the former strikes a bell to call the attention of the idol. He then exhorts the worshipper for cash, and, if his exhortation is not heeded, he begins to revile in an angry voice. We are glad to observe that great numbers have lost confidence in the idols and are listening very attentively to the Gospel. But we are in great need of more men to carry on the work at this city and at many other cities.

WHAT BHILS SEE IN THE "DIPPER."

BY REV. J. BUCHANAN, M.D.

Everybody over in Canada has seen the group of stars known as the "Dipper" or the "Great Bear," though all have not seen the Southern Cross. The Bhils have seen and wondered at the "Great Bear." Half laughing, half ashamed, they tell us what their people have imagined these to be. From these stories we also see something of their own history read into the heavens, *e.g.*, the four stars marked in Greek A B G D, forming the body of the Dipper are to them as the old man's cot (bed). A Bhil hut does not generally have very much furniture in it. One or two earthen pots, a millstone and the inevitable cot. There is not likely a cot for each person, but there will be at least one. This is the throne for the head of the house, which he gladly surrenders if his wife (not at all down-trodden) is in need of it or if a child is sick.

It is the chair for the guest and is always brought out when a call is made, unless the visitor is an unwelcomed guest. Not to bring out a bed cot when a visitor comes would be as insulting as to refuse to offer a chair to a caller in Canada. In both cases it means, don't come again. With so many chairs in European or Canadian houses one hardly thinks much of it, but here with perhaps only one article of furniture that may be used for the welcome of a guest, a great deal is set by the cot. Hence it was very natural for the Bhils looking up at the Dipper to see in those four stars the picture of the cot, the family cot, the old man's cot.

A Bhil likes to have as part of his outfit a pair of oxen, a couple of cows with their young, a few goats, the kids being great pets with the children who fondle and caress them, pressing their faces against the shiny, smooth skin of the baby goats, and also to have some hens and a favourite cock, the only alarm clock he knows and which tells him with considerable exactness the early hours of the morning, 3, 4 and 5, which are known as the 1st, 2nd and 3rd cock crow. A well-to-do Bhil, before this cruel famine smote the land, would have larger herds, having a score or two score cattle, and add to the general stock a few buffaloes and exceptionally a pony. The poorer Bhil, on the other hand, without the much appreciated milk curds, ghee (clarified butter) and chicken, even if he cannot afford a pair of bullocks, must, in order to be of any respectability at all,

have his *one ox*, which, yoked with another poor neighbour, may be used on alternate days. The bullock means corn. During the mhowa season, and a little after, he may largely live upon the sweet mhowa blossom, and, when nature is springing into life, he may subsist on the bursting twigs, roots and young plants found by his practised eye through the jungle, he may fill out and look watery fat, but he needs corn to live out more than half his days, especially is this so when the corn is ripe and all nature after its strained growth of the rains is shrivelling up and refusing to open her hand to give.

Hence in the struggle for very life the poor Bhil wants at least one bullock. He waters it and feeds it; it licks the salt from his own bare, sweaty back as, for friendship or security's sake, he ties it to the head of his own cot. So it happens that the Bhil in all his imaginations of the bare but beloved home sees the father cot and the corn-producing ox. Accordingly at D, the fourth star in the Great Bear or Dipper, he sees in the small star there a bullock tied to the old man's cot. The picture is so beautiful to the lover of the simple people that I would fain leave it there. But, alas, it cannot be. The Bhil, perhaps, never lies down at night without the thought that before morning some Bhil thieves may run off with his means of living. Hence it is that in the three stars forming the handle to the Dipper he sees three thieves creeping along in their cunning, zigzag fashion towards the old man's cot to get the bullock. Away behind the three thieves and much less prominent, he sees a bearer of food for them, for they may have come a long way, perhaps from a neighbouring petty state. While up back at the other side of the cot is also in comparative seclusion the lookout thief. We would let the image of the cot with its dear associations ever remain with them, but we see quiet, thoughtful interest as we suggest that the three thieves are now to be considered as three sons going out from the home with the light of life for those groping in the darkness. Already they see this is being partly realized, for are there not men in Amkhut who formerly were cattle-lifters, but are now children of light bearing the light to others. God hasten the day when not only from the Amkhut cot, but from many other places in this Bhil country there may be constellations of light giving Christians who shall go forth to illumine a world darkened by ignorance and sin.

ITINERATING IN KOREA.

BY REV. ALEX. ROBB, B.A.

The map of Korea has been likened unto the picture of a rabbit sitting erect. If your imagination will enable you to see that, then the field attached to our Song Chin station is the rabbit's ear, or, in more dignified terms, Northern Ham Kyong Province, about 200 miles long and varying in width from 50 to 125 miles.

We have just returned from an interesting trip to the "farthest north" of our field with a short excursion into Manchuria and Russian Asia. The "we" in this case covers more than the ordinary editorial "we," including the beloved and venerable Elder,* Caleb-like with his strength unabated, and our worthy Doctor, † keen, alert, always ready for work and dearly loving a mind-sharpening debate, whether on deep theological problems or a point in Korean grammar, and many were the discussions that enlivened the road.

With us there were Teacher Hong, Teacher Chon, Colporteur Yi and General Assistants Pak and Hoang. Four small, tough ponies, bore bedding, clothes, food and a liberal supply of Gospels and tracts, while a fifth carried us by turns and so relieved the monotony of steady tramping.

There are many villages in this Northern Province which have never yet been visited by missionary or colporteur. We touched some of them on this trip and realized with a thrill that we were the pioneers of the Kingdom, and spoke the Gospel message to men to whom Christ was absolutely unknown. Some faithful men at home working bravely in seemingly Gospel-hardened communities will envy us a privilege of which we feel ourselves unworthy.

As I cannot attempt to give you a full account of our trip, perhaps I can best give some glimpses of it by extracts from my diary.

Saturday, April 4.

Our first day out. Tramped thirty miles in order to overtake our horses and men despatched yesterday afternoon. You must remember that the ordinary rate of travel of Korean pack-ponies is ten li or three and one-third miles per hour, so we could easily out-walk them.

April 5.

Spent the Sabbath at the town of Kil Ju. Here there are seven believers, due to the work of Colporteur Yi this year.

The first believers were Mr. and Mrs. Pyon, the host and hostess of the little inn at which we stayed. They are a fine old couple. The Christians meet at their house. The work here looks promising.

The morning was spent in Bible study with the Christians and in preaching to the heathen who gathered at the inn. The afternoon was taken up with conversations with individuals, explaining the Gospel, answering questions and meeting objections. In the evening we had another preaching service with a packed house and afterwards conversation with individuals.

The above is a sample of our Sundays on the road. Sometimes we had a street-preaching service, but usually we did not have to leave the inn to find a congregation. People kept coming and going from early morning till late at night.

April 6.

Travelled 25 miles. Passed a hot sulphur spring this morning. A Korean had built a small bathing hut, and some of our party had a bath and found it very refreshing. But afterward, when we went to its source and found that the hot, bubbling spring was a favourite spot for removing feathers and hair from slaughtered hens, dogs and pigs they did not feel so refreshed.

Only one Christian in the territory covered to-day. We visited and worshipped with him on our way.

April 7.

To-day is a holiday on which no food prepared by fire is eaten. Sometime before Christ, a good official who voiced the people's rights, incurred the hatred of a corrupt king and courtiers. He fled from court and took refuge in a wood. This was set on fire by his enemies and he perished in the flames. In his honour this day has been observed ever since.

Spent to-day at Myong Chon. It is a walled city, but most of the houses are outside the walls. The walled enclosure was occupied mainly by official buildings. We found a number of these in disrepair and some in ruins.

When the Government of Korea was somewhat reformed in 1894—though there is room

* Mr. John Grierson.

† Rev. R. Grierson, M.D.

for vast improvement yet—many of the corrupt and useless officials and their hangers-on who lived by fraud and extortion, had to remove elsewhere to seek a living. It is their deserted houses that we saw to-day.

April 13.

Kyong Song, the capital of Northern Ham Kyong. Arrived here on Friday afternoon in a rainstorm. This is also a walled town, but, unlike most other places, the wall has been kept in good repair and the upper part of it is well whitewashed, the first Korean whitewash I have seen. It is about 30 feet high on the outside and is banked on the inside with earth to within 5 or 6 feet of the top. It enclosed a space of about 200 by 400 yards, in which are the official residences and about 150 other houses. Outside the walls there are about 600 houses.

Our stay here has been spent in preaching in the inn and market-place, conversing with visitors and selling books. A man saw some boys on the street with tracts and asked what they were.

"Jesus' Doctrine Books," they answered.

"Where did you get them?"

"From three foreigners at Mr. Pyon's house near the South Gate."

So he hurried over to see us. Some time ago he had heard the Gospel from a friend, Pak, who came from Seoul and who gave him copies of the Gospels and Acts in Chinese.

For a time they kept the Sabbath and worshipped together, but Pak had moved away, and he, being alone, had gradually ceased observing the Sabbath. We exhorted him to firmly believe in Christ, to live according to the doctrine, and to seek to win others to study and worship with him. We trust that he may become a strong and active Christian.

April 14.

Before our departure from Kyong Song this morning we saw the arrival of the new Governor of this Province. He was accompanied by a long train of city and district officials who had gone out to meet him, some in chairs borne by four men, some on horseback perched on high saddles to which they clung, while servants led the horses, others on foot.

He was preceded by runners, some of whom blew trumpets, while others shouted, "Get out of the way. Go into your houses and shut the doors." Perhaps in olden times the populace retired to their houses when an official passed,

but they do it no longer though they are very obsequious to the officials who are often very arbitrary.

April 15.

We are now travelling away from the coast. Here the country is beginning to look summer-like. The grass is green and the trees are leaved out. The azaleas are in bloom on the hillsides, giving them in many places a purple tinge; but Mr. Grierson would not admit that they are as beautiful as the heather-covered hills of auld Scotland. We frequently saw ice in ravines and azaleas blooming not ten feet away.

Arrived at the walled city of Pu Pyong this afternoon and the sale of books commenced almost as soon as we reached the inn. If you had looked in on us that night or the evening before you would have seen a good sample of our evening meetings.

The guest-room in the inn is about 8 by 16 feet, and about 7 or 8 feet high. One little door opens into the kitchen and two to the outside world. In this room are your missionaries with their boxes piled in a corner, and every available foot of remaining floor-space occupied by our congregation, while the doors are blocked up by groups of men and boys.

Two flickering candles light up the scene. Fresh air is at a premium, and the heat frequently compels the removal of our coats. Curiosity has drawn them all; but while some are indifferent to the New Doctrine, others are interested and it is a joy to tell them of the Christ and look forward to the illumination of their minds and hearts by Him. John iii. 16 is a favourite text on such occasions.

After our visitors have departed, we air the room and retire to rest, for this 8 by 16 foot room is church, parlour, dining-room and bedroom. With the three foreigners on their folding cots and our five Koreans on the heated floor we fall asleep.

April 18.

At Hoi Pyong, a walled city on the banks of the Tumen River. Arrived here yesterday afternoon. The city turned out almost "en masse" to welcome us. Never before did we get such a reception; but alas! it was all a mistake. The retiring Governor of the Province had been appointed to the command of the troops on the border and was expected here yesterday afternoon.

As Korean soldiers are dressed in foreign

clothes our party was mistaken in the distance for the General and his escort.

About half a mile from the city, we were greeted with a blare of trumpets from two men, who, when we drew near, sat down on a bank and looked at us curiously. We easily guessed their mistake for we had passed the General at his last resting place.

A little farther on, a squad of soldiers, having heard the trumpeting, came at quick-step down the road. We drew aside to let them pass, and they looked at us a little sheepishly as they went by. We saw the officers hurriedly consult. Then they continued their march in order, I suppose, as the Koreans say, "to save their face." As we neared the city gate we met one or two officials on horseback who also stared at us curiously, and passed on. Our party, followed by an increasing crowd, marched solemnly through streets lined on both sides with spectators till we found an inn. The General arrived about an hour later.

To-day we sold books on the streets. Last night and this evening we had the usual meeting at the inn. Among our visitors were a number of the soldiers stationed here.

April 20.

Monday.—Yesterday besides the usual gatherings at the inn we had two open air meetings at both of which the crowd listened well. During our street preaching, both on Saturday and Sunday, we saw a woman, who by her loud talking had betrayed an unbalanced mind. But she bought a book and loudly proclaimed that her son was a Jesus' believer. This is possible, as a French Catholic missionary has visited here. He is said to have a number of converts among the settlers on the other side of the river.

As we left the city this morning this woman followed us. Outside of the East Gate were a number of small devil-posts, marking spots where certain spirits are honoured. She rushed at these, tore them from the heaps of stones supporting them, and flung them far into a neighbouring field. Poor woman, her clouded mind had perhaps grasped a little of the truth that there is but one God who alone should be worshipped. Would that she could grasp the truth fully! And would that a similar hatred of devil-worship might seize all the Korean people if it were only inspired by knowledge of Good!

April 22.

For the past two days and to-day we have been travelling down the bank of the swift-flowing Tumen. Yesterday we passed through the town of Chong Song and to-day through On Song. Our stock of over 400 Gospels, Testaments and Tracts is all sold except a few Chinese Testaments and three or four of the highest priced Korean Testaments. We pray that from this seed a great harvest may be gathered.

To-morrow we will cross into Manchuria on our way to Possiet Bay, from which place our Koreans will return overland while we will return by steamer via Vladivostock.

GLIMPSES OF MANCHURIA AND RUSSIAN ASIA.

April 23.

Our first day in Chinese territory. Crossed the Tumen this morning. We had to swim the horses across while we and our goods were carried over in a dug-out canoe. The country through which we passed to-day has a rich soil, very little of which is being cultivated. We saw very few houses. Each house is surrounded by a high wall of baked mud. We saw one of the very heavy two-wheeled carts, the axle of which revolves with the wheels. It was drawn by two bulls and a horse.

About mid-day we came out on a good road, the main road running up to the heart of the Empire. This afternoon we met a caravan of twenty-six heavy four-wheeled Russian carts drawn by from two to four horses, with Chinese drivers and an escort of Russian soldiers. They were heavily laden with grain for Russian garrison up-country. We passed a Russian fort and saw the ruins of many inns destroyed by the Russians at the time of the Boxer movement.

April 24.

At the large Chinese city of Hun Chun. Last night was our first experience of a Manchurian inn. The guest-room is a large barn-like place about 18 by 40 feet. A passage about 6 feet wide runs from the doorway down the length of the room. On each side of it and at its farther end the floor is raised about 2½ feet, covered with split reed mats and heated in Korean fashion. There is an open fireplace for heating water in the middle of the room. Smoke from the kitchen also finds an easy entrance. Everything is blackened by smoke and covered with dust. A Korean inn will

seem cosy and home-like after this. We were told that there were many Koreans living in this city, but there are very few. We have only seen five or six.

As we went along the street this morning we noticed a merchant at a stall reading a book, and recognized it as a Chinese Testament. We spoke to the reader, but the spoken language of China and Korea bear about the same relation to each other as English and German.

But, while Chinese, Koreans and Japanese cannot understand one another's speech, they can read the same Chinese characters. So one of our teachers communicated with him by writing, and he wrote that he was a Christian; that there were about twenty Christians here and that they had a church. Dr. Grierson and some of our Koreans went with him and met some of his fellow-believers.

This evening eight or ten of the Christian men called at our inn. We learned that a missionary from Mukden visits them, but he is not able to come often. They were glad of the opportunity to buy six of our few remaining Chinese Testaments.

April 25.

Before leaving Hun Chun this morning we called at the little Christian Church to say good-by to some of the Christians who had gathered there. We sang together, "God be with Us till We meet Again," they in Chinese and we in Korean. Then we bowed together in prayer and departed, having enjoyed real Christian fellowship with them, although we spoke not the same tongue.

The spiritual glow on the face of their leader reminded both the Doctor and myself of the countenance of one of the most zealous and devoted of our Canadian ministers. We look forward to the great gathering from "all peoples and kindred and nations and tongues."

There is a large Russian garrison in Hun Chun. The Bear seems to have no intention of lifting his paw from Manchuria. A German-speaking officer yesterday showed us the field outside of the city wall where, after the suppression of the Boxers, captured insurgents were beheaded at the rate of ten a day for some months. Ghastly relics of human bones, hair and wooden shackles still mark the spot.

We crossed the frontier this afternoon and are now in Russian Asia. We are quartered to-night in a Korean inn on the outskirts of a scattered Korean settlement. To-morrow, being Sunday, will be spent here.

April 27.

Arrived at Possiet Bay this evening after a somewhat exciting day. This morning our Koreans, who were ahead of us with our pack-horses, were stopped on the road by three mounted patrolmen who opened and examined our boxes.

On arriving at Novo Kieffsk we found the police and customs officials much excited. Through a Korean interpreter they said we had been making maps and implied that we were spies. This was based on the fact of our having spent a short time yesterday on a hill-side reading together the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John.

They searched our boxes thoroughly and did not seem satisfied when they found nothing incriminating. If it had not been for our passports from the British Minister at Seoul, endorsed by the Russian Minister to Korea with permission to visit Eastern Siberia, we would probably have rested in a Russian jail until they had made enquiries about us. But as these were without flaw they reluctantly let us depart.

This evening our baggage was again examined by the customs officers at Possiet. We are only seven hours by steamer from Vladivostock, whither we go to-morrow, taking with us the two teachers and sending the rest of the party home over land, a ten days' trip.

April 29.

Arrived in Vladivostock yesterday. The authorities of Novo Kieffsk had telegraphed to the Chief of Police here their suspicions of us. But he was a man of some common sense and merely asked to see our passports, apologizing for troubling us. Apparently he had not a very high opinion of the intelligence of some of the border officials, and we cordially agreed with him.

Vladivostock is a large and rapidly growing city. Most of the houses are of brick and cement. We were told that the majority of these have been built within the last ten years. We are staying in a Korean inn in the Korean settlement on the outskirts of the city, a very squalid place.

April 30.

Mr. Schwabe, the British Commercial Agent here, told us that the Russian authorities had been much exercised about us. It seems that after we left Song Chin relations between Japan and Russia had become rather strained over some dispute in Korea. Novo Kieffsk and

Possiet are almost entirely military stations, and an order had been issued that no civilian may visit them without a special permit from the Governor of Primorsk.

It is reported that some Japanese have been arrested as spies. It is on this account that they have displayed such an interest in us. Deputy police officials have visited our inn to make inquiries about us. There is altogether too much officialdom here to suit Canadians. We do not take kindly to such paternal government. Mails are not delivered till twenty-four hours after their arrival so that the censor may have time to examine them. Newspapers are often held much longer than that and then are delivered with paragraphs blotted out. All persons desiring to leave the port must get a permit to do so. Steamer Agents would be fined if a person without a permit had been given passage on one of their boats.

May 1

The steamer by which we expected to leave here has run aground about 30 miles up the coast. A small steamer has gone to bring the passengers and cargo and will continue the trip in place of the wrecked boat, so we will get passage on it.

We have had many Korean visitors at our inn, to whom we have expounded the Gospel. There are some thousands of Koreans here, but the population is continually changing. Some are members of the Greek Church, but of course only those who understand Russian can get any benefit from the Church services. Most of the Koreans here are as ignorant of Christianity as when they left home.

We find that Vladivostock is by no means the El Dorado for Koreans as has been reported in their own country. They hear of high wages and flock here only to find that living expenses are also high, that they have to pay many taxes, that almost the only work open to them is the lowest coolie work and that the labor market is overcrowded. Many are living from hand to mouth. We saw coolies on the wharves fighting for the carrying of travellers' luggage that they might earn a few cents. We are glad to know the condition of Koreans here so that in future we will know how to answer those who ask for advice about coming here.

May 4

Song Chin. Arrived home this afternoon and found the congregation and our households, of whom we had not a word of news for the past month, all "at peace" as the Koreans say.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. ANNAND.

Tangoa, Santo.

A sad event happened here not long ago which cast a shadow over us. Mrs. H. C. Browne, a strong and healthy young white woman, who arrived here only last Christmas to join her husband, lost her life through eating poisonous fish.

On a Sunday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Browne came over to Tangoa, both of them being seriously ill. We saw that Mrs. Browne's condition was very critical, so we at once sent away two of our students for Dr. Bowie, who was then on the west side of Santo at Tasiriki with his brother.

The Doctor reached us on Tuesday evening, but too late; the poison had already produced its deadly effects. Septic fever had set in, and she passed away on Thursday afternoon.

This is an emphatic warning against eating fish caught in these waters, unless they are commended by the natives; for many of our fish are unfit for food.

The new white settlers have been undergoing some of the inevitable effects of our island climate. Fever has been among them, and all have suffered somewhat from it. In the first week of this month we had over twelve inches of rain; and since that the mosquitoes have flourished amazingly.

However the labor question is troubling our neighbours more than fever and mosquitoes combined. The bush natives of South Santo will work for rifles, ammunition, and dynamite, when they will work for nothing else. Giving these is prohibited by British laws, but not by the French. Consequently numbers of these men go past the British settlers some ten or twelve miles to the French, and work for them.

Every month companies of men and boys pass Tangoa on their way to and from the French planters. Two days ago about thirty passed homeward with their ball cartridges and dynamite. The latter they use for killing fish in the rivers, and the former for killing pigs and people.

The British colonist cannot get these men to labour for him because he cannot give the payment demanded. No wonder then that he is dissatisfied with the dual French and English control of the group. He sees his French neighbour getting all the labourers with payment that he is forbidden to give; while his maize is wasting for want of harvesting. Week after week he waits in vain for men to enable him to work his splendid estate. Dual control, with diverse laws for each nation, is an anomaly, and a grievance. Let one code of laws be applied to all settlers and traders here, and then the chief cause of friction will disappear. Among the Christian natives these diverse laws are little noticed, because they rarely use these contraband goods.

Young People's Societies.

TOPICS FOR AUGUST.

THE STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.

BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIANS.

BY REV. JOHN A. LOGAN, EBURNE, B.C.

The work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada among the Indians of British Columbia is confined to the west coast of Vancouver Island. There are about 26,000 Indians located on reserves in all parts of the province of B. C., the greater number of whom receive attention from the churches of one or other denomination.

The earliest mission on the west coast of Vancouver Island was established in 1874 by a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and, in a desultory way, has ever since been continued. Their work seems to be more ceremonial than educative, and the priests evince greater anxiety to baptize the children than to break the bread of life to the people.

BEGINNINGS OF OUR WORK.

After some weeks of exploration on the west coast in 1891 the Rev. J. A. MacDonald fixed upon Alberni as a suitable place at which to establish a mission. Alberni village is beautifully situated at the head of the Alberni Canal, which penetrates from the coast to the heart of Vancouver Island. At this point, and not far from each other, are two tribes of Indians on their reserves—the Seshats and Opitchesahts. Among these the missionary began his work.

Not understanding either the native language or Chinook he addressed the people as best he could through an interpreter. A day school was opened and taught by a sister of the missionary who had joined him in the work, but was soon compelled, through failing health, to retire from the field, leaving a reputation for rare devotion to the cause in which she was deeply interested.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

It is now generally conceded that if efficient work is to be done among Indian children, it must be done through the agency of boarding and industrial schools. If the young are to be civilized and Christianized they must be separated from the influences which surround them in their homes.

Again, many of the Indians (men and women) are away from home nearly half of the year, either sealing on the North Pacific or fishing at the Fraser River or up the coast, and many of these are pleased to leave their children in the school where they will be cared for in their absence.

The beginning of the second year's work witnessed the opening of a home for girls at Alberni, which was soon enlarged to take in the boys also, and which has grown until at present it has 26 boys and 17 girls.

The first matron was Miss Lister, who entered enthusiastically upon her work, but after a few months of devoted labour was called to her rest and reward.

Others succeeded to the charge of the home, building upon the foundations already laid, until, in 1899, the present principal and matron, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Motion, were appointed, and are being assisted by Miss Smith and Miss Cameron as teachers. At this school the children have always had the advantages of a Christian home.

At the outset there were prejudices in the Indian mind against allowing their children to reside at the home, but soon these objections were overcome, and now they are glad to send them. Here they enjoy benefits which even yet are not appreciated to the full.

The children receive a liberal common school education. They are taught the truths of the Bible on Sabbath and week day, committing verses of Scripture and the Catechism, while on Sabbath the regular lesson is taught, our own Helps being used.

Last year there were reported in home Sabbath-School 5 teachers, 46 pupils, 41 in home department, 14 studying the Shorter Catechism and 18 Carson's Catechism, 1 receiving diploma, 2 were communicants, \$14.25 given to the Schemes, \$6 collected on Children's Day, \$4.60 for other purposes, in all \$24.85.

There is also the domestic department with which the teachers are much encouraged. The girls are instructed in household affairs, such as cooking, baking bread, washing, ironing, knitting, sewing, etc., in all of which they make wonderful progress and take a lively interest.

Connected with the Institution is a small farm of 16 acres, and there is the prospect of having, in the near future, the whole ranch, 176 acres, to which this plot originally belonged. Under the direction of Mr. McKee (1892) the boys were taught the rudiments of farming, and assisted in gardening, cutting wood, planting fruit trees and the work usually done about such institutions. This farm not only affords instruction to the boys, but is a kind of model for the Indians both as to style of buildings and work, and will eventually be a source of income to the mission.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE WORK.

In 1893 Mr. MacDonald, the founder of the mission, was, owing to ill-health, compelled to retire, after over two years of hard and faithful toil. He was succeeded by Mr. M. Swartout, who, with his wife and two children, reached Alberni the 17th February, 1894. During the first year of service Mr. Swartout continued the work already begun, at the same time acquiring a knowledge of the native language and Chinook, with both of which he is now familiar.

Early in 1895 he pushed his way northward along the Barclay Sound for 50 miles and located at Ucluelet, whither Mr. McKee had gone a few months previously. This was new ground, not even a priest ever having been here. Arrangements were soon made and a day school opened, conducted by the missionary until the arrival of Mr. J. W. Russell in May, who remained for six months and then went on to Ahousaht. Miss Armstrong was appointed to the school, and Mr. Swartout in 1896 opened a mission at Dodger's Cove among a tribe called Ohiahts, where alone he remained three years, but the appointment of Mr. McKee to this point in 1899 left him free to itinerate and carry on his work among the older Indians.

Mr. Swartout in the meantime has been translating catechism, hymns and parts of Scripture into the Indian language. These translations have been helpful in the work, especially among the aged.

In addition to the tribes mentioned he has laboured among the Toquahts and How-chucklesahs, small bands which can be reached from the central mission points. During the fishing season Mr. Swartout usually accompanies the Indians to the Fraser River. This is very necessary, as his presence has a restraining influence upon them where they are ex-

posed to all forms of vice, and they can also have the benefit of the regular services.

AHOUSAHT.

Mr. Russell, as has been intimated, was located at Ahousaht (where are 300 Indians) at the close of 1895, where he has remained ever since. He, with Mrs. Russell, have bravely persevered in the work there. A day school was started, at which the missionary devoted much of his time, and in 1900 Miss McNeil was appointed assistant. Sabbath services were conducted. In the early days of the mission a Sabbath-School was organized.

Lacking a suitable building, and knowing the absolute necessity of a boarding-school, Mr. Russell has taken some 25 children in his own home and the adjoining school-room in order that they may have the benefit of industrial and Christian training. The request has been made, and it is hoped that a well-equipped boarding-school will soon be provided.

NATURE OF THE WORK.

The work of our missionaries on the coast is varied and difficult. The 17 tribes are scattered over a distance of 200 miles, are nomadic in their habits, and for several months annually the most of them are away fishing or sealing.

The missionary requires exceptional qualification. A knowledge of the dialects of the different tribes or of the Chinook—which is universal—is essential. He must be day and Sabbath-School teacher, preacher and evangelist. Some knowledge of medicine and nursing is indispensable in order to minister to the wants of the sick, and counteract the wild superstition and vagaries of the people toward the "Indian medicine man." He requires to be carpenter and farmer, not only for the purpose of assisting and overseeing the buildings required for the mission, but that he may give instruction to the Indians under his charge. He requires a vast store of resources in dealing with the ignorant, semi-civilized and prejudiced native, and with the lawless practices and unscrupulous tactics of whites which often confront him, and, withal, unbounded confidence in his work and in the Master who has called him to it.

HINDRANCES.

The hindrances met with are common to all the missionaries, although there are local drawbacks as well.

Language.—A difficult tongue; a species of word-sentence language, full of idioms, difficult

of pronunciation, unwritten, and broken up by numerous dialects and sub-dialects. Nearly all, however, understand the Chinook.

Superstition.—There is a deep-seated belief in witchcraft. Fear of evil spirits is universal. The missionary in ordinary conversation or in addresses has to be guarded, or he will unwittingly use some word that will, on account of a childish superstition, awaken hostility.

Conservatism.—Social and religious customs are intertwined and the people strenuously object to dropping them. Their hopes are all in the past, and whatever interferes with ancient customs or practices is suspiciously regarded. The Indian centres all his hopes on this life, and estimates all things in the light of present temporal prosperity.

Location.—Most of the tribes are on islands and almost inaccessible points. These are only reached by water, and in stormy seasons travelling is both difficult and dangerous.

"Potlatches."—The custom of giving "potlatches" (feasts and gifts) prevails, and associated therewith is the tribal or wolf dance. During these festivities all is excitement and tumult, and the whole work of the missionary is interrupted.

Whiskey.—This is the greatest difficulty. Perhaps we do not sufficiently comprehend it. There are a few Indians who do not drink, but very few, and it is doubtful if there would be any but for the work of the missionary. Indians are but children in intellect, and have—nearly all of them—men and women—the taste for intoxicants. Contact with the coasting vessels and the work of smugglers has made it easy for their getting liquor, but year by year the influence of the missionaries and the better administration of law are preparing the way for complete sobriety among the Indians.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

Education.—Schools are established at four points, and many of the growing youths are able to read and write. The darkness of superstition must go down before the clearer light of civilization. Already some hoary-headed superstitions have fallen, and in regard to many others there are signs of weakening.

Gospel Preached.—Indians are beginning to know what Christianity is. The good news is finding its way among many of the tribes. The foundations are being laid. Several have already started upon a new and better life, and there is a growing respect for the doctrines which make wise unto salvation.

Great Improvement in Sobriety and Morality.—There has been a great change for the better in the habit of liquor drinking. The coast is not what it once was. Sabbath is fairly well observed. There is a vast improvement in the family relations. The family is now quite a respectable institution. A few years ago it barely existed.

Converts.—The missionaries are beginning to reap what they have sown in the attitude of those who have received the Gospel. At Alberni there have been 8 or 10 baptisms and several converts. Up the coast one convert became a faithful evangelist until his death. Among the other tribes there are about a dozen whose lives testify to the saving doctrine of grace.

Such, then, in merest outline, is a sketch of our work among the west coast Indians, with some of its lights and shadows, and I may add that the present tendency and present need of the work is that which relates to the boarding-school. The Indians themselves are asking for it, asking for such schools on their own reserves that their children may have the advantage of that education and training which is so lacking in their homes.

I may conclude with a few lines from one of our missionaries: "The future looks bright. We have laboured long and . . . hope to see the fruit. The other day I received a letter from one of my (Indian) pupils in which he says: 'May God bless the work in the West Coast, and may the time soon come when they will know the Way, the Truth and the Life. We thank Him, for He has guided us and helped us with our work. May the grace of God be with you. I sent my love to you and Mrs. — and your little girl, also we committing the Scripture verse. Your friend, Klatsawa George.'"

Earnestness of purpose, expressed in manner and evidenced in deed, is the secret of success in life's temporalities. The same characteristic manifested in Christian activity would lead up to fuller spiritual experience and be productive of a more abundant harvest.

The way of the transgressor is hard in that he is constantly crossing over the purposes and will of God. Conformity unto God's plan makes life brighter and sweeter and happier, and fills one with a consciousness of duty well done.

CHINESE MISSIONS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY REV. J. LOGAN, ELBURN, B.C.

During the construction days of the C.P.R., and the excitement attending the discovery of gold in early days, quite a number of Chinese were drawn to this province in the hope of bettering their condition. Up to the time of the census of 1901, which returned 8,910 Chinese, they were to be found chiefly in the centers of population and along the line of the C.P.R. Since that time they have spread all over the province, engaging in all occupations, and have increased to the number of 14,869.

It is not our object to discuss the effect of such a large body of Chinese upon the material and moral future of this province or the legislation attempted to lessen the numbers coming in. On such matters there may be difference of opinion, but there is only one verdict as to the church's duty towards those who *have* come—the strangers within our gates and it is for this; that the following study is presented.

The question of work among the Chinese was brought for the first time before the church by a memorial from the Presbytery of Columbia—which at that time included the whole of British Columbia—urging the Assembly (1888) to take the matter into consideration, and make arrangements for inaugurating the work. The Assembly approved of the proposed action and remitted the whole matter to the F. M. Com. of the Western Division of the church. This committee, through correspondence, made several attempts to start the work.

In the meantime, Chinese schools were opened at Victoria and Donald; churches were recommended to organize such wherever it was possible, the Committee would endeavour to find a suitable person to superintend the whole work, and in 1892 reported the appointment of Rev. A. B. Winchester. His coming marks the real beginning of the work.

Mr. Winchester arrived in the province and proceeded to San Francisco to examine into the methods and work done there. Returning he opened a school at Victoria on June 9, 1892. He was assisted by Mr. J. C. Coleman, who speaks Cantonese fluently and is much devoted to the work.

Visible results were not apparent from the first year's labour, although the toil of the missionary was incessant. The week evening

school was attended by an average of 24. Some literature was distributed; impressions made which will help to remove prejudices against missionary and religion; "perchance seeds of truth may awaken a hint of the soul's need, and desires which can only be satisfied at the Cross of Christ."

In his second report to the Assembly, Mr. Winchester tells of the extension of the work at different points—at Vancouver, Westminster, Union, Wellington, Nelson and Kaslo. Most of these places were visited by himself and Mr. Coleman, Tracts were distributed, addresses given, and efforts made to interest the churches in the welfare of the Chinese within their bonds. Reference is made to the help given by C. E. Societies, and by consecrated men and women.

In the following year (1895) Mr. Winchester was granted leave of absence to visit China to pursue his study of the language. On his return he brought with him what he had been longing for, a native preacher. Mr. Ng Man Hing, a graduate of the American Presbyterian Theological School of Canton, a man spoken of as a devoted, faithful Christian worker, and a good preacher. With the staff thus increased, greater results were hopefully entertained.

Especial reference is made of the encouraging work carried on at Union. Mention is made of the efforts of Mr. B. C. Randell, a laborer, who started the work there, and not being able to give his time to it, brought Mr. S. W. Hall from Victoria to teach the Chinese, and paid all the expenses.

From that day to the present Mr. Hall has remained at Union, and amid the ups and downs which are common to mining camps has persevered, often in the face of difficulties which would have completely discouraged a man of less firmness of character and strength of faith.

It may be mentioned here, that some miles from the city of Victoria is Darcy Island, where the Chinese lepers are isolated. This island is difficult of access, yet our missionaries pay frequent visits to the hopeless residents, carrying with them tracts and Testaments and speaking to them of the Christ who can cure the leprosy of sin. It is hoped, that the message of Grace to these invalids has not been in vain. Work among the Chinese at the canneries was also begun this year (1895). The canneries (about 35 in number) are located at or near the mouth of the Fraser River, and

give employment in the season to about 5,000 Chinese.

Steveston is the headquarters of the business and is as cosmopolitan a place as can be found anywhere. Swede, Indian, Kanaka, Jap, Russian, Chinese, German and many other nationalities have their homes there for several months each year to the number of 9,000 or 10,000 souls.

Here the missionaries visit boarding-houses, gambling dens, opium joints, stores, shacks etc., and speak to men whenever they can be reached. While there are many obstacles and difficulties, yet the work is hardly fruitless.

In 1896, we began to see visible fruits of the years of faithful and laborious toil which preceded it. Contributions made by the Chinese to help on their own work amounted to \$89.50. For the first three years no baptisms are reported; the fourth year, one, but the fifth year eleven, baptisms, 3 at Victoria, 2 at Vancouver and 6 at Union. Besides these there were 9 members at different points, some of whom were received from other branches of the Presbyterian Church.

Speaking of encouragements, Mr. Winchester mentioned the gratifying attendance at all our schools, and the apparent deeper interest on the part of the number of our scholars and the cordial sympathy of the ministers of our church.

The report submitted to the Assembly for the year 1899, indicates continued and active service. Special efforts were made on the part of the Chinese to help on their own work. With commendable zeal they undertook to raise funds to assist Ma Seung while pursuing his studies at Canton, and to support Lo Cheung, who was laboring at New Westminster, and for other purposes. The total amount raised was \$631.

With Ma Seung, the writer was well acquainted, and remembers while at Union, his efforts to break away from the religion and customs of the Chinese.

He was a clever lad and fluent speaker, and having once espoused the cause of Christ, he gave promise of much usefulness. These early expectations have been already verified, for having completed his course in Canton, he is now one of our most zealous labourers in the city of Victoria.

This year '99 is notable for the organization of a Chinese Presbyterian Church, the first in Canada. By authority of the Presbytery of Vic-

toria, it was organized January 22, 1899, and appropriately called the First Presbyterian Chinese Church. It began with a membership of 14. Besides these there were 4 members at Vancouver and 5 at Union.

Mr. Winchester, accompanied by Mr. Coleman, visited the principal parts of the interior of the Province. This was an itinerancy to which they had been looking forward for some time.

Eighteen places were visited, and large numbers of the Chinese heard the Gospel for the first time.

Later on in the year, nearly the same ground was covered by Mr. Coleman and Man Hing, and both visits gave cause for good results. It was felt that the time had come for the appointment of one, who could speak the Chinese, to labour in this District.

In 1900 several changes affecting the work occurred. The mission suffered a severe loss by the removal of Mr. Winchester to another sphere of labour. For eight years he had laboured among the Chinese, earnestly and faithfully. He had won the entire confidence of those for whom he spared no pains, and was highly esteemed in the Churches throughout the Province.

Man Hing was transferred to Nelson to carry on the work began there during the missionary tours.

Ma Seung—whom reference has been made—returned, and was located at Victoria, and the work has been continued as before at the several missions.

The report for the year just closed speaks of the cause at Victoria as very satisfactory. The evening school is one limited by the size of the Hall in which it is held. Ma Seung does faithful work in teaching and preaching. Miss Gunn, who is studying the Cantonese, visits the Chinese women and assists at the school.

Volunteer teachers from the churches render good service. Five names were added to the communion, and two inducted into the Eldership, so that the First Chinese Church has its own Session, with the newly appointed superintendent, Rev. A. Ewing, moderator.

At Vancouver Mr. Coleman has laboured for the greater part of the year, but has recently been released, so that he may do itinerating work at points from Chilliwack to the mouth of the Fraser River.

Man Hung has been removed to Vancouver, leaving the work at Nelson in capable hands.

The mission at Vancouver has been removed to a better quarter and a much more suitable building. The attendance has increased and the outlook is very encouraging. Two more baptized on confession of faith, which brings the number up to 8, earnest and faithful young men.

At Union Mr. Hall still holds the fort single-handed. In the midst of many discouraging features he still pursues his daily task of visiting the sick, distributing tracts, talking and preaching to the Chinese in their own tongue the wonderful works of God.

Rev. A. Ewing has been appointed to superintend the whole work, and has only recently entered upon his duties. He brings with him a high ideal of missionary service, an earnestness of purpose and strong faith in the Master who has called him. He has already visited many of the centres of Chinese population, and it is to be hoped that the work already so well begun will, under his guiding hand, be carried on with ever-increasing prosperity.

Work among the Chinese is difficult and usually very discouraging. It may be said to have a maximum of difficulty with a minimum of encouragement. With the exception of those, who have been in the country for years, they are quite ignorant of our language and often as ignorant of their own. So difficult is the language of China that only an expert can hope to become familiar with it.

The Chinese are nomadic, wandering about from place to place with the hope of getting into something more remunerative. Within a few months the attendance at school is quite changed.

The gambling propensity is very strong. Generally speaking, the Chinaman is a gambler. He is also cursed with the opium habit. These and other evils are fostered by their being huddled together in some corner of the city or village known as Chinatown.

He has also a certain pride of country and religion, or we may better call it superstition—the outward and visible sign of which is his queue—which is guarded with zealous care. He has a good deal of contempt for much he sees about him in this land, yet he easily falls into the habits of the people, especially the evil habits.

With him all white men are “Christian,” and he may be pardoned if he fails to discriminate between the good and the bad. Usually he is located in the vilest part of the city and sees the worst features of life. The

people for whom he works have, in many cases, little sympathy with Christianity and none for him.

It can readily be seen that the work of the missionary is of the most difficult and trying kind.

On the other hand, there are redeeming features—some bright spots. The Chinese are anxious to learn and many of them are exceedingly clever, and, through this desire, they may be led to learn of the Saviour. When once they know the missionary they are kind and loyal to him. Usually they will listen with attention and respect.

When once they have broken with their old ways and embraced religion they remain steadfast and unmoveable. Such a step means much to them—it means the curses of all their friends and relations—a cutting off from every member of the family. It means the giving up of all they have ever held as dear and sacred. When once they are saved they are anxious to lead their associates to Christ.

Pray for our missionaries, pray also for the converted Chinese and Indians, for they have temptations of which we know nothing, and pray that those who are still in the region and shadow of death may soon be brought into the freedom of the children of God.

OPPOSITES IN CHINESE

One of our missionaries in Honan writes:—

1. A barbor strops his razor by turning it over on its face instead of on its back.
2. The Chinese use mats on the ceiling instead of on the floor.
3. They do not wear their ties around their necks, but around their ankles.
4. Women ride horseback astride.
5. Ships are launched sideways.
6. Women wear trowsers, no skirts, and short upper garments, while men wear long gowns and long hair.
7. Young men frequently wear a kind of bangs, while women have their hair pulled out in front.
8. The roof of a house is frequently built before the foundation.
9. A book is read from above downwards and from right to left.
10. Writing is done with a brush, held at right angles to the paper.
11. A sick person is dressed up in all his finery just before he dies.
12. Delicacies and sweets are often eaten at the beginning of a meal instead of at the end.
13. Wines are drunk hot instead of cold.

World Wide Work

AN EVENING WITH A CHINESE MANDARIN.

BY REV. C. R. HAGER, D.D., HONGKONG.

Visiting an entirely new region of the Kwangtung Province, I took occasion to call upon the District Magistrate and to pay my respects to him.

After the usual greetings, we were seated at a centre table, the Magistrate occupying the most humble place, while I sat on his left (the seat of honour) and my catechist on the right. As the mandarin had already received my card, there was no need of a formal introduction, so I proceeded at once with the business that had called me there.

"Your honour, I have called here to-day to inform you that we have rented a shop in the southern suburbs of this city for the purpose of preaching Christianity, and I should be pleased if your honour would issue a proclamation warning the people not to interfere with our work," I said.

"Oh!" replied the Magistrate, "the people are very ignorant and rude in these parts, and they will not listen to your instruction. I am sure, if you knew the character of the common people you would not come here to propagate your honourable religion."

At this rejoinder I could not help smiling, while I said: "Are you aware, my dear sir, that the propagation of Christianity comes within treaty regulation?"

To this he had nothing to say, but tried to evade the whole question by saying that the people were too low to listen to such truths.

I then handed him a subscription book for our Scientific College, wherein he read the Viceroy's preface and casually noted that a dozen or more Chinese officials had already contributed to our institution. At this he became quite conversational and commenced to ask a great many questions.

"You are a citizen of the United States or the 'Beautiful Kingdom?'" he said. "Your country is a very noble and honourable one and our relations with you have always been pleasant."

At this I nodded, thinking, however, of the constant irritation there between the Chinese of America and certain of our citizens.

"How long will it take to reach your country from China?" he asked.

"One month; or three weeks if the steamers are on trial speed," I replied.

He seemed to marvel a little, and then he informed me that he had read of Washington,

our first President, whom he liked to his own great ancestral Emperors, Iao and Shun, two of the most famous Emperors of China. But when I told that Washington, after being the commander of our armies and after filling the office of President for eight years, went to his own farm and spent the remainder of his life as a tiller of the soil, he was even more astonished, for a Chinaman never thinks he can do manual labour again after occupying an official position. He was quite nonplussed when I told him that our present President cut down trees and chopped wood.

"This," I said by way of explanation, "they do, not because they are poor but because they believe that muscular exercise is good for the body and mind."

Whether my auditor took in the force of this statement I do not know, but he would probably have comprehended my meaning better if I had told him whether they more or less frequently indulged in the opium pipe.

Continuing my remarks, for I thought it a good opportunity to enlighten his mind a little in regard to our customs and contrast them with China's antiquated ones: "Our officials mingle with the people, and when they go abroad they do not go in closed chairs as the Chinese do."

Our students and *literati*, when war occurs, are among the first to join the army and fight the nation's enemy." At this statement his eyes opened still wider to think that a Chinese literary man would ever put on a soldier's knapsack or carry a gun. "This is because our people love their country and are willing to die for it. It is the love they bear their country which compels them to sacrifice their lives."

"This is not so in China," he said. "The people care little for their country and the gentry are never willing to take up arms in behalf of the government. China's officials are not loved by the people, and we must always treat common people with great severity in order to be able to govern them. Your people are better than ours, and hence the rulers have an easy task to govern them, but we must use the strongest measures to suppress our people."

"There is one way to reform China," I said.

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"Teach the people the principles of Christianity, open chapels in every city and market."

At this he winced a little, but made no reply.

Continuing, I said: "You mean to rule the people by force and subjugate their bodies, but you do not reform men's hearts. Christianity not only changes a man's reasoning but also a man's heart, and when you have conquered that you have conquered the man."

This was not a strange philosophy to him, for Confucius had already said much the same about correcting the heart. But the Chinese are very slow to apply the principle, and not one of their leading men would ever think that Christianity had such power.

"You seek," said I, "to reform men by the rod, while I use nothing but the truths of Christianity, which have power to convert the soul."

"Yes," he remarked, "You teach the people to do right and so do I."

At which I sighed mentally, for when a Chinese official is fairly caught in an argument he simply says: "It is very much as we also do," or "Every nation has its own laws and customs." How often have I felt chagrined at the obtuseness of the Chinese mind when trying to make it see the universality of a certain truth, when some one would reply: "Oh, this may be very well for you, but not for us. We live in China and you are of the West."

At this point the Magistrate asked me whether we had the same heaven, sun, moon and stars in America as they had in China.

"Yes," said I, glancing at the same time across where one of our members stood, his face wrinkled with laughter. Secretly I could not avoid smiling, but, then, it was not the first time that the question had been asked. A little bit of travel would be an excellent thing for most of the Chinese officials. It would impart to them more real knowledge than any Confucian Hall.

"Are you aware what is the shape of the earth?" I asked.

"We always regarded the earth as level," replied he. "But your books teach that the shape of the world is round. Can you give any reasons for this?"

Whereupon I mentioned several proofs of the rotundity of the earth. Continuing, I asked him what Chinese philosophy had to say in reference to the creation of the earth. He replied, as the most superstitious of the people might have done, "Pan Ku-wong, the first Emperor, is supposed to have chiselled the earth out of chaos."

"Impossible," I said. "The world was made by the God we preach. It is to change

these false beliefs that we are desirous of opening a chapel in your city. Pan Ku was only a mythological deity, who is said to have laboured 18,000 years in the construction of this earth, for which he afterwards died."

"Has the plague or cholera reached your honour's district?" I then asked.

"No," replied he. "There is an ancestor of high repute here called the Sixth Ancestor, who has protected the people against all pestilence, and the plague in particular."

I looked up at my helper, whose face was wreathed in smiles, while I secretly thought what the Hongkong Sanitary Board would say to this new remedy for the plague. If true, how foolish we have been. Why spend thousands on doctors, cleansing houses, flushing drains, etc.? Why not get this wonderful ancestor to come down to Hongkong?

But I could not let this statement go unchallenged, so, very un-Chinese like, I told him he was mistaken and that the plague would come to his domain in time, as nothing could stop it but cleanliness, and that was a thing not to be attained in China. What impression this statement made I do not know, but I could not let his honour trust to a lie. Sooner or later his confidence will be upset, for the plague is slowly finding its way into all the villages of the interior.

He turned to me and asked why Japan had become so powerful in recent years.

For a moment I pondered his question, and then said: "The Japanese are willing to learn from anyone. Their young men go abroad to study and return to Japan to aid their country, and when they go to war it is for love they bear their country. Every one of them is a patriot. In China this is not so. Each one thinks of his own preservation first and that of his country next. Hence when a battle is fought the Japanese fight with all their might, and the Chinese think only of their own safety."

From this theme he turned to the question of what will make China strong.

"In the first place," said I, "you must stop worshipping false idols."

"True," said he, "idols are false and are only the work of men's hands."

"Then why, dear sir, do you on the first and fifteenth of every Chinese month go to the temple of the gods of the city and worship there?" I asked.

"Oh, that is the custom of the Chinese officials," he replied.

"But we ought to change false customs, and

that is what we preach everywhere. In the second place the Chinese ought to give up the opium pipe."

"You are right," said he "but the opium came from your country."

"No, it did not. It came from India whence also your Buddhist idols came. Both are a curse to China, and your people can never prosper as a nation until these evils are given up," added I, as seriously as possible, while in the adjoining room one could hear several Chinese indulging in the wreathing fumes of the narcotic.

"But is there nothing else that will make China strong?" he queried.

"Yes, change your school curriculum. Teach the natural sciences and establish colleges for the acquisition of Western learning."

To this he nodded, but quickly responded: "The ancient Chinese also taught science and were acquainted with scientific truths."

"Indeed, you are mistaken, my dear sir," replied I; "we of the West had no railroads, no steamboats, no telegraphs and no telephones 100 years ago."

"Is that possible?" he asked.

"Yes, it is a fact, and your honour must never think that Confucius knew as much as we do."

This seemed to be a new revelation to him. He thought a little over it, and then intimated that he had read some of the writings of the Rev. Dr. Timothy Richard.

"Again," continued I "if you want your nation strong the people must be taught the principles of honesty. Dishonesty in public life will never make a great nation. Western schools and Western learning will do much to give you a worthy name among the nations, but, after all, honesty is somewhat a lost jewel in China."

If China had accepted Western thought, Western ideas and Western religion fifty years ago there would have been no need of losing so much territory to other Powers. If the Queen of England could say that England's greatness was due to the belief of the English people in the Bible, then China's weakness is due to the want of that Book, and she never will be strong until the principles of the Bible are adopted."

My host seemed not to tire of the occasional home thrusts he received. But, being weary, I touched my cup of tea, which was the signal for taking leave. I have never spent two hours in this way before, but I trust that the

mandarin and the great number of Yamên underlings who listened to our conversation received some new ideas. I could not have wished for a better audience to preach Christianity than that which I had in a Chinese court-room.—"Chinese Recorder."

INSIDE THE ZENANA CURTAIN.

How can I picture the zenana to you who have never known anything save the blessed free life of our Christian civilization? May I tell you of some of the impressions I received when it was my privilege to accompany my father and mother on their tour to India? As we travelled from North to South and again across the land, the women claimed my chief interest. It was made possible for me to enter, in the company of missionaries of various Boards, the houses of people of different rank, of high and low castes and of various nationalities.

The first zenana entered was of a family fairly well-to-do, where a little bride was on exhibition. She was apparently about ten, or at the most eleven years of age, and as she sat, dressed in the brightest of pink saris, with all the family jewels adorning her small person, she was the admired of all beholders, including myself. Such an attractive bit of colour made us oblivious of the bare walls and the sad faces of the older women.

Was it chance or something deeper that took me next into a zenana where apart from the others sat a young girl, only a little older than the young bride, dressed in the plainest of saris and with her hair shaven close to her head? There was no need to explain to me that this was a child-widow. The little bride—the little widow—the most hopeless of all the girlhood of this wide world.

As the missionary talked with the women of the household this girl dared not approach; she must not contaminate us by her presence. Not the bareness of the house, the lack of what we call comforts caused the depression which came to me in that home; it was the weight of the sorrow of that child-heart, taught to believe that this calamity had come upon her because of some sin in a former state.

Some may ask if the zenanas are not beautiful, as we are led to dream in poetic visions of the storied East. I saw very little attempt to make the apartments of the women attractive. The only pictures are, as a rule, rude representations of their idols, many of which are repul-

sive in form and face. The "home feeling" was absent in every case.

Nor is this the result of poverty. In the zenana of a prince of a native state I found an approach to luxury, although this is hardly an average case, for he was a man of education, speaking English well (his course apparently had not included the science of numbers or he would never have indulged in eleven wives at one time).

In the house of a Mahommedan there were three rooms opening on a courtyard from which a stair led to the flat roof, a delightful resort in the hot nights. Some remark served to bring out the question, had the wife ever gone up to look out from the roof? She shook her head sadly in reply, not daring even to speak of such a venturesome thing.

Her husband often enjoyed this privilege, but she, a gray-haired woman, had never seen the trees that grew in such magnificence in the park near by, or the green of the crops, or the living stream passing her door. No wonder that such women cannot comprehend the word we bring them, until patient effort has won their love and aroused their dull minds.

In a native state we entered a palace, the owner of which bore the title of Rajah, but not because he was a ruler, save of his small retinue, composed of Soudanese negroes, fierce, evil-faced men. His occupation had been that of a dacoit, a professional murderer, who made his sacrifice to Kali by taking every life in a house he entered for that purpose. The plunder then remained as his share of the business.

The native government could not convict him, as no victims were left to testify, even babies and servants suffering with the head of the house; so he was offered the title of Rajah with a fine pension, if he would cease from the practice. The honour tempted him, and, as far as is known, he now lives in peace.

The missionary visits in this home, though she knows that two leopards are kept as watchdogs in the grounds and that the sacrificial knife has accompanied the Rajah wherever he has been.

In his zenana, we found three wives, one of whom was fairer in complexion than any one I know in this land. For a moment I feared that some English or American woman had found here a terrible prison, but it proved that shewas a Circassian slave. The Rajah invited us to look at the new palace which he was building with his ill-gotten gains. The fine,

large, high-studded rooms in his part of the house contained foreign furniture and were quite elegant. When we were taken to see the new zenana I looked for similar luxuries, but, alas, the quarters consisted of three small rooms opening on a small mud-paved court, the furnishing of each windowless room completed by a padlock on the outside of each door!

I saw one woman whose social opportunity was derived from the fact that in a small upper room there was a window overlooking the street. It was closely barred, of course, with heavy wooden shutters, but a knot-hole remained through which she could get a view of the street below. Think of the joy of being able to see the wonders of the throbbing life of the city, the green of the trees and flowers in the gardens beyond!

And what shall she see from her outlook—the missionary first, or the forces of evil? This woman had become interested in the missionary and had asked her husband to bring from the bazar something which she might offer as refreshment on a hot day.

The man went to the bazar of that great city and made inquiries as to what Christians liked best. When the gentle missionary arrived with her Bible, there awaited her a bottle of brandy! Naturally explanations followed about the true Christian and those bearing so unworthily the name; the comparison of pure gold and the wretched tinsel imitation was used.

The man returned the bottle of brandy and brought what they assured him that the *good* Christians liked. Again the missionary came to teach of Christ and found provided a bottle of champagne! Oh, Christian women, shall we let the vice of our civilization enter the opening door of the zenanas first, or shall we reach them with the Gospel? In your hands and in your hearts lies the answer.—*Woman's Miss. Friend.*

A gentlemen, well known for his large benefactions, was asked what part of his income he was in the habit of contributing to the Lord's treasury. "I do not know," said he; "I do very much as the woman did who was famous for the excellence of her rhubarb pies. She put in as much sugar as her conscience would allow, and then shut her eyes and put in a handful more. I give all my conscience approves and then add a handful without counting."—*Sel.*

THE POPE'S SEMI-JUBILEE.*

BY REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, D.D., VENICE.

The twenty fifth anniversary of the election of Joachim Pecci to the papedom has just been celebrated in Rome by multitudes of people with great enthusiasm. No one grudges the aged pontiff any personal honour shown him. As a man he is welcome to be regarded with whatever respect and esteem people may choose to show him.

But Joachim Pecci as a man is one thing, and Joachim Pecci as the pope is another. In this latter capacity he stands as the head of the Roman Catholic Church, an institution which is regarded by the Italian people as having been the source of the oppression, and ignorance, and poverty, and misery they have suffered from in the past; and as being to-day a political force working for the destruction of the Royal House of Savoy, and the disintegration of the kingdom. With the Italians the pope's personal character sinks into insignificance in comparison with his official character. He dwells in their midst, in his palace of the Vatican with its eleven hundred rooms, as the head and embodiment of the papacy.

Who, then, are celebrating with such enthusiasm the papal jubilee? Not the King of Italy, not the Mayor of Rome, not the citizens of Rome, not the people of Italy, but strangers. There are tens of thousands of such in Rome at present. Every hotel and every lodging-house is full of them.

The bulk of these foreigners are Roman Catholics, among whom are many from England and America. Such have chosen the pope as their sovereign in things temporal and spiritual. Such have committed to him the care of their consciences. Such have divested themselves at his command of every prerogative—reason, judgment, conscience, moral responsibility—which God has bestowed upon them. It is a sad and pitiable surrender for a human being to make; but as such have made it, we do not wonder that, on an occasion like the present, they should flock to Rome to prostrate themselves at the feet of their lord and master, who, insulting human reason and stultifying all history, in his claim to infallibility, sitteth in the place of God.

But among these crowds of strangers are many Protestants, men and women who have embraced Christ and Christianity, and who,

realizing their responsibility in God's sight for what they believe and for what they do, have repudiated the pope and his Church.

Many such Protestants crowd to see the pope and attend his ceremonies. At this we have cause to wonder, and the Italian press wonders too. I read the other day an article which expressed astonishment that Protestants should attend these papal ceremonies, and should be among the most eager to attend them, so eager indeed as to be willing to pay fabulous sums of money to do so!

Of course, such Protestants would answer that they did not go through reverence for the pope or the papal Church, but from curiosity; they wanted to see what are sights in Rome, and unique sights that can be seen nowhere else. But such travelers can not gratify their curiosity in these matters without doing the following very inconsistent and, I think, wrong things:—

In the first place, they give *financial* support to the papacy. As a matter of fact, a very large proportion of the money that goes to maintain the papal Church in its mischievous doings comes out of the pockets of Protestants.

Secondly, they give *moral* support to the papacy, and of this the Church knows how to avail itself. It follows up the conciliatory actions of these Protestants, it ingratiates itself with them, it disarms them of their Protestantism, and secures their neutrality, if not support, in the fight it carries on against the principles of enlightenment and progress.

Thirdly, these Protestants play an unbecoming part toward the government of Italy, whose protection and goodwill they are enjoying as travelers in the land. The freedom they enjoy to travel where they will, to carry what papers and books they will, to have their own places of worship, with perfect immunity from surveillance, not to say persecution, are all the gift of the government of Italy.

They were not enjoyed when the pope was in power; they would not be enjoyed now were he to have his will, for, as the Duke of Norfolk said at the jubilee of some four years ago, they, as Roman Catholics, lamented with him that he had not the power to put a stop to all Protestant work in Rome, which so grieved him and them to the heart. What the sovereign of Italy does not do, what the government of Italy does not do, what the municipality of Rome does not do—namely, acknowledge the pope and pay homage to him—these Protestants should not do.—*Miss. Rev.*

* Condensed from *The Christian*, London.

Pulpit and Pew.

STUDY JOHN BUNYAN.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

"Give me a hint or two as to the books I shall find most profitable," is the request of a young minister. In answering him, let me give a hint to some others. Next to your Bible, study John Bunyan's immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." Spurgeon's pure, racy, Saxon-English came from his constant study of the tinker of Bedford, and Bunyan fashioned his style on the English Bible.

He was a man of one book. He had but a small library, and when he went to Bedford goal he took only three or four books with him, for which let us be devoutly thankful. God's Word was the constant companion of his cell, the volume of his morning studies and his evening meditations. This perpetual delving in the mine of divine revelation gave Bunyan the pure gold out of which he fashioned his masterpiece. He had read no other poetry than the sublime poetry of David and Job, Isaiah and Habakkuk, and we trace the effect of close communings with the inspired Hebrew bards in all the grandest imagery of the "Pilgrim's Progress." His description of the glories of heaven, when the gates open to "Christian's" entering footsteps, is almost a literal copy of John's Apocalypse, Bunyan had never seen the inside of a theological school; he had got his body of divinity from the fountain-head, by going directly to Moses, the prophets, the apostles, and to Him who spake as never man spake. Where in the whole range of religious literature can be found a richer, purer, stronger evangelical theology than is contained in this marvelous allegory? Saturate your soul with it, my young brother; it will give you the right pitch when you sit down to your sermons. No danger of your theology becoming pulpy or mucilaginous when you feed on the "Holy War" and the "Pilgrim."

Let Bunyan teach you, also, what wonderful things the Scriptures are when approached in the right spirit. He pored over them on his knees. Not a shadow of doubt as to their perfect inspiration and infallible authority ever disturbed him for a moment. He went through them, not with lexicons and commentaries, but with a keen spiritual eye that discovered every atom of gold, as sharply as a Colorado miner picks out every grain of precious metal from the auriferous soil. The Holy Spirit took of the things of Christ and showed them unto him. This patient waiting on God's Word, this humble sitting at the gates of infinite wisdom, and this fervent, earnest inquiry directly from God, led Bunyan into the interior truths that concern most deeply the human soul with its experiences and eternal destinies. As your business is to deal with human nature in all its varieties, you will find no ranges of portraiture which surpass those presented by the dreamer of Bedford.

Bunyan will also teach you how to read your Bible in terrible earnest. He made it as literal as the flash of the noonday sunbeams. Not one sharp edge of the divine threatenings against sin did he ever blunt; in these times there is too little pungent preaching on the "sinfulness of sin" and its just retributions. Nor did Bunyan minimize the ineffable and marvelous love of God in redemption and in providence. Into the bosom of the exceeding great and precious promises he fairly leaped, as a child leaps into the arms of a mother. Every syllable of the divine Book he pored over and pondered till his memory held it in solution.

You will be constantly delighted with his ingenious introduction of the out-of-the-way passages of Scripture into the most unexpected places. If you can learn how to do this, you will hold the attention of your hearers and give them happy and profitable surprises.

Style is a vastly important element in effective preaching, as the Spurgeons, Maclarens and Bushnells testify. The best style is that which most resembles a window of perfectly transparent glass. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is a well of English undefiled. In every page Bunyan sticks to the stout old dialect which the most cultured cannot improve. Hardly any other book abounds more in monosyllables. There is a model for you in terse, trenchant vigour of speech, and you will be all the more popular and powerful as a preacher if you will learn what Daniel Webster and John Bunyan teach you, viz., that for all the highest purposes of an instructor of the people, pure, plain simple English is the mightiest instrument. In after years you will thank me for exhorting you to study John Bunyan.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE SCHOOL OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

God keeps a school for His children here on earth and one of the best teachers is Disappointment. My friend, when you and I reach our Father's house, we shall look back and see that the sharp-voiced, rough-visaged teacher, Disappointment, was one of the best guides to train us for it. He gave us hard lessons; He often used the rod; He often led us into thorny paths; He sometimes stripped off a load of luxuries, but that only made us travel the freer and the faster on our heavenward way. He sometimes led us down into the valley of the death shadow, but never did the promises read so sweetly as when spelled out by the eye of faith in that very valley. Nowhere did He lead us so often, or teach us such sacred lessons, as at the cross of Christ. Dear, old, rough-handed teacher! We will build a monument to thee yet and crown it with garlands and inscribe on it, "Blessed be the memory of Disappointment."—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

THE DEACON'S RESURRECTION.

"Good morning, Mis' Dillaway, I'm real glad to see you. Come right in and sit down." And Mrs. Joshua Bascom ushered her caller into the sunniest of kitchens, redolent with the spicy odours of her Saturday baking.

"Deacon Anderson giv' you a lift along the road, did he? Well, it's a lovely, spring-like morning to be out. 'Seems if you can just feel things growing. Take a look at my Easter lilies, will you? I never had such thrifty plants before and the buds are going to blow just in time for Easter.

"Somehow Easter lilies always put me in mind of Milly Anderson, the Deacon's first wife, you know. She was tall and slim and fair, like them; kind of self-contained, too, like lilies, and I don't think the Deacon ever rightly understood her.

"You see it was this way," Mrs. Bascom continued, settling herself comfortably in a chair with a big pan of rosy apples: "the Deacon was terrible set in his opinions, and he always had so many of 'em on hand that he kept 'em bottled up and labeled for family use.

"The Deacon was a kind man, too, if you didn't cross him, and he thought a lot of Milly. But it riled him dreadfully to have her stand out against him,—which she often did in her quiet, still kind of a way,—and he grew more and more arbitrary without knowing it. Milly had to give in after awhile and then she just grew white and drooping, and finally she upset all the Deacon's opinions of her plain duty to him by letting go of life,—with such a rested, satisfied look in her blue eyes, as if she'd at last got her own way in something!

"'Twas a great pity, but some natures never were meant to hitch together, and Milly, poor child, never seemed to know how to get onto the soft side of the Deacon. She's a sight better off where she is, and I guess she sees the whole thing different now. I love to think of her wandering among the lilies she seemed to be related to here, and just having her say out in praises and thanksgiving.

"But the Deacon, my land! He did have a terrible time after Milly died. He didn't take on much. 'Twarn't his nature. But any one could see that 'twas grinding into him, and I expect he did a good deal of thinking first and last, and probably some things looked plainer to him down here in this vale of tears as well as to Milly up there in the heavenly flower gardens.

"I never felt that I had any call to judge him, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for him when I saw the visitations that he had in the line of housekeepers. Such goings on as there was in Milly's kitchen! And such food as that poor man had set before him! Joshua used to say he needed to eat it asking no questions for conscience's sake for he never could have got it down any other way.

"Well, things went from bad to worse and while the Deacon's opinions didn't wear a mite thinner, the Deacon himself got dreadful peaked on that poor cooking, and I for one was real glad when, about a year and a half after Milly

died, he married Marilla Slater,—she that was the widow of James Slater, one of the selectmen of the town.

"Marilla slicked things up in no time, I can tell you. And the Deacon was real proud of her, for she was smart and capable, and she always looked pretty and acted pretty. She wa'n't the lily kind like Milly, but more like a good healthy geranium, with a pink colour in her cheeks that contrasted to the streaks of gray in her hair.

"She brought a nice little property to the Deacon, too, and pretty soon they begun to build a fine new dairy. I wondered to myself how Marilla'd get on with the Deacon's opinions, for I knew she had a few of her own, but it never did occur to me that the first time she'd run up against them, 'twould be on the subject of foreign missions.

"Joshua he gives me a share in the egg and butter money, and we take *Woman's Missionary Friend* and the *Missionary Review*, and he contributes to the church missionary collection and I have my mite-box and Thank-Offering. So he's what I can call real liberal, and I've never had to scratch round for the cause the way some women do.

"But the Deacon, he hadn't any use for foreign missions and thought we might as well let the heathen rage to their hearts' content. Marilla, being a Methodist, was a member of our auxiliary and terrible interested in missions. Of course she went to the other church after she married the Deacon, but there warn't any mission circle there then so she kept on coming to our meetings, and one day she invited the whole society to meet at her house. That was what give Marilla her first experience of the Deacon's opinions. Joshua told me about it afterwards, for the Deacon told him one rainy day when they was reminiscencing out in our barn about the times when they used to go in swimming together.

"It seems that the day before the meeting the Deacon had been giving a last look at the new dairy that had been built with Marilla's money, and thinking what a pleasant body she was to live with and how peaceful everything was going along. When he came into the house he saw all the best tidies on the chairs and everything spick and span and naturally he wanted to know what it was all for. Marilla told him she'd invited the missionary society to meet there, and I can just picture how dumbfounded he was and how his opinions bristled right up.

"Well, Marilla," says he, "I'm sorry you didn't know my opinions on this subject, but I don't believe in foreign missions and I can't countenance any such meeting in my house. There's a plenty to do right here in this town in the Temperance Cause."

"The Deacon's a great teetotal abstainer and Marilla knew he meant just what he said, and her heart went down like a lump of lead. But she didn't get riled a mite. She only smiled and said,

"All right, my dear, you don't need to countenance it, for the meeting sha'n't be held in your house. The new dairy's coming on

fine, don't you think so?' That just took the wind right out of the Deacon's sails. He'd got his own way without half trying and he felt kind of as if he'd took hold of something that he thought was heavy and instead it had gone up light and let him go sprawling. Marilla's an awful cute woman.

"But she didn't give up her point, all the same, and she set her wits at work to think how she could get around the Deacon's opinions and not have the mortification of backwarning the missionary society. He'd never spoken a misbeholden word to her before. All of a sudden the new dairy popped into her mind, with its big room all fresh and sweet and sunny, and just ready for the fixings. She probably remembered that 'twas built with her money, although she'd be the last one to twit the Deacon of it, and anyway she knew he was going to drive to the village the next day for the fixings, so he'd be out of the way.

"Well, when morning came, Marilla give the Deacon the nicest kind of a breakfast, with his favourite rice griddle cakes to top off with—and she's a master hand at making griddle cakes, or any kind of cooking, for that matter—and he drove off to the village. And if he felt any like a spoiled child or had any compunctions about the meeting he'd forbidden, he didn't let on. Things didn't go quite as he expected so he came home earlier than usual, and after he'd put the horse up he strolled round to the dairy.

"What he saw there must have astonished him considerable. There was chairs sitting all around the room, and a braided mat on the floor, and a table with a Bible and a hymn-book and a big china bowl of wild roses on it. And just as he was wondering if Marilla meant to set up housekeeping there, he heard women's voices approaching. Then it flashed across him that this was the missionary meeting. He didn't have the face to meet the women and there was only one way that he could get out of sight quick enough, so he just bolted into the closet. He had to leave the door open a crack to get some air and 'twas lucky for him that the closet had a small window in it—too small for his size, though—or I guess he'd have smothered.

"I declare it makes me laugh every time I think of him fretting and fuming in that closet and we holding our meeting just outside the door so peaceful and unconscious. 'Twas a good meeting, too, and I really think the hand of Providence was in the program, for it was all about the vices of civilization going to foreign lands.

"The Deacon told Joshua that at first he raged worse than the heathen over his ignominious position. Then he got interested in spite of himself, and when he heard Mis' Wilkins, the minister's wife, talk facts about England's sending idols to China and encouraging the opium trade in India, and about American rum going to Africa, and Korean graven images being made in Philadelphia, he got so riled up and indignant that he had all he could do to keep from bursting out of the closet and making a speech. The Deacon's

great on temperance speeches and I guess nothing but mortification kept him quiet. It must have been dreadful stifling in the closet, and him so het up in his feelings!

"That evening he brought a ten dollar bill to Marilla and told her if it could be used to help keep rum out of Africa she could have it, and that she was welcome to have the missionary society at the house any time she chose. He didn't explain anything and Marilla knew better than to ask questions. She just thanked him sweetly and took the money, and he don't know to this day that she caught a glimpse of his hat through the closet window, on the way back to the house after the meeting broke up.

"Marilla started a mission circle in the Orthodox church soon after, and to-morrow evening they're going to have a missionary service instead of the Easter concert. It seems kind of queer at first, but when you come to think of it, it's real appropriate, for if there's any one particular class that the blessed resurrection means anything to it's the benighted heathen, and especially the poor heathen women.

"The Deacon is going to make a speech on 'How to enlist the uninterested.' Joshua says: 'Shut 'em up in a closet and make 'em listen to a real live missionary meeting.'

"Everybody's noticing how mellow the Deacon has grown lately, and for my part, I think his change of opinion concerning foreign missions was nothing short of a resurrection."
—*Woman's Miss. Friend.*

LIFE'S BEST ALWAYS AHEAD.

How common it is for one in mature or advanced life to wish that he were young again! And what a mistake this is! If one remembers joys that he had in former years let him be grateful for them, and know that better things, even if not the same as those, are yet before him.

The best things to God's children are ever ahead, not behind. If he thinks of mistakes that he then made, let him be grateful that he has not to try the thing over again, lest he might do even worse if he had another trial. If, indeed, he really can do better now, let him do so where and as he is, instead of showing his unfitness for the present by repining over the lost past.

"Would you be young again?"

So would not I.

One tear to mem'ry given,

Onward I'd hie,—

Life's dark flood forded o'er,

All but at rest on shore,—

"Say, would you plunge once more

With home so high?"

—*S. S. Times.*

God made mothers before He made ministers; the progress of Christ's Kingdom depends more upon the influence of faithful, wise and pious mothers than upon any other human agency.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

KINDLY OFFICIOUSNESS.

A meeting of the Executive Board of a women's club was in progress, the immediate business being the selection of some one to fill the office of secretary, which had been made vacant by a resignation.

"I propose the name of Mrs. White," said one of the members.

"It would be useless to ask her," announced another member, almost before she had finished, "for I know she wouldn't take it. Her hands are more than full now, and I'm sure she wouldn't undertake anything else, for she is not very well."

This was accepted as final, and some one else proposed the name of Mrs. Brown.

Another member rose. "It would be a waste of time to tender the office to her, I am sure," she said, "for her interests are all in other directions. All her time and money are given to charitable work, and this sort of thing doesn't appeal to her, so I know she would not accept it."

Just then a third member took the floor. "I don't like to seem to be interfering," she said, apologetically, "but I should like to relate an experience of my own. Some years ago, the office of secretary in our Missionary Society became unexpectedly vacant. As soon as I heard of it I thought, 'How I wish I might be deemed worthy of that office! It is exactly the work that I should like to do.' But, naturally, I did not feel like telling this to any one, least of all to 'the powers that be,' for, unless my ability for the office was recognized, I had no desire to hold it. Not long after the papers announced the name of the new secretary.

"That very day a friend of mine came to me and said: 'You can't think what a good friend I've been to you and I know you'll be eternally grateful to me when you hear what I've done for you.' She then went on to tell me that the managers of the Missionary Society had been very anxious to have me take the office of secretary, saying that I was just the one for the place and that they were about to communicate with me to this effect, when she assured them that it would be useless, that I would never accept it, that she could positively speak for me and save them the trouble of getting my refusal. 'And now, don't you think, I'm a friend in need?' she asked.

"I must say that it was rather difficult for me to feel properly grateful, although I knew she thought she had saved me a great deal of trouble. Ever since then I have made it a rule never, under any circumstances, to allow myself to decide matters for another, unless definitely commissioned to do so. Hence I feel inclined to ask, would it not be well to tender this office to Mrs. White and give her the opportunity to accept or decline?"

"I heartily agree with the speaker," said the president, "because I once had a similar experience, and I know how annoying it is to have one's decisions taken away from her, even by her best friends. It is often a satisfaction to know that one is wanted for an office,

even if she doesn't feel that she can accept it, and it is wonderful how one's views sometimes change when the situation is fully explained by those interested. There is a sense in which we have no right to be our 'brother's keeper.'"

Evidently other members of the board agreed with these speakers, for it was soon moved that Mrs. White be interviewed in regard to the matter. The motion was seconded and carried, and, to the surprise of every one, herself included, Mrs. White accepted the office of secretary, and has ever since filled it acceptably.—*Congregationalist and Christian World.*

OUR THOUGHTS IN OUR ODD HOURS.

Every hour that we are awake our minds are busy. They work without rest or respite. We could not prevent them from working. The only way to make them stop is to go to sleep, and even then they often persist in spite of us in working more widely even than when awake.

Yet most of this work is done without any guidance or ruling principle. Part of the day we have work for our minds which keeps them employed and under discipline; but this is the lesser part of the day; and, even when our duties fill up the whole day, they are usually of such a character that we can perform them while our minds are more or less free to go where they will.

Perhaps this dissoluteness of thinking is one reason why so few people are capable of reasoning out a problem which presents itself, or of carrying on a connected and continuous discussion. We jump in our thought and speech from point to point or from subject to subject, and scarcely continue for ten minutes on any one line.

Such carelessness of thought, when our minds wander about where they will, has a real effect on character. Loose thinking leads to loose character. When the mind is unguided and released from discipline, it is too prone to wander where it ought not to go. Into the heart unoccupied with useful meditation or service the evil spirit is eager to come, bringing other evil spirits with him.

What many of us need is to have our minds filled with useful thoughts in these free hours. When the pressure of duty is released, when we go from one task to another, as we are walking upon the street or sit in railroad trains, as we drive or wait, let us keep our minds employed upon good things.—*Forward.*

Hearing, like seeing, confirms expectation. One is so apt to hear what he listens for. The senses accommodate themselves to the mind.

The pastor who enters into the feelings and circumstances of his people—being one with them in their sorrows as well as in their joys—will live in their affections, and is all the more likely to have a long and useful pastorate. He may not be so eloquent and able as other ministers in his Presbytery, but he has the heart-power which draws to him those whose welfare he seeks in sweet and lasting bonds.

ON HALF-QUOTED TEXTS.

It is a dangerous but not uncommon practice to take part of a verse of the Bible out of its setting, and to make use of it because it happens to suit our purpose. Indeed, the origin of many sects, and the source of not a few peculiar doctrines in the history of the Church, may be traced to this abuse of Scripture. Text and context must always be studied together. They are the warp and the woof of the seamless robe of revelation.

"Three well-known illustrations occur to us of the misuse of Scripture to which we refer :

1. Some there are who believe in a spiritual life of stress and struggle, who cannot understand the unruffled calm of those who have taken their burdens to the Lord and have left them there. These love to quote the Bible words, "Work out your own salvation *with fear and trembling*," forgetting that the rest of the verse reads, "for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. ii. 13). In the latter part lies the secret of the whole matter. God working in us, our triumph is assured; we fight a winning battle when we "stand still and see the salvation of God."

2. Another text which suffers in this way is 1 Cor. ix. 22. "We must be all things to all men," say those who love to be called broad, "we have St. Paul's authority for that" Ah! but the words are, "I am made all things to all men, *that by all means I might save some*" Is that our motive when we lower our Christian standard and go unnecessarily into the midst of temptation? It is a question for the individual soul.

3. And lastly, there are the familiar words about the "peace of God which passeth all understanding." How many earnest ones have longed for that, have striven and agonised to be worthy of it, believing that it was a gift for the holiest only! But these words are part of a sentence, and the preceding words are, "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding *shall* keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 6, 7). If we fulfil the condition, God will assuredly fulfil His promise. If we pray about everything, not only about spiritual matters but about every detail, however commonplace, of our daily life, we shall be surprised some day to find how the wondrous peace has crept all gently, like the dawn, over our landscape of life, and is shining more and more unto the perfect day.—From *Life and Work*.

There is no holiness if Thou, Lord, withdraw Thy presence; no wisdom profiteth if Thy Spirit ceaseth to direct; no strength availeth without Thy support; no chastity is safe without Thy protection; no watchfulness effectual when Thy holy vigilance is not on guard.—Thomas a' Kempis.

A USELESS MEMBER.

"Yes," said Aunt Sarah, surveying her bandaged wrist, "the doctor says it's a bad sprain; and the minister says I know now how the church feels, in not having the use of all its members. The minister didn't mean that for just a joke, either; he looked at me as if he wanted to see how I'd take it. I had sense enough, too, to feel I deserved to have him say it to me. A word like that comes home pretty straight when one of your own members is useless, and worse.

"I've never thought just what being a member of the church meant before, though I've been one for thirty-five years. I've never felt obliged to do what the church wanted done. I felt it was a favour, my doing it at all, and half the time I let some one else do it instead. When I was through with work at home, and with what things I liked to do outside, then I was willing to do something in the church—if it was the kind of work that suited me. I guess I've been just about as useful a member to the church as the sprained hand is to me, all stiff and crippled, and refusing to bend more than an inch or two.

"There's lots of things I need to do, but I can't use this member to do them—that's certain. That's the way the minister has felt about me, I guess. I've been a useless member for thirty-five years, that's the long and short of it; and, if the rest of the members had been like me, the church would have been as paralyzed as old Cousin Josiah Jones, that can't move hand nor foot. I'm ashamed of myself—I truly am—and things are going to be different from now on," and Aunt Sarah nodded her head with firm determination, as she looked at the church spire from her window.—Forward.

We have but a narrow and unworthy conception of prayer if our only thought of it is, making requests of God. In human friendship it would be very strange if there were never fellowship save when there were favours to ask the one of the other. Love's sweetest hours are those in which two hearts commune on themes dear to both, but in which neither has any request to make. The truest, loftiest prayer is one of communion, when we speak to God and He speaks to us. The deepest answer we can have to our praying is not God's gifts, however precious these may be, but God Himself, His love, His grace. The prayer that rises highest and is divinest is that in which we lose ourselves in God, when God Himself is all about us, filling us, inspiring our dull life with His own infinite blessedness.—J. R. Miller.

God never makes us sensible of our weakness except to give us of His strength; we must not be disturbed by what is involuntary. The great point is, never to act in opposition to the inward light, and to be willing to go as far as God would have us.—Fenelon.

THE CLERK WITH A CONSCIENCE.

I was in one of —'s largest dry-goods stores the other day. In my hand was a sample, which had been sent me by mail, of a certain piece of black dress-goods, which I wished to procure. The friend who was with me also wished to purchase black dress-goods, so we decided to look for hers first, since I already knew what I wanted.

After trying in vain to receive courteous attention from two different clerks, one of whom was busy (?) with a box of samples and the other with invisible specks on his coat, we turned to a third clerk, rather timidly, for we were not sure of the reception we should receive.

He was making out a sale slip, but he turned at once. "Certainly, madam, I have just what you want. I will wait on you in a moment."

His tone was so different from what we had come to expect that we would willingly have waited half an hour for him to finish what he was doing. In a few seconds, however, he was at leisure, and piece after piece of dress-goods was displayed for our inspection.

My friend made her selection and then I showed him my sample. At once he glanced at the slits cut in the sides of the tiny piece of goods.

"That isn't one of my samples," he remarked. "I will ask the clerk who mailed this sample to wait on you."

"But I don't want any other clerk to wait on me," I responded hastily, fearing that my sample might have come originally from one of the discourteous clerks whom we first encountered. "I want *you* to have this sale."

"If you had asked for goods of that quality, width and price, without showing me the sample, I could have found it for you at once," he replied with a smile. "But *now* this sale belongs to the clerk who sent out the sample."

"Then I won't give you this sample to hunt it up by," I said, wishing to see whether I could carry my point. "No one knows, except my friend, that you have seen it." And I proceeded to tuck it away in my purse.

"But I know that I have seen it and *my conscience* knows it, and he laughingly laid his hand on his heart as he turned to look for the other clerk.

In a moment he returned. The other clerk was at lunch. What a sigh of relief we gave!

"I will make out the sale and turn it over to him when he comes in," our salesman said, displaying the shining black folds of the goods I desired.

As he made out his sale slip, crediting the goods to "the office" instead of to his own number, I could not but admire the fine quality of that man's honesty. In a matter where no one would have been the wiser he was true to himself. He did as he would have been done by. And in making future purchases in that department I shall always look for my "clerk with a conscience."—*Scl.*

HOW TO VIEW LIFE.

President Hadley, of Yale, in an address to the students used an illustration that will bear thinking about by every young man in or out of college to day. He spoke of the eager hopes of those before him and of how much each expected to get out of life; but he gave them, instead, a higher thought. "We think of life," he said, "as a goblet to be drained; is it not rather a measure to be filled?"

There is the whole difference between a wasted life and a successful one in that short sentence. The world for ever needs, for ever values, the men who fill existence with value for themselves and others. "What do I get out of it?" is the worst and, in the end, the most hopeless motto a man can have. Life, if we set ourselves to drain it, is a pitifully shallow cup. It holds a few pleasures, bitter often in the aftertaste, a few brief joys, a little selfish ambition and happiness, but no more. All through the ages the men, from King Solomon down, who have drained the goblet have found it unsatisfying and have bewailed the fact.

But a measure to be filled—that makes life a different thing. How much high achievement, pure aspiration, noble deed, unselfish fellowship, a man can put into life, and yet find room for more! The biography of every great man teaches us how much the measure may be made to hold. Lincoln's measure, Gordon's measure, Moody's measure—how deep, how satisfying they were! Such men care nothing—and why should they care?—for what they get out of life; for their whole thought is occupied with what they can get into it. Life is shallow only when we are seeking to exhaust it; it enlarges as we seek to fill it, always. A goblet to be drained—a measure to be filled—which shall we choose that life shall be? For the choice is each man's own.—(From *The Young Men.*)

A SWEET VOICE.

It is said that there is nothing so difficult to acquire as a kind tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, while at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart.

But this is the time when a sharp voice is more apt to be acquired. You often hear the boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, almost like the snap of a whip. If any of them get vexed you hear a voice which sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tone than in words.

Some people have a sharp home voice for use and keep their best voice for those whom they meet elsewhere. The advice to all boys and girls is: "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.—*Scl.*

THE FIRM I REPRESENT.*

For Business and Commercial Men.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

So much has been said here this evening concerning the various business enterprises with which you are connected, that perhaps you will pardon me if taking my inspiration from your example, I speak of the Firm I represent.

There are firms represented here to-night which are spoken of as being among the oldest in the city, but their age is measured by the life of a father, a grandfather, or at most, by that of a great grandfather.

The Firm with which I am connected was old before the Cæsars ruled in Rome; before the Pharaohs reared the pyramids; before Ninevah built its walls upon the banks of the Tigris. Backward its life goes past all known records, into that remote period which would ever be an insoluble mystery, if it were not for the light which revelation so graciously throws upon the opening moments of the world's history.

Like most great enterprises, we began in an humble way. At first with only two customers; by name, Adam and Eve. I fear they were not the material of which to be proud. Indeed, to tell the truth, they started with a large capital, but left to their own resources they became bankrupt, were turned out of house and home, and when they died they left a debt upon the books of the Firm that neither they nor their relatives were able to discharge.

However, as time went by, other customers took their place, each succeeding generation supplying an increasing number, so that to-day our adherents are numbered not by millions, but by tens of millions; there being but few places upon the globe without some one representing our Firm.

For instance, take the department with which I am connected, and we are working not only throughout our own country, but in Alaska, Mexico, South America, Africa, Japan, China, India, Corea, Siam, Laos, Persia, Syria and the Philippines.

What we are doing other departments of our Firm are doing, and some of them in a larger, and perhaps, more zealous manner, and one of the inspirations that impel us forward in this work is the statement of the Head of the Firm, that He will not be satisfied until all the world is His territory and every creature His customer.

The goods we represent are in several particulars unlike those of any other house. They are historic facts, divine truths, heavenly graces. So far as our part is concerned, we charge nothing for the manufacture. The only cost is a slight one for expressage, so that multitudes, especially in our foreign trade, are to-day receiving all of our products entirely without money and absolutely without price.

Many of you at first had but few articles to put upon the market, and these were some-

what crude, incomplete, but through tireless application and skilful workmanship these articles were not only increased in number, but also in quality, so that to-day they command the market.

The goods we represent have also passed through a development which is connected with such great names as those of Moses, the lawgiver; David, the psalmist; Isaiah, the prophet; John, the evangelist; Paul, the theologian; Peter, the preacher, and especially with that of Jesus, the Christ, who gives to all our products their finest finish, their greatest glory.

It is a frequent saying that commerce follows the flag. I think it is far truer to say that commerce follows the introduction of our goods, because they have the peculiar power to make all who use them dissatisfied with themselves and their surroundings.

For instance, a savage in Central Africa comes under the influence of one of our representatives and soon he says: "I am ashamed of myself. Get me a few yards of calico with which to hide my nakedness," and after a time he says: "I am tired of my way of living. Will you get me a plow to turn up the soil and tools to cut down these trees, so that I may build myself not a hut, but a home."

This is no flight of fancy born of the speaker's imagination, but a statement of facts that are all the time being verified, and I would ask, gentlemen, to compute, if you can, the vast developments that must come to all forms of American commerce as our representatives make the myriads of the Orient ashamed of the conditions in which they are now existing.

Then, if a man becomes our customer in dead earnest, we never lose him. He never substitutes any other goods for those of our house. He says, I have traded with this Firm for years. They have never sent me a bad article. They have never broken a promise. Their goods suit me. They give me peace with God; strength to meet temptation and light in the hour of darkness and doubt. They enter most graciously into all the needs of my life, and, judging from my experience of multitudes, I have every reason to believe that they are going with me to the end of the journey, and when the eventide falls about me, they will be my eternal support and stay.

Our representatives taken as a class are a noble company of men and women. I suppose that all of you gentlemen have among your employees a certain percentage of incompetents whom you would like to discharge every time you see them. Representing the different departments of our Firm we have in this country alone, roughly speaking, about one hundred thousand workers, and must we be surprised if now and again some of them say and do things which we resent and condemn?

Unkindly critics say that only the "goodie-goodies" and "mis-fits" seek employment in our Firm. Time fails me to answer this attack. Go back in thought, and in the Middle Ages are Anselm, Bernard, Aquinas. A few centuries later, you find Edwards, Wesley, Butler. These are only suggestions which

* Address by Rev. J. R. Davies, D.D., at a banquet of Hardware Merchants and Manufacturers in Philadelphia some weeks ago.

will at once bring before every educated, thoughtful man in this company, that vast army of consecrated scholarship, which for centuries our Firm has represented.

But our workmen stand for something more than scholarship. At Point Barrow, the most northerly point on this continent, we have a faithful missionary, Dr. Marsh, with whom we are able to communicate but once a year. He could scarcely be more buried and still be alive. Dr. Kerr, regarded by competent authorities as one of the most eminent of physicians, toiled for a lifetime in Canton, performing directly or indirectly nearly fifty thousand surgical operations and building up one of the greatest hospitals in the Chinese Empire.

Of all the cruelties of the Boxer Revolution, none sent a deeper thrill of horror through the civilized world than that martyr scene at Pao-t'ing-fu, where a band of our representatives, strong men, tender women, little children passed in chariots of flame to the presence of the Lord.

Why did these; why did Raymond Lully, David Livingstone, Keith Falconer and a multitude of others of our representatives leave country and home and everything that men hold dear, to live these daily deaths? Certainly not for the piteous pittance they received. You can only answer this question by pointing to that passionate love that they had for Him, whom they called Master.

In closing, permit me to say a few words about our Master, or to use your language, the Head of the Firm. The story is told of an artist, who, painting one of the scenes in the Gospel, when he came to the face of Christ laid down his brush, declaring himself utterly incompetent for such a task. Something of the same spirit touches every one who in any way attempts His work.

His mother was a peasant, and through some strange providence his cradle was a manger. Of the first thirty years of His life, beyond a few scattering statements, we know but little. If He had been only man His biography would have been written in detail, but because He was more than man, inspiration drapes this period with the garments of a singular silence. "The foxes had holes, the birds of the air had nests, but He had nowhere to lay His head." His last passover He ate in a borrowed room and after the tragedy of the cross His body was laid in another man's grave.

Consistence, so rare a jewel with us, was such a common-place in Him, that even His enemies were compelled to acknowledge Him sinless. In response to His touch disease, deformity and death fled from the human frame, so that the blind saw, the lame walked, the deaf heard, the leper was cleansed and the dead were raised to life again.

He had a peculiar influence over others, calling men like Peter and John, and women like the Marys, who left all and followed Him, rejoicing that they had been counted worthy to suffer for such a Master.

The words He spake responded to every possible need of the human soul, and are just as much at home in the cottage as in the palace

and are just as suitable to the sovereign as to the subject.

His sacrifice, a profound mystery, a blessed simplicity, offers to all men, regardless of country or condition, freedom from the *condemnation* of sin; freedom from the *tyranny* of sin; freedom from the *pollution* of sin; the three greatest blessings that an infinite God can bestow, the three greatest blessings that a sinful soul can possibly receive.

This, gentlemen, in brief, is our Master, the Head of our Firm, whom, now exalted, glorified, we humbly worship as Prophet, Priest and King.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose that the Christian life, in its daily manifestation, should come to be marked and known by simplicity and happiness.

Suppose that the followers of Jesus should really escape from bondage to the evil spirits of avarice and luxury which infect and torment so much of our complicated, tangled, artificial modern life.

Suppose that instead of increasing their wants and their desires; instead of loading themselves down on life's journey with so many bags and parcels and boxes of superfluous luggage and bric-à-brac that they are forced to sit down by the roadside and gasp for breath; instead of wearing themselves out in the dusty ways of competition and vain show, or embittering their hearts because they cannot succeed in getting into the weary race of wealth and fashion.

Suppose instead of all this, they should turn to quiet ways, lowly pleasures, pure and simple joys, "plain living and high thinking."

Suppose they should truly find and clearly show their happiness in the knowledge that God loves them and Christ died for them and heaven is sure, and so set their hearts free to rejoice in life's common mercies, the light of the sun, the blue of the sky, the splendour of the sea, the peace of the everlasting hills, the song of the birds, the sweetness of flowers, the wholesome savour of good food, the delight of action and motion, the refreshment of sleep, charm of music, the blessings of human love and friendship,—rejoice in all these without fear or misgiving, because they come from God, and because Christ has sanctified them all by His presence and touch.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

If you see anything that is worthy of praise, speak of it. Even if you cannot do a worthy deed yourself, commend one who does. Praise is a power for good; both God and man prize it. No prayer is complete without praise. The best worker for his fellows who fails to give praise fails of doing as well as he can. Mrs. Stowe states the truth effectively when she says; "Praise is sunshine; it warms, it inspires, it promotes growth: blame and rebuke are rain and hail; they beat down and bedraggle, even though they may at times be necessary. Do we do our part in giving praise?"—*S.S. Times*.

The Children's Pages.

WHAT MUSTN'T BE LOST.

You may lose your coat,
You may lose your cap,
You may sometimes lose your fun ;
You may lose your gloves,
You may lose your tie,—
Still, no great injury's done.

You may lose your knife,
You may lose your sled,
You may lose your fishing-pole ;
But *never* lose
For a moment, lads,
Your manly self-control.

—Ex.

WHY PHILIP FAILED.

"You've grown finely, my beauties. It is a little late for transplanting you, but you'll do well yet."

Philip dug vigorously at the petunias which he had been caring for under glass, and which now, in their brightest colours, gave rich reward for his pains.

He took them from the pots which had been imbedded in the sand and wheeled them to the garden in which they were to be placed.

"Phew! but I'm tired with that stooping!"

Seating himself on the edge of his wheelbarrow, he drew a book from his pocket and was soon absorbed in its contents.

"What are you reading, Philip?"

The boy looked quickly up to see his uncle coming toward him.

"Oh," he began, a little flush rising to his face; "it's—it's nothing in which you would be interested, sir. Just one of those tales of frontier life. I like them for the snap that is in them."

His uncle took the book from his rather unwilling hands and turned over the leaves.

"Poor paper, poor print, coarse illustrations. Poor help in forming the taste of a young fellow. But perhaps," with a smile, "the good you are getting out of it pays you to overlook those of minor matters."

"Well, I guess not," said Philip. "This is what you would be likely to call trash of the first water. I read it only for recreation, you know."

"When you are as old as I am, my boy, you will look back with regret to every hour of your young life that you have spent on trash. They are your golden hours. Whatever you acquire in them will stay by you through life. A young mind is clear and vigorous, and retains what is impressed on it. Such time as you spend in really profitable reading will be of high value to you."

"I study hard in school."

"I am sure of that; your reports all testify to it. But does that take away from you the relish for good, solid, instructive reading? Don't you read history or biographies?"

"History is so dry! I've tried it sometimes, but it is such hard work to get my mind down to it. Hugh Humphrey bones down to solid reading. Talks about it as if he really enjoyed it. I wish, sometimes, that I did take to solid reading," said Philip, a little regretfully. "I've tried it, but I can't get interested in it."

"That is because you have fed your mind so long on this," said his uncle, tapping the book. "You are like a child fed on sweets—it loses all relish for wholesome food; its body is relaxed and enfeebled by it, and just so the mind suffers as the result of unwholesome literature."

"I have always felt strongly on this point, concluded his uncle; "and always have been grateful to an old gentleman, who, in my young days, took me sharply to task for doing as you are doing now."

"I know that all he says is right," mused Philip, as he was left to himself. "I'm going to do it. I'm just going to see how this comes out, and then I'll go at the solid reading and make myself like it."

He lost himself in the pages until roused by the falling of large drops on his book. Heavy rains had again set in, and the wheelbarrow, full of rich blooms, was hastily wheeled under a shed to remain for days before the ground was again fit for their reception.

"They're a sorry-looking lot," said the boy, in deep regret, as he saw how the plants had withered during the delay."

"They're looking for an assistant or some work in the library in town, uncle," Philip eagerly said to him a few weeks later; "something about cataloguing, I believe, and the work is to last through all vacation. I was thinking that as you are one of the directors you might speak for me. It will be good pay and not hard work."

"I'm sorry, Phil," said his uncle kindly "I had already thought of you in reference to that place. But they want a young fellow who has some acquaintance with general literature, especially history, and among a number of applicants have settled on a friend of yours, I think—Humphrey, is that his name?"

"Hugh Humphrey?" said Philip. "Yes, yes; we boys all call him pokey, because he settled down to heavy reading. But he's got ahead of us now."

"Spending his summer among good books and scholarly men will set him still further ahead," said his uncle.—*The Morning Star.*

THESE MUST GO.

A list of the boys who are the first to lose their situations in any well-ordered business house is given by a trade magazine. Here are a few of them:

The exquisite young man who parts his hair in the middle, and is shocked at the idea of soiling his hands by a little honest work.

The luxurious youth, who has twenty-dollar-a-week tastes and habits and a ten-dollar-a-week salary.

The young man who hasn't sense enough to do anything unless he is ordered to do it, and the young man who is always doing things contrary to orders.

The remarkable youth who invariably knows what a customer wants better than he does himself.

The young man who is ignorant of the use of soap and water and hair-brush and comb and other toilet requisites, and the young man who is so wrapped up in the use of these that he has thought for little else.

The young man who wears flashy jewelry, exhales an odor of musk, wears wide stripes, daring cravats, violent checks and is generally "horsey."

To this may be added: The young man whose lusterless eyes and soiled fingers proclaim him a cigarette smoker.—The School Index.

IN MEMORY OF THE BAKER.

For some months a family, the poorest of the poor, lived on a miserable street in New York in an almost starving condition. The oldest boy, a lad of fourteen, sold papers; but the income from this uncertain and petty trade barely paid the rent of the cramped and cheerless quarters in which the six children and their mother lived.

In the neighbourhood was a Jewish baker, who made a living by the hardest and most unremitting toil. He was poor, but his religion taught him to love his fellow creatures. He heard of the distress near him; here were people poorer than himself, and he caused one of the children to come over once a day and take a loaf of bread. This charity, meaning so much to the baker, became for months almost the only means of supporting life that this poverty-stricken Christian family had.

But one day John, the little father of his five brothers and sisters, "struck a job," as the phrase goes among such boys. Pretty soon the family moved into another tenement where once a day the sun glanced in at one window. John was doing very well, and his family, although still poor enough, were happier than they had been for years; but he could not forget the baker and the kindness he had shown them when they were starving.

All one week John was very thoughtful. At last, one evening, he said to his mother:

"Mother, I want to put a thought before you. I've had it in mind some time, an' I can't help thinking it's a duty.

"You know how the baker helped us out. Now there's that family across the street, where the old man has just died. There's six children in that family, just like us, an' not a mouthful for 'em to eat. Can't we take one of 'em in? I could git up a little earlier an' go to bed a little later, an' work a little harder. But if you don't want to do it, I won't say any more."

The boy stopped and looked at his mother. Their struggle was hard enough as it was. They could scarcely live, and if John lost his place they would be worse off than ever. What a risk to undertake to feed another mouth!

"What do you want to do this for?" asked the mother softly.

John looked away, "Well," he said, "just on account of what the baker did for us."

"All right, John," said his mother; "for the sake of the baker we will take the child in."—Sel.

"HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS."

"How will God write it, papa?" asked little Eve.

"Write what?" asked her father, looking up from his reading.

"See what it says," said she, resting the book on his knee and pointing. Then she read out, "And His name shall be in their foreheads." "It's out of the Bible," added she; "and I know it means God, because of that big 'H.' How will he write it papa?"

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee, saying:

"Some things write themselves. When you look at granddaddy's silver hair," said he, "what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you? Who wrote it there?"

"It wrote itself," said Eve.

Father nodded. "Right," said he. "Now, when I look in your mouth, what do I see written there? I see this little girl is not a baby now; for she has all her teeth, and can eat crusts. That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when your mother had to carry you about all night because it pained you so."

Eve laughed. "What a funny sort of writing?" said she.

"When little girls get cross and disobedient," her father went on, "where does it write itself? Look in the glass next time you are naughty."

"I know," said little Eve; "in their faces, doesn't it?"

"And if they are good?" said papa.

"In their faces too. Is that what the text means?"

"That is what it means," said father.

"Because if we go on being naughty all our lives it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we let God make us good, through trusting in His dear Son Jesus, our Saviour, the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's."

BRUCE'S BOARDERS.

Mrs. Foster was busy dusting her dining room. She had a white cap over her hair, and wore a long blue apron. Knock, knock, knock, went somebody's fingers on the door, and before she could whisk off her cap or say "Come in!" the door opened cautiously and slowly.

"Who can be coming to see me so early?" thought Mrs. Foster. "Oh," as a fair, curly head presented itself, "it's Bruce Pettigrew! Well Bruce, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Mrs. Foster," said the child, bringing in a small tin plate, "will you please save me your crumbs and apple cores for my boarders?"

"Your boarders?" cried Mrs. Foster.

"Yes, the birds you know. So many of them come now, that I haven't enough to give them; so I thought I'd bring over my plate and get you to help me. I'll come back for it after dinner."

And the little boy was gone without waiting for any promise.

So day after day the little boy and the little tin plate travelled backward and forward, and the birds flocked more and more to the ledge of that third-story window.

But Bruce's plan did more than feed the birds; more than he knew of.

"That baby has the right idea of helping," thought busy Mrs. Foster. "He gives all he can himself, and then he takes the trouble to get other people to help. Now, there's Mrs. Irwin; she has enough 'cast-offs' to set the poor O'Connors up in comfort. I'll just step over and ask for them."

"An old dress?" said Mrs. Irwin in a friendly tone. "Why, to be sure, if you think that red dress that Mary has just laid aside would be any good."

Before the visit was over Mrs. Foster had more than she could carry home; enough to make the whole O'Connor family happy.

It gave the Irwins a new interest in the O'Connors, too, and in all those poor people in that alley.

Little Bruce kept on feeding his birds and collecting his crumbs, knowing no more than the birds of all this; but the heavenly Father, whose care is over all his creatures, smiled down upon the little boy.—*Messenger*.

HOW JACK HELPED.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three-day's rain, says a writer in *Our Dumb Animals*. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and, when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired; for the baby had been restless all night. Folly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, and with such a cheerful tone that his father's

brow relaxed; and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you" quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"Top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow; and five minutes after Jack came in we gathered around the table, and were eating our porridge as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterwards, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time: I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper, I am sure of that."

MA-VOE.

Ma-Voe was born in Hainan China. His father and mother were greatly delighted when he was born, and as he was the youngest in the family they gave him this name which means The Tail.

When Ma-Voe was born his parents were so glad he was a boy, for Hainanese parents do not like girl babies very much, but they sent word to their neighbours that this was a girl baby. It seemed very strange to tell such a falsehood, but they did this because they were afraid the gods would hear people say he was a boy and would come and take him away by sickness. Thus they tried to deceive their gods. They did not know that there is but one true God, and that He sees and knows everything and cannot be deceived.

The neighbours came to see the little fellow, but not one good word did they say about him. Most of them said he was very ugly. They did not mean this, but they wanted the gods to hear them say he was ugly so they would not want to take him away. And, further to deceive the spirit, they pierced one of little Ma-Voe's ears and hung an ear-ring in it. Surely, they said, now the gods will believe this is a girl baby and will leave him alone.—*Scl.*

HOW TO DO GOD'S WILL.

A teacher was explaining to her class words concerning God's angels, "Ministers of His who do His pleasure," and asked—"How do the angels carry out God's will?"

Many answers followed.

One said—"They do it directly."

Another—"They do it with all their hearts."

A third—"They do it well."

And, after a pause, a quiet little girl added: "They do it without asking any questions."—*Ex.*

SAVED BY A CHILD.

She was a sweet little girl, our Marjory, and the only child; so we thought a deal of her. But you know it takes a lot to wean a man from the drink when it once gets tight hold of him, and even if he loves his wife and children, well he most likely loves himself best. And that was just what I did.

I wasn't working entirely for myself, but was partner with another man, and had a mile and a half to walk morning and evening to and from the workshop. There was a cross-road about a mile from our house, and instead of coming over the stile and through the fields home I used the more often to turn off and go towards the public, not returning home until late at night, and then I was generally the worse for drink.

One evening as I was returning from work, and had got to the road where Satan was always waiting to tempt me, I glanced across the field, along the path which I ought to have gone, and there, standing between those two big trees, was our Marjory, with her school slate in one hand, and beckoning to me with the other.

"What does the lass want?" I asked myself impatiently.

"Take no notice," whispered Satan in my heart; "she's only fooling you. Come along my way."

Satan prevailed. I shook my head at Marjory and went down the road instead of going over the stile.

And that night came retribution. It seemed that my poor wife had in a fainting-fit fallen into our kitchen fire. There was only one house near, and little Marjory, just home from school, ran for assistance to the neighbour, who did everything in her power to ease the sufferer's pain and agony. But there was no one to send for the doctor.

"Dad will be coming home," said Marjory, "and I will run and catch him at the stile before he goes to the 'Cat and Fiddle.'"

Poor little Marjory! She was in terrible distress, but run as she might she could not get up to the stile in time, and could only beckon with her hand across the field, to which signal I took no heed.

The poor little lass ran crying home, and in spite of the neighbour's disapproval she started off herself five miles for the doctor.

When I arrived at home at midnight I was pretty well sobered with the shock I experienced. My poor wife in agony of pain, my little girl no one knew where, and no doctor! I drove to the doctor's. It was one o'clock in the morning when I arrived, and there on the doctor's step, lying like a dead thing, was my little Marjory. I lifted her in my arms and pealed the doctor's bell, but the child never spoke. I thought she was dead.

But once inside a warm room and her lips moistened with hot milk, my little lass came round.

"I beckoned with my hand, but Dad wouldn't come," she said, "The words went through me like a knife.

"You shall never beckon again, but he'll come, Marjory," I answered earnestly.

She closed her eyes and I carried her, wrapped up in the doctor's rug, to the cart. Then we all three drove home.

When we arrived my wife was easier, but the doctor said how much suffering he could have saved her had he been sent for at once. And again my conscience pricked me.

But to get on with my story.

The next morning little Marjory was herself again, but quiet and thoughtful, and the wife was going on nicely. I went to work, but felt very anxious all the day, and then at night, on my return, I saw with dismay my little lass standing at the same place as she stood the night before, and holding up her hand beckoning. At first I was afraid that the wife was worse, but Marjory's face told another tale. She was smiling bravely.

"You said last night, Dad, that I should never beckon again but you'd come. So I'm going to beckon every night now!"

"Well, you are a cute little lass, Marjory," I said, "and I suppose you mean Dad to give up the drink by means of your beckoning hand?"

"Yes, Dad, that's it," she said; "and then we shall be happy together."

And that's just what we are now, for I was saved by her hand, and what is more important still, the hand of the Lord has "touched me."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

BABIES IN THE SNOW.

Lapland mothers go regularly to church, and take their children even when they are wee, tiny babies. Sometimes they ride ten or fifteen miles in a sleigh drawn by a reindeer. They all have warm clothes on, the baby in particular. Often it is wrapped in bear-skins.

As soon as the family arrives at the little church, and the reindeer is secured, the father Lapp shovels a snug little bed of snow, and mother Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins, and lays it down there. Then father Lapp piles the snow all around it, and the parents go into the church.

Over twenty or thirty of these babies lie out there in the snow round the church, and I never heard of one that was suffocated or frozen.

The snow does not make them cold; for when it covers a person all over, if he has clothing enough so that it will not melt and wet him, it will keep him warm. The little babies are not strong enough to knock the snow aside and get away, so they just lie there and go to sleep.

When church is out the father goes to where the baby is, and puts his hand down into the snow and pulls the baby out and shakes off the snow; then the reindeer trots off, a good deal faster than a horse, and takes them all home again.—*Kam's Horn.*

DR. BURBANK'S ASSISTANT.

Doctor Burbank stood in the front hall drawing on his gloves, preparatory to going out into the storm. His face was very grave, and as he patted Danny Small's brown head he said. "We can't be too careful, Mr. Small; do what we will, it means a hard pull for this lad's mother. She needs absolute quiet and a mind free from worry. The children must be so many mice; and Danny, here, is going to do his part—be my assistant."

Two minutes later the jingle of the doctor's sleigh-bells was dying away in the distance, and Danny Small and his father were seated in the library, talking over the doctor's last words.

"He means just this, my boy," said Mr. Small, holding Danny's hands in his own, "you must do your part to keep your brothers and sisters quiet and happy while your mother is sick; and that will do as much to help as his medicine. In that way you will become an assistant of whom any doctor would be glad."

"I'll do it; begin at once," said Danny, his eyes sparkling.

"Hurrah! I'm"—said John, rushing into the house like a small tornado.

"Sh!" said Danny, clapping his hand over his brother's mouth, "don't you know mother is sick?"

"Oh, sure enough; I forgot about mother!" and John retreated toward the door.

"Well, you don't want to forget," replied Danny, "I'm Doctor Burbank's assistant and"—

"Doctor Burbank's what?" interrupted John, pausing on the threshold.

"Doctor Burbank's assistant," said Danny, flushing; "and must obey orders—no shouting and no quarreling within a hundred feet of this house."

That night the children were impatient and cross, and Danny found his services as the doctor's assistant again required.

"Be as quiet as mice, and I'll show you something new," said Danny, taking an apple from the pantry and hanging it by a string from the top casing of the door. The first one that bites a piece out has the whole apple." Thus for an hour Danny managed to keep the youngsters out of mischief.

"How has my assistant been getting along?" said Doctor Burbank, when he came the next morning.

"My wife has had the best night's rest she has known for a fortnight," replied Mr. Small, his eyes glistening. "Danny has been an angel. I am obliged to be away at the office most of the day, and the nurse finds it impossible to keep the little ones all quiet, but Danny—well, Danny has managed it somehow, and wife says that she has not heard a sound from the children since you were here yesterday."

"Capital! capital!" said the physician; "between us we shall have Mrs. Small on her feet again within six weeks."

The following day when Danny returned from school, a great coal wagon backed up be-

fore the house on the opposite side of the street, and the teamster was arranging the iron chute, intending to shoot the entire load into the cellar.

"See here, mister," said Danny, looking up in the begrimed face of the teamster, "my mother is awful sick over there in that house, and would you mind dumping the coal in with your basket; may be you've got a sick mother, or had one once."

For an instant the man stood looking at Danny in amazement. To grant the request meant an hour's extra work, and at first he was inclined to be surly. Then he scratched his head and reached for his basket muttering something about having a sick boy at home.

Dr. Burbank was coming up the street, and he took it all in—not the coal, but the situation—and as he mounted the steps at Mr. Small's home, he said, "God bless the boy!"

So the weeks passed, each hour and each day finding something for Danny to do as Dr. Burbank's assistant, and they were not irksome hours, either; on the contrary, they were among the happiest of Danny's life. Gradually health returned to Mrs. Small, and one morning early in the spring she came down to dinner for the first time in two months. Dr. Burbank came in while they were yet seated at the table.

"I am down once more, thanks to you Dr. Burbank," said Mrs. Small.

"Thanks to my assistant, Master Danny," corrected the physician; "he has done more than I."

That was the proudest minute in Danny's life—the proudest of Dr. Daniel Small's life, for years passed and Danny became a physician himself, and a very successful one.—*The Morning Star*.

How careful we should be to guard our thoughts. If they are pleasant we will have pleasant faces and kind ways. We will gain treasures for days of adversity, upon which we can draw when other sources of enjoyment fail. Old age will be happy through them, for they will be used as material from which to build homes of refuge wherein we find comfort and delight when the windows are darkened and we are forced to keep company most of our time with what is within us.

When once we give way to temper, temper will claim a right of way and come in easier every time. He that will be in a pet for any little thing will soon be out at elbows about nothing at all. A thunder-storm curdles the milk and so does a passion sour the heart and spoil the character.—Spurgeon.

Putting his hand over his heart, an Indian said of his conscience: "It's a little, three-cornered thing in there, which turns round and hurts very much when I do wrong. If I should keep on in bad ways it will turn and turn till it wears off the edges, and then it will not hurt any more."

HOW HE CONTROLLED HIS TEMPER.

A London merchant once had a dispute with a Quaker about a bill. The merchant said he would go to law about it; the Quaker tried all means to keep him from doing so.

One morning the Quaker resolved to make a last attempt, and he called at the merchant's house, and asked the servant if the master was at home.

The merchant heard him, and, knowing his voice, called out from the stairs, "Tell that rascal I am not at home."

The Quaker, looking up at him, calmly said: "Well, friend, God grant thee a better mind."

The merchant was struck with the meekness of the reply, and he looked into the disputed bill, and found that the Quaker was right and he was wrong.

He called to see him, and, after confessing his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you: How were you able so often to bear my abuse with patience?"

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I had once as bad a temper as thou hast; I knew that to yield to this temper was sinful, and I found that it was unwise. I noticed that men in a passion always spoke loud, and I thought that if I could control my voice I should keep my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by carefully observing this rule I have, by God's help, mastered my temper."—*Ex.*

ONLY A WORD.

A young girl sat on the piazza of her home, her pale cheek and drooping figure telling of recent illness. She was watching the raking of leaves from the grass, and as the man passed near her with his rake she aroused herself from her languor to say:

"You keep the lawn looking so nicely, John. I like to see it that way."

He was only the hired man, a stranger in a strange land, and this was but one of a score of duties that he was paid for doing. Probably no one had ever thought of praising him before, and he had no answer ready.

A week later the gentle invalid was gone—slipped away suddenly out of encircling arms, out of the world like the vanishing of a snow wreath. No one thought of John as among the mourners; he was only the driver of the family carriage which carried some of the friends, but to one of these with whom he found himself alone he told of the kind commendation, the last words he had heard the girl speak, and added, with voice growing husky:—

"As long as I stay there the lawn shall be kept as Miss Helen liked to see it."

The little word had left a legacy of brightness and awakened a heart to new loyalty and faithfulness.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.

BIBLE READING.

Daily Bible reading is a good habit. If it is a matter of relish and understanding, the result must be improving to mind and heart. It should not be a perfunctory performance, but a free, happy and conscientious exercise. It should be a source of devotion, interest and profit. One should not be content to say, I have read my chapter to-day, but I have gotten my spiritual manna for to-day. I have been at the fountain of light, comfort, inspiration and guidance, and have secured a full supply of enlightenment, cheer, quickening and direction for the day's needs. The Bible is an everyday book for everyday people, and all should get out of it the greatest possible help according to their varying needs.—*Ex.*

IRREPRESSIBLE ODORS.

There are some things that cannot be repressed. A boy was passing through a railroad car with a basket of fruit, calling his wares. A passenger heard him doing so, and paid no attention. But when the boy came opposite his seat, the fragrant odor of the different fruits in the basket was so penetrating and irresistible that the passenger was compelled to turn and look at what mere words had failed to interest him in. It is as impossible for us to conceal the influence of our lives as it would have been for the train-boy to conceal the odor of that fruit. The words we speak count for little; the silent, ever outgoing influence of the lives we live counts for much. That is all people look at; that is what they know us by. And we cannot deceive them. We think we can, and we are the only ones deceived. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and the odor of the fruit tells the story to the whole world. But with us rests the choice of what fruit-seed we shall plant.



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"One can have no greater enemy than a violent temper."

Next to the Bible I dearly love common sense.—John Wesley.

"One great secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate."

"Purposes, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into decay."

"Enjoy what you have, and do not be envious of those who have more than you have."

"A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it."

"A good life is the best sermon a man can preach. Beautiful living is the most eloquent of all preaching."

To dare is great. To bear is greater. Bravery we share with brutes; fortitude with saints.—C. F. Deems,

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent, so much as the smallness of his wants.—Cobbett.

"When a man is going down, don't increase his trouble; when everybody is blaming him, do not swell the chorus of censure."

"It is rare kindness that is willing to help others to be happy in their own way, even though it be a right one, when it is not our way."

"What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of mind, realizes itself."

One hour spent in solitude, in struggle with and victory over a single bosom-sin, is worth more, even intellectually, than a year's study.—Coleridge.

"God gives us credit, not only for the good we do, but for what we would do if we had the power. The same is true, also, of the harm we do."

"Charity is never lost. It may be of no service to those it is bestowed on, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver."

A soul may fall from the comforts of grace, but not from the habits of grace. A child of God may be cast down, but he can never be cast off.—Charnock.

"One real evil will sometimes ameliorate our condition by putting to flight a host of imaginary calamities, and by inducing that exertion which makes any situation tolerable."

"All sin is deteriorating. It weakens the manhood, it increases the power of evil solicitation, it builds an environment of unholy influence, it fills the life with suffering. The final results push out into the dark, driving the victim we know not whither, but always away from goodness and God."

"Should misfortune overtake you, retrench work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance,—should you then fail, you will be honoured; but shrink, and you will be despised."

"The useful man in any congregation of Christians is the man who is willing to do that which others are unwilling to do; who can rejoice as much in the successful efforts of other Christians as he can in his own successful efforts."

To talk evil of others is a sure sign of something wrong in ourselves. "I don't believe she can be nice herself," said some one about a young girl recently, "because she is always criticizing and blaming other girls." Wasn't that a fair inference? A sweet and wholesome girl is seldom found saying sharp things, even about persons who seem to deserve it.

Don't turn up your nose at the enthusiast. He probably does some foolish things now and then, but he is the only man who ever did anything of much consequence in the world. The enthusiast is simply the man that believes with all his heart, and whoever has faith in God can't help bubbling over sometimes. The reason cold water never boils over is because it is cold.—*The Golden Link*.

The Church is not in the world for criticism, but for use; not for idealization, but for utility. As a light, she is to shine for the enlightenment of mankind, and, as its salt, she is to operate for the earth's preservation. She is to set forth and exemplify the doctrine and life of her blessed Lord. She has a universal commission and can never lay aside her legitimate work until all nations are Christianized.—*Phil. Pres.*

Nothing could be better for rousing the spiritual life of a congregation, and leading it on to a higher life, than the cultivation of the spirit of missions. The progress of the kingdom of God in the world is a study well calculated to enlarge the mind and soul, and rescue torpid congregations from their self-satisfied ease. What a power for good would be our home millions of Christians if really alive to their privilege and duty in helping forward the work of God in all lands.—*Mackay of Uganda*.

The best way to overcome an evil thought is by the power of a good thought. Evil intimations may not be banished by resolution, nor is the passing suggestion subject to the will. The principle in physics that nature abhors a vacuum is equally applicable in the realm of thought. The vacant mind gives opportunity for the entrance of the evil idea and prepares the place for its habitation. The contemplation of truth, filling the life with good and righteous thoughts, provides an impassable barrier to sin. The best method of conquering darkness is simply to let the light shine, so letting in the light of purity and providing for its continual access will conquer iniquity.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

No. 9

"IT IS ONLY SENTIMENT"!!!

The one thing to whose sway the world yields the most implicit obedience and, at the same time, usually affects to treat as if of small importance is sentiment. "It is only sentiment" often sums up a world of affected contempt.

The Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire which met recently in Montreal, made up of the leaders in the Empire's commercial life, cool, keen, far-seeing men, might be supposed to be farthest removed from the dominion of sentiment, and yet the importance of that Congress, so widely heralded, is chiefly sentimental. It had no legislative or executive powers. It could do nothing but confer, and even its resolutions, modified to reconcile conflicting ideas, were, of necessity, indefinite and colourless.

And yet, no doubt, great good will result, not so much from measures proposed or agreed to, but from the intercourse, the bringing together of so many leading men from different parts of the Empire; the bonds of friendship formed; the journey through Canada and the knowledge of its greatness; the strengthening of the bond of unity in the Empire; the very singing of "God Save the King." It is the same good that results in a smaller or larger measure from all intercourse, social, commercial, religious, between the parts of that Empire to which all of its parts are so thankful to belong.

Sentiment rules the world. War, politics, commerce must yield to its sway. It takes the child and binds it by life-long ties to the parent. It takes the youth and maiden and—in most cases—laughing at all the conventional maxims that would keep them apart, binds them together and makes the world's homes. It binds the heart of the patriot to his country and leads him to die for it. In a lower sense it marks the grades of social life and leads men and women to strive for a higher place. It inspires ambitions whether of the lower or of the higher and more noble type.

Speaking with reverence it was sentiment that led to the world's redemption, "God so loved." It is sentiment that inspires all human sacrifice to uplift the world from sorrow and suffering and sin.

One obvious lesson is that in all beneficent

work, all Christian work, all church work as Autumn and Winter open a new campaign of church and Christian work, is, that to be effective, that work must be directed to the heart and must reach the heart. It is not enough to point out that good and evil ways lead to good and evil ends; the heart and life must be won from the evil to the good. Knowledge, skill, talent, tact, all have their place, but heart is chief. Sentiment, love, alone can sway and win.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

We trust that the "sentiment" of the church will be moved by the following statement regarding the orphan children of India and that it will sway many a heart and hand to help "these little ones" for a short time further until they are able to care for themselves.

Aug. 15, 1903.

DEAR RECORD.

We have on our hands, in India, nearly 1,200 famine children at the present time. They are not accounted a burden, but a great joy. Many of them have made profession of faith in Christ and give promise of usefulness, indeed some of them are already useful to their own people.

But what is to be done with them now? The Famine Fund is nearly exhausted. They cannot be supported by the Common Fund, which is not sufficient for the work it has to do. It means either turn them adrift at this tender age without friends or home or replenish the Famine Fund. The former alternative cannot be thought of. The proposal is that individuals, Y. P. S., Sabbath schools, and congregations undertake the support of one or more of these, during the few years that remain until they can support themselves. Already a number are assigned in this way, but we need very many more. It is not needful to argue or plead, for none will doubt or question the merit of such work. It means caring for the little ones, for whom Christ died, and it will be accepted as done to Him. I have the names of some hundreds of boys and girls and shall be glad to assign one or more to any who will apply, and it is important that it be done quickly.

R. P. MACKAY.

89 Confederation Life Bldg. Toronto.

. QUESTION BUREAU.

" Providence."

Editor RECORD.

At a funeral recently a minister referring to the expression "inscrutable Providence," so widely used in connection with the death of the late President McKinley, said, "There was no Providence in the death of McKinley." Was he right? Is there no Providence in death?

Answer.

Providence is but another name for God's watchful care over all things, and there can be nothing in which there is no Providence. On the other hand, there are the immediate secondary causes, man's own doings, which are all that we can see, and which, so far as *we* can see, decide our destinies. It is the old question of God's sovereignty and man's free agency, both of which are taught in the Bible and are true, but the relationship of which no man can fully understand.

" Baptizo."

Will you please tell us in the RECORD the meaning of the word "Baptizo?" The Baptists tell us that in Greek literature it means "dip," and nothing but dip.

Answer.

"Baptizo" refers to the condition of a thing and to change of condition, without reference to the agency or the mode by which condition or change of condition is effected.

A few examples of the use of the word in Greek literature will make this apparent:

"I saw a vessel wandering in pleasant weather . . . and baptized in a calm." Char. Aph iii, 4.

"As in a few days to be baptized by such a multitude of evils." *Achillus Tatius* iii, 10.

"The quantity of wine de-baptizes the physical and vital power." Alex Aphro i, 16.

"They do not baptize the people by taxes." *Diod. Sicul* i, 73.

"When midnight baptizes the city with sleep." Helio. Eth. iv, 17.

"For there fighting he baptized all Asia." Heim. xv, 3.

And many other passages, *e.g.* :

"Salamis, where thou didst baptize Asia."—"Grief baptizing the soul and darkening the judgment."—"Baptized either by diseases or arts of the wizards."—"Baptized with much

wantonness."—"Baptized by grief."—"Baptized by unmingled wine."—"Having baptized Alexander by much wine."—"Crippled and baptized by yesterday's debauch."—"Misfortunes befalling baptize us," etc., etc.

In these and other passages from Greek authors men are represented as baptized by grief, by debt, by taxes, by wine, by wantonness, by sleep, by drowning, by drugs, by anger, by misfortune, etc.

The New Testament speaks of Baptism by the Spirit, and its outward sign, baptism with water; or, "Real" baptism and "Ritual" baptism; "Real" baptism of the Spirit which changes the condition of one's character, and "Ritual" baptism with water as an outward token or sign or seal, *e.g.* : "I indeed baptize you with water," but "He shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire."

Passages from the New Testament shew that the word is there used in the same sense as in the classical Greek to imply change of condition, *e.g.* :

"When they come from the market-place, except they baptize, they eat not." Mark 7 : 4.

"The baptizing of cups and pots, brazen vessels and tables." Mark 7 : 4.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Luke 3 : 16.

"Marvelled that He had not first baptised before dinner." Luke 11 : 38.

"I have a baptism to be baptized with." Luke 12 : 50 (referring to His death.)

"Ye shall be baptised with the Holy Spirit not many days hence." Acts 1 : 5 (referring to the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost.)

As this is not a discussion of the mode or subject of Baptism, but simply an attempt to answer the above question, the quotations given will suffice to show the correctness of the answer.

"What hast thou done to day for God!

Answer, O soul of mine!

What thorny pathway hast thou trod,
Trusting in strength divine?

What gift upon the altar laid
Of all that was most dear?

Or hast thou meagre tribute paid,
With less of love than fear?"

The best sermon is Christian sympathy.

WANTED FOR THE YUKON.

The Rev. Dr. Warden has just received a letter from the Rev. John Pringle, urgently asking for the appointment of a man to undertake the work at Bonanza, in the neighbourhood of Dawson City. The people agree to give at the rate of \$1,800 per annum, and a residence. It is very important that his request be complied with, without delay. The man must be young, vigorous, ordained, and with adaptability for work among the mining population in that district. Is there not among the younger, unmarried ministers of the church some one who will volunteer his services in this connection? If so, he should immediately communicate with Dr. Warden, Toronto.

The Rev. John Pringle is to be set free to visit the outlying camps, ministering by preaching and otherwise, to the people in these camps. This work is one of very great importance, and for which Mr. Pringle is specially qualified. The church is to be congratulated in having at their disposal the services of such a man for this kind of work, and although it entails a heavy expenditure upon the Home Mission Fund, yet it is the kind of work which tells, and which, we feel confident, will appeal to the sympathy and liberality of all our people. Mr. Pringle and the other missionaries in the Yukon have done splendid service in that far off territory, and they may rest satisfied that they have the sympathy and confidence of the entire church with them in their arduous labours.

Every Sabbath School teacher should take the General Assembly's Teacher Training Course. Material begins in October Teachers' Monthly and continues till April. Send a post card for full information in regard to the Course and sample copy of Teachers' Monthly. Address Rev. J. M. Duncan, B.D., Secretary, Committee on Teacher Training, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ont.

A slight error in the number of commissioners entitled to attend the General Assembly was made in the July Record. The full list was 231 ministers and an equal number of elders. The actual registered attendance was 204 ministers and 146 elders, a total of 350 out of a possible 468, or three-fourths of the whole, a larger proportion than any previous Assembly.

OUR CHURCH SCHEMES.

An average contribution of one cent per day from every member of the Church will not only provide the amount required but will enable the several committees to extend their work and largely increase the staff of missionaries, etc. Cannot this average be reached in every congregation of the Church?

Mission stations, as well as congregations, are enjoined to contribute to the Schemes of the Church. This will be found helpful to them as well as to the work.

Where Missionary Associations do not exist, the Assembly has appointed collections to be taken up during the current year, as follows:—

French Evangelization...	4th Sabbath July		
Assembly Fund.....	"	"	Aug.
Colleges.....	"	"	Sep.
Widows' & Orphans' F'd.	3d	"	Oct.
Home Missions.....	"	"	Nov.
Manitoba College.....	"	"	Dec.
Augmentation Fund....	"	"	Jan., '04
Aged & In. Ministers' F'd	"	"	Feb., "
Foreign Missions.....	2d	"	Mar., "

Quite a number of congregations fail every year to contribute to one or more Schemes of the Church. The Assembly has more than once instructed Presbyteries to take this matter into consideration, and endeavour to secure the organization of an efficient Missionary Committee in every congregation and mission station within their bounds, so that a contribution may annually be obtained for every Scheme.

Nearly two-thirds of the entire contributions for the Schemes of the Church are received during the last two months of the ecclesiastical year. This renders necessary the borrowing of money to meet salaries and other disbursements, entailing expenditure for interest. To obviate this, congregations are recommended to forward their contributions quarterly. The Assembly instructs congregations to forward all money prior to 28th February. Special attention is called to this. The books will close promptly then, and only those contributions that reach the Church Offices here before six o'clock on the evening of that date will appear in the accounts of the year and in the detailed statement of receipts to be submitted to next General Assembly. Please let your Missionary Treasurer know this.

ROBT. H. WARDEN.

Presbyterian Offices,
Toronto, July 31, 1903.

NOTES ON THE SCHEMES.

1. *Home Missions.*—To enable the Committee to keep pace with the growth of population and to open up new fields, as well as to furnish regular supply during the whole year, the full amount given in the estimate will be required. As the amount received from Great Britain and Ireland is now much less than formerly, increased contributions will be required from our own Church. The amount required to support a Western missionary, over and above the contributions of the people in the field, is \$250 per annum. A special field is assigned to congregations, etc., contributing this amount for the support of a missionary.

2. *Augmentation of Stipends.*—This Scheme is under a committee distinct from the Home Mission Committee. It is earnestly hoped that it will be liberally supported, so that the Committee may be in a position to receive all Mission Stations desiring to come upon the list.

3. *Foreign Missions.*—The amount required this year is nearly \$35,000 more than the amount received last year. While the amount required for the Women's Foreign Missionary Society is stated, it is to be borne in mind that this is entirely distinct from the amount required by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society raise their money chiefly by means of the Auxiliaries and Mission Bands connected with the Society.

4. *French Evangelization.*—The estimate includes the amount required for the Central Mission Schools at Pointe-aux-Trembles and for the general work of education and colportage, besides what is necessary for the maintenance of the French congregations and missions.

9. *Colleges.*—Since the abolition of the Common Fund in 1888, congregations contribute to one or more of the Colleges, as they think well. The amount required for each of the Colleges is given. It is hoped that every congregation in the Church will contribute for theological education, and that the full amount required may be got. All congregations, including those in the Maritime Provinces, are expected to aid in making up the amount required for Manitoba College. In sending money please state expressly what College or Colleges it is intended for.

6. *Widows and Orphans' Fund.*—A misapprehension exists in the minds of many as to the needs of this Fund, the impression being that it is abundantly ample to meet all de-

mands. The reverse is the case. Without a special effort last year the Fund would be very largely in debt. To enable the Committee to pay annuities in full, congregational contributions should be fifty per cent. in excess of those of last year. Special attention is called to this matter. Ministers' personal rates are payable in advance on November 1st for the year then beginning. Only the widows of those whose rates are paid up regularly are entitled to benefit from the Fund.

7. *Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund.*—Additions are made to the list of Annuitants by the Assembly from year to year. Last year eighty-seven annuitants received benefit, and ten were added to the list by the General Assembly last month. To meet the expenditure of the current year the sum of \$14,000 will be required over and above the income from interest. Ministers' personal rates are payable annually on or before the fifteenth of January for the year ending on the thirty-first of March following.

8. *Assembly Fund.*—In addition to the expenses immediately connected with the meeting of the Assembly, and the printing of the annual volume of Minutes, this Fund has to bear all expenses of Committees that have no fund of their own, such as the Committees on the distribution of Probationers, Church Life and Work, Statistics, etc. There is also an annual charge for the general expenses of the Presbyterian Alliance. About \$7,500 will this year be required for this Fund. As the large bulk of the expenditure (printing of the Minutes, etc.) has to be met in July and August, it is hoped that congregations will remit at the earliest possible date.—R. H. W.

By agreement between Britain and France the New Hebrides is to remain neutral, but the French have long been unlawfully encroaching, sometimes taking land wrongly from the natives. Two events of the past year will prevent such injustice, first, the settlement of a number of English families as cultivators and traders, and second, the appointment of a permanent British resident officer in the interests of justice.

An article in the June RECORD on S. S. Work in Edmondton Presbytery should read "members and adherents had increased 55 per cent. from 1897 to '99."

CONSTITUTION OF THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ARTICLE 1.

This Society shall be called "The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada" (Western Section).

ARTICLE 2.

Its object shall be to aid the Home Mission Committee by undertaking nursing and hospital work at such points in the newer districts of the country as the Committee may select, by engaging in any other work of a kindred nature that the Committee may deem it advisable to have taken up, and by co-operating with the Committee in raising funds for the General Home Mission work of the Church.

In pursuance of these ends it shall seek to organize congregational societies throughout the Church; and these societies shall be known as Home Mission Auxiliaries, and shall report annually to this society either directly or through the Presbyterian Society where one exists.

ARTICLE 3.

Every woman paying one dollar annually, either through an auxiliary or directly into the General Treasury, shall become a member of this Society; and any one who pays (or on whose behalf there is paid) at one time the sum of \$25, shall be enrolled as a life member.

ARTICLE 4.

The officers of the Society shall be an Honorary President, a President, five Vice-Presidents, a Recording Secretary, two or more Corresponding Secretaries, and a Treasurer; all of whom, in the interests of the work, and in order to save expense, shall be residents of the city of Toronto. They shall be elected annually by the members of the Society who are present at the annual meeting, and shall hold office till their successors are appointed.

ARTICLE 5.

The business of the Society shall be conducted by a Board of Managers, consisting of the officers above mentioned, other ten members of the Executive Committee, and one representative of each Presbyterian Society.

This Board shall have power to elect non-resident Vice-Presidents when they deem this desirable, and to fill any vacancies that may occur in the list of Officers between the annual meeting of the Society,

The Board shall hold two stated meetings each year, during the months of February and September, respectively; but a special meeting may be called by the President at any time at the request of five members of the Board, provided notice of the object of such special meeting is sent to each member at least two weeks before the date of the meeting.

To avoid the expense of sending delegates from the more distant Presbyteries and to prevent any Presbyterian Society from being unrepresented at the semi-annual meetings of the Board, it shall be competent for these Presbyterian Societies to select their representatives from amongst the members of this Society without reference to their place of residence.

ARTICLE 6.

There shall be an Executive Committee composed of the Officers of the Society and ten others, who shall be elected annually from amongst the members of the Society residing in Toronto. This Committee shall have power to transact such business as may require attention in the intervals between the stated meetings of the Board. Eight members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE 7.

The Society may appoint such other Committees as may be found to be necessary for the more efficient carrying out of the work.

ARTICLE 8.

The annual meeting of the Society shall be held on the second Tuesday of February at such place as the Society shall, from year to year, decide upon. At this meeting the annual report of the Board of Managers and other reports shall be presented, and the officers and Committees elected for the ensuing year. The Board may alter the date of the annual meeting when special circumstances render such a change desirable.

ARTICLE 9.

The President, or 1st Vice-President in her absence, shall call a special meeting of the Society when requested to do so by eight members of the Board of Managers.

ARTICLE 10.

This Constitution may be altered at any annual meeting on a vote of two-thirds of the members present; notice in writing of the proposed alteration having been given at a previous meeting.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S TEACHER TRAINING COURSE.

Results of Examinations.

The following is the list of successful candidates in examinations held on May 9, 1903, in connection with the [General Assembly's Teacher Training Course. The percentage required for first-class honours was 75; for second-class honours 60, and for pass, 35.

SCRIPTURE.

First-class Honours.—Ellen Douglas, Isabella M. McCumm, River John, N. S.; Rev. L. W. Parker, Clifton, N. S.; Mary Campbell, Ethel Smith, Middle Musquodoboit, N. S.; Christena Murray, North Earltown, N. S.; George A. Christie, Clarence Christie, Halifax, N. S.; Muriel H. MacRae, Durham, N. S.; Mrs. Annie M. Readie, William O. Creighton, Susan Creighton, West River, N. S.; Maggie E. McNair, Jacquet River, N. B.; Mary A. Robertson, Southport, P. E. I.; Emma Huber, Bracebridge, Ont.; Mrs. Annie Young, Carlow, Ont.; William Harvey McNairn, Toronto; Ida A. Fairbairn, Spencerville, Ont.; Flora E. McIlroy, Parry Sound, Ont.

Second-Class Honours.—Sarah M. Cock, Lower Truro, N. S.; William Bentley, Harriet Bentley, Middle Musquodoboit, N. S.; Marion Anna MacKay, East Earltown, N. S.; Dorothy J. Sutherland, The Falls, N. S.; J. Loin Allan, Halifax, N. S.; Mary Freeze, Jessie J. Murray, Doaktown, N. B.; Alice Adele MacRae, Annie Millar, Durham, N. S.; Mrs. Mary Bray, Riverside, N. B.; Martha M. Ramsay, Zilla Muirhead, William McMurdo, Summerside, P. E. I.; J. Lucila Robertson, Grand Cascapedia, Que.; Agnes Somerville, Beatrice Foster, Lena R. Renwick, Kate Waddell, Orono, Ont.; Florence Copeland, Bracebridge, Ont.; Emerson B. Howard, Coleman, Ont.; Flora McTaggart, Toronto; Carrie Walsh, Bear Brook, Ont.; Hannah Connell, West Essa, Ont.; Agnes Marie Alves, Parry Sound, Ont.; James J. Wilson, Oil City, Ont.; Edyth Eulila Chapman, Oak River, Man.; Alice Cook, Minnedosa, Man.; Ellen A. Hamiton, Coalfields, Assa.

Pass.—Annie Isabel McKenzie, Earltown, N. S.; Mrs. Annie MacD. MacKay, Jessie Ross, Balmoral Mills, N. S.; Christina M. Bailie, East Earltown, N. S.; George M. Wood, Annie Elizabeth Christie, Halifax, N. S.; Minnie Maud Freeze, Doaktown, N. B.; Priscilla May McKenzie, Bessie Catherine Brown,

Durham, N. S.; Jessie Munro, West River, N. S.; Mrs. Ada J. Carnwath, Riverside, N. B.; Henry Harvey Stuart, Hopewell Hill, N. B.; Duncan Shaw, John Mollison, Summerside, P. E. I.; Evelyn M. Russell, Loggieville, N. B.; Emma J. MacRae, Doon, Ont.; Maggie Connell, West Essa, Ont.; Mrs. James M. Millar, Oil Springs, Ont.; Evelyn Stella Chapman, May A. Fraser, Oak River, Man.

ART OF TEACHING.

First-class Honours.—Isabella M. McCumm, River John, N. S.; Mary Freeze, Doaktown, N. B.; Mrs. Annie M. Readie, West River, N. S.; Maggie E. McNair, Jacquet River, N. B.; Mrs. Annie Young, Carlow, Ont.; James J. Wilson, Oil City, Ont.

Second-class Honours.—Rev. L. W. Parker, Clifton, N. S.; Ethel Smith, Middle Musquodoboit, N. S.; Marion Anna MacKay, East Earltown, N. S.; Dorothy J. Sutherland, The Falls, N. S.; Alice Adele MacRae, Muriel H. MacRae, Durham, N. S.; William O. Creighton, West River, N. S.; Mrs. Mary Bray, Riverside, N. B.; J. Lucila Robertson, Grand Cascapedia, Que.; Emma Huber, Bracebridge, Ont.; Flora McTaggart, William Harvey McNairn, Toronto; Maggie Lockerbie, Ventnor, Ont.; Edythe Eulila Chapman, Oak River, Man.; Jessie McDiarmid, Pettapiece, Man.; Mary Catherine Turner, Union Point, Man.; George S. Dingle, Kate Broatch, Mrs. Amanda MacKay, Winnipeg, Man.

Pass.—Ellen Douglas, River John, N. S.; Sarah M. Cock, Lower Truro, N. S.; Edna Mosher, Old Barns, N. S.; William Bentley, Harriet Bentley, Middle Musquodoboit, N. S.; Christena Murray, North Earltown, N. S.; Annie Isabel McKenzie, Earltown, N. S.; Mrs. Annie MacD. MacKay, Jessie Ross, Balmoral Mills, N. S.; Jessie J. Murray, Minnie Maud Freeze, Doaktown, N. B.; Annie Millar, Bessie Catherine Brown, Durham, N. S.; Jessie Munro, Susan Creighton, West River, N. S.; Maud L. McPherson, Mrs. Ada J. Carnwath, Riverside, N. B.; Henry Harvey Stuart, Hopewell Hill, N. B.; Martha M. Ramsay, Zilla Muirhead, William McMurdo, John Mollison, Summerside, P. E. I.; Mary A. Robertson, Southport, P. E. I.; Mary Scott, St. Laurent, Montreal, Que.; Mary S. McLeod, Mrs. Alfred Robertson, Grand Cascapedia, Que.; Florence Copeland, Bracebridge, Ont.; Emerson B. Howard, Coleman, Ont.; Emma J. MacRae, Doon, Ont.; Carrie Walsh, Bear Brook, Ont.; Hannah Connell, West Essa, Ont.; Mrs. Mary Jane Grant,

Bryanston, Ont.; Jane Findlay, Walters Falls, Ont.; Flora E. McIlroy, Agnes Marie Alves, Amy V. Alves, Parry Sound, Ont.; Sadie Alves, Shebeshekong, Ont.; Ethel Crichton, Toronto, Sarah Jane Henderson, The Ridge, Ont.; Jessie Henderson, May A. Fraser, Oak River, Man.; Alice Cook, Minnedosa, Man.; Ellen A. Hamilton, Coalfields, Assa.; S. Zella Richardson, Mrs. Katherine F. Hutcheson, Eva Dunwoody, Eliza Williams, Norman J. Black, Isabella Ritchie, Winnipeg, Man.

DOCTRINE.

First-class Honours.—Ellen Douglas, Isabella M. McCumm, River John, N. S.; Sarah M. Cock, Lower Truro, N. S.; Edna Mosher, Old Barns, N. S.; Ethel Smith, Middle Musquodoboit, N. S.; Marion Anna Mackay, East Earlton, N. S.; Dorothy J. Sutherland, The Falls, N. S.; Muriel H. MacRae, Durham, N. S.; William O. Creighton, West River, N. S.; Maud L. McPherson, Riverside, N. B.; Henry Harvey Stuart, Hopewell Hill, N. B.; Maggie E. McNair, Jacquet River, N. B.; Ethel Cox Johnson, Newton Mills, N. S.; J. Lucilla Robertson, Grand Cascapedia, Que.; Emerson B. Howard, Coleman, Ont.; Ida A. Fairbairn, Spencerville, Ont.; Carrie Walsh, Bear Brook, Ont.; Flora E. McIlroy, Parry Sound, Ont.; Maggie Lockerbie, Ventnor, Ont.; Agnes Somerville, Orono, Ont.; Jessie McDiarmid, Pettapiece, Man.; Mary Catherine Turner, Union Point, Man.

Second-class Honours.—Rev. L. W. Parker, Clifton, N. S.; William Bentley, Harriet Bentley, Middle Musquodoboit, N. S.; Christena Murray, North Earlton, N. S.; Mrs. Annie MacD. MacKay, Balmoral Mills, N. S.; Mary Freeze, Doaktown, N. B.; Alice Adele MacRae, Annie Millar, Priscilla May McKenzie, Bessie Catherine Brown, Durham, N. S.; Mrs. Annie M. Readie, Susan Creighton, West River, N. S.; Mrs. Ada J. Carnwath, Mrs. Mary Bray, Riverside, N. B.; Martha M. Ramsay, Zilla Muirhead, William McMurdo, Summerside, P. E. I.; Mary A. Robertson, Southport, P. E. I.; Mrs. David Fisher, Newton Mills, N. S.; Emma Huber, Florence Copeland, Bracebridge, Ont.; Mrs. Annie Young, Carlow, Ont.; Flora McTaggart, William Harvey McNair, Toronto; Hannah Connell, West Essa, Ont.; Jane Findlay, Walters Falls, Ont.; Agnes Marie Alves, Parry Sound, Ont.; Sadie Alves, Shebeshekong, Ont.; Ellen A. Hamilton, Coalfields, Assa.

Pass.—Fannie L. Sedgewick, Middle Mus-

quodoboit, N. S.; Annie Isabel McKenzie, Earlton, N. S.; Christina M. Baillie, East Earlton, N. S.; Jessie Ross, Balmoral Mills, N. S.; Jessie J. Murray, Minnie Maud Freeze, Ada D. Doak, Doaktown, N. B.; Jessie Munro, West River, N. S.; Duncan Shaw, John Molli-son, Summerside, P. E. I.; Evelyn M. Russell, Loggieville, N. B.; Roderick M. Young, Carlow, Ont.; Emma J. MacRae, Doon, Ont.; Maggie Connell, West Essa, Ont.; Amy V. Alves, Parry Sound, Ont.; Jessie Henderson, Evelyn Stella Chapman, May A. Fraser, Oak River, Man.; Alice Cook, Minnedosa, Man.

OUR WORK IN LABRADOR.

Mr. G. W. Miller, our missionary to Labrador, wrote to Rev. E. A. McCurdy, a few weeks ago:—"We have put up one of the new school buildings. We had some very fine weather in March and the people worked with a will and the result was that I opened school in the new building the first week in April. There are twenty-eight pupils enrolled, with an average attendance of about twenty. We also hold service in the new building every two weeks.

"Last week we called a meeting of the elders and decided to make a move towards a second schoolhouse. I hope by the time it will be needed next autumn, to have the second building complete.

"Our people are much interested in the work and I would like to see it continue. Whether the contributions will be large or small depends upon the fishing.

"Since coming down here a few months ago, I have taught school one hundred and forty days, but will close school the last of this month.

"The winter has been long and cold, but the work is interesting and our people are faithful. It would be well for the next man sent here to be ordained, he would be better fitted for the work."

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.—Thomas Carlyle.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.*Synod of the Maritime Provinces.*

1. Sydney, Sydney, 2 Sept, 10 a.m.
2. Inverness.
3. P. E. Island, West River 25 Aug.
4. Pictou.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro.
7. Halifax, Hx., 15 Sept., 2.30 p.m.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth, Shelburne, 2 Sept.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 8 Sept.
13. Glengarry, Vankleek Hill, 8 Sept., 11 a.m.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 1 Sept., 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Carlton Pl., 20 Oct., 10.30.
16. Brockville, Spencerville, 6 Oct., 2.30 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 8 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
19. Whitby, Whitby, 20 Oct.
20. Lindsay.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 2nd Tues.
22. Orangeville.
23. Barrie, Beeton, 15 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
24. Algoma, Gore Bay, end of Sept.
25. North Bay,
26. Owen Sound.
27. Saugeen, Palmerston, 8 Sept., 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 15 Sept., 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, St. Cath., 1 Sept., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Paris, 15 Sept., 10 a.m.
31. London, London, 8 Sept., 10.30.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 8 Sept. a.m.
33. Stratford, Stratford, 21 July.
34. Huron, Clinton, 1 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
35. Maitland, Whitechurch, 15 Sept., 9.30.
36. Bruce, Cargill, 1 Sept., 10.30.
37. Sarnia, Sarnia, 8 Sept., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior, Aug.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll.
40. Rock Lake.
41. Glenboro.
42. Portage, Neepawa, 1 Sept.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa.
46. Melita, Pierson, 1 Sept.
47. Regina, Moosejaw, Sept.
48. Qu'Appelle.
49. Prince Albert, Pr. Albert, 1st week Sept.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary, Macleod.
51. Edmonton, Ft. Saskatchewan.
52. Kamloops, Vernon, 26 Aug.
53. Kootenay, Rossland, 25 Aug.
54. Westminster.
55. Victoria, Victoria, 1 Sept., 2 p.m.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, &c.

CALLS FROM

- Annapolis and Perotte, N.S., to Mr. A. J. H. Fraser, of Dublin, etc.
- Streetsville, Ont., to Mr. S. T. Martin. Accepted.
- Merriton and Port Robinson, to Mr. Thos. Paton, of Angus. Accepted.
- Knox Church, Regina, to Mr. J. J. Paterson, of Chesley.
- Knox Church, Acton, Ont., to Mr. J. C. Wilson, of Stouffville.
- Omeme, Lakevale, etc., to Mr. Whitelaw, of Kinnear's Mills.
- West and Clyde River, to Mr. H. H. McIntosh. Accepted.
- Cavenish and Stanley, P.E.I., to Mr. Ewen McDonald. Accepted.
- Clifton, P.E.I., to Mr. John Murray.

INDUCTIONS INTO

- Cobourg Halifax, 14th Aug., Mr. E. E. Annand.
- Claresholm, N.W.T., Mr. P. Henderson.
- Didsbury and Carstairs, N.W.T., 30th June, Mr. J. S. Ferguson.
- High River, 1st July, Mr. Colin D. Campbell.
- Okotoks, 15th July, Mr. G. M. Young.
- Elva, Man., Mr. W. W. Peck.
- Flatlands, N.B., 27th Aug., Mr. E. H. Ramsay.
- Gainsboro, Assa, Mr. A. T. Macintosh.
- Cottonwood, etc., 5th Aug., Mr. D. J. Scott.

RESIGNATIONS OF

- Bridgetown, N.S., Mr. H. S. Davidson.
- St. Andrew's, Halifax, Dr. J. S. Black.
- Botany, Kent Bridge, etc., Ont., Chatham Pres., Mr. D. N. Robertson.
- Tilbury, Ont., Mr. J. F. Johnston.
- Glace Bay, C.B., Mr. J. A. Forbes.
- Glace Bay, C.B., Mr. Wm. Meikle.
- Falmouth Street, Sydney, Mr. E. B. Rankin.

NEW CHURCHES OPENED

- Aug. 9 at Lake Joseph, Ont.

MINISTER'S OBITUARY.

REV. DONALD SUTHERLAND was born in Earlstown, Nova Scotia, studied at the Pictou Academy and the Truro Academy, and took his Theological course in the Free Church College, Halifax, under Dr. King. He laboured for a number of years at Cape North, C.B., and for a time in Ontario. For the past twenty-seven years he has been pastor of Gabarus, C.B., where, after a somewhat lengthened illness, he passed to his rest, on the 29th of July, ult., having passed his three score and ten, and forty-six years in the ministry.

CHINESE WORK IN CANADA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. J. C. THOMPSON.

Recently there arrived in Montreal the wife of the Chinese Missionary, Chin Won Seng ("South Star"), and their bright and sturdy boy of six years, Tsung Kwong ("Follow Light"), making a happy reunion after five years of separation. Mrs. Chin is the daughter of a preacher in Canton, and her education has been such as to give promise of much usefulness to her husband in his work, being qualified to speak with edification and without timidity to the men as well as to the Chinese women and children here.



CHIN WON SENG AND SON.

We would urge increased faithfulness on the part of Christian workers in our churches across Canada in seeking out the Chinese and bringing them under Christian influences to which they so readily respond. Any of our Chinese missionaries will be glad to aid by suggestions or with Chinese literature when desired.

We would also remind the Chinese Sunday-schools, as they begin anew their winter campaign, of the very hopeful work already entered upon by their missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Mackay, of Macao, and that Rev. Dr. Warden at Toronto will be glad to receive

their collections in that behalf as soon as may be.

A NEW HEBRIDES GRIEVANCE.

BY REV. DR. ANNAND, SANTO.

The settlers have been undergoing some of the inevitable effects of our island climate. Fever has been among them, and all suffered somewhat from it. In the first week of this month we had over twelve inches of rain; and since that the mosquitoes have flourished amazingly.

However, the labour question is troubling our neighbours more than fever and mosquitoes combined. The bush natives of S. Santo will work for rifles, ammunition, and dynamite, when they will work for nothing else. Giving these is prohibited by British laws, but not by the French. Consequently numbers of these men go past the British settlers ten or twelve miles to the French, and work for them.

Every month, companies of men and boys pass Tangoa on their way to and from the French planters. Two days ago about thirty passed homeward with their ball cartridges and dynamite. The latter they use for killing fish in the rivers and the former for killing pigs and people.

The British colonist cannot get these men to labour for him because he cannot give the payment demanded. No wonder then that he is dissatisfied with the dual control of the group. He sees his French neighbour getting all the labourers with payment that he is forbidden to give, while his maize is wasting for want of harvesting. Week after week he waits in vain for men to enable him to work his splendid estate.

Dual control, with diverse laws for each nation, is an anomaly and a grievance. Let one code of laws be applied to all settlers and traders here, and then the chief cause of friction will disappear. Among the Christian natives these diverse laws are not much noticed, because they rarely use these contraband goods.

Once a little boy was asked, "How many Gods are there?" "One," he answered. "How do you know?" was the question. The boy answered, "Because there is only room for one." Surely there is no room, then, in our hearts for anything but God, if He is to enter in His fulness.

HONAN AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY REV. W. HARVEY GRANT.

To the Y. P. S. C. E. Kingston Presbytery.

Wei Hwei, Honan.

Dear Friends,

Perhaps a brief description of our mission field will be of interest to you.

The Province of Honan, which has been called "The Garden of China," is one of the northern central provinces of China, its boundaries lying wholly within China Proper, being bounded on the north by the provinces of Chili and Shansi, on the west by Shansi and Shensi, on the south by Hupeh and on the east by Anhui, Kiangsu, Shantung and Chili. It has an area of 109,120 square miles with a population, according to recent census, of 35,316,825, or an average of 335 persons to the square mile throughout the province. Honan thus ranks third among the provinces of China in the number of people it contains, while in density of population it ranks second.

The whole province is divided into nine prefectures, of which the three situated north of the Yellow River have been chosen as the mission field of our Church. This field resembles a triangle with its apex toward the north and its base lying along the Yellow River, it contains over 12,000 square miles with a population of from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000.

These people live, not as we do in Canada, scattered each family on its own farm, but in villages and towns which thickly dot the country, thus they secure mutual society and protection.

They are also for this reason the more easily reached by the missionaries, but, when it is realized that these towns and villages are almost countless, it will be understood how large a task even visiting each village for a very short time is.

The greater part of Honan north of the Yellow River is unbroken plain, the southwestern extremity of the great plain which extends inland from the sea coast and which seems to have been formed by the river-deposits of many ages.

But along the western border are mountains, the beginning of those ranges which extend through Shansi and Shensi to the west of us. Some of these mountains on the western border of Honan rise to the height of 2,500 to 3,000 feet, and contain immense deposits of iron ore and beds of the finest anthracite coal which an English Company ("The Peking Mining Syndicate") have just begun to mine,

they are at present laying a railway across our field from east to west; and within 18 months another railway, which is under construction from Peking to Hankow, will pass through our field from north to south, the point of section with the Peking Syndicate Railway probably being at Wei Hwei, thus we shall shortly be brought into close and rapid communication with the outside world.

Up to the present the readiest means of communication with the coast has been by means of houseboat, which in 8 or 9 days would take us 507 miles down the Wei River to Tientsin.

Until 1899 we got our mail weekly by means of a private courier service which we ran between Tientsin and Honan. Since 1899 the Chinese Imperial Postal Department has opened offices in Chang Te and Wei Hwei cities, and now we receive mail 5 days in the week, but as the mail is carried by couriers on foot, it still requires 10 days for letters from the coast to reach us.

This part of Honan, though lying within the temperate zone, exhibits great variations in temperature, ranging from 7° below to 107° above zero. Generally the snowfall is light, during the rainy season in July and August the rainfall is often heavy, causing disastrous floods. The weather in spring and autumn is delightful, the latter especially so with its clear bracing air.

Two harvests are gathered here off the same ground yearly; the first harvest is wheat, which is raised in large quantities and of good quality and harvested in the end of May.

The second crop is varied, consisting of peas, beans, corn, millet, rice, sesame, peanuts, etc., and is harvested in September and October.

Cabbage, turnips, carrots, melons, cucumbers, sweet potatoes and other vegetables are grown in large quantities.

Fruits are of rather inferior quality, but peaches, apricots, grapes, plums, pears, apples and persimmons are largely produced. No berries of any kind are to be had.

Mutton, pork, fowl and eggs are sold regularly in the markets, and beef can be purchased occasionally.

The idea sometimes met in Canada that the Chinese live upon rats and rice is without any foundation whatever, so far as this part of China is concerned.

The natives are a well-developed and sturdy race, on an average considerably larger than the natives of southern China and displaying less of the typical Chinese cast of features;

they, however, appear to be less energetic and alert than their southern brothers.

By nature they possess average mental ability, but they have thus far been so completely shut off from all contact with the outside world, and, moreover, the proportion of those who have acquired even the rudiments of education necessary to enable them to read is so small (15 per cent. of men and 2 per cent. of women) that they possess practically no reliable information regarding anything outside their own immediate neighbourhood, and thus are a hotbed ready to hand for the propagation of any superstitions or evil stories that may be set afloat.

Morally, they are heathen, and all unnameable heathen vices are prevalent, although so cloaked from public gaze that they are not flaunted before the eyes with the same shameless effrontery as in some other heathen lands.

During the last 50 years opium-smoking has been adopted as an additional vice, and is now so prevalent that the natives themselves reckon that 40 per cent. of the men are slaves to this habit which ruins them body and soul, and that many of the women smoke it also. Owing to the prevalence of this baneful habit and the frequency of floods, a very large part of the people of North Honan suffer extreme poverty.

The Honanese are, by nature, not so religiously inclined as the southern Chinese; their temples, which are numerous, are now more or less dilapidated; idol worship seems to be practiced chiefly from force of habit, the women being the chief worshippers of the idols.

So deadened is their religious sensibility that they appear to be perfectly satisfied with bowing and burning incense to clay idols, having no aspirations or craving after spiritual worship.

One of the first and most difficult tasks of the missionary is to break through this lethargy and indifference into which these men and women have sunk and awaken within them a real craving for spiritual worship. And now it is our joy to see them gradually awakening to a knowledge of Him who is Spirit, and who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character, and, if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

STORY OF TWO CONVERTS.

BY DR. MARGARET MACKELLAR, NEEMUCH, CENTRAL INDIA.

On the first Sunday in May eleven new members partook of the Lord's Supper for the first time in the Neemuch Mission Church. They represented almost as many castes as there were candidates. Only two of the number were the descendants of Christian parents, the rest were converts from heathenism and represented much faithful teaching. Each of the nine has an interesting history, but a short, imperfect sketch of two of the number will have to suffice this time.

One man had heard the Gospel first in another mission some thirty years ago when he was a lad of fifteen or so. The missionary who had been his teacher for years used to say to him, "The seed which I have sown will one day bear fruit." Like the faithful husbandman he was willing to wait, knowing that God would honour His word. The man passed through various experiences during the thirty years, but all the time God's Spirit was striving with him, then the Lord brought him into a strait place, but he said, "I will not dishonour my Lord by confessing Him *now*, for all my heathen friends will say I have been baptized in order that the Christians may help me.

Later on one of his little boys was sick "unto death." All that native medical skill could do had been done, the gods had been called on, charms had been used, but all in vain, the child grew worse, and, to all appearance, had but a few hours to live. The father went to the bazar to buy the necessary cloth in which to wrap the body, but, while he was away his wife, who also knew about the Saviour, at the thought of having to part with her child, cried in anguish of soul to the children's Friend to heal her child.

When the father returned with what was to have been the child's shroud, he was surprised to find the child better. He questioned his wife. She told him how she had called on Jesus to save their child, and that she had promised, if He answered her prayer, that the boy would be His and that she would yield herself to Him. The father was greatly impressed and said, "It is the Lord's doing."

The child's mother thought—like Hannah of old—that she must give up the child entirely to Jesus' people, and desired Mrs. Wilson to take him, but I am sure she is happy now, in the thought that, to the fulfilling of her vow, it is not necessary to be parted from him, and that

she can, with God's help, train the little fellow for the Lord's service. Months passed before they were baptized, but they were true to the leading of the Light and are now a very happy family rejoicing in what God has done for them. *Eeshwar Das* (servant of the Lord) is now a round-faced, chubby little darling.

The man being of a good caste and well educated, his country people marvel at the step that he has taken, but have to confess, after testing him in many ways, that he is sincere in his profession.

Another man has been living in our compound and in our employ for the past ten years and under instruction all that time, says what first led him to think the Christian religion is real and that there is power in it to keep from sin, was watching our lives year in and year out. How true whether we realize it or not.

"The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you."

Although up in years this man was taught by Miss Duncan to read, and says it was while reading the Bible that the Light came into his soul. Fear of his caste people kept him from confessing Christ for many years after he was convinced of the truth of Christianity. He went on and acted outwardly as if he were still a heathen at heart. He made his son's marriage according to Hindoo rites. The lad was only about twelve and the bride seven or eight.

Seven months after the marriage the little girl-wife died, as did eight other members of her family, within a few days of one another. The story of their struggle for food is a sad one. They had a field to cultivate and in it they had sown corn, which was within fifteen days of being fit for food, but when the Hindoo grain merchants, after screwing all the money that they had out of them, turned them away empty-handed, and when they could no longer bear the craving for food they fell to greedily eating the green corn and died from the effects of it.

Shortly after this, Deva, the second son of the object of my remarks, a boy of about seven years old, died after five days' illness and very suddenly. China, the eldest boy whose marriage had been made, became ill, and in less than twelve hours was dead. The father was struck dumb with grief, for this boy was the light of his eyes.

We believe the lad is with Jesus, he knew the Gospel well. Miss Campbell tells me how

the father was first induced to send the boy to school. A sad and sinful thing had happened near by, and Miss Campbell had said to the father, if he did not send his son to be taught the right way how could he expect him to escape from such sin. It proved to be the word of warning, which the father needed, the boy was sent to our mission school with all the other boys from our compound, and were promised by Miss Campbell that as soon as they got into the second book they would each receive a rupee. They applied themselves with such diligence that soon she had to make her promise good, and shortly afterwards another rupee for the third book.

When the father was asked some time ago if he still continued the study of God's Word, he said: "I cannot see to read, but China reads the Bible at night and I pray." China's death seemed to bring before the father the importance of deciding for Christ and of confessing Him openly, which he did with his wife and the remainder of his family last October. His testimony is that he believes now that God sent him all the troubles that came upon him in order to bring him to Himself, and adds rather sadly: "If I had only confessed Christ when first I believed upon Him China and Deva might have been with me to-day."

In their separate sphere of labour there are none more faithful in our Christian community than the two men whom I have written about. May the Lord bless them and keep them and make them shining lights in the midst of the surrounding darkness.

A few years ago a blind man had taken his station on the bridge over a canal in the City Road, London, and was reading from an embossed Bible. A gentleman on his way home from the city was led by curiosity to the outskirts of the crowd. Just then the poor man, who was reading in the fourth chapter of Acts, lost his place, and while trying to find it with his finger kept repeating the last clause he had read, "None other name—none other name—none other name." Some of the people smiled at the blind man's embarrassment, but the gentleman went away with a new thought in his mind. The words he had heard from the blind man were like music to his soul. "None other name," was the message which awoke him to a new life. He said, "I see it all. I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. It is Jesus, alone, who can save,"

LETTER FROM REV. GEO. H. MENZIES.

Mhow, C.I., June 9, 1903.

Dear Dr. Warden,

The first impression of a new comer in this land might be characterized by an exclamation point, surprises abound. The country is singularly beautiful. The soil a rich dark loam resembles a virgin soil rather than ground which has produced for so many centuries, and Christian thrift in the place of heathen sloth and folly would easily eliminate famine.

The next impression is akin to an interrogation point, and it is clear that those who would know cannot get an accurate answer to the incessant "why" from early personal observation. A score of problems clamour for solution. On every field each missionary is endeavouring to obtain the best possible results with the minimum expenditure of mission money.

A brief residence in India fully justifies the dimensions and general appointment of the bungalows. The problem of cheap or expensive bungalows seems to be largely a matter of present economy exercised in the hope of larger ability in the future. Older missions have gone in for better bungalows. The later buildings on our own field are cheaper structures. They have been carefully erected, however; they present a good appearance (which means much to the Hindu), and there is no apparent evidence on any of the fields of money mis-spent.

The concentration policy is defended by men of most experience in other missions and seems to suit the needs of the work.

In each of our stations a work has been established which has sent its influences of uplifting love into the heart of each district, and in villages which lie remote testimony is being daily given by those who have seen or felt the healing touch of the Word of Life.

The educative policy appeals to the new comer and with longer evidence seems quite essential to the ultimate regeneration of this people. The supreme loveliness of our message wins. But even the majesty of a clear, new hope is utterly feeble at the roots of these centuries of sloth, superstition and shame. The Gospel is new, its morals are foreign and these people must be educated. To place elementary schools in the villages under Christian teachers and to have one central seat of higher education for advanced training as our Church has designed, seems closely consistent

with the fitness of things and the needs of this brilliant but ignorant people.

The congregations in our stations are not large, but our mission is young, and side by side with other missions at the same age we have no reason to regret. Missions twice our age are only now reaping the harvest so long anticipated, and ours will reap. In different places multitudes are waiting until the prestige of the Church of Christ will warrant them to cut adrift from their caste and openly confess Christ.

And now, if I may tread but a moment upon the hem of the mantle of gossip, the relationship between the industrial men on the field is one of entire accord and sympathy. Every missionary seems to be giving his best to the Master's work. There is no shirker amongst our presbyters and the native helpers are developing well. With those who are coming this autumn the fields will be well manned.

The orphanage work is handicapped from lack of funds to erect buildings. In this department of the work the prospect is bright, and, if it is made a permanent industrial work, it will be one of the strongest leavening influences for the development of a strong native Christian and self-dependent people.

LETTER FROM REV. W. R. FOOTE.

Wonsan, Corea, 20th May, 1903.

My dear Friend,

Teaching the Bible, apart from preaching, forms an important part of our work. We have a Sunday-school in each out-station which is attended by the whole congregation, but we do not follow the International Lessons as they are not suited to our purpose, and even at home wherever there is a competent teacher I think they might well be superseded by a consecutive study of any Book of the Bible. If a teacher can show his class how to grasp the thought of the Book, and inspire a love for God's Word and an earnest desire for a holy life by faith in Christ, his is the highest success; but, if his class learns the "Helps" by heart and knows neither the Bible nor Christ, what object has he in teaching?

At our last Annual Meeting in October I was continued in this field, which extends 200 miles south of Wonsan. Our theological classes (the course of study I will mail you under a separate cover) began in November and continued until about the middle of March. I had the pleasure of teaching with Mr. John Grierson, his son

and Mr. McRae in Ham Hung and Song Chin. In Anpyon I taught the men and Miss McCully the women.

From Mr. Grierson's pen you have some idea of the Ham Hung class. The Song Chin class was one of the best. At the beginning of the Wonsan class I was taken down with Corean fever and was not able to help. However, Dr. Grierson and his father and Mr. McRae, together with two Corean brethren, Mr. Yu and Mr. Kim, conducted the class, which was large and profitable.

I went to Song Chin in January in a little coasting steamer which tossed like a cork, completing the distance—130 miles—in four days. I was not sick, and spent most of the time on my cot reading "Cunningham's Church History of Scotland." The Song Chin field is immense and well populated, extending from Puk Chon on the south to the Chinese and Russian borders on the north. The Ham Hung circuit is more compact and easier worked than either Song Chin or Wonsan.

Our class-work has a twofold object. First, we try to give every leader such a training that he may be able to teach the people and superintend the work in his own section without giving up his occupation. We make it a point that no one shall receive pay for preaching in his own neighbourhood. The second aim in our class-work is to watch our best men and give them special advantages, hoping they may be our future pastors, evangelists, elders, deacons, teachers and helpers.

The question of education is one which is beginning to give us some anxiety. We have a number of men who wish to study for the ministry. Others are looking forward to being evangelists, and we must have elders, deacons and school teachers. Now, you know that the home church can never send us enough missionaries to care for this great cause, and, even if it could, it would be an unwise policy to do so, and you also realize it would not do to ordain ignorant men to the Christian ministry or have only the illiterate in our church courts.

In every mission an educational plant is necessary in order that the work of evangelizing the heathen and teaching the Christians may be thrown, to a large extent, upon the native leaders, while the missionary does more or less the work of a superintendent. I do not think time and money are well spent in giving higher education to the heathen. High schools should have at least a large percentage of Christian

students and a healthy Christian atmosphere. I would prefer in our mission to educate only believers and them for active service in some department of church work.

Again, we have a number of boys and girls who have learned all they can in the native schools and desire to continue their studies. What should we do for them? I think we could not do better than follow the wishes of our people. They want a missionary and his wife to take charge of the educational work, and in this they only ask for what they cannot provide themselves, *i.e.*, teachers.

The native church is willing and anxious to purchase two buildings that will do for a beginning and already has the money on hand. The native church, too, will provide the native teachers and bear all the running expenses. Here students for the ministry, elders elect, prospective school teachers, academy boys, Bible-women and girls could all be taught. The question is, shall we help them by giving them what they cannot supply themselves—teachers. If the home church has reached the limit of her ability to give, we would do well to ask for no more help; but we think she has not and will lose a great blessing by not sending more labourers into fast-ripening harvest.

LATER.

Since I wrote the above I have made a long country trip. As itinerating receives a good deal of attention from the missionaries, I do not know that I could give you a better view of our life than by telling you briefly of our trip. This was through a part of the country where there were no Christians when we came to Wonsan nearly five years ago. On these trips I usually ride a Corean pony, load my food on a donkey and have a man to carry my cot, bedding and some necessaries. My helper also goes as I cannot do without him. This time all were Christians.

The first day after a ride of 26 miles we came to a village where there are Christians with whom I had service in the evening. The next day I held two services, enrolled five catechumens and baptized two. The next morning I went four miles by bridle-path through rice fields and over hills fragrant with lily-of-the-valley, and about noon reached a village of fifty houses, composed largely of fishermen. Here we had a mid-day service, and I enrolled four catechumens. In the afternoon I went ten miles to another Christian village. As the fol-

lowing day was Sunday I spent it with the people there baptizing one and accepting a catechumen.

This is a densely populated part of the country with immense rice fields, but last year the crop was a failure owing to an excess of cold wet weather in the summer, and many of the people are very poor. This is the case in the two provinces which we occupy, while in other parts of Corea the crops were good. I look for a large church in this locality soon. While at service Sunday morning a man was arrested. He is not a very bright Christian, but as far as I could learn had done nothing wrong; however, he has a little money, and that is often sufficient reason for an arrest.

Monday morning as we were about to leave two men carrying a sick man on a stretcher arrived opposite our village and dropped their charge in the middle of the road, then two men from there carried him to the next village from whence he was carried to the next, and so on. This is the custom; when a stranger is taken sick he is carried from one village to the next, until he reaches home or dies by the way.

Monday and Tuesday I spent most of the time in the saddle, passing some Christian homes as I had not time to call. Tuesday afternoon I reached the church, where, after meeting many friends, having service and a night's rest I made an appointment for Sunday and set out for other Christian villages. Wednesday at noon I halted for dinner—rice-porridge—at a Buddhist monastery established over 2,000 years ago, so it is said. Here the government is erecting several new temples. The approach to the monastery is through a beautiful forest. The roads are good and a small river adds to the scenery. Towering mountains on two sides and in the rear like trusty sentinels prevent the approach of a busy world, making it an ideal spot for those who seek monastic life.

After dinner I went a few miles further, and that evening and the next morning I had services, accepting more catechumens. Tuesday night I slept in a Christian home 100 miles from Wonsan, where the next morning at service I baptized a young man and received three catechumens, after which I left in a heavy rain for another village twenty miles distant, where I had an appointment. At some seasons it is impossible to cross these rivers in the saddle, but this time we met with no mishap.

Saturday I was busy examining applicants for the catechumenate and for baptism. I

promised the one who would give the best answers a New Testament, which was won by a boy 15 years old, who, besides answering well, repeated correctly Matt. 5: 6, 7, Rom. 12, John 3, 1 Cor. 13, 1 John 4: 7-21, Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed. Others did nearly as well.

On Sunday we had service. After enrolling eighteen catechumens thirteen received baptism, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. Monday morning many gathered for service and to say good-bye. While here I received a box of fresh food from Wonsan with a letter saying all were well and returned a letter by the same messenger. I spent most of the day in the saddle calling at two places, at each of which I held service, examinations and received catechumens.

Tuesday night I expected to reach Christians again, but my pony lost his shoes and I had to stop at a market-place early in the afternoon. Here we met a Christian—an old acquaintance—and spent a pleasant night.

In the evening several police passed with three men under arrest. On inquiry I learned that they had stolen a widow and sold her. The next morning they were tried, and each given seventy strokes with a bamboo rod and thrown into prison indefinitely. The man who bought the widow was also tried and given sixty strokes.

Wednesday I passed through three Christian villages, had two services and received eight catechumens. And so I could have gone on and on, but the weather was hot, my food nearly gone and the men tired, so the next morning we set our faces homeward. We were on the road seventeen days, had travelled 240 miles, visited ten groups, baptized seventeen and enrolled forty-six catechumens, making a total of sixty-two I have baptized during the last seven months since our annual meeting.

I have now nearly 150 catechumens, most of whom will be ready for baptism in six months. There are other Christian villages I should like to visit, but cannot before the rainy season. I cannot but ask myself, whence can I visit them all? After the rainy season comes our mission meeting, then the council, from which we will only return to begin the training classes—work which will keep us busy until spring.

With all this on hand, school helpers and many other things to look after, you can easily understand that villages have to wait

long for our visits and many things are left undone. I only wish the Church at home could see these harvest fields and feel as we feel. Mr. Baird, of Pyeng Yang, wrote me a few days since: "The members of our station are all fairly well now, but almost hopelessly lost in work. I do not know what we are to do unless we get some more workers." If they are almost hopelessly lost in work, how much more so are we.

When we took the work over in Wonsan there were 46 names on the roll of session; since then 153 have been added; then there were 15 baptized infants, 28 have been added since. I took up colporteur work for the Bible Society on the 14th of August, 1890, and since that time have sold 4,764 Bibles, New Testaments and portions, 6,392 sheet tracts and 2,102 hymn-books and tracts. This seed-sowing is already being followed by a rich harvest.

Your question about the future of Corea is somewhat hard to answer. Of course, both Russia and Japan want it, but it does not seem as though either is likely to obtain possession without a big war. While there is peace Corea is pretty sure to remain independent and improve, and, in case of war between Russia and Japan, Corea will probably go to the victor. I hope that the war may be long delayed.

Yes, in some ways I think the Coreans are better than the Chinese, in other qualities the Chinese are superior. Occidentals have but a faint idea of the resources of the Chinese Empire. If it were to move forward on the lines of Christianity and civilization, it would soon be a mighty nation the world would have to reckon with. As mechanics, merchants or farmers the Chinese are away ahead of the Coreans, and perhaps there are no better traders in the world, certainly not in the East. The Corean is simple-minded, not too conservative, with a great desire to worship; he is easy to teach, as firm as a rock and true to what he believes is right.

Next Sunday we expect to open a new church near here which was begun here last autumn and is only now finished. Some of the Christians have taken a great interest in having the building erected. They well knew they could not afford to hire a carpenter to do the work, so they set about it themselves. Last year while some of the missionaries were attending council their teachers and others did much of the carpenter work and on moonlight nights laid the foundation. By doing the

work themselves, as opportunity offered, they have succeeded in completing a very pretty and comfortable building.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF COREA.

Korea, like the world of the ancients, has its "seven wonders." Briefly stated they are as follows: First, a hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantao, the healing properties of which are believed to be miraculous.

The second wonder is two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities. When one is full the other is always empty; and though connected by a subterranean passage one is bitter and the other sweet.

The third wonder is Cold Wind Cave, a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it.

A forest that cannot be eradicated is the fourth wonder. No matter what injury is done the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly.

The fifth is the most wonderful of all. It is the famous "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honour. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from supports on all sides, but, strange to say, two men at opposite ends of a rope may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacle whatever!

The sixth wonder is the "hot stone, which remote ages has lain glowing with heat on the top of a high hill.

The seventh and last Korea wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined we are told by priests, not a blade of grass will grow.—*The Presbyterian*.

"There is one kind of work for the church that Christian Endeavorers can do better than the older Christians themselves, and that is work for and among the young people. Young folk get into closer touch with young folk than the older folk are likely to, and can more easily win them for Christ. That is the great work of young people for the church."

NOTES FROM HONAN.

BY ONE OF OUR MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

Wei Hui Fu, Honan.

The natives are strong believers in sticking plasters, and these are resorted to in all kinds of disease. For headache or sore eyes, a small plaster is stuck on each temple. Very large medicated plasters on leather are used extensively for rheumatic joints, lumbago, enlarged spleen, and the like; while the smaller ones are used to cover all manner of sores, and doing much harm in preventing the discharge of excretions. The foreign doctor must not be disgusted if he is asked to diagnose and treat a diseased limb literally covered with these dirty sticky plasters.

In looking for a reason why the patient does not first remove them, before coming for treatment, he concludes that there is no sufficient reason, except that they all do the same. When a native doctor substitutes another dressing for the old plasters it is customary for the patient to stick the old plasters on the doctor's walls in acknowledgment of his skill, much in the same way as cripples in the home lands leave crutches at the spa, by the use of whose waters they have been cured.

Stricture of the cesophagus, or gullet, is a very common and most fatal disease in these parts. The natives stand in great dread of it, and as a consequence there are also many spurious cases. There is a stigma attached to the disease as well, for they say that only niggards and those without a conscience will take it. The passage of food becomes more and more difficult, until even fluids cannot be swallowed, and the patient slowly but surely dies of inanition. A common saying is: "Ch'i'h mei pu ch'i'h ch'i'u ch'i'h ch'i'u pu ch'i'h mei," meaning that when once the disease sets in, if a man eat the spring wheat, he will not eat the fall; but if he eat the fall, he will not live to eat the spring.

A boy operated on for stone, contracted scarlet fever shortly after the operation. He was removed to a neighbour's home, where he was treated, making an uneventful recovery. His grandfather said on leaving for home: "When we came we did not believe what you said about his having a stone, nor did we think much of what was taught in the chapel; and then, too, when we were asked to leave the compound we thought it was only an excuse to get rid of us for fear he would die, but now we know that all you said is true, and know that

the doctrine you preach must also be true."

A comparatively poor woman, having been blind for several years, and grateful for sight restored by the operation for cataract on both eyes, contributed to the hospital fund five thousand cash.

A patient who was being treated for a very large corneal ulcer, with protrusion of the iris, said he thought it was only a blister like the one on his foot, so he had his wife prick it and stir it up with a needle.

The largest number of dispensary treatments that has been given here in one day, is eighty-nine, while at Changt Te Fu, Dr. Leslie has several times exceeded one hundred.

A congenital case of almost complete absence of cornea, came under the doctor's observation the other day. The man came to be treated, not for his eyes, but for dyspepsia. The eye-balls seemed to be entirely covered by the sclerotic, except small round portions in front of the pupils. With the iris under the influence of a mydriatic, it was all but impossible to see any part of it. With the exception of a small degree of myopia the patient did not complain of his sight.

A boy six months old, was lately brought to the hospital, with the story that his father, while trying to pacify him, after he had been crying almost incessantly for several days, incidentally felt a double thread hanging out of the child's back. He made traction on the thread till it broke, and then the boy was brought to us. After making a deep incision, the head of a needle could be felt, which was extracted, and proved to be two and a half inches long.

The eagle is not the only "reptile" that can scream. The dragon can also make a noise on occasion, and sometimes with results that rival in seriousness the American fourth of July surgery.

A big fair and festival was held here on the 28th of the first moon, and while amid great explosions and demonstrations in honour of the god of fire, the fire-works men were refilling their gunpowder-flasks from a common magazine, from some undiscovered reason, the whole was ignited, causing a terrific explosion, fearfully burning about a dozen men.

We consider it complimentary both to our reputation and our medical work here that the eight most severely burned, were not only willing, but anxious to come to our hospital for treatment. Their faces and hands, of course, were burned the most seriously, not one of

them having any skin left on his face ; besides on account of their clothes catching fire, several were otherwise severely burned about the body.

Alas ! that China, in such a case of need, has no public institutions to which she can look for aid. It must have been humiliating, and a great lesson to all the community, but more especially to the officials, that such a worthy cause of charity should have to be left to the charity of those "foreign devils," and too, after such treatment at the hands of their fire-god, that they should be obliged to accept the charity of the followers of the "Despised Nazarene."

A temporary ward for them was fitted up with beds and a stove, and they received our close attention night and day.

Two of them died almost immediately, and while the others were doing as well as could be expected, their friends came to take them home one by one, preferring, we hear, to give up the time honoured treatment with carron-oil, again to espouse the cause of their first-love, the fire-god, by rubbing on their tender skinless faces and hands, swallow dirt and dust, scraped from the heads and shoulders of the dumb clay idols in the fire-god temple.

A lesson in faith ! What of China's need ?

WHY RED RAGS ARE WORN IN HONAN.

One of our medical missionaries in Honan, China, tells some amusing incidents of the use of red rags in case of sickness. He says:—"The colour 'red' is supposed to have a peculiar, unseen power to drive away evil spirits and influences. It is supposed to control and restrain the power of disease, and, as such, it is quite common to see among the hospital patients a piece of red cloth sewed on the outside garment just opposite a diseased part.

"A red rag is tied around a sore toe, and, while the toe is being dressed, the red rag is put back into the shoe to keep the 'devils' from entering it, while the occupant of the house is out.

"A piece of red cotton is worn underneath the cap, with a corner peeking out in the case of sore eyes, and for a similar reason a scholar may be observed to wear a piece of red silk dangling from his spectacle frames.

"When a head bandage is required the white bandage is most objectionable, as it is a sign of mourning, so they frequently cover it with a

red cloth which serves a double purpose.

"A child brought to the dispensary, having been stung on the hand by a scorpion, has a red cord tied tightly around his wrist, which also has a double meaning, one of which is for the very philosophical reason of trying to prevent the poison from entering the general circulation. It is quite significant, however, that it is always a red cord that is used.

"Very sick patients carried to our hospital, in large baskets or on beds, are covered with a red quilt, and it is obvious that the 'scholastic paragon' in case of headache elects to wear a red 'wind-cap' in preference to any other colour. If a piece of paper is used to stick on a sore red is preferred.

"A red cloth may often be found placed on the head of an unconscious patient, or one too ill to notice such demonstration of anxiety on the part of friends.

"One day on the street I was much surprised when very solicitous enquiries were made as to what was the matter with my foot. On looking down I discovered that there was a piece of red cloth sticking to the heel of my boot.

"We asked a patient, who had a sore knee why he had a piece of red cloth sewed on the front of one leg of his trowsers and another similar piece on the back of the other leg, especially as only one knee was affected. He replied that sometimes, getting up in the dark, he would forget and put his trowsers on wrong side foremost, and that the plan was merely a matter of convenience to avoid changing either his trowsers or the rag.

"When closely questioned as to 'the wearing of the red' the man invariably and naturally puts the responsibility upon his Eve, but I notice that he is always willing that the rag should be sewed on and that he should wear it.

"It has, however, its practical use, as in the case of the blind man who always carried a lantern at night to prevent people from running against him. If one sees a man with a danger signal attached to the back of his jacket, it will be, in all probability, as a warning to the public, and equivalent to the sign, 'hands off my precious carbuncle.'"

"A saloon can no more be run without using up boys than a flour-mill without wheat or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys?"

MORE NOTES FROM HONAN.

BY ONE OF OUR MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

As most of our readers know, Mr. Hood died of cholera at Hwai Ch'ing; three days' journey from here. His beautiful life, Christian example and death, and the fact that he bequeathed his all to the support of a native evangelist, are constantly and feelingly alluded to by the Chinese. The death of such martyrs is the true seed of the Christian Church.

In loving memory of our late brother, a headstone, neatly carved and polished by the natives, has just been erected in our new cemetery.

A gruesome sight passed our doors a few days ago, in the form of a band of eight highway robbers, all but naked, who were being taken away to be beheaded at the public execution grounds.

There is one single redeeming feature about the fact that so many Chinese are kleptomaniacs. They have a passionate desire to steal soap; a failing that can almost be forgiven them, seeing they need it so badly.

An odd custom:—When a single straw is seen sticking from the top of any article, whether carried, or drawn, along the street, it is an advertisement that the aforesaid article is for sale.

Mr. Grant has just finished visiting all the out-stations, the last trip being his first on the new railway. Mr. and Mrs. Grant intend making a visit next week to some Christian families across the Yellow River.

The cheerful and welcome sound of the railroad whistle was first heard from our doors a few days ago. A coal line is being built by the Pekin Syndicate, from Tao K'ou on the river, about thirty miles to the northeast of us, to the mountains near Hwai Ch'ing Fu.

The Lu Han line from Pekin to Hankow, will, it is hoped, be completed in eighteen months, crossing the coal line here at almost right angles, most suitable to our mission work, making it possible to reach the four extreme points of our field by rail. The company has also been so very kind as to issue passes good for this year to all the missionaries at our station.

Considering that our present rented quarters are so jammed together the common courtyard for three families, including six children, being only thirteen feet wide, we are very thankful that our lives have been spared through the severe winter, and hope before

another six months to move into our new compound by the river, just beyond the city limits.

According to a conservative estimate, fully two fifths of the Chinese in Wei Hui Fu (pronounced Way Whey Foo), are confirmed opium-smokers, while four fifths use opium in some form more or less frequently. What more could be expected in a country where all the officials are opium-smokers? The number of opium-joints on the street is appalling, and the proportion of smokers and sellers of the drug seem to be on the increase.

All the Chinese and foreigners alike seem grateful for an abundant rain just fallen, probably the best spring rain that has fallen in North Honan for tens of years. To the natives it means a good harvest, to the railroad men it signifies that both they and their fire-chariots will be looked upon as the harbingers of good luck and prosperity, whilst to the missionaries it betokens a minimum of evil stories because of less pinching poverty and a more contented spirit on the part of the people amongst whom we work; for human nature does not seem to have changed much during eighteen centuries, since our Saviour deemed it wise to first supply the bodily wants of the thousands.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. ANNAND.

Santo, New Hebrides.

Dear Mr. Scott,

Another summer has gone. It was, upon the whole, a pleasant one, quiet both in regard to the natives and the elements. Neither wars nor hurricanes excited us. Last month there were some heavy rains, 21.11 inches during the month. The streams then became raging torrents, and we have heard of five natives, three men and two women having been carried away and drowned in those freshets. Two of the deaths were in the Jordan.

For the more wonderful and startling news from the islands we can refer you to the Sydney newspapers.

The mosquitoes are still very numerous, consequently fever is very prevalent. Few indeed have escaped it, and some have suffered much therefrom. The whole mission staff at Tangoa has been affected more or less by it.

There is very little of real interest to report this month from the Training Institution. One week's work so closely resembles that of another that we need seldom say much about it lest we weary you with repetition.

The damp enervating heat of our islands is

not conducive to study. In fact, this is not the place for a strenuous life. Duty constrains us to be diligent, but we cannot always be vigorous. We often speak of the unwillingness of our students to study outside of class hours, but under the circumstances we cannot much blame them for this.

The progress made by the present classes is fully equal to that made by those of any former years, and their conduct generally is commendable. Two students complete their course here this month and return home by first steamer. Thirteen more finish before the end of August. Four of the last company are married men and have one child each.

By the last trip of the "Tambo" we received a fine organ for the Paton Hall from the Bell Company in Canada. Friends in that country are paying for it. Mr. Cordin is still our organist on Sundays, and he also plays for an hour every Wednesday evening in teaching the students the hymns. Some of our best singers will shortly leave us, but we hope that our loss will be others gain.

Mrs. Annand and I purpose going over to Ambrim for a brief rest and change. We cannot go to Synod meeting this year and a short vacation is needed, so we hope to avail ourselves of Doctor and Mrs. Bowie's hearty invitation to their home. Our good neighbour, the Doctor's brother, will as usual take my classes during our absence.

There will be no printed letter from us for a time unless we have something of interest about which to write. In the meantime we ask for your prayers on behalf of these young men about leaving the Institution to begin their life work.

We hear that a case of clothing and other goods for the Institution are on the way here from Nova Scotia. We will write to the donors after the goods arrive. With hearty greetings.

"THOSE UNTRUSTWORTHY CHRISTIANS"

BY REV. DR. MACGILLIVRAY, SHANGHAI.

For the RECORD.

We were sitting at the table of a Hankow river steamer when the gray-haired captain remarked, "I have never seen a Chinese Christian." The tourist pricked up his ears at this testimony (?) from one who had been 20 or 30 years in China, it certainly looked bad for mission work among the Chinese. Then up spoke the pilot, "Why, that man who has just served you is one!" The captain's jaw fell and his tone changed. He was as thunder-

struck as Nero was when he found Christians standing close to his very throne.

But this is only a specimen of how the old calumnies frequently arose. They die slowly, as the following authentic narrative shows:—

"Recently the assistant postal officer in the Chinese imperial post office at Hankow was talking with his superior. The latter, a Scotchman, was expressing himself on the subject of Chinese Christians, as foreign officials, tourists and others who know little about the subject generally do. 'The minute you tell me a Chinaman is a Christian,' said he, 'I want nothing more to do with him. He's no good.'

'Now the assistant postal officer happened to be not only a Christian (a Wesleyan and an Englishman), but also well acquainted with the facts. So he asked the postmaster a question, 'What do you think of Mr. Liu, our *shroff*?'"

"'He's a good man,' said the postmaster, 'a very capable man. We couldn't do without him.' (In fact, every cent of the post office money passes through his hands.)

"'Well,' said the assistant, 'he's a Christian.'

"'H'm!' was the postmaster's only comment.

"'What do you think of Yang?'

"'Thomas Yang in the registry department?'

"'Yes.'

"'He's good. We've just promoted him to entire charge there!'

"'He's another,' said the assistant.

"'What do you think of Tsang?'

"'You mean John Tsang, that big fellow in the registry department?'

"'Yes.'

"'He's a first rate fellow, very trustworthy.'

"'He's another Christian. He and Yang are both communicants in the Wesleyan Methodist Mission.'

"'Oh!' said the postmaster.

"'What about Joseph Tsai, at Han Yang?'

"'Well, we've given him entire charge at the Han Yang office,' said the postmaster.

"'He's another Christian; belongs to the London Missionary Society.'

"'Indeed,' said the postmaster.

"'How about Tsen?'

"'You mean Tsen Hua-P'u, whom we've just sent to Hunan, to take charge of the new office at Hsiang-t'an? There's nothing the matter with him!'

"'Well, he's another communicant in the American Episcopal Mission.'

"'Oh, keep still!' said the postmaster. 'That'll do!'

World=Wide Work.

CATHOLIC DUBLIN.

BY MICHAEL F. J. MCCARTHY, AN IRISH R. C. BARRISTER.

"I am an Irishman; I am a Roman Catholic; I have a right to speak."—M. F. J. McCarthy.

We are not concerned in this chapter with the small and fashionable section of Roman Catholic Dublin which can boast of society as estimable as can be found in any city in the world, but with the struggling and the poor.

It is five o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, in September, 1901, and I am in the Phoenix Park. Pale women in hundreds are struggling up the slope from the main gate in Parkgate street, either on the footpaths of the main road or through the People's Gardens, with infants in their arms and smoking husbands by their sides, or clutched at hand and skirt by toddling youngsters requiring to be towed.

Urchins scramble on the sward, the men lie smoking on the slopes of the Hollow, the women sit at rest with anxious eyes upon the infants.

That is Sunday afternoon at its best in poor Catholic Dublin. It is the best outdoor Sunday sight to look upon in Dublin for one who loves the people. Grass, clouds, blue ether, trees, deer, cattle, flowers, gravelled walks, lakes, smooth-shaven lawns, and music, bending the mind towards gayer and more romantic, if not higher, trains of thought, and, best of all, people, abundance of people, of all ages everywhere the eye may chance to turn!

If you want to see our Catholic Sunday at its worst go down into the purlieus of the city, into the public houses, into the tenement houses, into the pro-cathedral region.

But here, even in the Park and without descending into the purlieus, you may see some of the worst manifestations of the Irish character in free-play, those traits which have given us a bad name in every clime. Churlish bigotry, impious language are in full swing close at hand.

Can this be true? Come, let us test it. Let us walk fifty paces from the Hollow and take our stand at the Gough Monument on the main road. Two or three virtuous-looking, bare-headed men and some quietly dressed ladies are standing in a group on the grass

preaching the self-sacrifice of Christ and the salvation He bought for all mankind by His death.

Or perhaps they are singing a hymn in soft, clear-ringing voices in praise of God who made the blue vault under which they stand; in praise of God who caused those giant elms round about them to grow; in praise of God who holds in the hollow of His hand those dappled deer, those grazing cattle, those boys and girls romping on the steps of the Wellington Monument, this great Park itself, this Atlantic-girt island of Ireland, the whole earth and countless worlds besides.

But mark the four massive and judicial-visaged Dublin policemen. They stand close beside the group who raise their voices in praise of God. And mark the crowd of fifty or sixty youths, aged from fifteen to twenty, with younger urchins in between their legs, who are shouting and swearing and foaming at the mouth, and speaking filth into the faces of those healthy-looking, fearless praisers of God.

Hearken with horror to language as vile as ever re-echoed in the worst slum in the pro-cathedral parish of Dublin, which is being hurled at those earnest, inoffensive preachers and hymn-singers who praise God, the All-Bountiful.

Could anything evince a lower degree of civilization? You look up at the blue sky and wonder that fire does not fall from heaven and blast those young curs who thus bark at men and women for daring to stand in the open air and sing a hymn in plain English in praise of that God who gives breath to their lungs and endows them with a mind to ennoble their sin-beset bodies. You wonder that God does not strike down those human yelpers of sinful language, and you can only say with resignation, as the dying President McKinley said, "It is His way."

Those snarling youths are Catholic boys, our fellow-religionists, fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen, the descendants of saints and scholars. They are not devils' spawn; they are not Hottentots. There are not many men in Dublin, I rejoice to say, vile enough to act so intolerantly. Is there one adult disturber amongst them? If there be, then the exception

proves the rule. There are a few groggy-looking fellows and a cantankerous, well-clad elderly man.

Where are the priests? They are disporting themselves all over the city, and no one ever yet heard the conduct of those Dublin men and boys condemned by priest or monk in church or school. A serious word from the priests would stop the degrading display which is witnessed in the Park every Sunday by so many strangers—to our national discredit. But that serious word is never spoken.

Indeed, the sort of doctrine which the Catholic youths learn from the pulpits whenever they chance to hear a sermon at mass is calculated to make them bigots. I do not impute it to any individual priest, secular or regular, that he would directly incite to violence in any concrete case, but the trend of our priests' preaching is to perpetuate enmity between us and other Christian denominations.

Father Wheeler, a Jesuit, and a quiet kind of man, is reported as exclaiming at Harold's Cross:—

"Far be it from me to make use of exaggeration or to stir up bad feeling, but it is a fact patent to all that there exists in the city an odious system by which, through the medium of unlimited wealth, people are endeavouring to lead the children of the wretchedly poor from the Catholic faith. Let them try and realize what a fearful temptation was placed in the way of the very poor!"*

While Father Kane, another Jesuit, is widely reported as holding forth thus in Gardiner street:†—

"It is the old Church that has an actual mission; it is the old faith that is a living fact. Hence they could listen to no new prophets, and they would simply, absolutely and remorselessly brand as false any teaching that denied the old faith."

Referring to the "so-called Reformation," Father Kane is reported as saying: "It was a reformation of divine authority to teach, in order to suit the whims of private judgment or the insolence of free thought; a reformation of spiritual authority in order to make Parliament an arbiter of divine dogma and to make bishops the creatures of a king; a reformation of sacred vows to God *in order to let loose vicious monks and nuns*; a reformation of holy marriage in order to admit of adultery; a reformation of fasting in order to suit the glutton; a reformation of penance in order to suit the profligate; a reformation through which flowed the poison and corruption that had been festering within the Church; a reformation that sought to justify its existence by blotting out more than a hundred years of Christian his-

tory; a reformation that ignored or laughed at Christ's promise to His apostles that to the end of ages they should not err; a reformation that snapped its fingers in the face of the living Church and told the millions of martyrs, virgins, confessors, doctors, in whose lives since Calvary the Gospel light had shone amidst the darkness, that they were swindlers, fools or knaves. And why? *Because an apostate monk who lived with a runaway nun, and who boasted that he could tell the brew of any beer in Germany, chose to be rebellious as well as bad, and because in England a king, adulterer and murderer, wanted to put away his wife and marry his mistress.*"

Such imputations only lead one to suspect the chastity, sobriety and general perfection of the preacher who, when he was thus calumniating Martin Luther, was speaking to a crowded church. And I can imagine—for I have often attended that church—how the denizens of that most decadent part of respectable Dublin heaved a sigh and congratulated themselves as they left the church upon being within the true fold.

It is amazing how social decay ever goes hand in hand with clerical fatness. The only concern in that district which is prospering is the Jesuit's establishment at Gardiner street. They have recently doubled or trebled the size of the residential quarters to provide, it is alleged, for fugitive French Jesuitry. Everything else in the neighbourhood but their religious emporium is going down. Mountjoy square, and the grand streets adjoining it, are in the hands of people at the present moment who are several degrees lower than those who inhabited that locality thirty years ago. But the Jesuits and their church flourish with increasing vigour as the locality decays.

About three o'clock every afternoon you will notice a number of mysterious priests in black broadcloth emerging from the residence-house attached to this Jesuit church one by one. I have often marvelled at the number of them who come forth about that hour of the afternoon and proceed to disperse themselves all over the town, visiting Catholics who are well off, in furtherance of their objects. They are the most persistent and the most successful, and, at the same time, the most undemonstrative of all the mendicant Orders in Ireland. The loud-voiced Dominican, who tries to rival them in this locality of Dublin, finds himself outstripped in every branch of religious commerce by the Jesuit.

When a Jesuit dines in a house where the company are not completely under his domina-

* *Freeman*, Feb. 15, 1902.

† *Irish Catholic*, Feb. 22, 1902.

tion, or where Protestants are present, I notice that nothing can exceed his patience and humility. He never misses a chance of inculcating the extreme poverty of himself and his Order upon those with whom he associates on terms of intimacy. He has been known, after being entertained at dinner at a well-to-do Dublin Catholic's house, to ask the hostess for a penny or twopence to pay his tram-fare back to Gardiner street.

The Jesuit Society has, perhaps, more strings to its bow than any other community of priests in Ireland. They have, for instance, a man to cater in a mild way for sincere temperance people. They have *bon-vivants* to please those who are fond of wine, good living and good stories. They have abstemious, ascetic-looking men to win their way into the confidence of ladies who go in for the religious cult, and who may be presented by those ladies to their friends in power at the Viceregal Lodge, the chief secretary's lodge or the castle. They have burly, stentorian Jesuits to orate and fume in remote country districts when they are invited by the local parish priest to give a retreat or a mission. In a word, the Jesuit body can be all things to all men and all women.

They may be—and it is not admitting much—better educated than the general run of the religious Orders in Ireland; but they are, perhaps, on that account, all the more objectionable and all the greater drag upon the country. Whenever there was trouble in Ireland the Jesuit was always found absent or invisible. During the land agitation, for instance, nobody ever heard the Jesuits raising their voice in the interests of peace. They were in their burrows like moles. But in the confusion which followed the death of Mr. Parnell, and when politics were at a very low ebb in Ireland, the Jesuits came forth to glean.

Father Kane's hearers listened complacently to the oft-told calumny about the first reformers and the low suggestions which accompanied it. Our priests complain if they are accused of immorality by Protestant writers and speakers in England. Why, then, should they rake up such low scandals about the men who risked life and property to save north Europe from the sensual clutch of the Popes?

I do not myself believe that any cause can be advanced by singling out the failings of individual men and women for oburgation. I object to such methods when employed against our priests. I also object to them when

employed by our priests against our Protestant fellow-citizens to excite the passions of the lower classes.

Martin Luther, the reviled, must have been even a greater wonder-worker than I regard him, if, being a friar and wishing to marry a young lady who happened to be a nun and solely to accomplish his own personal gratification, he succeeded in making all north Europe cast off the papal yoke, and by the religious and mental emancipation thus won, revolutionized the entire condition of the world for the better. For it is to the Protestantism or the free-thought in religion then established, that we owe everything of progress and improvement which has been achieved since.

Should a Jesuit take it into his head to elope with one of the nuns next door to his chapel in Gardiner street, I venture to say no such world-reforming consequences would follow. I certainly should not fasten upon the incident as an argument against the Jesuits. If I attack institutions, my attack will always be grounded upon fundamental principles and general consequences, not upon the failings of individuals.

I do not impute to Father Wheeler or Father Kane responsibility for such a reprehensible occurrence as the following by no means exceptional incident reported recently in the police news of the popular Dublin press:—

"Police constable 66 D, charged B.C., an apprentice to the provision trade, with throwing a stone at a preacher of the Plymouth Brethren, who were holding an open-air religious meeting at the Gough statue, Phoenix Park, yesterday. Mr. Mahony imposed a fine of 20s. The defendant, in default of payment, to go to jail for fourteen days."*

Nor for another and worse crime, far removed from the scene of the stoning in the Phoenix Park, but in another quarter of the city of Dublin, where the population is almost exclusively Catholic, and, to a great extent, poor and ignorant. If they take the low view of the religious basis on which the Reformation rests, as enunciated in Father Kane's sermon, can the poor actors in those disgraceful scenes be said to be doing more than practicing in their way the Gospel preached from their pulpits?

What feeling save one of loathing can the poor Catholics have for the ministers of a Reformation, which reformed "the sacred vows to God in order to let loose vicious monks

* *Evening Herald.*

and nuns;" which reformed "holy marriage in order to admit of adultery;" which "told the millions of martyrs, virgins, confessors, doctors, in whose lives since Calvary the Gospel light had shone amidst the darkness, that they were swindlers, fools or knaves," and which took place solely "because an apostate, who lived with a runaway nun, chose to become rebellious as well as bad, and because in England a king, adulterer and murderer, wanted to put away his wife and marry his mistress?"

How can the little Catholic boys and girls of the streetside, whose surroundings are so low and sordid, be blamed for anything they do, if under the influence of such teaching? Let the following case give an instance of what is, perhaps, being done on the Sabbath afternoon in the heart of Dublin, while the scenes which we have described are going on in the Phoenix Park:—

"To-day, in the Police Court, before Mr. Swift, seven boys, of ages varying from eight to sixteen years, were charged by Inspector Holohan and Constable Finn (76A) with being members of a crowd of boys who were, on Sunday evening last, guilty, as alleged, of wantonly throwing stones or missiles on the public thoroughfare in Lower Clanbrassil street, to the danger of the public. They are further charged with having on the same occasion seriously assaulted the Rev. Mr. S., rector of St. L.'s.

"The Rev. Mr. S. deposed that on Sunday evening last he was returning home from service in St. L.'s to his residence. He was accompanied by a gentleman. They were followed by a crowd of about twenty boys. The crowd began to follow them at the top of Malpas street. Some of the boys were bigger than those in the dock. There was shouting and jeering and booing, apparently directed at witness and his friend. He did not hear what was said.

"About Daniel street the young lads closed up and he was struck on the head with a stone, and on the leg and back with some missiles. He was crippled by the blow on the leg. The blow on the head was severe, and the next day witness was bleeding from the nose as the result, he believed, of the blow on the head. He was still in the doctor's hands. He was unable to follow the boys. The gentleman who was with him did. When witness came up with him he was holding one boy. Witness advised him to let him go. The boys again began to jeer, but ran when they saw the police. He did not identify any of the boys.

"Constable Finn deposed that he was on duty near Clanbrassil street on Sunday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock in plain clothes. He saw a number of boys at the corner of Williams' Place; they were shouting and booing and hissing, and throwing squibs. He saw the Rev. Mr. S. and another gentleman standing in the midst of them. The boys ran when they

saw witness. He ran after them down Bonny's Lane. He recognized the six boys in the dock as having been in the crowd. He believed the Rev. Mr. S. was the object of the booing. There were sixteen or twenty boys.

"J. O'N. deposed that he saw a crowd of boys around the rev. gentlemen, shouting, booing and hissing. There were men and women in the crowd also. He saw things thrown at the clergyman.

"Mr. Swift said the evidence disclosed an offence of a very reprehensible character. In view of the age of the defendants, he did not wish to commit them absolutely to jail, more especially *as there appeared to have been adults behind the boys* encouraging them in their action, a fact which he thought was a very regrettable feature of the case. He would fine M. 20s., with the alternative of going to prison for fourteen days. He should also find bail in the sum of £5 or go to jail for another fourteen days. All the boys, except M. who was fined £1, were ordered to find bail in £5, or go to jail for fourteen days." *

The clergyman, be it noted, did not identify any of the prisoners nor was he the prosecutor even though he was so brutally treated, and the magistrate, being himself a Protestant, dealt leniently with the case, perhaps for that reason. Contrast this behaviour with the tenderness of the English authorities in guarding the susceptibilities of the Catholic minority in England from the slightest hurt at the hands of Protestants.

That outbreak of public violence and disrespect to Protestant clergymen in the streets of Catholic Dublin was, I regret to say, by no means an isolated one. A violent assault on an elderly Protestant clergyman on the public road outside Kingstown took place shortly before this on a Sabbath afternoon, and the delinquents were punished by the police magistrate.

I have been authoritatively informed that, some years ago, a gross outrage was put upon a clergyman of the Church of Ireland not many hundred yards from the scene of this disturbance of the peace which I have just recorded. The name of the clergyman was mentioned to me, and he is a man singularly inoffensive in his appearance and manner, so much so that it amazes me that even the most misguided of our poor people should be guilty of such an outrage.

It appears the clergyman was passing through one of the old streets in the liberties of Dublin on the way from one of the Protestant cathedrals to his own home, when a huge rough, probably a slaughter-house man, rushed out of

an unoccupied shop flourishing a cow's wind-pipe or entrails in his hand, all fresh and blood-stained, and the degraded scamp threw the butcher's offal round the neck of the clergyman.

The clergyman, an elderly man, seeing no redress in the vicinity, and fearing, not without some justice, that his life was in danger, fled from the locality. The incident was reported to the parish priests, but no action was taken by them, nor did they seem to realize that such an outrage was not only a disgrace to themselves, but that it reflected the gravest discredit upon our city.

Indeed, but for the police of Dublin there would be no check upon such conduct. Our Dublin people are, it is true, naturally tolerant and fair-minded, and such instances of bigotry are only to be found in the lowest quarters of the city. But those are the quarters in which the priests claim the most paramount authority and from whose inhabitants they exclude most rigorously all possibility of enlightenment, whether from the better-class Catholic laity or from the Protestants.

Every well-meant attempt to improve the condition or enlighten the darkness of the denizens of these Catholic districts at once raises the ire of the priests and the *tocsin* of danger to the faith is sounded from the altars. But the public may be assured that the respectable lay Roman Catholics of Dublin condemn such exhibitions of bigotry even more strenuously than our Protestant fellow-citizens, and if they had any voice in the religious government of the Dublin parishes such occurrences would meet all the public odium they deserve.

But, were authority divided between the clergy and the laity in the Roman Catholic Church, there would be no such crimes to record, for the average Catholic layman earnestly desires to live at peace with his brethren of all denominations.

The *admitted* sacerdotal establishment *within* the city boundary of Dublin is 279 priests, 177 monks, 216 theological students and 749 nuns; total, 1,421, exclusive of subsidiaries. Within the county, but *outside* the city boundary, there are *admitted* in addition, 232 priests, 152 monks, 110 theological students and 977 nuns; total, 1,471. The *admitted* total of religious* for city and county, without subsidiaries, is thus 2,892! In 1871 the *admitted* number of priests, monks and nuns was only 1,511.

* "Census of Ireland," 1901.

Let us now devote some attention to the pro-cathedral parish of Dublin, some of whose parishioners direct their property to be sold out to pay for masses, like "Anne Roe, widow deceased," who made her will on the 26th of March, 1902, and died on the following day. She "bequeathed £50 to the Magdalen Asylum, Drumcondra; £50 to the same asylum in Gloucester street; and, after paying all expenses, gave the remainder of the purchase money of No. 5 Hutton's Lane, Dublin, to the parish priest of Marlborough Street Cathedral for masses to be celebrated publicly in Ireland."† Let us see how little effect the large sacerdotal army, including those richly-endowed, profitably-worked, nun-managed Magdalen asylums have upon the female immorality of Catholic Dublin. —From Mr. McCarthy's book, "*Priests and People in Ireland*."

DUBLIN MEDICAL MISSION.

We look with special interest for the reports of medical mission work in Ireland. It is one of the fields which is most full of difficulty, but one also which should in due time bear much fruit.

The Dublin Medical Mission is steadily extending its influence. In the report just issued we find that there were 11,131 attendances of patients at that mission, and about 3,000 visits by the doctors to the homes of patients. Besides the work on the regular dispensary days, the mission is open daily for surgical dressings. Elementary nursing is taught to ladies who are training with a view to foreign mission work, and opportunity is afforded them of hearing about and helping the patients in their deeper needs. For obvious reasons not much is said in detail of the spiritual side of the work, but it is pleasant to add that the doctors, nurses, and workers are encouraged.—"Medical Missions."

When Bishop Hurst was in Poona some years ago, he went out to the great temple of Parbuti, and there watched the worshippers. He asked the aged Brahmin priest, who for many years had received the offerings there, "Do as many people come here to pray as formerly?" "No," was the reply; "they are fewer every year." "How long will this worship last?" asked the bishop. "God knows," was the reply; "perhaps ten, perhaps fifty years." "What will bring it to an end?" asked the bishop. "Jesus Christ," was the answer.

† *Freeman*, May 28, 1902.

AMONG THE VIKINGS OF LABRADOR.

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M.D.,

Superintendent of the Royal National Mission to the Deep Sea Fishermen.

For the past eleven years we have been trying, on the rocky coast of Labrador, to bring the living Christ as a transforming power into the lives of the twenty thousand fishermen who earn their livelihood there in the summer months. The Master has promised to make us "fishers of men;" and He has proved His readiness to help us catch men if we are only ready to follow His bidding.

Our work is, for the most part, among the twenty thousand Newfoundland fishermen who, in May every year, leave for the fishing-banks on the coast of Labrador. They return in October or November, according to the time when those seas become a solid jam of ice. Their wives and children go with them, and live in mud and log houses at the various natural harbours. The vessels, about one thousand in number, which carry them down, are crowded to the decks both going and coming, but only ten or twelve men remain on board during the whole fishing season. The others disembark and fish from the land, the women helping to dress the fish, cook the food and generally making life possible.

The vessels go farther north, and as they return pick up the people on shore. Thus crowded above and below decks with passengers and fish, in addition to oil barrels, boats and fishing-gear, they make their perilous voyage home. The coast does not possess one light-house, buoy or distinguishing mark, and has not one artificial harbour. The charts are old and unreliable, and the ocean carries on its bosom huge icebergs from the eternal fields of Arctic ice. Fog is a constantly recurring peril (the rocks and islands in places run out twenty miles seaward), the high cliffs and deep creeks make sudden and violent storms frequent, while the Atlantic swell rolls with resistless force against those shores.

Brave men are these fishermen—strong and kind and true. One cannot help loving their simple natures and their quiet endurance and contentment. But they and their women and children undergo great hardships for very little compensation, and it is often a hard—nay, impossible—task to keep the wolf from the door in winter. These are the modern Vikings we are trying to help.

The governing body of our mission is a registered, limited liability company called the "Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen," to which title our late beloved Queen added the title, "Royal National," in 1897, expressing the hope that it might do truly royal work in the service of the King of kings.

The denomination of the work is best described by the boy who, when asked to what denomination his minister belonged, replied, "Well, I guess he ain't any special kind—just plain minister." We have no ordained workers. Our missionaries are our doctors, nurses, sailors and fishermen, and most of our vessels assist to defray their own expenses by fishing.

Occasionally volunteer workers from every church join us for a cruise. It so happens that to-day our three Labrador doctors are respectively Episcopalian, Methodist and Congregational, while the brother who left us last year and his wife, our nurse from Battle Harbour Hospital, were Presbyterians.

What does it matter? We build no church, we have no settled congregations. We cannot administer a different pill or plaster because our patients are Catholic, Protestant or skeptic. There is no need to adjust a medicine to the idiosyncrasy of an Episcopalian or Salvationist. All we can hope to do is to draw the fishermen nearer to our Master, who, when He was on earth, loved fishermen so well.

The work in seas around Great Britain had been successful in driving the grog vessels and the homes of immorality from the high seas, and had introduced instead into each fleet a mission hospital floating home. Homes on the land also had been opened as places of resort for those who wished an environment which would assist them in a life for Christ begun at sea.

Then the council of the mission, in 1892, sent their first hospital ship across the Atlantic to discover in what way the Church could help the people of Newfoundland and the Labrador coasts. Services were held along the coast and nine hundred sick were treated.

The main discovery was that a large field was open for the presentation of the teaching of Jesus Christ to the fishermen who come with their wives and children and live in huts of logs and mud. We found that a hospital must be built on the land, as there was no place to relieve the over-burdened mission vessel, and that a vessel with steam-power must be obtained, in order to avoid losing time in the

calm weather under those mighty cliffs and by head winds.

The year 1893 was commenced with the building of a hospital at Battle Harbour, an island on the north Atlantic, just where the north shore of the Straits of Belle Isle meets the Atlantic seaboard of Labrador. This island was chosen as central to the great fisheries in the Straits of Belle Isle and of the east coast, and as convenient for the mail boats that ply between Newfoundland and Labrador.

The materials for the second hospital were landed at a harbour among a group of off-lying islands two hundred miles farther north, while a small steam-launch, the limit of our pecuniary ability, was purchased in England, slung on the deck of an Allan liner and landed in St. Johns.

In this launch I patrolled the whole coast as far north as latitude 58°, using the schooner as my base of supplies and appointing rendezvous for her at various places along the coast. At the close of the year we all left the coast again.

A new lesson had been learned: the seafaring residents of Labrador were clamoring for a doctor to remain in that desolate land during the winter months, when they are cut off from all kinds of assistance. So, when the ship "Albert" once more arrived from England, in the spring of 1894, she brought the outfit to enable a doctor to remain and keep his hospital open during the winter.

Meanwhile, the northern hospital was erected and a missionary nurse and doctor were placed in charge of it. This enabled us to reach the large body of Northern fishermen. At the close of the year the ship again sailed for England, somewhat reluctantly leaving Dr. Frederick Willway to face the winter alone.

It was no small relief when the schooner arrived on the coast in the spring of 1895, to find Dr. Willway still alive and well. He had proved that it was possible to travel along the coast, staying in the people's houses and feeding on their food, while he tried to heal the sick, preach the Gospel and bind up the broken-hearted. He had done a considerable amount of hospital work and charity work, and had covered one thousand two hundred miles with his team of dogs.

The chief lesson learned this time was that the hospital could not be kept open to any advantage unless the nurse remained there, and that there was sufficient possibility for patients to reach the hospital to justify the expense of keeping it open all winter.

Preparations were accordingly made to carry

this into effect, and when winter once again encased the coast with its mantle of ice, Battle Harbour was fully equipped with nurse and doctor and a veritable hostel, to which every one could come in any kind of trouble. And come they did from long distances, often traveling for days to reach it, but delighted to have this additional assurance that when worst came to worst there was one place on the coast where food and clothing and help in sickness were available.

This winter I spent in pleading the cause of Labrador in Canada. I had the good fortune to fall in with Sir Donald A. Smith, Chairman of the Hudson Bay Company, who had spent many years in Labrador. With his well-known philanthropy he at once took great interest in the work and presented us with a beautiful little steamer, at a cost of \$5,000, which we named "Sir Donald." In 1896 I went down the coast in this vessel, using her as my hospital ship.

Battle and Indian Harbour Hospitals were in full swing during 1895, but owing to an accident to the steamer I was obliged to patrol the coast in a small lug-sail boat, given me by Dr. Roddick, of Montreal. I carried with me my lantern, instruments, drugs and a small outfit, going only as far north as Hamilton Inlet. The nurse began to open up other work beside that in the hospital, and during the winter held regular classes for the women and men, and also for the children. The doctor pushed farther afield, covering one thousand eight hundred miles with his dogs and reaching as far north as Nakvak.

The great financial crash which occurred this year in Newfoundland left many of the fisherfolk without any chance of supplying themselves with necessities for fishing during the following summer. The British Government, therefore, sent out a special commissioner, Sir Herbert Murray, who placed the amount allocated to the settlers of Labrador in my hands.

Visiting the southern part of Labrador in the steamer "Sir Donald," and sailing around Indian Harbour in the "Princess May," for the purpose of distributing this help to the best advantage, we became deeply impressed with the wretched conditions of trade and the high prices that the people had to pay for the necessities of life.

A further study of the economical condition of the people showed us the utter hopelessness of life under the prevailing truck system of

trade, without any cash medium to indicate the value of the produce of the fishermen or the value of the poor flour, molasses, salt and tea that they were receiving in exchange.

We began, therefore, to preach the doctrine of co-operation, and started at Red Bay, a small village of some sixteen to twenty families, a cash store, managed for and by the people. We chose this place because of the upright character of its people and the lamentable poverty to which every one had been reduced and which made practically every one dependent, more or less, upon the Government Pauper Relief Fund.

In 1897 the steamer "Sir Donald" was lost in the ice, being carried to sea from her winter moorings by a hurricane. She was eventually discovered frozen into an enormous ice-field, with only her masts projecting through the snow covering. She was cut out and towed to St. Johns, but was in such a bad condition that she only brought \$150 at auction.

Help now reached us in the way of a small steamer from a lady in Toronto, and while my colleague, Dr. Frederick Willway, was patrolling the coast I went to England to raise money for a new ship.

Through the help again of that friend of Labrador, Sir Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, we were able to build and equip at Dartmouth, England, a beautiful little \$15,000 hospital steamer, "The Strathcona," of eighty-four tons burden. She has a large hospital amidships, with removable bulkheads, to enable us to use all the space for religious services when necessary.

Earnest petitions came from the seafaring people along the north coast of Newfoundland to give them the services of one of our mission doctors during the winter, for all along that coast, from Cape John to Bay of Islands, there is no possible means of getting any medical help summer or winter. The result was that, with a volunteer companion from Oxford, England, I took rooms in a small trader's house on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, made an arrangement for the Newfoundland Government to help this venture with a small grant, purchased a good team of dogs, hired a pilot and driver who knew the country, and then froze ourselves in for the winter. Repeating our Labrador policy, we traveled around the coast from place to place, covering many hundred miles during the winter and treating five hundred patients.

Meanwhile we came to know our people, the

nature of their home lives, their privations and what we could do for them, and this in the best possible way; by ourselves living their lives, sharing their small huts and tilts, eating their food, only carrying our own sleeping-bags that we might, in however humble a place, have at least a private apartment if it was only on the floor. Our most difficult cases we sent to the headquarters, at a place called St. Anthony, where we had arranged for their reception in a small house. After each mission trip we delayed there as long as it was necessary to watch our sick after operations.

There is no liquor sold in all this district, with the result that there is no crime. So I was able to commandeer a local wood building that had been erected in former days by an energetic magistrate for a jail, and we converted it into a club-house and meeting-house, which it has remained ever since.

My friend kept school open during this time, and together we commenced the Christmas games—a regular athletic club, with Christmas trees for children and such things, which have been preaching a useful Gospel in brightening the celebration of our Saviour's birthday in many a lonely hamlet along that bleak and icy coast.

We were also able to hold numerous meetings on the subject of co-operation, the benefits of which were so plainly visible around our other little effort, and, in spite of considerable opposition, we were able to start our second co-operative store.]

By the time that spring appeared it had become quite apparent that we ought to add this district to our permanent missions. A council of war was held with all the people, with a result that we at once led sixty-five men into the woods, where we remained a fortnight. The men were divided into regular gangs for felling trees, chopping uprights and sawing boards. Snow was deep on the ground, and the traveling was so good that we closed a most delightful time in the forest by hauling home the best part of the frame and cover for the new hospital at St. Anthony.

The humming of the runners of innumerable sleighs, or *komaticks*, over the frozen snow and the joyful clamour of some one hundred and fifty dogs announced the arrival of the first hospital in north Newfoundland outside of St. Johns. This building is not yet quite completed, money having been scarce, or, at least, diverted into other channels, as a result of the Boer War.

Dr. Simpson and Nurse Russell camped alongside it in a small house this winter (1902-03), and at once began receiving patients. We sincerely hope it may be in full swing next spring, completing our hospital system for Labrador.

Formerly the staff of our Northern Hospital were obliged to leave every year, as we had no place in which to house them during the winter. This was a source of great weakness, as our staff were more useful year after year, as they became acquainted with the work. But now as the season closes we remove our staff and equipment, and the last of the patients on the hospital steamer to the Southern Hospital at St. Anthony.

The growth of this method of preaching the Gospel by splints and bandages is shown by the statistics this year. The total number of patients treated was two thousand seven hundred and seventy-two, the vast majority of whom would otherwise have had to remain with as little treatment as the traveler to Jericho received until the Good Samaritan came along his way.

We have also been able to reach out a helping hand to those who have children to provide for, and on whom the long winter of enforced idleness hung so heavy. We have started a little settlement in a deserted bay, and here employment is given in various ways. A lumber mill has been erected and a large grant of land obtained. Many men are employed hauling out logs, some have been employed in building and clearing, and some in preparing stacks of firewood for sale in spring. A planing-machine, mortising-machine, tenon-machine and a good shingle-machine have been erected. A schooner-building yard close alongside is also in full swing, and we are now building our second schooner and a large fishing-boat there. This has brought some two hundred and fifty people together, and we are able to collect the children for school purposes. In the spring all these people, with the exception of the few who remain to run the lumber mill, scatter to their summer fisheries.

Our co-operative stores have increased to five in number and a large schooner of our own, called "The Co-operator," is kept busy all the season going to and from the market in St. Johns. Her crew is composed of our own men from this bay. Thus in many ways the Gospel is being preached to these people.

We are now arranging for a summer co-operating establishment for barrel-making in connection with the mill, and are hoping to be

able to combine it profitably with burning lime, which is abundant in the district.

We have been able to start a series of small loan libraries, moving them from village to village, as is required. Both our Labrador hospitals have been enlarged. New operating-rooms and new convalescent-rooms have been added at both, and at Battle Harbour an entirely new building, besides an almost invaluable laundry, which is preaching a sermon by itself.

We very much need a new large store at this our central depot, to enable us to disseminate and store the literature, clothing and other things entrusted to us, and we should gladly hear from any one who would help us toward its construction. Several orphans and cripples have been sent to homes in healthier countries. A few domestics have been trained and sent out to service.

During the last year we have been able, in the Master's Name, to make the blind to see and the lame to walk, and to preach the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There remains much more to be done, and we pray that God will give us wisdom and zeal, and will move His people to furnish us with the means necessary to accomplish the works of faith and labours of love so greatly needed.

TWENTY YEARS IN DARKEST AFRICA.

BY REV. ROYAL J. DYE, M.D., KONGO FREE STATE.

Twenty years ago the cartography of Africa was different from what it is to-day. Instead of the well-charted two thousand miles of navigable waterway, the Kongo and its main tributaries, but little was known, for Stanley had just made his first journey and all central Africa was a blank space peopled with elephants and hippopotami.

The first missionaries were then just entering the lower Kongo, and their cold and suspicious reception differs from the hearty welcome given the missionary now. For then the people had not seen enough missionaries to be able to discriminate between them and the other white men who had passed their way. They could not understand that any could care for their souls more than for the ivory and rubber, their little wealth.

So now, where were found howling mobs, threatening their lives and destroying their property and frightening their "carriers," we meet with a most hearty welcome, and the

appeal comes to us from the wildest cannibal tribes, "Come and teach us, too, these wonderful words of God." We cannot answer these appeals with our small force of workers now in service.

Where then the missionary was horrified by the evidences, unconcealed, of horrible cannibal feasts and of inhumanities beyond our comprehension; where then the power of the "witch-doctor" and of the "fetishes" seemed to be so strong that nothing could overthrow them, and faithful, loving work seemed to avail nothing, and many lives were laid down in the effort to break up the dense darkness and superstition with which these dark sons of nature seemed to be enchained, to-day we see whole villages sitting clothed and in their right minds, obedient to their God, whom before they had feared, not knowing, and not only sitting, but active in the evangelization of their fellows who have not yet heard of or accepted this God of love who has so wonderfully transformed their lives.

Where Richards and Bently and Grenfel and Clark found naked savages violating every law of the decalog, and leading lives of vice and degradation they dare not describe, and who were as untrustworthy and fickle as possible to believe; where, almost in despair, after ten years of work there were no converts to show, you can go now and find town after town with its church and schoolhouse filled with a peaceable people, earnest and consecrated, who are properly clad, industrious, clean, respectful, and whose honest and virtuous lives make us ashamed of the horrible tales of vice and dishonesty which fill every day's paper in this fair land.

Where then there was none who could be named as a bona fide follower of God, there are to-day close on to ten thousand confessing and baptized Christians in the Kongo Basin.

And news reaches us almost every mail of the wonderful wave of revival all up and down that mighty Kongo River and its tributaries—an awakening of such proportions that the present force are unable to properly instruct them, nor are they able to go to all the villages calling for the Gospel message, many of whom have yet to see their first missionary and to hear for the first time that wonderful old story of Christ's love and sacrifice for their redemption. "The fields are white unto harvest." "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few."

Here is a glimpse of the progress in east Central Africa. Ten years ago the converts numbered barely a hundred, to-day there are more than ten thousand. Where then there was but one native church, to-day there are over a hundred native-built chapels, with a force of native evangelists who shame us by their devotion and heroism.

These native preachers are evangelizing the neighbouring tribes and have sent workers far up the Nile toward Khartoum. They have already won their first converts from among those fierce and unfriendly "dwarf tribes," the "pigmies of the great forest," and are reaching out to join hands with the missionaries of the Upper Kongo to evangelize these and the half-caste Arabs of these sections.

Do you want to see evidences of the work done? Would you be convinced if you were to see changes of life and habits which in their full development are simply miraculous—transformations, the result of no ethical dogma or of the introduction of civilization or sciences or arts, but of the transforming power of the Gospel of Christ?

A civilized government may say to them: "If you continue these cannibal practices or this slave-raiding we will come and annihilate your village" or "drag you off as captives to work our plantations," which, of course, is not slavery, but the natives carry on these practices, only secretly. Christianity challenges a comparison of the results of the Gospel in Uganda, as a parallel for any of the so-called civilizing influences, in the freeing of the millions of slaves which constitute their wealth and chattels, by masters, their own countrymen, without the shedding of a drop of blood, but simply the result of prayerful resting of the matter with their consciences before God.

There has been much done. There remains much yet to be done. Now is the time when, by judicious effort, whole nations can be won to our God and His Christ. There are nations yet who have not heard of the surpassing love of God and of the redemptive sacrifice of Christ made for "the world."

There are easily seventy millions in the great Soudan and Central Africa who have yet to see their first missionary, who have yet to learn of the loving heavenly Father, who have yet to receive the hope of everlasting life. Shall our children have to answer the same puzzling question put to us, "Why did not your fathers tell our fathers?"—*Miss. Rev.*

THE SWINGING FESTIVAL IN INDIA.

BY KATE A. BLAIR.

Among the famous festivals of this land of festivals is the *Charak* or Swinging Festival. The natives speak of it as the *charak puja*, and *puja* means worship. It does not flourish now with the same vigour that once it did, and it is probably to Bengal the chief glory of this ghastly feast belongs.

This year a somewhat remarkable procession of holidays occurred here. First came the great Mohammedan *Mohurrum*, followed immediately by the Christian Good Friday and Easter, and the next day came the Hindu *Charak*. I suppose a similar coincidence would scarcely occur twice in a lifetime, as the *Mohurrum*, like Easter, is a movable feast.

Early on the morning of the *charak*, or even the night before, groups of country people begin to come in, some intent on religious observances, some with an eye to business and trade, and some as to a picnic. Early in the day the long, crooked street of the market swarms with humanity. One line of people is coming away from the *Ghat*, where the bathing is going on, and as they come they scatter pice upon the dirty cloths spread in a line from the *Ghat* far down one side of the street, thank-offerings, to be gathered up, no doubt, by the beggars whose harvest is to-day. The other half of the crowd is headed toward the *Ghat*, and as they go, venders of offerings, flowers or trifles of fruit, skirt their path upon the side opposite the beggars' spread-out rags and accumulate a modest amount of pice from the devout.

It is now ebb tide, and the river, even at this distance from the sea, is at the lowest. The narrow arm of it which skirts our village is but a big, muddy ditch; mud there is, deep and slimy, far up the sloping banks, and through this mud the devout pilgrim must wade to his pious dip in the scant waters of the only less muddy river. He comes out, so far as appearances go, much the worse for the mud-bath, but happy in the endless virtue attained, receives the red mark upon his forehead and goes on his way rejoicing.

One young fellow in a clean white shirt, his best and only probably, saved his linen and gained his reward by wading through the mud into the thick waters of the stream, where instead of a real bath he contented himself with a gingerly dip of one hand, while the other carefully held his garments out of harm's way. Whether he drank a mouthful of the

stuff, or what he did with it, I do not know, but he came out satisfied and triumphant and unconscious of the humour of the situation.

It is only the common people or the especially devout who come here to bathe. I saw one old, old man of aristocratic mien bathing and mumbling his prayers and salving his conscience apart in a clean tank. I asked a high-caste woman later in the day if she had been to bathe. She said, "How could such as we go there?" The *Charak*, indeed, is not a festival for the educated.

The swinging comes on about sundown and is performed in a wide, stubby rice field about half a mile out of the village. First on the ground and last to leave are the vendors of various sorts. They offer mats and baskets, country fans and native sweet meats, glass bracelets and cheap European trinkets, native pipes and foreign cigarettes, and these things catch the public eye rather than that which ought to be the one object of interest, the *charak*.

Here and there about the field tall poles lift their heads twenty-five or thirty feet above the crowd. A platform of bamboos is arranged some ten feet up, and across the top of the upright pole another is so hung that it may dip or swing freely. When, after various preparations, the times arrives for the great act of the drama, a man, tricked out in some fantastic fashion, ascends the platform.

Sometimes it is seemingly a woman who, thus devotes herself to this somewhat perilous undertaking, but in reality it is man always, though his sinewy arms may be encircled with bracelets and his lank ankles with anklets.

There was a time when the frenzy of religious zeal found its outlet in the torture of the flesh. To please Shiva, in whose honour this *puja* is performed, in consequence of a vow on recovering from sickness or other disaster, the deluded devotee submitted with mad joy to iron hooks piercing the quivering flesh and, supported thus, was swung aloft and round and round until the god was appeased or the victim fainted from pain and weariness, or, as sometimes happened, the flesh gave way.

Human flesh is but human after all, and cries of anguish might spoil the enjoyment of the spectators or wreck their faith in the sacrifice, and so bands of music were always present to drown those cries or to divert attention from them.

Even now an unmelodious tom-tomming is kept up, although with the comparatively

comfortable fashion of swinging which has come into vogue it is no longer so necessary. A sort of harness is prepared which is fastened about the body under the arms, and into this the hooks are stuck. Even with that concession, the poor creature is often seen to ease his position by holding on by his hands to the pole above.

To the opposite end of the vertical pole is fastened a long rope, by means of which the devotee is finally hoisted, and on that, near the ground, is arranged a cross-board or bamboo, upon which sits a man as a balance.

All this being arranged, somebody seizes the rope and runs, swinging the pole with its human load swiftly round and round. The man bears, swung across one shoulder, a bag full of something which presently he begins to shower upon the people below. Popped rice, bananas and such trifles drop into the upturned umbrellas and outspread cloths of eager recipients.

If you ask for the meaning of all these things, you are met with ignorance or a half-unwilling explanation. One admits that he has heard that childless people crowd to catch some of the magical stuff in the belief that it will give them sons. After swinging the circle a dozen times or so the man is lowered, and another is hoisted up.

To be sure the old cruel fashion has been discarded for a more humane one in the more civilized centers, but this is not the case everywhere. They say that at a point not many miles away from this very spot the ancient unspeakable custom prevails still. Officers of the law can do no more than discourage it; they cannot prevent it, because a cautious government will not interfere with the religions of the people, and there is no law to bear out any attempt to repress the cruelties of the *charak*.

Another custom connected with this festival is a form of refined self-torture which reminds one of certain penitential rites of Roman Catholic countries. Devotees, some of them with faces heavy and brutal, some with lithe forms and bright young eyes, perform a sort of religious dance. In the right hand of each is a certain kind of thorny grass, whose sharp needles are especially fitted to produce exquisite torture.

As the dance proceeds to the sound of the tom-tom, the devotee leaping about, now this way, now that, beats with his thorny brush the bare flesh of his back. The blows seem sharp and in some cases draw blood; in others but

little impression is made, the dancer undoubtedly looking upon the performance more in the light of play. The chief ones among these devotees appear next day at the *Charak* and figure on the swing.

I have been told by a convert from Hinduism that the better classes may take part by proxy, and that he has seen one submit to "torture" by taking a certain leaf upon his tongue and allowing the portion which extended beyond his lips to be pierced in place of his tongue!

But my friend had seen other things which were real enough. He has seen a man having his back pierced by one rod, the ends of which were held by two other men, his tongue stabbed by a second rod which he himself held, dancing meanwhile in fanatical frenzy.

That, however, was twenty years ago. A better day has been dawning for India in that twenty years. My friend testifies from his own experience that many and encouraging have been the changes since he as a young man left Hinduism. It is not probable that such a scene could be witnessed to-day; it is possible, however, for Hinduism is not yet dead, and superstition still has its deadly grip on the people.

THE BRAVE MORAVIAN.

A Moravian Christian heard of the sufferings of the West India slaves, and desired to be a missionary to them; but, when he reached them, he found they were driven to the field so early and came home so late that there was no life or strength in them to listen to his instructions; neither did they believe that any man whose face was white had a heart that was other than black and they would not listen to him, and he found, at last, that there was no way to preach to them unless he preached to them in their sufferings while he suffered with them himself. He sold himself, and was driven afield with them that while he suffered and toiled as they did, he might have opportunity to preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Now, I ask if there reigns a king upon his throne that was so lordly, so large a man as that poor sweating Moravian, who, for the sake of serving and saving these poor, miserable, dying slaves in the field, had sold himself into like estate to preach the riches of Christ? The largest conception of manhood is that which knows how to take itself, as though of no consequence to itself, but of all possible consequence to those to whom it may make itself an offering, a power, an instruction.—Ex.

Young People's Societies.

TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER.

COREA AND OUR CHURCH.

BY REV. A. C. MORTON, B.D.

Corea is the peninsula at the north-east corner of the Chinese Empire. Its people have been called "The Hermit Nation" because of their isolation. The very situation of the country—a rock-bound or a tide-swept coast on three sides and a mass of hills often buried in snow on the fourth—suggests and invites self-seclusion.

But the separateness of the Coreans has not been due simply to natural causes, but even to deliberate purpose. They have refused to venture upon the sea—the natural highway of the nations. On the northwest corner of their country—the one quarter at which they might have kept in loving touch with China and the rest of the world—they kept a whole strip of land some 10 leagues wide in wild and trackless forest. But one or two highways crossed this waste to the "Border Gates," and these were watched with a fierce and jealous eye lest the strangers might come in.

When the ships of the western nations began to feel their way along the coast, the Coreans, always kind to the shipwrecked, refused all traffic with them. Several expeditions which were for forcing trade met disaster at the hands of a people angry that their seclusion should be disturbed. Even when the French in 1866 and the Americans in 1871 blew up the forts on the coast near Seoul, the capital, they retired with nothing gained save the hatred of the Coreans, whose policy has well been phrased: "With the distressed, kindness; with the robber, powder and iron; with the invader, death and annihilation."

The only touch that the western world could have with Corea was through China. Our European outrunners in the Dark Ages met face to face with the ambassadors of Corea at the court of the Over-Lord—the Emperor of China. There was only one road into Corea, that from China, and this was well-beaten by political embassies, by commercial enterprises and by the feet of the scholars passing to and fro.

Along this road in the last quarter of the eighteenth century there were carried a few books of western Philosophy and the Christian Religion translated into Chinese by the Jesuit Fathers in Peking, which books fell into the hands of a group of Corean students who were awakened to a new life by them. "They began to practice what they knew, and morning and evening they read and prayed." After many months one of these students, "Stone-wall" by name, persuaded a friend of his on the *sachi* of the Corean ambassador at Peking to find out the Christian missionaries, *i.e.*, the Catholics at Peking, which he did, becoming himself a Christian. So was brought about by the simple reading of Christian truth and the leading of the Spirit that bloweth where He listeth—the first living touch between Christianity and the Corean.

But although quite a large native church grew up almost without the presence of European priests their policy was not calculated to open the doors of Corea, for the Roman Catholic Church has always been a political machine, as well as a community of believers, and the young Corean Christians were taught to watch for the French warships and French arms to deliver them from their own countrymen who persecuted them. They were made disloyal to their own land when they became loyal to the Church of Christ. No doubt but that they were brave. No doubt but that they were heroes of the cross. They were beaten. They were tortured. They were put to death in shameless ways. But it could always be said that they intrigued to put their country in the power of the foreigner. At heart they were traitors, and so they failed to open up Corea to the Christian world.

The "Open Door" to Corea was secured in a somewhat indirect way. Every attempt of the west to deal with the court of Corea had failed, but Japan had given up her seclusion and begun to learn of the Christian nations—to trade, to manufacture, to govern and to fight. The new era brought such blessings to Japan that a Corean embassy that had been persuaded to the court of the Mikado returned home with the wonderful news. So grew up

intercourse with Japan, and with it a progressive party in Corea led by the young King. At last the Hermit kingdom was coming out into the big world of our day. First one port, Fusan, then another, Wonsan, was opened to trade with Japan, and at last in 1880 came a series of treaties with the United States, Great Britain, etc., which threw the Hermit kingdom open to trade with European peoples, and, with trade, to the influences of Christianity.

The curiosity of the western world had been piqued by Corea's seclusion, and many nations had tried to break through her separateness, but none had watched with greater interest or worked with more tact than the outrunners of the great Republic to the south of us. When American statesmen had been interested American Christianity was awake to labour.

As the first treaty opening Corea to the western world was made with the States, it was not unnatural that the first Protestant missionaries to the Corean should be from the churches of the States—the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Churches. The missionaries to the Coreans found the soil so ready and prepared for them that the harvest followed close on the seed-time and a flourishing Christian community quickly was gathered in.

To satisfy the interest in the home-land books were written about the people so long unknown—so easily made Christian.

A copy of one of these books was purchased from the proceeds of a little Memorial Fund in connection with our Theological College at Halifax. A warm-hearted student, McKenzie by name, took that copy with him to read in his leisure hours, as he laboured in the Home Mission Field on the rugged unhospitable shores of Labrador. His mind was fired by the romance of Corea and the cry of its people for the Gospel.

During that summer as he rowed in an open boat along the iron-bound coast from settlement to settlement he was caught in a fog and storm, and driven from the shore was in danger of his life. In that awful hour face to face with eternity he vowed his life to the service of God in Corea should he be spared. He was spared, and, when after years of waiting he saw that the Church at home would not or could not send him out, trusting himself to God and to a few friends, who promised him support, he went out and settled in the little village of Sorai, and gathered in a short time the nucleus of a church. But, unable to live

otherwise than did the natives, he was taken with a violent fever and in delirium ended his life.

The few who, gathered around him, had pledged themselves to the new-found Father who had *first* loved them, sent home to McKenzie's church a prayer for more of the Gospel—a prayer that aroused strange emotions in the bosom of the Church of the Maritime Provinces. Volunteers stepped to the front in the persons of Messrs. Foote and Grierson, and later Macrae, offering to take their stand where McKenzie had fallen. The women of the church offered a large measure of support, but it was a time of commercial depression and the funds of the Church were low, and many hesitated.

The debate in the Synod was long, but in a true Christian spirit. At last one of our aged ministers, with voice broken with emotion, said that it was clear to him as the light of day that all that course of events that had connected our Church with Corea was no chapter of accidents, but the working of God. He could not live to see the day of fruition, but by faith he could see the Church going out into Corea and returning bringing the sheaves with them. The vote was taken and now we are in Corea, and none who knows of the work in that land and the quickened life at home but feels that it has all been of the Lord's doing.

The object of this paper has been to show the chain of events that has bound us in Christ to Corea. Detailed descriptions of the country, its people and religion, etc., will be found in Mrs. Bird Bishop's, "Corea and Her Neighbours," and most brightly given in Dr. Gale's "Corean Sketches." The doings of our own missionaries will be found in our Church papers and in Reports of the General Assembly.

SOME THINGS.

Three things to love: Courage, gentleness, affection. Three things to admire: Intellect, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate: Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: Beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to like: Cordiality, good humour and cheerfulness. Three things to avoid: Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate: Good books, good friends and good humour. Three things to contend for: Honour, country and friends, three things to govern: Temper, tongue and conduct. Two things to think of: Death and eternity.—HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D.

Pulpit and Pew.

FELIX.

BY REV. ALEX. WHYTE, D.D., EDINBURGH.

Our original authorities for the life of Felix are Luke in the Acts of the Apostles, Josephus in the "Antiquities" and in the "Wars of the Jews" and Tacitus in the "Annals of the Romans."

Luke gives us one of his most graphic chapters about Felix, but he abstains, as the Bible manner is, from judging even Felix before the time. Josephus is graphic enough about Felix, but we are sure neither of Josephus's facts nor of his judgments. We cannot go very far either for or against any man on the word of such a witness as Josephus.

But Tacitus scars Felix's forehead as only Tacitus's pen can scar. Tacitus, as his manner is, anticipates the very day of judgment itself in the way he writes about Felix. Felix began his life as a slave and he ended his life as a king. But, as Tacitus says, there was a slave's heart all the time under Felix's royal robes.

All what evil secrets lay hidden in Felix's conscience we do not know, but we have only too abundant testimony as to how savage, how treacherous and how steeped in blood Felix's whole life had been. Luke calls Drusilla the wife of Felix. Drusilla was a wife, but she was not the wife of Felix. Drusilla was still a young woman, but she had already come through wickedness enough to stamp her as one of the worst women in the whole of human history.

Paul was lying in prison waiting for his trial at Felix's judgment-seat, when, most probably to satisfy Drusilla's guilty curiosity about Paul and about Paul's Master, Felix sent for Paul to hear what he had to say for himself and for his Master. How the interview opened and how Paul conducted his discourse we are not told. But this we are told, that as Paul continued to reason of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled and answered, "Go thy way for this time: when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

"The ears of our audiences must first be

propitiated," says Quintilian in his "Institutes of Oratory." And Dante but borrows from that fine book when he tells all public speakers in his "Banquet" that they must always begin by taking captive the goodwill of their hearers.

Now, just how Paul managed to propitiate Felix's unfriendly ears that day and to take captive his hardened heart we are not told. But that the great preacher did succeed in getting a hearing from Felix is certain. And it was neither a short hearing nor a hostile that Felix gave to Paul that day. Felix sat in transfixed silence while Paul stood up before him and plunged the two-edged sword of God's holy law into his guilty conscience till the hardened reprobate could not command himself.

A greater seal was never set to the power of Paul's preaching than when Felix shook and could not sit still under the Apostle's words. And a greater encouragement could not possibly be given to all true preachers than that scene in the palace of Cæsarea gives to them.

What an ally, unseen but omnipotent, all true preachers have in the consciences of their hearers! "The conscience," says the prince of Puritan expository preachers, "is what the snout is in a bear, a tender part to tame him by. Conscience is acutely sensible to God's wrath. And hell-fire itself could not take hold of the soul but at this corner."

O conscience! who can stand against thy power!

Endure thy gripes and agonies one hour! Stone, gout, strappado, racks, whatever is Dreadful to sense are only toys to this. No pleasures, riches, honours, friends can tell How to give ease to thee, thou'rt like to hell.

If Felix had but sat still a little longer, Paul was just going on to tell him how to get ease to the hell that was beginning to burn in his bosom. But I suspect Drusilla at that moment. I cannot get over my suspicion that it was Drusilla who so suddenly cut short Paul's discourse and sent him back to his prison. I do not read that Drusilla trembled.

My belief about that royal pair is, that had

Drusilla not sat beside Felix that day, Felix would have been baptized and Paul would have been set free before the sun had gone down. But Drusilla and her sisters have cast into their graves many wounded. Many strong men have been slain to death by them. Their house is the way to hell and their steps go down to the chambers of death.

"Go thy way for this time," said Felix to Paul, "when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." Felix never sat at a Communion Table. But many of us here to-night who sat at that table to-day have in effect said Felix's very words to-day to God and to our own consciences. Many of us trembled at the table to day, but we recovered ourselves with this resolution—that we would repent and amend our ways at another time. More action-sermons and more table-addresses have been silenced and forgotten because of a postponed repentance than because of anything else.

Felix did not really intend to shut Paul's mouth for ever. He did not intend to go before God's judgment-seat just as he was that day. And no more do we. We honestly intend to live righteously and temperately—after a time. When we are in other circumstances. When we have other companionships. When we have formed other and better relationships. After that happy alteration in our life to which we are looking forward, you will find us very different men.

When I am old, says one. Not too old. But when I am somewhat older and much less occupied. I will then have time to give to secret prayer. I will then have on my table and near my bedside some of those books my minister has so often besought me to buy and to read at a Communion season. I will then attend to God and to my own soul. Poor self-deceived creature that you are! Cruelty and uncleanness have slain their thousands, but a life like yours, a life simply of putting off repentance and reformation, has slain its tens of thousands.

But Felix, after all, was as good as his word, so far. Felix did actually call for Paul again, and that not once nor twice, but often, and communed with him in the palace. Only, it had almost been better he had not done so, for he always did it with a bad motive in his mind.

It was not to hear out Paul's interrupted discourse that Felix sent for Paul. The sacred writer is able to tell us what exactly Felix's secret motive was in so often giving the

Apostle an audience. "He hoped also that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him; wherefore he sent for him the oftener and communed with him. But after two years Porcius Festus came into Felix's room, and Felix, willing to show the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound."

And it is because our motives in coming to church are so mixed that the years allowed us for our salvation pass on till some one else occupies our pew and the preaching of salvation has for ever come to an end as far as we are concerned.

Pulpits and Sundays; sorrow dogging sin;
Afflictions sorted; anguish of all sizes;
Without our shame; within our consciences;
Yet all these fences and their whole array,
One cunning bosom sin blows quite away.

I have known a man come to a church for a slip of a girl; another as a stepping-stone to some great man's favour; another for the advantage of his shop, and another for the chance of a tippet and a chain and a hoped-for handle to his name, and so on. Felix sat under Paul's preaching because his household expenses in Cæsarea were so great and his resources so low and his debts so heavy. And because he had been told that Paul had such rich friends that they could and would pay any price for his release.

And who can tell how Felix's calculations might have turned out had it not been that Cæsar so suddenly sent for Felix to come to Rome to give an account of his stewardship, and all that, most unfortunately, before Paul's rich friends had time to come forward. Many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt for the found-out reasons why they went to this church or to that.

It is like the fresh air of heaven itself to turn from Felix's church attendances in this matter of motive and to turn to Paul. For, when the royal message summoning Paul to the palace was delivered to him in his prison, what was Paul's first thought do you think?

Paul was a great man. Paul was a noble-minded man. Paul was a true and a pure-hearted man. Paul never thought of himself at all. He never once said to himself how all this might tell upon his release and his liberty. Dear and sweet as release and liberty were to Paul these things never once came into his mind that day. Felix and Drusilla alone came into his mind that day, Drusilla especially. For

Drusilla was a Jewess; she was a daughter of Abraham, and Paul's heart's desire and prayer to God for long had been that Drusilla might be saved. And here, in this opportunity to him, was the answer to his prayer!

And thus it was that all the way up from his prison to her palace Paul was thinking only of that wicked and miserable pair, with their fearful looking for of judgment. Till, with his heart full of all that, as Paul was led into the presence-chamber, Felix turned to Drusilla, and pointing to Paul, he as good as said to her—

Lo! this man's brow like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume!
He trembles, and the whiteness in his cheek
Is apter than his tongue to tell his errand!

Even such a man

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night.

It was the snow-white purity of Paul's motives that gave to his words, and to his whole look and manner, such last-day power as he stood and spoke before Felix. Paul's eye was so single at that moment that the whole palace was filled to Felix as with the light of the great white throne itself.

No other man knows with a full certainty any or all of his neighbour's motives. At the same time, I have come to think that the purity of a preacher's motives has very much to do with his success. Not always, perhaps, but sufficiently often to make it a good rule for all of us who are, or are to be, preachers.

For instance, to speak of two very successful preachers who have lately gone to give in their account and to reap their reward—Moody and Spurgeon. I have always attributed their immense and their lasting success to the singleness of their eye and the transparency of their motives.

And, therefore, it is that I am always directing young probationers who are going to preach in a vacancy to read before they go Dr. Newman's sermon entitled, "The Salvation of the Hearer the Motive of the Preacher." I constantly tell them that this desired call, if it is to be a call to them from Christ, will largely lie in their motive that day.

If the preacher makes the vacant congregation tremble like Felix till they forget themselves, that is the preacher for them and that is the people for him. Let all probationers of the pulpit study that same great writer's noble lecture entitled, "University Preaching," and

they will thank me for this instruction all their days.

And now to conclude. I can imagine no other night in all the year so convenient as just the night after a Communion day. I can imagine no night in all the year so acceptable to Christ and so welcome to His Father. No day and no night in which our Redeemer so desires to see of the travail of His soul. No night in which He has so much joy in seeing either a sinner repenting or a saint returning. It is a special night for new beginners, and it is famous for the restoring of backsliders' souls.

This is the night, then, for us all to date from. It was that day, it was that night, when we had Felix, you will say, all your days on earth. My Lord met me, you will say, in that house of His, and on that night of His. Come away, then, and make a new start on the spot. Come away and there will be a joy in heaven to-night that there will not be but for you. Oh! do come, and let this house have this honour in heaven henceforth, because this man and that man were born here.

And, in saying that, it is not I that say it. Jesus Christ Himself singles you out of all the congregation and says to you, as if you were alone in this house, Come! Come, He says, and let us reason together. And if you are a very Felix and a very Drusilla; if your unrighteousness and your intemperance, and your fearful looking for of judgment are all as dreadful as were theirs; even were your sins as scarlet as were theirs, they shall be as white as snow. And though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

Who, then, this Communion evening, will come forward like the brave man in Bunyan, and will say to him who has the book and the pen and the ink-horn in his hand. Set down my name, sir! At which there was a most pleasant voice heard from those within, even of those who walked upon the top of the king's palace, saying—

Come in, come in,
Eternal glory thou shalt win.

So he went in and was clothed with the same garments as they were clothed with. Then Christian smiled and said, I think verily that I know the true meaning to me of this great sight and the true intention to me of this great Scripture.

THINGS THAT ARE LOVELY.

BY J. R. MILLER, D.D.

"Whatsoever things are lovely . . . think on these things."—Eph. iii. 6.

Nothing that is not beautiful is fit for a place in a Christly life. Strength is essential, but strength need not be rugged and uncomely; art has learned to give it graceful form. Truth, honesty, justice and right are prime elements in a worthy life, but they need not be unbeautiful.

In a cluster of "whatsoevers" indicating the principal qualities in an ideal character, Paul includes "whatsoever things are lovely." Perhaps it has been too much the habit in Christian teachers to overlook beauty as an essential feature of a complete life. Christ, who is always to be our model, was "altogether lovely." He was strong, true, just and righteous, but there was no flaw in His character, no defect in His life. We should never tolerate in ourselves anything that is not beautiful.

Some things are not lovely. There are ways that are not winning. There are people whose personality is not attractive. They fail to draw others to them. They neither make close friends nor keep friends. They may be good in the general fabric of their character—honest, truthful, upright, just. No one could condemn them or charge them with anything really wrong. Yet they are not lovable in their dispositions. There is something in them that hinders their popularity, that mars their influence, that interferes with their usefulness.

Simplicity is one element in loveliness. Artificiality is never beautiful. There are those whose very walk shows a studied air, as if they were conscious of a certain importance, a burden of greatness, thinking that wherever they appear everybody's eyes follow them with a sort of admiration and worship. All affectations in manner, in speech, in dress, in bearing, in disposition, are unlovely. They are classed with insincerities. Only the simple, unaffected, natural life is truly beautiful.

Selfishness is unlovely. It has many ways, too, of showing itself. Indeed, it cannot be hid—it crops out continually, in act, word and disposition. There are those who are disobliging, never willing to put themselves out to do a favour or to show a kindness to others. They may talk unselfishly, protesting their interest in people and their friendship for them, but when the test comes self asserts itself.

Selfishness is simply the absence of love—love seeketh not its own. Unselfishness is lovely. It does not count the cost of serving. It loves unto the uttermost and never fails in helpfulness. It thinks of others, not only as of itself, but, like the Master, forgets itself altogether.

Another lovely attribute in the Christian life is peace. It never worries. It is never fretted. It is quiet, not noisy. It is the quality of a self-disciplined character. Hurry

is always unbeautiful. The lovely life is never in haste, yet never loiters. It is self-poised.

If women knew how much a quiet, self-controlled manner means in the making up of their personality, they would seek for it more than for great riches. Nervous flurry, especially in a woman, is unlovely. It shows itself in flustered manners, in hasty and oftentimes rash speech, too often in ungoverned temper. The exhortation, "Be ambitious to be quiet," does not refer merely to speech, but especially to the inner spirit, to the manner, to the whole bearing of the life.

Nothing is lovelier in life than the spirit of contentment. Fretting mars the beauty of many a face. Discontent spoils all one's world. Out of whatever window he looks the discontented person sees something that is not pleasing. If there be a contented mind there is only good seen everywhere.

The happiest homes in the world are not those in which are the finest carpets, the costliest pictures, the most luxurious furniture, but those in which glad hearts dwell. A mind at rest glorifies the plainest surroundings and even the hardest conditions. "Happiness," says a wise thinker, "lies not in position, but in disposition."

Love is the great master-secret of all beautiful things in character; love deals also with the manner of life's expression as well as with its acts. Many good deeds are done in a very unbeautiful way. Some people do kindnesses in such an unkindly way that those they help wish they had not tried to help them. There is a great deal of thoughtlessness, too, in many people. They love their friends and are ready to do for them anything the friends need, even at much cost or great sacrifice, but they fail utterly in the amenities and graces which are the charm and sweetener of all beautiful helpfulness. Love in the heart should always inspire whatsoever things are lovely in behaviour, in conduct, in disposition, and nothing that gives pain to others, either in act, word, tone or manner can be lovely.

The matter of manners should never be regarded as unimportant. Expression is a true index of character. In reading and speaking, a great deal depends upon pronunciation, accent, emphasis, tone and the fine shadings of the voice which help in interpreting thought, feeling, emotion.

To a refined and cultivated ear, defects in expression, inelegance in utterance, are painful. The charm of good eloquence lies in its simplicity, its naturalness, its niceties of expression and its true interpretation of thought. Beautiful living, in like manner, is not only refined and cultivated, but also interprets truly what is best and most beautiful in the heart.

Anything unseemly is a worse marring in a woman than in a man. It is expected that every woman shall be beautiful, not only in her character, but also in her behaviour; not only in what she does, but in the way she does it. There are books which claim to tell

people how to behave, but true refinement cannot be learned from even the best of these. There is many a woman who is thoroughly familiar with the rules and requirements of society, yet whose personal life is full of unseemly things.

The cure for unseemliness is not found in any mere external culture, but in love in the heart. Rudeness of all kinds soon yields to refinement of spirit. Love makes the roughest man gentle. It inspires in us all beautiful things—gentleness, kindness, good temper, thoughtfulness, obligingness, every form of unselfishness, the spirit of serving and the truest courtesy. Jesus was the truest gentleman that ever lived, and all who really follow Him will catch His spirit and learn the beauty of His refinement.

CONSTANT GOOD COMPANY.

The most charming companion I ever met was a plain little woman, whose life for years had been entirely given up to the care of an invalid demented father, an old man who demanded her constant presence in his darkened room during his waking hours, in the few spare moments she had while going through the usual routine of household duties.

Poor, living in the backwoods, where she never saw any society, she gained a depth of mind and a power of expression far superior to many of her old schoolmates, who had shown greater promise and had possessed every advantage. Indeed, she was neither "smart" nor particularly studious at school, but excessively fond of fun, excitement and company.

One day I asked her the secret of the change.

She laughed. "I have been enjoying constant, pleasant company for the last few years."

I stared, mystified. She drew from her pocket a little quotation book, and, pointing to two quotations, "My own thoughts are my companions" and "They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts" There were several other quotations written on the margin and the pages were well thumbed.

She said, earnestly, "Looking back over my girlhood I know that there is a fatal defect in the training of our girls; our words, our actions, receive attention; we are given advice and instruction in every point but in our thinking. I did not even have a conception of entertaining myself by my own thoughts; I wanted all the time to be amused by something or somebody outside of myself.

"Then came that plunge into poverty, sadness and loneliness; at first I believed I should become insane, then God must have directed me to this little book, too worthless to be sold when our library went.

"One other quotation chained my mind, 'our thoughts are heard in heaven,' and I began recalling my thoughts. How disgusted I was with them! Round and round in a weary rut of repining they had travelled, or, even if not

repining, how stupid, how unelevating they had been!

"From that hour I determined my thoughts should be inspiring companions. When sewing up a seam they should not be, 'so long and tiresome, wonder how long before I am done,' and so on and so on, over and over again. Why, I would take a little trip while sewing that seam!

"When washing the dishes I discuss with myself different national questions; when picking beans I decide whether optimism or pessimism is winning the day; sweeping the room I review the last book I read, or perhaps a book read years ago; every duty not requiring concentration is enlivened in this way.

"Not more than an hour can I ever read a day. Our books scarcely number a dozen, but since I began to think, one verse of the Bible will unfold and unfold, until it blossoms into a wonder-revelation, and I hope bears fruit. Before, I did not take time to wait for the unfolding and fruit-bearing."

"But I can't control my thoughts," I objected; "they will dwell on any trouble or worry I have."

"Paul tells us that in our warfare our weapons are 'mighty to cast down our imagination'; 'bringing into captivity every thought'; that promise is a great help when I feel despairing over my wrong thoughts. To keep down the disagreeable ones, to shake myself free from the servitude of the daily fretting tests, I drill myself into meditating on pleasant subjects, just as I would drill my tongue in company to make pleasant speeches.

"Tell the girls you teach and write to how true it is that 'the pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many as possible,' also that this art cannot be learned when the feebleness of age has weakened the control of the mind."

When she had left me I remembered she was the only person who had not made inane remarks about the weather. Do you suppose it was because thoughts had occupied her mind, not empty turning of the mental wheels?

If the mill grinds not grist, it will grind itself; if the mind feeds not on thoughts, it preys upon itself and is its own destroyer.—*Christian Work.*

"A toy can be purchased for a few cents; a day's or even a week's enjoyment can be had for a few dollars; a building lot can be bought for a few hundreds of dollars; a good farm can be secured for a few thousands of dollars; but heaven is unpurchasable by earthly investors, for it is the gift of grace from the Lord of the universe. Yet we aim for toys, and pleasures, and real estate, and honours, and titles and miss heaven. What fools we mortals are!"

The great thing in the world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

SHALL DISAPPOINTMENT BE FAILURE?

"I am so discouraged. I shall never try again," exclaimed a young girl who had failed in her third attempt to gain a teacher's certificate. "This time I passed in everything save spelling, and worked so hard over that."

The speaker was sitting in a little railroad station with another girl friend. So absorbed had both been in the conversation that neither had noticed the entrance of a sweet-faced, motherly woman, who had seated herself near.

"Pardon me, my dear," she said, "I could not help hearing what you said about being discouraged; allow me to say a word. It is this: 'To have failed is to have striven; to have striven is to have succeeded,' though your end is not yet quite accomplished."

"One more effort all along the line, with special attention to the weak point, will bring you your certificate next time."

"Remember always, it is the difficulties overcome in life which makes us strong. But there is my train, so I must say good-by. Remember, too, my dear, that we work not alone," she added, as she touched the little silver cross which proclaimed her a King's Daughter.

"Thank you for your words of encouragement," answered the disappointed girl. "I *shall* try again, and if ever I am a successful schoolm'am I shall thank you for it."

"Isn't she lovely!" said the girl friend, as she turned to the poor speller.

"Yes, she just lifted me up, I *will* try again, Nell, and ten minutes ago I had given it up entirely. Did you notice what she said about not working alone? I believe I have been doing that lately, although I am a Christian Endeavourer. But I will begin again."

The whole incident had transpired in less than ten minutes, yet by a few encouraging words, fitly spoken, not only a little school teacher had been started up hill, but a host of scholars and friends, through her, were to receive an upward impetus.

How many of us allow some difficulty or disappointment to fall like a blighting cloud across our pathway.

Perhaps the little house mother is disappointed in herself. She meant to be a model housekeeper and an ideal wife and mother, but often her strength is not equal to the demands upon it. Exhausted nerves, aching back and weary feet cause her to lag far behind the ideal she holds before her. Lay it not aside, oh tired worker; do the *necessary* work, hold yourself and your birdlings to simple food and simple clothing.

Live before them a truthful, honest, honourable life, based on the Golden Rule. They will forget that you were sometimes impatient and irritable; they will ever remember that you were always loving and sympathetic, never deceived them and tried to return good for evil. The heavenly Father will supplement your work and your children will rise up to call you blessed. Carry not one of the discouragements of to-day into to-morrow. Begin with a new hope and a fresh courage; it will enthuse

the household. Hope and courage are as contagious as laughter.

"Each day is a new beginning;

Each morn is the world made new.

Oh ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you.

A hope for me and a hope for you."

It may be, oh Miss Aspirer, that your plans for going to college have been utterly destroyed by ill-health or lack of means, or the death of a dear mother, whose place, at the head of the household, the young daughter must take. Yet such disappointment may be turned into success. The plans for study may have had to be modified, but some progress may be made alone at home.

There are correspondence courses to help those who are determined to succeed. In every case the woman who works steadily toward the goal she has in view will find the way opening unexpectedly. Daily she will grow stronger to do more sweetly and perfectly the duties which come to her hand. Because of her purpose and effort, her life will be enlarged and strengthened, and if she works, not in her own strength, the bud of disappointment will blossom into glorious success.

Mayhap the joy of life and all its charm have been utterly destroyed by the unfaithfulness of some loved one in whom she had absolute trust. Yet even that experience, inexpressably bitter as it is, may not turn aside the resolute soul who works not alone. To find a trusted friend base and untrue, is harder to bear than to see that one placed under the "green tent, whose curtain never outward swings." But no root of bitterness nor unforgiving thought will abide in the heart of the noble and strong. Sings not the Quaker poet thus:

"For still in mutual sufrance lies

The secret of true living;

Love scarce is love that never knows

The sweetness of forgiving."

But human nature alone is weak and unforgiving. It takes the strength and sweetness of Divinity to turn these disappointments into successes. In such strength, each new struggle bravely met, each fresh obstacle overcome, brings to the victor added power and grace.

The polishing process is never easy to bear; it means an angle painfully ground off here, a piece chipped off there, a steady application of emery and wheel to shape and evolve the lustre of the rough jewel.

Then tried, afflicted, impatient, disappointed one, "fret not thyself," but "wait *patiently* on the Lord;" do thy duty each day, while passing through the furnace; forget thyself and labour to bring happiness and joy into the lives of all around thee. To thyself will come healing, peace and balm.

Only in forgetting self and giving of the best we have of culture, help and inspiration can we turn the disappointments of life into sunshine and sweetness. The panacea for life's woes is not in getting, but in giving.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

The Children's Pages.

BAND MEETING.

THE WORLD IS THE FIELD.

Leader.—How many people are there in the world?

Band.—About one and a half billions.

Leader.—Are all of these even nominal Christians?

Band.—No; only about one-third.

Leader.—How many are still heathen who have never had the Gospel sent to them and know nothing of a Saviour?

Band.—More than eight hundred millions.

Leader.—What command did Christ leave to those who profess to love and obey Him?

Band.—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16 : 15.)

Leader.—Have God's children been obedient to the command?

Band.—Not as obedient as they should have been; for centuries they have seemed asleep to the work of evangelizing the world.

Leader.—What do we call those who leave their homes to go and preach to the heathen?

Band.—Missionaries.

Leader.—Who was the greatest of all missionaries?

Band.—Jesus Christ; for He left His home in heaven and came to this earth to save us from our sins.

Leader.—Is the Church beginning to heed God's command to take the Gospel to the heathen?

Band.—Yes, and the past century has been called the "Missionary Century," just because the Church has made such a wonderful "onward movement" in missions.

Leader.—Are a greater number of missionaries being sent out now than heretofore?

Band.—Yes, as they have never been before.

Leader.—Are the heathen nations ready to receive them?

Band.—Yes, indeed; China, Japan, Korea, Africa, India and the islands of the sea are all ready and anxiously calling for the Gospel.

Leader.—Can you repeat any Bible verses that tell us this would be the case?

Band.—Yes. "Behold these shall come from far, and lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim" (China) (Isa. 49 : 12). "Surely the isles shall wait for me" (Isa. 60 : 9). "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God" (Ps. 68 : 31). "The Gentiles shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising" (Isa. 60 : 3.)

Leader.—Does God also expect us to give as well as send to the heathen?

Band.—Yes. He says, "Freely ye have re-

ceived, freely give."

Leader.—Is the Church giving more freely?

Band.—Yes; more than she has ever done. She now gives about \$18,000,000 yearly.

Leader.—Is this really as much as it seems?

Band.—No; it means very little more than five cents from each Protestant Christian.

Leader.—What else does God expect us to do?

Band.—To pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

Leader.—Have the children any part in this mission work?

Band.—Yes; children in all parts of the world are giving their pennies and dimes, are sending out and supporting missions, ships in the islands of the sea and on the Congo in Africa, and they are forming themselves into mission bands and societies to study the work of missions in all parts of the world.

Leader and Band.—

Only a band of children

Sitting at Jesus' feet ;

Fitting ourselves to enter

Into His service sweet.

Softly His voice is calling :

"Little one, come unto me !

Stay not, though weak and helpless ;

Child, I have need of thee."

THE STORY OF "KIKWAKO."

I must tell you about a man who helped me this morning to prune the hedges. He is a great big fellow with a fierce row of white teeth. He used to be the terror of the neighbourhood and was the wildest of really wicked, murderous men, but some five or six years ago he was converted, and now he is a hard-working, quiet, gentle, good Christian. He is very big and tall, and looks as if he might be very ferocious. In the old days, if the "Kikwako" was seen in the distance, all the people near would rush to hide in the long grass. He thought nothing of murdering people and robbing them of all their possessions, and his spear was, so to speak, steeped in human blood. He is now so useful a member of society, being strong and industrious, that he is in request on all sides. He was not admitted to baptism till he had not only learned to read the Gospels, but had also shown for a length of time signs of a true change of heart. One of the ways in which he showed this was that he would see a poor woman on the road carrying a heavy bundle and he would offer to carry it for her, and she, when she realized that he meant courtesy and not cruelty, accepted the kindness. At first he had to sit in a class all by himself to learn to read, because every one else was too much alarmed to sit next to him.

—Miss Allen, of Africa.

AFRAID TO BE A GIRL.

One day a thin, hungry, but bright-faced boy of twelve, came to our native preacher's house in Chapra, India, and begged for food. Starvation had taken the pride out of the lordly little Brahmin, and he was ready to eat from the hand of a Christian. He was a skeleton almost, and could scarcely crawl.

After a few days the preacher brought the supposed boy to our school at Muzaffarpur. The boys took a great dislike to the child. They said he was too proud to play with them. Always moping to himself and only speaking when asked a question, how could they like him?

One day, when Sunday-school was just over in the big veranda of the Mission House (for we have no church here as yet), the little Brahmin came up to the preacher and said he had something to tell. To the great surprise of the preacher, the supposed boy confessed to being a girl.

The ayah or nurse, who looks after the health of the girls, was given charge of Tara, as she said her name was, and the child soon appeared clothed as a girl, but with the short hair of a boy.

Then she told her sad story. In a town in this district she and her relatives lived when that awful disease, the plague, came. One after another of Tara's people died, father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins, until the little girl was the only one living out of forty persons.

As each one was dying, he or she would request that a feast be given to the Brahmins of the town. Every devout Hindoo believes it to be necessary to be saved that he should do good to Brahmins, that is, feed them.

Each one of these people before passing away would give the little savings of rupees to a relative in order that a dinner be given to the Brahmins in his name.

The plague claimed one after another until all were gone but one little girl of twelve, and in her hands were two hundred rupees, or about sixty-five dollars. According to her relative's wishes, she gave a little dinner in memory of each one.

Then the poor child thought she would be cared for, but kindness is rarely found, except where people have learned to love Jesus, and not one would help her. Very often they would say, "You are only a girl, why should we help you?"

At last the idea came to the desolate, hungry child, who had wandered far, that if she were only a boy she could get help. She begged some one to cut her hair like a boy's leaving a little tuft on top; and putting on boy's clothes, she started out to beg. Her disguise was a success, for a number of high caste people were afraid of offending a boy who might one day be a powerful Brahmin, so they gave him a little money or a little food.

When Tara told me the story she said, "If they had known that I was a girl, I should

have long ago been lying dead by the roadside."

Even as a boy she fared bad enough, and was glad to come to Christians for help.

Long exposure has injured her health very much, but we are caring for her, giving her plenty of milk and a warm place to sleep these cool nights; and we hope some day she may be what her name means, "a star,"—a star in the Master's Crown.—Mrs. Margaret B. Denning, in *Children's Missionary Friend*.

THE HOME SPEECH.

A matter, important to the boys and girls, who are anxious to enter and to succeed in the business world, is mentioned by the "Youth's Companion":—

No parents who have the means to buy decent clothes would allow a son or daughter to go out in search of a position without seeing to it that he or she is neatly dressed. Appearances count for much, and clothes and a clean face are so obvious that they are usually well attended to.

Manners come next. They should come first, it may be; but, not to quarrel about that, they generally get some attention in the final instructions, if it is nothing more than "Now mind your manners, Jimmy, and be polite to the gentleman."

There still remains one other thing,—we are now considering appearances, not character,—and that is the speech of the applicant, the language in which he states his case and answers questions. Here it is that many a boy or girl undoes all that neat clothes, clean hands and an acceptable deference have accomplished.

"Are your parents living?"

"Nope—er—that is, not both of 'em ain't. I got a mother, but I ain't got no father." He does not get any farther, because the prospective employer does not want a boy from a home where such language is used.

This may be an unjust way to look at it. In particular cases it would be very unjust, for gentle, correct speech is no guarantee of morals or intelligence or industry; but in the long run it is just. One who meets a stranger, about whom he has had opportunity to learn little or nothing, can hardly avoid judging him somewhat by his manner of speaking; and it is in the home, in the ordinary course of daily life and conversation, that habits of speech are learned and become fixed.

In some families the trouble is, of course, lack of early advantages. Here the only remedy is the resolve that the children have those advantages. But more often the blame must be laid to carelessness and slipshod manners in speech. A little thought, a little attention here will count for much.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

There are so many things in our lives which are like cobwebs to begin with, but if they are not swept away at first may become as strong as cables and bind us so that we can never break away from them. Find a cobweb and bind it round your hands; you can easily, scarcely feeling it, release yourself from it, but find a strong rope and wind it round your hands, fastening it tightly; you cannot break that; a stronger one than yourself only can set you free.

It is exactly like that with bad habits and sins. No one ever becomes a drunkard, a robber or a murderer all at once. Look at that dear little baby-boy. You cannot imagine he could ever become a wicked man, and yet as he grows up he may begin by being cruel to flies or birds, and like to see them suffer. This is like a cobweb; if he be not corrected and the little evil swept away, it will grow stronger and become a rope. He will be unkind and vicious to his companions, and may in the end become a murderer. The cobweb has become a cable, and sad will be his end.

A little girl began by taking little bits of sugar and picking the plums out of the cake, when no one was looking; she grew up to be a thief and was put in prison. So it is with all bad practices and foolish habits; hardly noticed at first, but, ever growing stronger, they soon become our masters.

A boy and girl, the children of a rich man, were very fond of creeping quietly down to the dining-room, after the guests had retired, and tasting the little drops of wine left in the glasses; thus they acquired such a liking for strong drink that as they grew older they took more, and, sad to say, that little cobweb became a cable and dragged them down to a drunkard's grave.

Small boys think it grand to begin to smoke cigarettes, but if only they knew how soon the habit of smoking will bind them fast, and waste their strength and money, they would at once sweep away the cobwebs. James 3: 5 (R. V.) says, "Behold how great a forest is kindled by how small a fire."

If any of you say, "Oh, it does not matter, this little lie, this little disobedience, this little habit; it is so small, this forgetfulness," remember the cobweb will become a cable if you do not break it while you are young. In Zech. 4: 10, there is this question, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" The answer is, "Only those who are very foolish."

But "COBWEBS AND CABLES" will also stand for good habits as well as bad. This is why we take young children to God's house, though they cannot understand much at first; this is why we teach the youngest to pray and the older ones never to miss daily Scripture-reading and prayer. We want these good habits to grow with their growth and bind them closely to God.

It is the same with habits of truthfulness, kindness, generosity. I knew a wise mother

who, if she wanted to give anything away, used to put it in her baby's hand. The child soon felt it her greatest pleasure to give, and grew up to be a most generous woman.

In Dan. 2: 34, 35, 45, we read about a little stone, which rolled on and on through the earth, till it became a great mountain and filled the whole world. This meant the kingdom of Jesus Christ, which began with the babe in Bethlehem's manger, and has been increasing ever since, and we know God's Word will come true (Hab. 2: 14.)

If you are inside this kingdom, the Lord Jesus is your own Saviour and King, and His strong hands will sweep away the cobwebs of little sins and break the cords of greater evils. Yes, He can cut the strongest cables which bind the greatest sinner. Blessed be His Holy Name.

Dear young people, never forget, that *it is much easier to sweep away a cobweb than to cut through a cable.*—*The Christian.*

THE GERMAN PRINCES.

What a happy, healthy, wholesome-looking lot of lads there are in the royal family of Germany! Emperor William may well feel pride in his six fine sons and the little daughter. Military training and discipline are a part of the education of every German prince, and even the youngest of the emperor's sons already has a fine military bearing.

The children of the royal family in Germany lead anything but lives of indolence and luxury. They rise promptly at half-past five in the morning. They take active outdoor exercise for an hour before their simple breakfast at seven o'clock. After breakfast they must go at once to their studies, and keep at them until afternoon.

Their games, when their lessons are over, are all of an outdoor kind, such as cricket, tennis, or football.

There is more study after dinner, and by nine o'clock all but Prince Augustus are in bed. Prince Augustus, being now eighteen years of age, sits up until ten o'clock.

The Empress of Germany is one of the wisest and most devoted of mothers, the chief aim of her life being to make good men of her six sons, and a good woman of her one little princess.

Each of the German princes holds a well-earned position in the army or navy, and all of them are being taught that "life is real, life is earnest," and that none of it must be wasted. —*Standard.*

"Some boys were asked what they knew about the Pharisees. 'They are a mean lot, sir,' said one boy. 'Why do you say so?' 'Because some of them brought a penny to Christ once, and He took it in His hand, looked at it and said, 'Whose subscription is this?'"

HOW LAI-CHIM PUT AWAY HER IDOLS.

Standing on the verandah of one of our mission houses and looking across the river to the mountains beyond, you may see, just under the shadow of the hill, a little wayside temple and close to it a tiny brown house, with a patch of potato-field in front of it. This is the house of old Lai-chim, one of the women, who has turned from idols to serve the living and true God. Perhaps you would like to know how it was that Mrs. Lai lost faith in her old gods and came to know and worship the Heavenly Father.

Several years ago, this old lady was a devout believer in the false gods whom her people worship. She, like all her neighbours, burnt paper-money and lighted incense-sticks and made her offerings to ugly old idols of wood or clay, and lived in constant dread of evil spirits and of all sorts of fears, such as torment the minds of the heathen who know not God.

One day something happened that shook Mrs. Lai's faith in her idols. Not far from her house was a temple on the roadside, and in it a large image of one of the most popular of the gods in her district. One morning two of her neighbours went to this temple to ask the favour of the idol, and to their surprise and alarm the idol was nowhere to be seen.

On enquiring of a priest what had happened to the idol, they got for answer: "The idol is offended at the small amount of offerings made by the villagers and has gone away to another village."

While they were still trembling over this answer, a small boy appeared on the scene and in great excitement informed them that what the priest said was not a bit true, but that the idol had been seized and carried off by a tiger the previous night, and if they would follow him he would show them the broken bits of the idol on the hillside, where the tiger had thrown them when he found out they were altogether unfit to make a meal of.

The women followed him, and sure enough, a very short way from the temple, there lay the idol, broken to pieces by the tiger's sharp teeth, and all around it, marks of the tiger's feet. "If the idol could not take care of itself and drive away the tiger, how can it take care of us, and what use can it be to worship it?" asked the women as they returned home.

This mishap of the idol's made a deep impression on Mrs. Lai, and her confidence in her wooden gods received a severe shock.

Soon after this she was taken ill and the native doctors could not help her, but friends told her about the foreign doctor living near and the wonderful cures he was able to work, and at last Mrs. Lai summoned courage to go the long journey down the river to the great city where the Mission Hospital was.

There another surprise awaited her. The very morning she arrived, while she was sitting among a number of women, waiting her turn to go into the doctor's consulting-room, a

foreign lady appeared and was greeted by many of the women as an old friend.

Taking her seat among them she began talking to them in their own language and soon Mrs. Lai quite forgot her astonishment at the strange lady's appearance, in her interest in what she was saying.

She told the women about a great God who was altogether different from the idols they worshipped, whose name was Father and who had a Father's heart, and loved them and cared for them every day, and who wanted them to put away the dumb dead gods of wood and stone they had been serving and to worship Him alone.

"It is all true that you say about the idols," exclaimed Mrs. Lai, and then she told in a most animated style the story of the idol and the tiger, which the women listened to with deep attention, and nodded their heads over Mrs. Lai's declaration that the idols were dead and useless. "I will worship the Heavenly Father," she said, "teach me how to pray to Him."

When Mrs. Lai went back to her village she kept the promise made in the hospital and went to the little chapel and began to learn the hymns. Whenever the foreign lady went round on her visits she was sure of a warm welcome from Mrs. Lai, and the old lady never forgot to send many grateful messages to the doctor.

But, though Mrs. Lai had given up *worshipping* her false gods, she was still afraid of their anger, and in her little house under the hill the images still stood in their places of honour. Mrs. Lai had not made up her mind to trust the Heavenly Father altogether, and moreover she was still afraid of "what people would say." Every year when the "Ko-niu" went round visiting she would urge Mrs. Lai to trust in the Lord Jesus wholly and to come out boldly for Him, and Mrs. Lai would promise, and yet the idols still held their place in her little home.

But there came a day when you might have seen quite a little stir in Mrs. Lai's house. There were two foreign lady missionaries there and the Chinese preacher, a colporteur and Bible-woman, and they had all come by Mrs. Lai's special invitation to make an end of the idols and all the other relics of idolatry in the house.

First of all, the Chinese preacher led in prayer, thanking God that He had given our Chinese sister courage to put away her idols, and praying that Heaven's blessing might rest on the home. Mrs. Lai's son and a married daughter were there, too, and, although not Christians, they seemed quite satisfied with what was going on.

After prayer, the dusty, dirty old images were taken down from their shelf—one was consigned to the kitchen fire and one was put in the colporteur's bag that it might be sent home to England to stir the hearts of friends there to pray more and labour more for their sisters in dark China.

Then some idol-paper, lamps and incense-sticks were destroyed and a big board with a lion's head painted on it, that guarded the door of the cottage, was taken down, and in its place a large red paper tract was pasted up, and over the shelf where the idols had stood a copy of the Ten Commandments and two illustrations of Parables from the Gospels were posted.

Then prayer was again offered, and the home was cleared of its last relic of idolatry. Mrs. Lai's face was beaming, and she declared her heart was now far more at peace than it had ever been before. Indeed, she had won a very real victory over superstitious fear and over concern for what the neighbours would say. Pray for her and ask God that many other Chinese women may follow her example in days to come.—*Our Sisters in Other Lands.*

SHE SENT HER BEST.

Anna and Bob walked home from Sunday-school with serious faces. A missionary from China had told them how God blesses the pennies and how useful even Christmas cards are to the missionaries in their work. They talked the matter over earnestly, and, going to their pretty rooms, took out the cards they had been saving.

"I'm going to send the best cards that I have to those poor heathen children," said Anna.

"Pooh!" said Bob. "They don't know the difference. I am not going to send my best ones. Advertising cards are good enough for 'em."

"But I am sorry for them," said Anna. "I feel as if Jesus would be pleased to have me give my best ones. I love these beautiful kitties and cute little dogs best of all, and I am just going to send them."

"Why, Anna Turner, you said that you were going to keep those just as long as you lived!"

"I know that I did, but I'm so sorry for the poor heathen children," and here something glistened in Anna's eyes.

"Well, you may be a goose, but I shan't," said Bob.

So they made up their packages and gave them to the missionary.

* * * * *

Five months rolled by. The little girl and boy had almost forgotten their cards, when one day a missionary, opening her boxes in Peking, came across them again and thought, "I must use them."

So she asked her teacher to write some verses in Chinese on the cards.

The old Chinaman put on his big goggles, inked his brush and prepared to write. Anna's pretty kittens attracted his attention, and he wrote on the back, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Then, selecting the little dogs, he wrote, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

That very day old Mrs. Chang and her grandsons called at the Mission.

The missionary served tea and cakes and won the heart of the old lady, and then told her of Jesus and His love for poor Chinese women. She showed the cards to the little boys, and when she told them to take their choice Ting Ling quickly chose the kittens and Cheng Fu the dogs. All went away pleased, and out into the heathen home went Anna's cards on their mission.

"See, grandpa! Look, see my kittens!" "And my dogs!" said the boys.

Grandpa was old and feeble, but Chinese are fond of pets, and the old man lay a long time looking at the wonderful cards. The boys, seeing his interest, stole away to eat their rice. After awhile grandpa discovered the verses. He read them over and over, and finally laid them down with a sigh.

He was an honest old Chinaman and had tried to do right, but he had lost faith in his idols, and now, so near death, with no hope, his old heart was very troubled. He had heard of Jesus, but thought that He was the foreigners' God, and did not know that He died for Chinamen and loved them.

Through the long hours of the night, when he coughed so that he could not sleep, the verses kept coming to his heart, especially the words, "God so loved the world"—"the world"—"whosoever."

The next day he was so weak that he could hardly speak. They thought that he said "kitty," and they brought him the old yellow cat; then they thought he said "dog," and they brought him the "Peking Pug," the pet of the household, but the old man shut his eyes and turned his head away.

All at once the boys thought of their pretty cards, and when they were brought the old man smiled and motioned to his son to read.

The son read slowly the precious words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Again," whispered the old man.

Gradually the look of eager interest changed to a peaceful smile. The old Chinaman folded his hands and fell asleep never to awake in this world.

His heathen son looked on in surprise and wonder that his father died so peacefully—not afraid!

I think that the old man caught a glimpse of the love of God and so was not afraid, and I am glad that Anna gave her best cards.—*S. S. Advocate.*

In China a man is required to mourn three years for the death of his father, 100 days for the death of his mother and not at all for the death of his wife. Indeed a Chinaman would feel disgraced if he showed any sorrow on account of the death of his wife. This tells its own story of life in a heathen country with a civilization thousands of years old.—*Reformed Church Record.*

A HOMELESS GIRL.

Ethel Holman was busy reading an article on Christian Growth, the stillness in the cosy sitting-room being broken only by the curiously carved cuckoo clock on the delicately tinted wall.

"It's an experience I think but few possess," she at length remarked, laying down the booklet, at the same time turning to her Aunt Mary, who sat by the window sewing. "One's church doesn't influence many girls, as Sarah Armstrong's did her—at least, mine doesn't me."

"Yours?" and Aunt Mary looked up, questioning, a tone of kindly sympathy in her voice.

"Why, yes, auntie. The article you wanted me to read says that among the most helpful agencies, which assisted in developing Sarah Armstrong's beautiful character was her church home. I can't see that my church has ever made any appreciable influence on my life. I suppose it's a sad confession to make—but its true."

"But have you a church home, Ethel—any to influence you?" slowly.

Ethel looked at her aunt in surprise. "I've been a member since I was thirteen—seven years."

"That may be, dear. It's one thing to be a 'member' of a church and quite another thing to have a church home—that was what had such an influence on Sarah Armstrong. It wasn't membership, Ethel."

"I—I don't think I quite understand," and Ethel drew her chair nearer to her aunt's side. "If I join a church that gives one a church home, does it not?"

"It should, but I'm afraid, Ethel, in your case the two are far removed. Will you allow me, dear, to refer to my mental calendar?"

Ethel remained silent.

"I have been here five weeks now—five weeks last Thursday. And in all the five Sundays how many times has my dear attended the church of her choice; the one in which she holds her membership?"

"I—I don't remember; not many I'm afraid," and Ethel's face slightly coloured in embarrassment.

"My calendar says none—not in five Sundays has she once attended her own church. 'Twas first Trinity, then Grace, then——"

"But I like to hear the different preachers. One gets so much more in that way than to listen to one man every Sabbath. I never stay at home—I go somewhere!"

"And by so doing become—Ethel, it pains me to say it—a church tramp. You have no interest in any one place—don't identify yourself with any special work, and so become a bit of drift-wood, so to speak; no use to any one—not even to yourself. Isn't the reason you aren't influenced, dear, by a church home, the fact that you practically have none?"

Aunt Mary took Ethel's hand gently in her own

"I didn't mean to pain my child," as Ethel's eyes grew moist; "only to reveal the truth, to

show what she lacks in building up for herself a strong womanly and Christian character—like that of Sarah Armstrong."

Both were silent for a moment.

"I see, auntie," said Ethel, thoughtfully. "I have avoided responsibility; that I haven't allied myself to any department of Christian work—that's the cause of the emptiness I've felt right along in my Christian life. I realize it now," and she looked up with a new light in her dark eyes. "I can't thank you enough, Aunt Mary, for keeping your mental calendar. Without it I shouldn't have known!"—*The Christian Intelligencer*.

THE OLD TINKER'S SERMON.

The old tinker sat out under a shady tree, mending the kitchenware, and we children stood around him in breathless interest. We lived in a quiet country place, and his visit each summer was a great event to us.

Mother brought out an old tin dipper full of holes. The tinker looked it over, and shook his head.

"What you need is a new dipper, ma'am," he said. "There's some things that it's better not to fuss to mend. It's just wasting time and money. You'd better throw them away and get new. Don't forget that, children," he went on after mother had gone into the house. "It's a good thing to know how to mend and patch, but there's some things which have got so old and rusty and full of holes that it isn't worth while trying. There's some folks go on trying to patch up a bad temper all their lives. As fast as one place is fixed, another one gives out, and they're as bad as ever. What they ought to do is to throw the old one away, and ask the Lord to give them a new one."

"And would he do it?" questioned my little brother, eagerly.

"Of course he would," said the tinker. "Don't it say in the Good Book that he'll make us 'new creatures'? Well, that's what it means, and I know he'll do it, because he gave me a new temper, and made me contented when I used to be sour and sad."

"Will the Lord give us new dresses when the old ones are too bad to mend?" asked sister, in a wistful way.

"I guess he always has, has'n't he?" said the tinker. "While you're little, he gives you a mamma and papa to get them for you, and he's given you two good hands to work with when you get big. So don't think the Lord's forgotten you, sissy."

The homely little sermon has come to my mind many times since I was old enough to know the meaning of "the new life." Let us leave off mending and patching the old, unsatisfying way of living. If we but trust our Father, there is a better way of life, with all the old worries and failures left out. Let us learn to pray in perfect faith David's prayer: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."—*Bible Advocate*.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH, WEST.

	Estimates for year to 28 Feb. '04.	Received to 31 July '03.
Home missions	\$110,000	\$15,090 90
Augmentation	30,000	1,670 93
Foreign missions	99,825	7,977 95
French, including Pte, aux Trembles	36,900	4,642 43
Knox College	12,000	339 19
Queen's College	5,500	65 95
Montreal College	5,000	47 85
Manitoba College, exclusive of amounts from two west- ern synods	2,600	275 80
Widows' and orphans fund, besides rates and int.	15,000	834 58
Aged Ministers' fund, besides rates and int	14,000	1,143 91
Assembly fund	7,500	468 63

Received during the month of July 1903, by Rev. Dr. Warden Pres- byterian Offices, To- ronto

Strangfield	\$ 7	E Zorra Burns	23 43
Frankton ss	3 87	W Hoe, Toronto	15
Kaslo, St And	4	Cedar Hill	11 70
Rev. N Waddell	10	Mr and Mrs H Young	62 50
Brantford, Alex.	10	Beq Jas Milligan	25
Milton	4 68	English Sett.	10
Madoc, St Peters	13	Iderton	4 30
Toledo and Athens	22 55	Thamesford, St And	71 50
Priceville	26	Winnifail	4 20
Swinton	23	Westminster, 1st	150
Ottawa St Ad hms.	190	St And, and Shakes- peare	14 25
Paisley, Knox	110 25	Glenburnie etc	5
Pakenham	30	Lindsay, St And ss	54 82
Franktown	20	Kintore Friend	12
Toronto Chinese M	25	Hibbert	39
Nassagaweya	46	Manor ss	4 90
Iroquois	24	Arcola	28 40
"B" Waterloo	21	Martintown Burns	10
Mitchell, Friends	50	Woodville	20 55
Per Rev S J Taylor	87 76	Bethel, Proof	37
Lucan, Fraser	2	Rev J Gilchrist	10
Acton Knox	52 20	Per Rev C H Vessot	85 95
Brookfield	2	Dr. S Stewart	1 0
Milton Knox, ss	5 40	Glencoe, Ont	123 88
Thedford	4 70	Carluke, St Pauls	1
Garafraxa St John	25 50	Dunnville Kx, ss	3 25
		Lucknow ss	13
		Uxbridge	25
		Lachine, j ce	4
		Woodstock chal ce	12 85
		J R Ironside	500

Sidney Man	17	Dovercourt Rd ss	30
Souris	31 43	Lawrence, ss yphms	20
Carlisle	13 50	Fielding	2
Motherwell	34	Dauphin	3 80
Per Dr J F Campbell	45 85	Harrington Kx	55
Rev G M Ross	20 22	Crinao, Argyle	95
Holsteen	70 80	Bridgen	4 50
Rev W T Prittie	7	Burns Ch Moore	35
Mrs J E Steele	19	Centre Bruce	5 51
St George	8 50	Woodlands ss	5
Marlow	8 50	Bathurst, S Sher	23
Rev H M Clark	21 22	Per Dr J F Campbell	55 50
West Lorne	53 60	Clinton, Willis	46 55
Stratford Knox	100	Inwood	9 79
Elora Chalmers	40	Wm Chaplin, St Cath	1,000
Sarnia St And ss	125	McKee and Son	6
Per Agent, Hx	1,132 49	Vankleek Hill ss	50
Georgina Linn	5	Woodbridge	43
Wallace, Kx Ch	16	Tor. Bonar	300
Jaffray ss	5	Creeford Man	3 50
Rockland	8 05	Last River	12 50
St Thomas, Kx	73	Lakeview	7 75
Ailsa Craig	39 03	Meaford, Erskine	75
Inverkip	31 15	Tor. Chinese	43
Bervie, Knox	75	Mont, Stanley	170
F L McKinnon	80	Douglas Plains	1 50
Beq W T Archibald	1,754 17	Minnedosa, ss ce	25
Rev Dr R Torrance	10	New Wmster, wms	18
Beq Sir O Mowat	100	Prairie Grove	5
Arthur St And	90	Arthur Spinks	50
Hensall, Carmel	15	Beq Miss A Leith	248 34
Drummond Hill ss	9	Innisfail, Alta	5
Rev Thos Davidson	114 29	Orillia, wms	60
Rev J H Cameron	12	Norwich	54 50
Belgrave Kx	64	St Catharines Kx	250
Carleton Pl Zi	75	Per Rev C H Vessot	166 50
Eldon, St And	16 65	Miss G J Taylor	1
Moose Jaw	47 50	Hagersville	30
Virden, Carmel ss	4	Scarboro, St And ss	26
Durham	58	Onslow ss	5
Chatham, St Mungos	10	Mrs J M Duncan	5
Maple Valley, St A	5	Rev D A McLean	50
Niagara on the Lake	23	Eramosa, 1st	78
Gamebridge	47	S. Brandon	9 80
D D Mann	250	Annan	16 37
Per Rev M MacKenzie	20 65	La Guerre, Port L	13
Athelstan	30	Bobbygeon Kx	10
Weyburn	19	Jas Fraser	5
Carlingford, Kx	8 50	Langside	25
Avonton	59 05	Port Elgin	1 60
Kintyre	122	Parry Sound, St And	33 43
Friend Mislen	100	Dundas, Knox	61 88
Southwold McBrides	25	Rev J H Graham	14
Caledon, Mel	12 75	Milverton, Burns	74 25
Vittoria	17	High Bluff	24 13
Friend	1	Seymour East St And	9 53
Westmeath	7 10		

BOOK NOTICES.

HISTORIC SKETCHES, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA, 1761-1901, is a pamphlet of 128 pages issued in connection with the Century Fund movement of our church. These sketches by different writers cover the history of the several schemes. Twenty-two pages are devoted to a statement of the Receipts for the Century Fund. A few copies have been sent to each congregation. So long as they last a copy can be had free by any one on application to Rev. Dr. Warden, Toronto.

VILLAGE LIFE IN INDIA.—By the late Rev. Norman H. Russell, has been noticed in previous years. It is published by Revell & Co, Toronto, and may be ordered through any bookseller.

BURDEN-BEARING.—A sermon by Rev. Jas. A. G. Stirling, of Manitoba. Price, 10 cents.

TRAINING THE YOUNG.

We must impress upon parents the great responsibility which rests upon them. I occasionally meet with people who say: "When I was a boy my father and mother were very strict. They brought me up so rigidly that a reaction took place in my mind, and I have turned away from religion."

I have sometimes said to such persons: "Did they teach you to be honest?" "Yes." "To tell the truth?" "Yes." "Did they insist upon it?" "Yes." "Has any reaction taken place on these points?"

There is a great deal of nonsense palmed off upon the community in relation to this matter. Not one man of us learns the multiplication table from sheer love of it; but I never knew any one to say his mind was in reaction against the multiplication table.—Dr. John Hall.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH, EAST.

	Estimates for year to 28 Feb., '04.	Received to 31 July, '03.
Home Mission Fund, East.....	\$16,500	\$1,683 06
Augmentation Fund.....	10,000	1 336 75
Foreign Mission Fund.....	51,500	3,636 24
College Fund.....	13,500	700 58
Aged & Infirm Ministers' Fund.....	5,500	524 69
Bursary Fund.....	1,200	36 00
N. W. Home Mission.....		2,631 47
Manitoba College.....		2 ..

Congregations in the Eastern Section are expected to contribute to Home Missions in the Northwest, French Evangelization, Manitoba College and the Assembly Fund.

Receipts during July, 1903, by Rev E A McCurdy Agent at Halifax Office Herald Building and allocated to the schemes as the donors directed.

Reported	\$4116 79	Summerside	26 75
Young man	5	Dr Isaac Murray	5
Quoddy	4	Postmaster, M'gomish	5
Saltsprings Eb	42	A W McDonald	5
Scotsburn Beth	21	Bridgetown	53
James W Fraser	5	W S R int	10 80
Woodville ce	10	Chatham St J ss	4 10
Friend of Miss	5	Hamilton ce	5
Elmsdale	45	Springfield	15
Nine Mile River	26	Milford Gays Riv	34 54
Int on Dep	181 65	Scotsburn ce	7
New Glasgow Un	500	Hantsport	3 45
E Macdonald rep	10	Noel	69 41
Oxford	25	S P Truro	5
Upper Musq	16 81	"T D"	500
Pictou River	63 70	Halifax Park	40
Musq Harbour	4 77	Doaktown	24
Est Cornelia Kennedy	50	Little Harbour	20
Thorburn mem	22	Fishers Grant	75
Thorburn Suth Riv	37 80	Rev R J Douglas	5
C Archibald	5	Truro St Pauls ce	10
Port Daniel	21	New Richmond Que	35
New Glasgow Ja	50	Rev J D Murray	5
M interest	8	Rev W T Bruce	5
M Grieron refd	110	" Anonymous "	50
Est Wm T Archibald	17	Per Rev Dr Falconer	350
"Helper"	5	Halifax Grove	35
Mrs Yorston	5	Miss Dinwoodie	5
Merigomish wfms	10	A Friend	5
Bathurst St Luss	5	Mabou	22
Fishers Grant	11 35	Port Hood	9
Dufferin Mines	5	Napan	10
A P Miller	5	Lower Stewiacke	25 70
"A Friend"	5	Mrs Thomas F Blair	5
Maitland St Da	7 38	Rod C McKay	5
Quoddy Moser Riv	25	Alex Young	10
Hopewell Un	31	Millsville ss	10
		Shubenacadie	28 50
		Stellarton Shar	55 35
		" Anonymous "	05
		Mrs G's annuity	97 50
		Truro St And m & bs	60
		Friend of Miss, Pic	100
		Mabou	15 60

Port Hood	4
Joseph Wood	5
Total 9057,92	

MINISTERS' WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

Maritime Provinces.

Received by Rev. Thos.
Sedgwick, D.D., Secre-
tary, from March 1 to
July 31.

Ministers' Rates.

D Drummond	\$6	J Annand	12
A Douglas Archibald	12	J W McKenzie	12
James Wheeler	14 60	H A Robertson	15
C S Lord	15	W R Foote	12
W Forbes	8	R Grieron	12
Arthur Ross	8	A F Robb	12
M S McKay	25	D McRae	12
A L Fraser	12	J Morton	12
W H Smith	12	H H Morton	8 11
A Gandier	12	W L McRae	12
D McD Clarke	12	A W Thompson	12
J F McCurdy	12	G A Sutherland	12
H M Scott, DD	12	J B Cropper	12
J G A Colquhoun	6	E A McCurdy	12
L W Parker	12	W A Cunningham	6
J K G Fraser	12	Prof Currie	12
A D McIntosh	15	H S Davidson	12
S C Gunn	12	L Beaton	7 50
Thos Downie	5 96	A Campbell	12
A H Foster	12	E Macnab	18
D Fraser	12	J D Macfarlane	15
J F Polley	6	W Grant	12
A W K Herdman	12	W M Luffs	12
J D Murray	14 20	A V Morash	12
J Robertson	9	J L George	12
T G Johnstone	8	A Simpson	10
R Murray	15	A D McDonald	7 50
G S Carson	12	E Smith	6
J Fitzpatrick	12	J D McGillivray	8
Thos Cumming	18	A F Thomson	12
S A Fraser	12	H Dickie	6
Lal Bihari	8	L A Maclean	12 33
R J Douglas	12	ES Bayne	12
A Maclean	8	W M Wilson	12 12
J S Sutherland	12	K McKenzie	8
A J Mowatt	12	J Macintosh	12
James Maclean	8	W McLeod	12
Hunter Boyd	5	A Rogers	12
Thos Nicholson	8	A Ross	8
A S Stewart	6	E J Rattee	12
J Wheeler	12	D A Frame	6
E Scott	15	G Millar	12
W T Bruce	8	M N McLeod	9
J A McLean	6	R G Strathie	12
A Macrae	4	A Maclean Sinclair	12
W P Begg	15	A Craie	12
		Est D Macgregor	12
		J F Dusan	12
		C MacKinnon	12
		D Macdonald	12
		J W Fraser	12
		R Cumming	14
		H G Gratz	7 50
		W J Fowler	12
		A B McLeod	12
		J H Kirk	12
		Prof Falconer	12
		J McKeen	12
		W W McNairn	12
		W Stewart	9
		J Ross	15
		J C Herdman	12
		Thos Sedgwick	12
		G E Ross	12
		J A Crawford	12
		J Carruthers	12
		J W Falconer	12
			\$1,262 82

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JOINING THE CHURCH.

How often people say: "I would like to join the Church, but I am not good enough." Do they want to be? Do they mean to be? There is no place in the world that will so help them to be good. What if a plant should say, "I am not strong enough to be in the garden; I must live by the roadside a little longer"—where would it get strong? What if a child should say, "I would like to go to school, but I do not know enough"—where would it learn so well? What if a boy wanted to go to a gymnasium, but said, "I have not got enough muscle"—where else would he get muscle?

The church is meant to help us, to build us up, to strengthen us, to equip us for living and labouring for our Master. Entering the church is not the end but the beginning of the Christian life; not professing that we are good enough to be registered, but confessing that we are sinners, that we have found a Saviour and want to be good and useful, and that we need all the help we can get. If you have joined the Lord, join the church, not for his sake only, but for your own.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

JEWS IN NEW YORK.

The fact must be faced that New York is already the seat of the greatest Jewish community in the world, and that this community is increasing rapidly through the numerous immigration of the strictest school of Judaism. In New York there are now one-half as many Jews as Roman Catholics and one-third as many as Protestants, even counting the 636,000 "lapsed Protestants."

If Jewish immigration continues to come in at the rate which has prevailed since 1900, the number of Jews in New York will be something like a million by 1910, or towards one-quarter of the whole population. Theirs, moreover, is an exceedingly enduring and prolific race, and in estimating the religious conditions of New York it must hereafter have a foremost place in the count.—*N. Y. Sun.*

LIVE A DAY AT A TIME.

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us, just one little day. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them. God gives nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.—*Christian Work.*

SHOW US YOUR SAMPLES.

A humble Christian worker was holding a preaching service in the open air, when a well-dressed man drew near, and at a pause in the sermon asked permission to address the meeting. Permission being given, he denounced religion as a humbug and a sham, and advised men to go to Socialist meetings, which he said would do more good.

While he was speaking, the leader of the meeting learned from one of the men there that he was a drummer for a dry goods house and a noted infidel. As he closed, the Christian man said to him:

"I hear you are a drummer and go from town to town with samples of the goods manufactured by your firm. Now you are engaged in another business, I ask you to show your samples. I will show you what we are doing."

Beckoning to two men to stand up beside him, he continued:

"Here are two brothers. You see them now. Five years ago they were the biggest scamps and drunkards in the district. They were wife-beaters and even a terror in the saloon. But five years ago they went to a little Gospel meeting, and there they gave their hearts to Jesus. Now they and their wives are well dressed, and their homes comfortably furnished, yet they are earning just the same wages as they did before their conversion and in their homes all is happiness.

"That is the work of the Gospel. They are samples of what it can do. Now, show me the samples of socialism. Show me one drunkard made sober, one dishonest man made honest, one immoral man reclaimed, and then we will listen to you. If socialism is better than Christianity, show your samples."

There was a general laugh at the confusion which sat visibly on the face of the Socialist, and amid the roar of derision he slunk away.—*Record of Christian Work.*



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While I sought Happiness she fled
Before me constantly,
Weary, I turned to Duty's path,
And happiness sought me,
Saying, "I walk this road to-day ;
I'll bear thee company."

—Selected.

The man behind the message is always an important factor.

Don't try to hold God's hand ; let Him hold yours. Let Him do the *holding* and you the *trusting*.—Webb-Peploe.

No matter about a throne to sit on ; make sure that your life is regal in its own intrinsic character.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Sins of commission are the usual punishment for sins of omission. He that leaves a duty may well fear that he will be left to commit a crime.—Gurnall.

If you would fall into any extreme, let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed that it resists rigor and yields to softness.—St. Francis de Sales.

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.—Abraham Lincoln.

Perseverance and punctuality are called commonplace ; but they are uncommon enough, all the same, to make those that practice them uncommonly successful.

The nearer the soul is to God, the less its perturbations ; as the point nearest the centre of a circle is subject to the least motion.—D. L. Moody.

The book to read is not the one which thinks for you but the one which makes you think. No book in the world equals the Bible for that.—Dr. McCosh.

Through a dusty, cobwebby window the whole world looks dull and ugly. Keep the windows of the soul clean, and life will look wide and clear before you.

Nothing grows without a root. The very smallest sin shows that a root of evil has struck down into the soul. That is why we need to root such sins up at once, without delay.

Life, misfortune, isolation, abandonment, poverty, are the fields of battle which have their heroes—obscure heroes, who are sometimes grander than those who win renown.—Victor Hugo.

Sorrows are often like clouds, which, though black when they are passing over us, when they are past become as if they were the garments of God thrown off in purple and gold along the sky.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Beautiful is the activity which works for good and beautiful the stillness which waits for good. Blessed the self-sacrifice of the one,

blessed the self-forgiveness of the other.—Robert Collyer.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger—Phillips Brooks.

A well-built Christian is not a jumble of inconsistencies ; to-day liberal to one cause, to-morrow niggardly toward another, to-day fluent in prayer, to-morrow fluent in polite falsehoods.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

The highway of holiness is along the commonest road of life—along your very way. In wind and rain, no matter how it beats—it is only going hand in hand with Him.—Mark Guy Pearse.

Memory stores up the bitter with the sweet. If we live negligently, sinfully, we lay up recollections which can cause only pain and sorrow. The secret of a happy life in old age is a well-watched career through youth and manhood.

Religion is not a little fenced-off enclosure, within which all is sacred, and outside of which all is secular and profane. There is no such distinction to be drawn. Religion is life, character, conduct ; it reaches up to God and down into the smallest details of daily duty ; it covers everything.—Selected.

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thine ; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Selected.

"If we bear all our burdens in the strength of Christ's sustaining grace, we shall not sink under them but grow in spiritual stature. I have read of an old Scottish martyr who had on his crest the engraving of a palm tree with weights hanging from its fronds and the motto : *Sub pondere cresco*. I grow under a weight."—Rev. J. A. G. Sterling.

No minister ever succeeded in pleasing his entire congregation. Neither did any congregation ever please in all respects its minister. Universal satisfaction, like the finest mathematical calculation, is only an approximation to the truth. Where the minister and people live together in comparative harmony each ought to be thankful.—Pres. Journal.

The real measure of a man's character is what he is at his best, in the direction of his idealward striving. It is what he seeks to be, rather than what he is. At his best, every man is below his highest ideal, and below his best there is in every man that which is quite unworthy of him and which he is persistently struggling away from.

Workless faith God never regards,
Faithless work God never rewards.

GO • YE • INTO •
PREACH • THE • GOSPEL •
ALL • THE • WORLD • AND
TO • EVERY • CREATURE •

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 10.

SAD NEWS FROM INDIA.

On the 20th September ult., a cable message from India announced the death at Mhow, Central India, of our missionary, George Menzies, M.D. He has fallen a victim to the plague which is raging there. He went out less than a year ago. Having mechanical as well as medical skill, he was sent out specially to take charge of the famine orphan boys who have been gathered at Mhow. A grand field of usefulness lay before him and much was expected of his work. Dr. Menzies was a son of Mr. Wm. Menzies, of Ailsa Craig, Ont., and a brother of our missionary, Dr. James Menzies, of Honan.

Hitherto the plague has been confined almost wholly to the natives, and Europeans have been largely immune. This sad event is one more reminder of what our missionaries undergo as our representatives. The famines of the past few years and now this terrible scourge, the plague, make a heavy addition to the ordinary burdens and bring grave perils as well.

The "Bubonic plague" is so called from "bubo," an inflammatory swelling of lymphatic glands. If this swelling is internal it is usually fatal, death ensuing in perhaps two or three hours from the time the illness is first noticed. If external it is usually in the glands under the arm or in the groin, and there is sometimes recovery. It is "the plague" of olden time. School boys are familiar with it in the history of the plague in London long ago.

The following letter from Rev. J. F. Taylor, our missionary at Mhow, gives a picture of its ravages. In a private letter, accompanying that given below, Mr. Taylor says, "seventy-one cases were reported yesterday, all fatal." The letter below was received since the F. M. Department of this issue was in print.

A PLAGUE-STRICKEN CITY.

"A voice of wailing is heard in the city, for death is come up into our windows and is entered into our palaces to cut off the children from without and the young men from the streets . . . man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets . . ."

These words fitly describe the condition of our city at the present time. Last cold season

the dreaded Bubonic plague first visited Mhow, and, although it subsided during the hot season, has again broken out with great virulence. Over fifty, and sometimes as many as seventy, perish daily, a mortality so great that, should it continue, it would utterly destroy all the inhabitants in less than two years. Driving through the city one continually sees the dreaded sign—the letter "P"—marked large and red on the houses where plague has claimed its victims. Visit the bazaar and half the shops are found closed, while those who are courageous enough to keep their shops open are sitting in little groups silent and bewildered, wondering what can be the reason of the calamity that has fallen on the city.

A few evenings ago, driving into the city, we found a large gathering of Hindoos in a grove by the roadside, and, on enquiry, learned that they had come to seek to propitiate the gods through whose anger the sickness had come. Like the idolators on Carmel, they had spent the whole day there. Mr. Wilson, who chanced to be along, entered into conversation with some of them and soon a great crowd gathered around and he sought to show the folly of crying to their dumb gods, and pointed them to the living and true God. But they were not in the mood to listen. They felt themselves helpless in the grasp of a dread evil and knew not where to look for succor.

The day following the Mussulmans had their turn. Early in the day they gathered in procession, and, with several venerable "moulvies" at their head, reverently reading the Koran, marched to their place of prayer where they, too, spent the day calling upon Allah to avert the dread pestilence. Would that they knew the true God! This people has been afflicted and "they return, but not to the Most High." In their conceptions of God they find no comfort in such a time as this. Death is ready to lay its hand on them and death has not lost its terrors yet for them. The glimmerings of light which may be in their faiths do not prevent them from "walking in darkness." They know not God. We covet for them the peace and comfort which the Gospel of Christ alone brings.

Continued on page 474.

Calgary Presbytery.

THE PRESBYTERY OF CALGARY.

BY REV. J. C. HERDMAN, D.D.

The Presbytery of Calgary was brought into being in 1887, and was given territory between the Presbyteries of Regina and Columbia, East and West. The territory was imperial, extending from Swift Current to Revelstoke and from the International Boundary to the Arctic Sea.

As though this were not enough, the limits were overstepped for Home Mission administration both East and West, and only the failure to find good trails on the Eastern slope of the Rockies prevented the Klondyke from being claimed as a parish within the bounds. Our Edmonton men, whose Presbytery fell heir to the Northern estates of the original Calgary charter, have scarcely forgiven themselves yet for not appropriating the far North when a word would have done it. They have, however, entered Peace River now, and are watching the Slave Lakes and the Mackenzie.

A Presbytery dowered thus with distances, and gifted besides with an appetite for work, was surely likely to develop characteristics. And it did. And Baird found his way across country a thousand miles to the North Saskatchewan; and Angus Robertson, pack on back, tramped through the C. P. R. construction camps; and A. J. McLeod (lovable of influence and memory) spoke spiritual words among the mountain ranges; and Ralph Conner caught the voices of the foothills and mining camps and translated them into lasting literature; and the long travels of Cameron; and the opposition which Hamilton overcame; and the intrepid Christianity which won followers for McKillop; and the swollen rivers crossed by Matheson; and the pioneerings of Paton; and the isolation of Rogers; and the large labours of McQueen; by these things and by faith did these men and others not here named obtain a good report. I say it who know; some of these men did heroic things and are not aware of it to this day.

Harmony of rare, generous type among its ministers; a tendency for idealizing the hard lines of the actual; a longing to explore all parts of the territory on behalf of Home Missions; a defiance of the elemental difficulties of travel and toil; a cordial dislike of red tape

and an aptitude in striking out initiatives of its own; these strike me as the dominant qualities of the Presbytery from the first. And it has come about that some plans of action which were struck out in those early days are now as commonplace to the whole Church as they were novel then.

I might instance the discussion of the co-operation idea at our first Macleod meeting, from which went forth an overture which the Assembly genially laid upon the table after a minute and a half's consideration; also the plan of liberating Conveners for a few weeks in summer to help the work of Home Mission superintendence in its practical phases; also the voice in the wilderness crying more than once for residential schools—an accomplished fact at last this year; and the starting of Chinese classes in a tentative way (by Mr. Robertson in Donald and Miss Lafferty in Calgary) foreshadowed the special missions and widespread interest in the welfare of the Chinese of these later days.

Should I touch upon the early history of one or two congregations within the bounds? A sketch of the Edmonton congregation was given in the RECORD for June, 1903 (Presbytery of Edmonton series of articles.)

At Medicine Hat, Dr. Wright, now of Nelson, held the first service in the station in the spring of 1883. Mr. D. Anderson, student, took charge in 1884 and had a church built. Mr. Davidson succeeded in 1885. Then came the pastorate of Rev. James Herald, a scholarly gentleman, winsome of personality. A tablet to his memory rests on the walls of the new brick church, which is the finest and largest in the Presbytery, and was erected last year. The ministers, since Mr. Herald's death in 1890, are Rev. Jas. Stevens, for a long time Clerk of the Presbytery, and Mr. Morrow, the present pastor.

But I find space too limited for any measure of detail as to other congregations. Lethbridge is indelibly associated with the name of Rev. C. McKillop; Pincher Creek, with the two Grants (J. P. and H. R.); Pine Creek and Okotoks, with Munro, Matheson, Scott and Ball; Macleod, with Hamilton and Jaffary.

There was a day, when, after considerable toil and trouble, much material was got to-

gether bearing upon the early history of our work in all Alberta. This material was taken down to a newspaper office in Toronto and a promise obtained that it should be printed. There came on an election crisis; our carefully prepared accounts were laid to one side as not suitable to the season and evidently went the way of the Alexandrian Library.

We have still in the Presbytery a map, carefully drawn to scale by Rev. G. S. Scott, showing every congregation, mission field and preaching point within the bounds.

It may be added in passing that about the time the Presbytery was formed, all the ministers, five in number, between Calgary and Vancouver, were Pictou County men: Herdman, at Calgary; McKay, at Banff; Cameron, at Donald; Chisholm, at Kamloops; Thompson, at Vancouver.

As against one minister in 1881, and two ministers in 1883, and five in 1885, Calgary Presbytery soon became metropolitan, a mother of Presbyteries. She gave eight fields to Kamloops Presbytery (then including the Kootenay) and soon after four fields to Kootenay Presbytery, and then divided her territory in two, giving Northern Alberta to Edmonton. (It was after this act and with reason that the Assembly's Committee on Statistics bewailed in their report the sudden shrinkage of "this once magnificent Presbytery.") However, two years ago, we gave over three fields to enable Regina Presbytery to round off its list, and next Assembly will probably be called upon to form a new Presbytery out of our Southern Alberta fields.

Through all these changes, needless to say, the strong influences of the guiding hand of the late Superintendent of Missions were never wanting. Who can forget his speeches, exhortations, judgment, tact? The Western Presbyteries are filled still with his rallying cries, influenced still by his masterful spirit. Therefore saith an inscription in Knox Church, Calgary: "In recognition of the work and worth of the Rev. James Robertson, D.D., Superintendent of Presbyterian Home Missions from 1881 to 1902, this tablet, in a church and city situated centrally among missions, is erected conjointly by Presbytery and congregation. Canada, West of the Great Lakes, was his mission field."

What things are there to note in the present-day history of the Presbytery. In ten days' space we had three settlements recently. Within a year seven student fields have been

raised to the status of ordained missions. There are now over twenty ordained men in the Presbytery as compared with eleven two years ago. And other features are, the Presbytery Library furnished by the liberality of Mr. Dawes and others; and the evangelistic experiment which is being made in Northern and Southern Alberta in the work of Rev. F. A. Rodger, approved evangelist, whose coming and appointment we owe, as to the human means, solely to Dr. Warden, who planned it in love for the salvation of souls.

The present office-bearers of the Presbytery are: Moderator, Rev. J. S. Shortt, of Davisburg; Clerk, Rev. Gavin Hamilton, of Cardston; Convener Home Missions, Rev. C. McKillop, of Lethbridge. The Moderator of Session of our only vacancy (Knox Church, Calgary) is Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Banff.

The names of the fields and labourers within the bounds are these:

I.—SELF-SUPPORTING CONGREGATIONS.

Calgary, vacant; Davisburg, Rev. J. S. Shortt, M.A.; Lethbridge, Rev. C. McKillop, B.A.; Macleod, Rev. J. A. Jaffary, B.A.; Medicine Hat, Rev. J. W. Morrow, B.A.; Pincher Creek, Rev. H. R. Grant.

II.—AUGMENTED CHARGES.

Didsbury, Rev. J. S. Ferguson; High River, Rev. C. D. Campbell, B.A.; Okotoks, Rev. G. M. Young.

III.—ORDAINED MISSIONARIES.

Banff, Rev. T. Wardlaw Taylor, Ph.D.; Cardston, Rev. Gavin Hamilton; Claresholm, Rev. Peter Henderson, M.A.; Corchrane, Rev. J. A. Claxton; Foothills, Rev. D. McK. Reid; Frank, Rev. D. G. MacPhail; Gleichen, Rev. H. Fraser; Nanton, Rev. W. Mackay; Raymond, Rev. A. R. McIntosh; Scandinavian, Rev. A. Lindé.

IV.—THE STUDENTS' FIELDS.

Big Bow, Cowley, Crossfields, Gladys, Hungarian, Lewis, Mountain View, Scandinavian, South MacLeod, Willow Creek.

This is a total of twenty-nine fields and labourers; and when you add the names of Dr. MacRae, Principal of the Western Canada College, Calgary, and of the present Superintendent of Missions, the list is brought up to thirty-three.

The congregations within the Mormon belt are Cardston, Mountain View and Raymond; it is possible a fourth missionary may be sent in next Spring.

OUR MISSION AT FRANK.

BY REV. D. G. MCPHAIL, B.A.

We are among the highest of the foothills, almost under the shadow of the Rockies, the beautiful dome of Crow's Nest mountain twelve miles or so away. Here along the Crow's Nest branch of the C. P. R. lie the southern Alberta coal fields.

Two years ago Dr. Robertson planted the banner of our Church at Frank, where is situated the mine which alone at that time gave promise of an early development. Frank is still the centre of a now greatly extended mission field, though the great rock slide, which, on the 29th of April last, partially wrecked the town, threw the work off its centre for a time.

At Frank we have what is acknowledged to be the prettiest little church in south Alberta. Before the disaster of April 29 its accommodation was considerably taxed at times, and there were bright prospects before the congregation; now, a mere handful assemble for worship in the church and the fate of the work there it is as yet impossible to determine.

Five miles to the west of Frank a mine is being opened by the Granby Smelting Company of B. C., a dozen or so men are at work there; there may be a hundred soon. These few men receive an occasional visit from the missionary.

Returning Eastward three miles we come to a saw-mill where about thirty men are employed. Service is held here every Sabbath morning.

Midway between the mill and Frank is Blairmore, a small village, living at present on its prospects, for there are rich coal seams in the vicinity awaiting the advent of capital. Here we have a Sabbath school and afternoon service, and, in the evening, a service in Frank.

Five miles north from Frank on the Grassy Mountain R. R. is another coal camp, which we visit occasionally; as yet there are here but two or three English-speaking persons.

To the southeast of Frank is yet another camp belonging to the same company that owns the Grassy Mountain mines. Here too but a few men are employed as yet. It is probable, however, that within a year these two camps will have a population of several hundreds each.

The missionary travels sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback among these several camps, entering, as opportunity offers, into helpful contact with the men.

Better work still is done in the missionary's home and by the missionary's wife where hospitality gives a young man a glimpse of home life that must do much to bring him anew under the influence of his boyhood's home beyond the mountains or the plains or even beyond the sea, and to preserve his respect also for that other home of which he hopes on some future day to be the head.

Ralph Connor knows well of what he affirms when he pays repeated tribute to the influence of home life in the manse and particularly to the influence of hundreds of devoted women of whom Mrs. Murray is a type.

It is a privilege to stand among these men and to stand by them in their troubles. And they have troubles enough physical, mental and spiritual. Life underground in damp and darkness and foul air is not likely to produce a high type of manhood unless controlled by the Spirit of Jesus Christ. To magnify by word and deed the beauty and power of that spirit is the missionary's great privilege. With this in view we stand by the men in the hours of danger and death; stand by them in their mental conflicts defeats and victories; stand by them especially in the lists when they wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with the powers of evil, and seek to keep before them the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

THE PORCUPINE HILLS MISSION FIELD.

BY REV. PETER HENDERSON, M.A., CLARESHOLM.

Much of the charm which Southern Alberta has for many people lies in that ridge of hills stretching for about seventy miles along its western border and known as the Porcupine Hills. They form a large element in the physical beauty of the Territory, redeeming it from the monotony which is often thought to belong to a country of rolling prairies. The distant view of pine crowned peak, shadowy valley and green slope, and in the evening the outline of the ridge against the glowing western sky is a picture ever changing but ever beautiful. With closer acquaintance the hills lose none of their attraction. Clear streams, winding through rich grassy bottoms or echoing through rocky canyons, living springs bubbling from the hillsides, shady coulees strewn in summer with many a bright flower, a glimpse through some dip or gully of the giant peaks of the Rockies rising behind to the west, the health-giving air, the solitude and freedom—these together constitute the beauty

and the wealth of the Porcupine Hills.

These hills were early a scene of settlement. They offer almost ideal conditions for ranching. The three indispensables for stock-raising—pasture, water and shelter—were to be found there in abundance, and the hardy pioneers of the cattle business in Alberta were not long in discovering these advantages. So long ago, therefore, as the early eighties, when Alberta was little more than a name and Calgary had scarcely any existence, a few large ranching "outfits" had settled in the Porcupine Hills. At that time neighbours at ten miles distance were next door and a "new outfit" locating within sixty miles of a ranch was an epoch-making event! Gradually the settlement increased. Each year brought one or two settlers until every creek that intersects the Porcupine Hills had its quota of ranches at intervals along its course. Developments of other kinds soon took place. Out on the prairie at an average distance of eight miles from the hills the Calgary-Macleod Railway was built and a bi-weekly train was passing. Some post offices were established in the hills and the murmur of civilization began to sound in the ears of the lonely ranchers.

The Church then began to be mindful of the settlers, and in the spring of 1899 a missionary was sent into the hills by the Presbytery of Calgary. The whole range of the "Porcupines" was his field—seventy miles long and from ten to fifteen broad. Since that time the Presbytery has prosecuted missionary work every year during the summer months—and last year during the winter also—in the Porcupine Hills, and regards it as one of the most encouraging and successful fields.

The work of the missionary in the Porcupine Hills is arduous, but unfailingly interesting and enjoyable. It makes large demands upon his physical strength, for he must be a great deal of his time on horseback roaming the hills, climbing the ridges, crossing the divides and fording the creeks to visit the ranches and get into personal touch with his people. Oftentimes it makes still greater demands on his patience, faith and courage. It calls for much tact and adaptability. The population of the hills is a very mixed one, and to reach all the missionary must be many men rolled into one. In face of the prejudices which race, creed and temperament create amongst his parishioners he must be a man of broad mind and of large heart, ever putting religion before church and preaching the broad

outlines of Christian truth and duty rather than the niceties of any particular denominational creed. There is much to discourage him in his work. On many sides he finds prayerlessness and irreligion—and worse. The utter unspirituality of some will amaze and sadden him. But he finds, also, much to encourage him in encountering men who are living a sober, righteous and godly life often amid very adverse conditions, and in finding an unexpected genuine interest in the Gospel.

The Porcupine Hills Mission has now been in existence for five years. During that time changes have taken place in the conduct of the work, which have been necessitated by the rapid growth in settlement in the hills, and more especially on the prairies to the east. During the first three years of work the whole range of the Porcupines constituted one field and was worked only during the summer months. At that time the ranchers of the hills were the only occupants of the country.

Within the last two years a large and still increasing settlement of farmers has taken place on the prairie, and, as a consequence of this settlement, small towns are rapidly springing into existence at intervals along the Calgary-Macleod Railway. These towns have had a phenomenally rapid growth, and give promise of being permanent and prosperous communities.

In view of the increasing settlement the Porcupine Hills field was two years ago divided into two portions, the northern and southern portions being named respectively the Nanton and Claresholm fields after the two towns of those names springing up on the railway. Already a further alteration in these fields has become a necessity, for the claims of these towns and of the farming settlement round them are so great that the hill district has now to occupy a subordinate place in the operations of the missionaries of these fields. The Presbytery have, therefore, resolved to make a further territorial division, and have arranged to send in another missionary to work that portion of the Porcupine Hills which hitherto has belonged to the Claresholm field

I do not know that martyrdom will prove any harder than that discipline which renders us quick to forgive, which can look upon the success of a rival with loving pleasure, which can maintain a guileless integrity in the minute transactions of life.—George Brown.

A HOLIDAY IN THE PORCUPINE HILLS.

There had been a delightful flutter in our town household because of a hearty invitation to spend the vacation at our friend's ranch in "The Hills." Happy memories of a previous visit still lingered in our minds, hence the joyful anticipations.

On the day appointed our host met us at the little railway station, some twenty miles from the ranch. We were soon speeding along the trail which after a few miles leaves the prairie and enters the hills. We wind in and out, up grade and down, fording the small stream or picking our way through a "swaley" place, the fine horses scarcely slackening their pace, till we reach our destination more than ready for the good things awaiting us.

The delights of the next few days are more easily imagined than described. The children revel in the wild flowers that so beautifully colour the hillsides, play in the hay fields, roll in the fresh grass with the great hounds,—so savage when in pursuit of wolf or coyote but so gentle with the little ones—while the small stream furnishes endless enjoyment when dryer pleasures fail.

For the older ones the hours pass all too quickly. Domestic duties, for this is a busy home, are made delightful by the pleasant chatter or deeper intercourse which alike are the privilege of friendship. Work over, we join the children in their rambles, or rest with book in hand while our eyes feast on the ever-changing lights and shadows upon the rolling grassy hills. We are well content to leave the little Western town with its bustle, its many demands, and petty gossip far away.

As the glorious Saturday afternoon wears on, the household assumes an expectant air, for have we not been told by the small boy, "The church is coming to our house on Sunday." It is quite evident that this is a red letter day and the young missionary a welcome guest.

One reason for this may be found in the fact that our host and his gentle wife bear an honoured Scottish name and our Church has no more loyal supporters in East or West than they. The children eagerly watch the trail and before long they are rewarded by the sight of a solitary horseman on the ridge.

Greetings over, we gather round the hospitable table, where, with lively interest, the events of the past weeks are discussed and the guests soon realise the missionary "knows a thing or two" besides Theology.

Supper over, we see him seated on the

woodpile having a quiet chat with the kindly "uncle" (?) who has found a home with our friends while far away from his own. The stalwart ranch hands as they come in from work all greet him in that truly Western fashion that assures us "he is all right."

Next morning there is a vacant seat at the table and we learn the missionary had taken early breakfast with the men; from the window we can now see him down the slope chatting with them round their tent. They are as truly a part of his congregation as the master and as deserving of attention.

By the arrival of a family of five from "just over the ridge" we are reminded that the hour for service has arrived. The happy Scotch maid comes from her room, Bible in hand, as we all gather round the cozy living room. The books have been placed on the dining table and the minister emerges—not from a comfortable study, but from the children's play tent, where, with an upturned box for a seat, he has been having his quiet time. The men follow him, not one missing, from the oldest member down to the small half-breed boy—"Skookum" (first class), who does the chores, all in their best attire.

The service begins with the familiar hymn, "Lord I hear of showers of blessing."

The minister is our precentor, and a very good one, and, as we sing, our thoughts travel far away to other services being held under vastly different circumstances, yet we too can claim equal blessings and with this joyful assurance we repeat the refrain,

"Even me."

All sing, and if the harmony is ~~very~~ ^{good} we have the melody in our hearts and we do our best. The room is very still as we bow our heads for prayer, in which all our needs and aspirations are most tenderly remembered and a blessing invoked on the service. Then we sing a children's hymn and none of us are too old to join in

"Jesus loves me."

A chapter is next read with an occasional helpful explanation of an obscure passage or suggestive thoughts are thrown out from more familiar ones. Another hymn and we hear the message for the day, and more than that, for it goes into the weeks to come, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

In plain, earnest words, with a wise avoidance of theological terms, the preacher shows us the unhappiness, the incompleteness, the

utter sinfulness of a life lived unto self alone, and the duty laid upon each one of us to think of those about us, to encourage them in their difficulties, to sympathize in their sorrows and in other practical ways to fulfil the law of Him who went about "doing good." Several happy illustrations from nature or well-known books help to fasten the truth and we are sorry when "lastly" is reached. A closing hymn, and benediction and the restless small boy whispers, "Its done."

The missionary has a chat with the neighbours while our hostess prepares a hasty lunch, for this is but the beginning of his day's work and twenty miles must be covered before evening service. "Skookum" has the horse at the door, goodbyes are quickly said, and we watch him ride down the trail till the hills hide our view. As we think how kindly, wise and brave he is, we quite agree with the verdict of the men "He's all right."

Later in the day we climb up to the ridge from which we look over a scene of wonderful beauty; crossing the plateau, we find another equally entrancing. As our eyes become accustomed to the strain, we are able to distinguish a lonely bachelor's shack on a far off slope, nearer us is the snug ranch house and buildings of the neighbours we had met in the morning. Away farther at the head of the valley we are told is another ranch almost inaccessible because of the hills. A Western charge!

As we descend to the valley we see on some low lying hills bright shafts of sunlight. Above us the clouds are dark and threatening, but beyond is the clear sunshine. We are grateful for our hills, our friends, our Church and the noble men who are not afraid to give some of the best years of their life in her service.

THE WORK OF LADIES' AID SOCIETIES IN CALGARY PRESBYTERY.

BY MRS. HERDMAN, CALGARY.

I may commence this short article by emphasizing the importance of woman's work on behalf of Church interests.

I can scarcely imagine any district in Canada in which this line of work has been more needed and useful than in Alberta. Take for example, Knox Church, Calgary. At first we had a "Willing Workers' band," then the Ladies gave bazaars, dinners, "pink teas" "Panopticons" etc., all which netted a considerable amount for church finance. But

then it was very laborious work and a large part of the receipts had to go for expenses.

After some experiences of this sort we got our heads together to discuss what the most sensible plan of raising money would be, so we decided on the ten cent system. This meant the dividing of the congregation into districts and systematic canvassing of each district by lady collectors who gathered in ten cents a week from the families and separate wage-earners of the church. And how the money did come in! We started with a debt of \$5,000, and wiped it off along with heavy interest charges in about seven years (with some occasional help from the board of management.) Ever since it has seemed to us all that direct giving is not only the most Christian but the most profitable way for handling Church debts; for one thing nothing has to be deducted for expenses.

One may ask of course how, without entertainments, our people are going to get acquainted with one another; but this can be effected by the plan of having free socials from time to time, with good musical and literary programmes, and of course the inevitable refreshments.

As for the Presbytery in general most of the congregations and Missions have Ladies' Aid Societies whose work is to furnish the Church buildings, put in organs and sometimes help out the missionary's salary. I have often heard students say that they could not get on without this help. Many of the societies are very much on the alert to embrace any opportunity of raising funds that may be thrown in their way. It may be said in a word, that in the whole development of the work in the Presbytery, women have contributed to it their full share of time and energy.

The Home Mission and the local work overshadowing all else is the main reason doubtless why other Ladies' Societies, organized for other lines of work, have so far been few in number. There is a tremendous amount to be done in new communities in the way of organizing congregations and mission fields, in building churches and manse and in providing church furniture, and certainly much of this would have been sadly delayed in many parts of Alberta without the work of the order about which I am writing.

The most substantial glory of a country is in its virtuous great men; its prosperity will depend on its docility to learn from their example.—Fisher Ames.

OUR MORMON MISSIONS.

BY REV. GAVIN HAMILTON, CARDSTON.

The settlement of a Mormon Colony in Canada dates from June 1887. Mr. Charles Ora Card, now retired, was the leader of this movement.

He was sent months in advance to prepare the way and select land. After much travel no spot seemed so good as the extreme South-Western corner of Southern Alberta. This was then an isolated spot from 500 to 1,000 square miles in area stretching from the Rocky Mountains eastward along the International boundary.

All this was prairie land whose soil was extremely fertile and covered with the most nutritious grasses. The climate was easily the best in the Northwest Territories. The rigour of the Northern winters is here palpably modified by the Chinook, a warm tempestuous wind which suddenly sweeps down from the Rockies acting like a hot air blast and converting the severity of midwinter into the mildness of spring in half an hour. The abundant supply of the best water gushing from hillside springs or carried down from the glaciers in rushing streams made it a most desirable spot.

The landscape consisting of lofty mountains and boundless grassy plains undulating or intersected by numerous coulees gave some variety to the scene, while the clumps of tall trees found only in river bottoms added intensely to the beauty of the whole.

Into this good land came the Mormons bringing their horses and cattle with them. Land could be obtained at a mere nominal price \$3 per acre all ready for the plough.

Joseph Smith was the founder of Mormonism. The Mormons call him a prophet. He claims to have received a new revelation outdating that of the Old and the New Testament. The Bible is therefore placed in the back ground, being superseded (according to this prophet) by the later revelations given to Joseph Smith through the book of Doctrines and Covenants, Pearl of great price, etc. (*i. e.* Mormonism).

The New Gospel of Mormonism is a violent contradiction of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as handed down to us by the Apostles Peter, John, Paul and others. Continued revelation, celestial marriages, baptism for the dead, universal salvation, are some of the most striking of the new features developed by Mormonism and zealously propagated by its adherents.

About 98 per cent. of the people are Mor-

mons, who number about 5,000. They are succeeding to a gratifying degree as settlers and taken as a whole, are sober, industrious citizens. They have adopted a local option law by a two thirds majority vote.

We have three regular mission fields here, Cardston, Mountain View and Raymond. Since I came here they have adopted our Territorial school system and education has taken a decided upward movement.

Our aim is to restore to them what they have so strongly discarded and repudiated: the true Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Error still exercises almost undisputed sway over the great majority.

Theirs is zeal without true knowledge.

When they are emancipated from spiritual tyranny and the True Light shines on them, then will begin the dawn of a new era and the darkness caused by the false prophet and his false books shall forever disappear.

THROUGH S. ALBERTA IN THE SADDLE.

BY REV. A. M. GORDON, M.A., RAYMOND.

Among the Mormons our Church has two mission stations with outposts—the one at Cardston, the oldest Mormon settlement in Canada, forty miles south of Macleod, and the other at Raymond, a town of some fifteen hundred people, built within the last two years, twenty miles south of Lethbridge.

Early in June, while in Okotoks, twenty-five miles south of Calgary, I was appointed by Presbytery to go to Raymond. Those who knew the field advised me to bring my pony. The simplest way of doing so was to ride him. Hence my week's journey of over a hundred and sixty miles. Not long ago, before the advent of the railway, such journeys were common. Now most people go by rail. But, if one wishes to see the country in a leisurely way, let him observe it from the back of a native pony or "cayuse," whose average speed for a long journey is six miles an hour. One need carry no camping "outfit," for there are towns and ministers and hospitable mansees at points all along the line.

Leaving Okotoks on a Monday afternoon I took the familiar road to High River. Before the voice of the settler was heard everywhere in the land the traveller needed to trouble little with roads. Having such landmarks as the Rocky Mountains on the west and Lake Winnipeg on the east he could roam the land at will—no barbed wire fences anywhere to impede him in his journey. Now, however, if

one is not to be checked by interminable fences everywhere he must find the trail by instinct or make sure of the route beforehand. A further result of settlers and fences is that the cattle no longer have the unlimited range they once had. Therefore even in the ranching country, much grain is grown to provide food for the stock when grass is scarce. About High River the land is rich for such mixed farming; the undulating country and the full view of the Rockies give beauty and variety to the scenery.

In the region of Okotoks, some ninety per cent. of the people are from Ontario. In the flat country further south, near Claresholm, Americans abound.

In Macleod, again, one feels that he is breathing another air. Unlike the new "towns" of mushroom growth throughout Alberta (there is no such thing as a "village" in the West) Macleod has a history. The very buildings show it. Here the "old-timers," crowded out, like the buffalo, by the incoming settlers, made their last stand; here their memory lives; here tales are told of deeds of prowess wrought in former days by famous men.

In Macleod I spent a day to rest the pony and enjoy myself, and among other pleasures visiting with the minister the modern well-equipped school and the barracks of the force that keeps such splendid order throughout the land—the Northwest Mounted Police.

On Friday my route lay through the Blood Indian Reserve. Here, as nowhere else, one could imagine what the country must have been years ago. Elsewhere one seldom loses sight of houses; here one could look for miles in every direction and see no sign of human occupation beyond a few cattle, and here and there an Indian's wigwam.

Just south of the Reserve, on Friday evening, I reached Cardston on the border of the Mormon country. The Mormon question is a complicated one, I shall not touch it here. One is glad to welcome these people at our services which they sometimes attend in goodly numbers. But I felt that, like St. Paul, my mission was chiefly to the "Gentiles." One fine feature of the Church's work in this region is that the members of the Christian Church, to whatever branch they belong, all meet and worship together. At Cardston they are most numerous. It was my privilege to meet many of the congregation there at the social gathering held in the manse almost every Friday

evening, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.

Where the "Gentiles" are so isolated such gatherings in bringing all together do a world of good. One would like to see them here in Raymond, and at Magrath, my other station, where the non-Mormons are few indeed. But, without a manse, such things cannot well be. Meantime all goes happily. The people attend Sunday school and service well; they are grateful to the Church for what she is doing; they willingly contribute to the funds of the Church, so far as their numbers permit. A more hearty and appreciative congregation it would be hard to find.

THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE "IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA."

BY MRS. HAMILTON, CARDSTON.

Life in the manse generally follows the quiet routine to be met with in any Christian home in our land; but, as each home has its special features, so with the manse.

It has been said that, when the minister or ordained missionary comes into his proverbial inheritance of "seven fifty and a manse," his wife is not included in the contract. While that may be true no one can be supposed to take a deeper interest in her husband's work than herself, and it seems natural that certain duties should devolve upon her. For instance, she has been, from time immemorial, President of the Woman's Foreign Society, the Home Mission Society and the Ladies' Aid Society, though, fortunately, it is not customary for all these societies to exist in one church.

Then there is the Young People's Society in which she usually assists.

In the smaller towns and country districts it is often difficult to secure an organist, and that duty becomes imperative; often, too, she must lead the singing.

Then there is the Sabbath School. Of course, in the larger congregations there is not usually much difficulty in securing the services of efficient teachers. Often the session will attend to this or the minister himself may act as Superintendent and teacher of the Bible class, so that the mistress of the manse may be able to spend the Sabbath afternoon at home in quiet meditation and thus gather strength for the work of the week.

But in the smaller settlements where the minister is away preaching at some outside point she must, sometimes, be superintendent, organist and teacher of the Bible-class.

The manse in our Western towns is often looked upon as the centre round which the social life of the Church revolves. Young men and women come from the East to teach in our schools, to fill positions in offices, in banks and on ranches, and they are practically homeless—especially those in the towns, where too often the boarding-houses are none of the best. They all greatly appreciate any little kindness that can be shown them by the mistress of the manse.

In winter little social gatherings at the manse give young and old the opportunity to spend a pleasant and profitable evening, and often are a material help in the work of the Church. Then there are the new settlers, homesick and weary, the catechist with his difficulties and discouragements, the stranded, the destitute, who should all be welcome at the manse.

But this leads the mind back to the financial problem again. If only our ministers were all wealthy what a work they could accomplish through the grace of hospitality. The Presbyterian Church is said to pay higher salaries than any other working in the West. If so, the pastors of the churches of other churches must be excellent financiers.

The minister's family must be well-dressed, must help with every benevolent object, must entertain both rich and poor, and must be educated. Then in the Augmented fields and mission stations horses must be kept, often at great expense.

In the Presbytery of Calgary the salaries of ministers run from eight hundred and fifty dollars and manse to as high as one thousand dollars in special cases and in some self-sustaining charges a high level is reached.

When we consider that the prices paid for clothing, groceries and coal are so much higher than in the East it is difficult for the mistress of the manse to imitate the ideal woman (Proverbs 31:10) who "is not afraid of snow for all her family are clothed in scarlet." Yet if she "looketh well to her house and eateth not the bread of idleness" perhaps she, too, may have the blessing there promised, "her children shall arise and call her blessed" and "her husband shall be known in the gates when he sitteth with the elders of the land."

WORK AMONGST THE CHINESE.

BY WM. PORTERFIELD, ESQ., CALGARY.

The Chinese mission in Calgary has been in operation now some three years. The work

originated first with a few Chinese boys attending the Sabbath School of Knox Church.

Rev. Dr. Herdman, who was then pastor of the congregation, was approached by these boys on the question of having some place where they could meet each night socially and for improvement in studying our language. Upon this active steps were taken by Dr. Herdman with the result of securing the premises which are still occupied as a mission. The room is furnished with an organ, chairs and tables, a copy of the Ten Commandments, a map of Palestine and blackboards for teaching purposes. The school is open every night in the week. Sunday night after church Sabbath school service is held for one hour, this being the most suitable time for them to attend. Wednesday night is set apart for prayer-meeting; the remaining nights of the week are employed in studying the English language.

The idea has got abroad that it requires one teacher for every pupil. While this, no doubt, would help on the work faster, we have found that one teacher is capable of taking as many as ten pupils.

The new scholars who are coming in are placed for a time in the hands of one of the pupils who is more advanced, then they are taken over by an English teacher. The commencement is the hardest part for a teacher who does not know the language, and with this arrangement this obstacle can be overcome.

The Rev. Archibald Ewing, Superintendent of the Chinese Work for British Columbia and Mr. Ing-Mon-Hing, a native evangelist, spent a week last April in holding special services, which were much appreciated by the pupils. Some eighteen of the boys have professed their faith in Christ and have been baptized. We cannot but express our thankfulness to God for the sobriety and good example shown by these boys.

The thanks of the F. M. Committee are due to the teachers who have voluntarily given their time to this work, and, while it may not be ours to reap the harvest in seeing precious souls brought to acknowledge our Saviour, yet in God's own good time He will bring forth the harvest. It is ours to sow, His to give the increase.

As an example of the interest taken by the pupils we may say that one boy has come seven miles to the Sunday evening service, and walked home afterwards to be at his post of duty early Monday morning.

Another, who is some forty miles distant on a ranch contributes a little every month to help on the work. Another boy who was leaving the city enclosed two dollars with a nice letter thanking the Superintendent for the help the school had been to him. The F. M. Committee has generously contributed \$75 a year to this work.

[*Note.*—Work on a less extensive scale is done among the Chinese at Medicine Hat, Lethbridge and Macleod.—J. C. Jaffary, Local Ed.]

THE WESTERN CANADA COLLEGE.

There is no more signal proof of the large spirit and wide view of the Calgary Presbytery (the writer is not a member) than their recent deliberate determination to encourage the founding of a residential school and college for boys and girls in the Western half of the Northwest Territories. To them belongs the honour of being the first in the Territories to grapple with this important question.

They remembered the many ranchers in our Great West Land that were without educational privileges for their children. They considered the boys in the Western towns who are growing up under very complex conditions. There is such a mixture of nationalities, and these new peoples bring with them so many new views of life and conduct. There are so many irreligious influences in new communities and so open to the light of day. There is so much drunkenness and so little conscience on this soul (and body)-destroying vice. Truly, it is not hard to see that there is need of strong men to face life in the Territories. But strong men are made only out of strong boys.

The Presbytery realized these things, and they saw how the churches, the Sabbath Schools and the homes were handicapped under these influences for evil that not only prevailed, but too often predominated in many communities.

To counteract them and, at the same time supplement the Church's work, they encouraged the establishment of residential schools. They knew that there the boys from isolated ranches where, in most cases, were neither churches nor schools of any kind could receive Christian education. There they would not grow up in ignorance with the tendency to develop all the instincts of the untutored savage. There the parents, dwelling in outlying towns, would find a place, within easy reach, where their children might be placed in residence to be under constant Christian control while they continued their studies!

To hasten matters the Presbytery appointed a competent Committee consisting chiefly of laymen. Immediately an active canvass was begun. And when the Synod of British Columbia and the General Assembly of Canada convened, they were able to report that over eighty thousand dollars worth of stock had been sold in the interests of the Western Canada College at Calgary. (A similar institution was also launched at the same time in Kamloops.)

The Committee had been given full powers, and they decided that it would be in the interests of denominational co-operation if the College was made interdenominational. Accordingly they approached the General Assembly, the Methodist Conference of the West, the Baptist Convention of the Territories, the Anglican Diocese of Calgary.

Everywhere they were endorsed. The Baptists alone regretted that the institution was not under the control of a denomination.

This is the history, in brief, of what will undoubtedly be a great aid to Christ and His Church.

Such a venture, however, if it is to be a success, must not be left to creep. If this Western Canada College is to be properly equipped; if it is to take a fitting place as the pioneer residential College of the Northwest Territories its stock must be liberally purchased by Christian Canadians everywhere. In the name of the Trustees I venture to call upon Eastern Canadians.

Do you not see, as in a vision, the future of this Great Land—populous and prosperous? But is it to be for God or mammon? Will we Canadians build up His Kingdom and His Righteousness out here, or, like our Eastern American brethren of a generation ago, neglect the golden opportunity in the West?

Youth is the time to train mind and body. Then a man can be taught to cope with the hydra-headed monster, with intemperance, impurity, infidelity and indifference. Then he can be taught how to rid and deliver himself from the hands of strange children, the cares of this world (life's tyranny), the deceitfulness of riches (life's delusion), the lusts of other things (life's consumption).

Christians of Eastern Canada! a great trust is committed to your care—the youth of Western Canada. Here are your sons and your daughters, your grandsons and your granddaughters. Will they rejoice to have seen your day or will they rise up in judgment against your generation?

A. O. MacRae, Box 134, Calgary, Alta.

OUR SCANDINAVIAN MISSIONS.

BY REV. J. A. JAFFARY, MACLEOD.

In response to my frequent letters asking for an account of his work for the RECORD I received the following from our fervent evangelical missionary to the Scandinavians:—

Dear Mr. Jaffary,

The sweed mission is noth in loik standing ass itt iss noting to wrot abot,

Exkus mayi,

Yors servent,

— — —

An unordained man who has been assisting him feels shy to write in English, let me therefore at the last moment add a few lines about this work, which has become so dear to the heart of our church, of preaching the Gospel to these incoming foreigners in their own tongue.

Our missionaries estimate that there are from 5,000 to 6,000 Scandinavians in the Territories and that they are receiving rapid additions. Of these we have three small settlements in Calgary Presbytery.

At Lethbridge there is a prosperous colony of 100 souls employed chiefly in the coal mines. They are Swedes and of the Lutheran Church.

An elderly lady said ere our work was begun:—

"I am so sorry there is no mission here. Oh if I could only hear a Scandinavian sermon!" At the first service forty were present and on being asked if they desired further supply every hand went up.

Thus far all religious gatherings have been held in private houses and the work has thereby been handicapped, but already steps have been taken to erect a small church.

At Claresholm there are about 150 Norwegians of the Lutheran and Methodist Churches, who came to Alberta *via* the United States. Services were held here every Sabbath from November to June in private homes and in the school-house.

Northeast of Calgary some seven miles there is a new but growing settlement of Swedes, who like their Claresholm fellow-countrymen are meeting with good success in mixed farming. Here the services have been well attended, the people have expressed their desire for a public place for meeting and have made offers towards building a church.

The younger among them in these small settlements learn to understand and speak English fairly well, and many of the older people acquire enough to converse about their

daily work, but, as is to be expected, are slow to catch the meaning or feel the force of religious discourses in English. But a proportion of them do not understand or speak our language at all.

The other day one of our ministers called at a home where this was the case with the God-fearing parents. The father led the way to where his son, who could speak broken English, was at work. "If he could," said the son, "he would like to speak to you of Him up there" (pointing upward). How good it is to have those come to them who in their own tongue and in the familiar phrases of the Gospel can speak freely to them of "Him up there!"

THE RELATION OF THE PRESBYTERY OF CALGARY TO OUR COLLEGES.

BY REV. C. D. CAMPBELL, M.A., B.D., HIGH RIVER.

Though young and aggressive and, therefore, liable to err the Presbytery of Calgary, so far as we are aware, has been perfectly normal in its development and is at the present time in healthy connection with all the vital interests of the church at large.

It is of course interested in our Colleges, if for no other reason than that they are all represented in its ministerial ranks. Manitoba College appeals in a special way to all western Presbyteries on the principle that, *ceteris paribus*, our first duty is always to those who are nearest to us. But we believe that if the hearts of the ministers of these presbyteries were laid bare, it would be found that each gives the first place in his affection to that college in which he himself received his training, even though in the general opinion it may not be the best equipped or the most distinguished.

The question of some consolidation of our five Theological Colleges is now mooted and is absorbing the interest and attention of some of the best minds in the church. The writer of this article has not canvassed the opinion of the members of his presbytery and so cannot pretend to express their mind, but he ventures to think that they would not regard with favour the views advanced and so forcefully urged by Mr. John Charlton before the Assembly and since then in the *Presbyterian*.

No doubt, as is usually the case in such matters, much can be said on both sides of the question. But there occurs to one at once the thought of the geographical situation of these colleges which though not a point of cardinal importance, yet should not be left out of account. And for this reason alone one would

not like, even for the sake of greater efficiency to see more than at most one of the colleges abolished or merged in another. But the strongest argument as it would seem for the retention of at least four of the five existing colleges is that each of these represents a distinct type of thought, and we need this variety to give richness to our religious life.

"Variety's the spice of life
That gives it all its flavour."

"Many men of many minds" is a proverb not more trite than true. Men, and especially men of the Theological species, are not designed in the same mould. And we are all so constructed, both by inheritance and early training, that we cannot see truth from exactly the same point of view. It might be well if we could, but this may be disputed, "God fulfils Himself in many ways." Man wants sameness, uniformity, dead level—God's method is unity in variety and diversity.

In most essential respects our colleges are doing all that can reasonably be expected of them to fit the men whom they turn out to be successful preachers and teachers. Of course they cannot do all and this is specially true with regard to the West. It is a commonplace that here new conditions confront the ministry. And this acknowledged and generally recognized difference from the East becomes accentuated the more one travels toward the coast.

An intimate knowledge and thorough acquaintance with these peculiar conditions can be obtained only through actual contact with them. Owing to the somewhat original social and religious conditions obtaining within the bounds of the Presbytery of Calgary—more particularly in the Southern part of it, there are peculiar problems confronting us. Chief among which is what has so aptly been called "The Mormon Menace."

The question naturally prompts itself. What have our colleges done in a special way to equip the men whom they have sent out to grapple successfully with this subtle movement which is so secretly active in its propaganda and so alarmingly sedulous in spreading itself? Heretofore practically nothing has been done. But it will not be long when this can no longer be said. It is expected that Prof. Kilpatrick will, this coming winter, deliver a course of lectures on Mormonism which will likely be attended by some at least of the ministers whose charges are contiguous to the Mormon settlement in the South.

OUR MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BY REV. J. S. SHORTT, M.A., DAVISBURG.

The Presbytery of Calgary holds its meetings twice a year, in February and September. The most important items on the docket are those connected with Home Mission work. Student fields are constantly moving up to the status of fields supplied by ordained missionaries, and these again to the status of augmented charges or self-sustaining congregations.

So rapid is this evolutionary process that formalities have often to be waived, and the Superintendent is, by general consent, given a free hand to act in emergent matters, which, under ordinary circumstances, would come up for Presbyterial action in a regular way. Events move rapidly in this Western land and opportunities must be grasped or the Church loses ground. Action thus taken by the Superintendent or by the Moderator on behalf of the Presbytery is reviewed and passed upon at a subsequent meeting.

Besides the regular meetings in Spring and Fall, the rapid expansion of the work on every hand requires the frequent calling of meetings special and *pro re nata*. It is not to be supposed that these are called for a merely formal purpose or for the side issues of Presbyterial work. We have no occasion to meet again and again for the settlement of some long-standing or vexed question. We have no problems on our hands except those connected with the increase of population and the best methods of extending and maintaining the work of the Church.

For the most part special meetings are called for the settlement of vacancies and of newly-formed charges. Three meetings for this purpose were recently called for two consecutive days. At these special meetings emergent business of various kinds is considered and passed upon. The law of the Church is obeyed in the spirit rather than in the letter.

For example, in a Presbytery where members have to travel, some of them hundreds of miles, to meetings it is not only highly convenient but almost absolutely necessary, that one meeting should serve the purpose of several. The same meeting which sustains the call to a licentiate in the forenoon may proceed to examine and ordain and induct him at the afternoon or evening sederunt. The question of economy alone would justify such divergence from formal rules.

Nor is the devotional side of the meetings overlooked. A Committee is charged with the duty of preparing a programme of devotional and Biblical themes for discussion and conference. Thus do the spiritual and the practical side of the work go hand in hand.

OUR MISSION AT THE NATIONAL PARK.

BY REV. T. WARDLAW TAYLOR, PH.D. BANFF.

It was unfortunate that, when the General Assembly visited Banff this summer, they did not see a typical Western mission field. Among our fields Banff is unique. If it were not for the mining camp at Canmore, the work would partake largely of the character of the chaplaincies maintained at continental resorts by the British churches. That charm of mountain and river and lake, which led the Dominion Government to establish the National Park reservations draws sight-seers in ever-increasing numbers, and, Sunday after Sunday, the preacher is confronted by strange faces and strives to reach hearts with unknown needs.

Fortunately for the missionary there is another side to the work. High altitude, a healthy climate and medicinal springs attract health-seekers as well as sight-seers. Ministering to the suffering and the heavy laden does much to counteract the enervating influence of constant intercourse with the holiday moods of the tourist. They come from far and near, the indispensed, the chronic, the incurable; but whatever their condition, they are all glad to see the missionary, and in pain, or anxiety, or discouragement, or simple loneliness, they make large demands upon his sympathy and his faith.

It is a privilege to labor amid surroundings which continually suggest the imagery of the psalmist and lift up the thoughts to "Him that dwelleth upon high," but especially so when there is ever at hand compulsion to that vicarious burden-bearing which gives strength, where else had been merely a dreamer's mysticism.

United in the same charge as Banff is the town of Canmore with its coal mines and polyglot population. Here the missionary is always face to face with the realities of ministerial life, for the power of evil is continually in evidence. Ours is the only branch of the Protestant church working in this unpromising locality. A Roman Catholic priest visits the town once a month, but the Church of England has abandoned the place and sold its building to the School Board.

Yet there is much to encourage and cheer one in the work. The people of all nationalities are friendly and interested. In the Sunday School are Belgians, Finns, Italians and Portuguese, as well as English, Scotch and Welsh.

That little Sunday School has had a precarious existence, and is now more than ever a source of anxiety. Its existence seemed to depend upon the devotion of a single worker, Mr. W. J. Davies, one of the "fire-bosses" in the mine. On Tuesday, August 11, while the Sunday School picnic was in progress, gas was reported in No. 5 working. As was his duty Mr Davies went to investigate, but no man will ever be able to say how the explosion that followed, occurred. Even while his motherless children and his scholars were playing beside the church, rescuers were toiling to recover the lifeless body of the father and superintendent.

There were sore hearts in Canmore that day and the future seemed very dark; but already God has raised up a friend for the orphans, and in the Sunday School itself, workers are coming forward, determined that the example and labor of one kindly and self-sacrificing Christian shall not fail.

THE W. F. M. S. AUXILIARY OF KNOX CHURCH, CALGARY.

BY MRS. NEILSON, CALGARY.

The Auxiliary was organized in 1897 by Dr. Margaret McKellar, who was then home on furlough, and visited Calgary while *en route* for Ontario. It was announced that Dr. McKellar would address the ladies on her work in Central India, but it was privately understood that she would organize an auxiliary if possible.

A goodly number were present at this meeting and the auxiliary was formed under most favourable auspices with a membership of fifteen.

The ardor of the promoters was somewhat dampened, however, when it was found that some of the fifteen failed to attend a single meeting, and others presented themselves only once or twice. Then several members moved away and for many months the attendance was not more than four or five.

These few continued to meet in the home of the President for nearly three years, held their regular thank-offering meetings, and at the annual meeting elected from that small membership their staff of officers. It was small wonder if an occasional discouraged member suggested a discontinuance or less frequent meetings, but they decided to hold together despite discour-

agements, hoping for the dawn of a brighter day. It was not long ere that day arrived and the attendance at the little meetings increased.

After a visit from two workers from Ontario we ventured to hold the thank-offering meeting in the church, having prepared a programme and sent written invitations to every lady in the congregation. The proceeds of this meeting amounted to \$34.

The next year Rev. Frank Russell from India was with us and our thank-offering was then \$55.

In 1901 we were honoured by a visit from Miss White from Central India, and the offering increased to \$60. Last year it was about the same amount.

Miss White we have to thank for the organization of the "White Heather Mission Band" two years ago. Since then it has increased in membership and is doing self-denying work under the supervision of Miss Lucy Moodie.

During the last two years the meetings of our Auxiliary have increased much in interest through the study of "Via Christi," which gives innumerable subjects for original papers, which have been prepared by the ladies.

In connection with this sketch I may mention that \$50 was raised by the Auxiliary and sent to Neemuch to relieve those suffering from famine before the regular Famine Fund was begun.

In addition to the regular funds of the Society the ladies have, for the last three years, supported a child's cot in Dr. McKellar's Children's Hospital, Neemuch, at cost of \$20 yearly.

According to the annual report of last December our membership is eighteen in number and the amount sent to the Treasurer of the Central Board, Toronto, \$96.

[Knox Church, Lethbridge, has an Auxiliary with a somewhat similar history and in addition a Mission Band. Also an Auxiliary of two years' standing is found at Macleod. J. A. J.]

The world expects and rightly, that the Christian should be more gentle, and patient, and generous, than he who does not profess to be a disciple of the Lord Jesus. For the sake of those who take their notion of religion from our lives we need to put up this prayer earnestly, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."—Mark Guy Pearse.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS.

BY REV. CHAS. MCKILLOP, LETHBRIDGE.

The writer was appointed to begin work in Lethbridge, January 1, 1886, but was unable to enter the field until July 2, 1886. Since that time Southern Alberta, as a whole, has made rapid progress in material prosperity.

The writer left Winnipeg on the first regular through train from that place to Vancouver. The connection between the main line and Lethbridge was by the narrow gauge railway, contemptuously entitled "The Turkey Trail." Ten to fourteen miles per hour was considered a good pace, and hours advertised for starting and arriving were only advertised to give importance to the concern. The remark was frequently heard, "Any old time is good enough to start or arrive by." The independence of the wild and wooley West was shown by utter disregard to usual rules and regulations. Railways did that which was right in their own eyes in those days.

Lethbridge at that early date belonged to the Synod whose officials centered at Winnipeg; now our official centre is on the Pacific coast. Our Home Mission Convener had then his official seat at Moose Jaw, and was the writer's friend, the respected and efficient officer of the Board of French Evangelization, the Rev. Samuel J. Taylor.

Soon we had a new Presbytery whose boundary lines to the west were somewhere in the centre of British Columbia, to the east, Swift Current, to the south the International boundary line and to the north the Arctic circle. We claimed the North Pole but could never take possession. Once the Presbytery held its regular meeting at Edmonton the missionary from Lethbridge did not attend, as the mileage going and returning was about 1,000 miles, and 400 of that was by stage. Salaries were not large enough to pay expenses.

In those days Macleod was not even thought of as a possible place of meeting. The town was famous for its mighty men, mighty when the permit keg was in evidence. The writer could tell many a story about the early days of Macleod, but it might be resented, so our reminiscences will be confined to Lethbridge affairs.

The missionary was a genuine specimen of the tenderfoot, which was evidenced by his dis-appointment over his reception at the Lethbridge railway station. He had left the East with great *éclat*, and perhaps imagined that in some mysterious way the fame thereof would

have reached his new parish. But the fact was that he had to hunt up his Reception Committee. He was directed to a shack where it was supposed the Presbyterian student slept. He found the student and the choir leader, but there was no room for anyone else. He was taken to a hotel where a room was secured. But the tender missionary was kept awake the most part of the night by the noise of revolvers. The boys were shooting for the drinks. It was dark outside and it was less trouble to shoot inside.

The following day was Saturday. After dinner the missionary stepped to the door outside to have a chat with a young friend he had met at table. To his horror and amazement the atmosphere about him was suddenly and metaphorically made blue by the vile and blasphemous outpourings from the mouth of a typical Western freight driver. To the credit of the swearer, it must be said he did not know a preacher was present nor even thought that a greater still was present. The missionary might have eased his conscience by doing what an Eastern friend said he would do under similar circumstances. He said "he would have reproved him." A man might as profitably whistle to a cyclone. When the young friend informed French Charlie as to his auditor, these were his words: "By gosh! he listen to me preach, I will listen to him tomorrow," and he did. The missionary when better acquainted explained to him the awful sinfulness of profanity.

The missionary again showed that he was a tenderfoot by expecting a crowded church on Sunday. The student who was preaching his farewell sermon after holding the fort for six months, and the new sky pilot, who was to be in town for the next three years, was, in the missionary's judgment a sufficient attraction to bring out a large crowd. But he found out that it wouldn't do to judge westerners by eastern standards. There were but twenty-eight persons out in the morning and forty-two in the evening.

When the writer after service expressed his disappointment to one of the audience he remarked in reply that "we ought to be very thankful to have any audience at all." We asked what the people did with themselves on Sunday. He said, come and I will show you what the people are doing. He took me to a street in the centre of the town and for an hour or so we walked up and down that street composed of saloons and viler dens. There was music and

dancing everywhere, and the places crowded with young men. The writer could have wept, and registered a solemn resolution to be an enemy to this vice and drink traffic and to be a friend of every man who was travelling on the broad road.

Next Sunday evening the missionary preached and gave in outline the policy he intended to pursue and spoke very severely about the shopkeepers enriching themselves at the cost of eternal ruin to the souls of these young men. Next morning the missionary was purchasing a small article in the shop of one of these men when he was accosted thus by the man: "Mr. M — I hear you were taking my name in vain yesterday in your sermon." "No, sir," I answered, "I never do that but I will tell you what I did say." When told, the man's face became very red and he said in reply: "I think a little boot leather applied to some of you fellows would teach you to mind your own business." "Is that your theory," said the missionary. He said, "yes sir." "Well you know sometimes theories won't work, will you please step out here on the platform and see how yours will work." He declined and said he hadn't meant anything personal.

It was noticed that there was not quite as much bluster from that quarter henceforth.

This is but one of many experiences which the missionary had with rough and unprincipled men. He did what he thought was best under the circumstances. He might be told that the weapons of this warfare are not carnal. Yet we must not forget that even carnal weapons have been used of God in the past. But I am not writing a book, so hope this of reminiscence will suffice.

On behalf of our readers we wish to express hearty thanks to Rev. Dr. Herdman for his plan of having Presbyterian issues of the RECORD, to Rev. J. A. Jaffray as local redactor, in the present instance, and to the writers of the various articles, setting forth the different phases of life and work in the Presbytery. Since the whole series is so good, we trust it will not seem invidious, especially as we do not know the name of the writer, to call special attention to "A Holiday in the Porcupine Hills." The penmanship and internal evidence shew that the writer is a woman. The picture in its simple beauty is a gem worthy of Ralph Connor's pen.—ED.

Our Foreign Missions.

LATEST FROM HONAN.

Three important items in a letter just received from Rev. W. H. Grant at Wei Hwei Fu, Honan, under date 14th July, are the following:—

(1) Such a wheat harvest has been reaped in North Honan this year as the people have not had for many years past. A young Canadian engineer remarked to me that he had never seen better crops even in Canada, that land of wheat. Reports of the yield vary from 5 *tau* to 1 *tan* per *mou* in different districts (*i.e.*, 35-70 bushels per acre). The fall crops of peas, beans, corn, millet, etc., never looked better than at present.

(2) The Belgian and French engineers who are pegging out the Lu-Han Railway from Pao Ting Fu to the Yellow River reached here two weeks ago, and have now gone on to Hsin Hsiang hsien 50 *li* S.W. from here.

The Lu-han line is to pass this city at the distance of about half mile toward the N.W., it will proceed along the west side of the Wei River as far as Hsin Hsiang hsien, where it will cross the river and the railway line of the Peking Syndicate, and thence proceed S.S.W. to its crossing of the Yellow River opposite Yung Chin hsien on the south bank of the river.

The engineers report the natives here to be more friendly than those further north. We understand that the District Engineer and staff are now established at Chang Te, that the railway is constructed as far as the *Sha Hoa* 35 *li* S. of Shun Te Fu, and is expected to reach here in about a year's time.

(3) Some parts of North Honan are still in a most unsettled state. On Tuesday, July 7, a mob attacked the *yamen* in Yang Wu hsien (60 *mls.* S.W. from here). Hwai Ch'ing prefecture attempted to burn the *yamen* buildings, but the fire was happily extinguished, threw open the prison doors and set the prisoners confined there at liberty, broke open the Imperial treasure chest and stole the silver deposited there. The official fled for safety.

The adjoining *hsien*, Yuan Wu, is also in a state of unrest, and serious trouble may break out at any time. These are popular risings against official extortion and exorbitant taxes;

the members of the Dagger Society are said to be the ring-leaders.

The *chih hsien*s of Hoa nei hsien, Meng hsien and Wen hsien have been removed from office because of the disturbances which occurred in their jurisdictions in the 2nd Moon.

In a note written a week later, 21st July, Mr. Grant says:—

"The summer rains are now upon us and for the past week copious showers have been falling. The crops look excellent and the country smiles with verdant beauty as it has not for many a long year in this part of China.

"No further disturbances have occurred than those reported in my previous letter, nor is it probable that any more shall occur. Within the last week proclamations have been issued in the name of the Governor of the province remitting the extra amount of taxes which had been the cause of all the rebellions breaking out from time to time. The first demand of the Government of 2,400 large cash for each tael of taxes has now been reduced to 1,600 large cash for each tael. The people seem to have been completely pacified by this concession on the part of the authorities. The people, in this democratic China, have again attained their end!

"The rails of the Peking Syndicate Railway are now laid as far as Ta Wang, completing a distance of some eighty-seven miles. There are now but a few miles more to be laid to reach the mines, and doubtless these will be laid at an early date. The first shipment of anthracite coal to Tientsin passed over the line on the 7th inst., which should, when put upon the market there, command a ready sale. The Honan anthracite is equal to the best Pennsylvania anthracite, and is practically unlimited in quantity."

With the sadness caused by Mr. Macrae's letter in this issue, telling of Dr. Morton's illness, comes cause for thankfulness in the long and successful work of thirty-five years that he and Mrs. Morton have been spared to see; in the fact, that they leave their field for the time in hands so well fitted to carry it on; and in the good hope that the rest and change will restore health for a glad return to further work.

A MISSION PICTURE FROM TRINIDAD.

BY REV. HARVEY H. MORTON.

Tunapuna, Trinidad,
Aug. 15, 1903.

Dear RECORD,

Fourteen miles above Tunapuna by rail and three miles within the woods is an East Indian settlement called "Caratal." Here we have a plot of land, a schoolhouse and a school of East Indian children. Let me tell you a little about this school planted down two years ago in the midst of this heathen settlement.

To get to it after leaving the railway station I usually walk; first of all, because the road is, for most of the year, very muddy and bad, and one's own legs more trusty than a strange animal's, and secondly, because the road passes through woodland and scenery that would ravish a Kingsley's heart, shrines to linger in and walk slowly and reverently through. On both sides sometimes tower huge forest trees darkening the road, and from these trees hang long lianas like the ropes hanging from a ship's sail, and beneath in the dark, damp, cool shade the fern, the wild lily and a thousand mosses flourish.

Often on the road I meet but few faces, and have wondered what I should do supposing a boa or some such lively member of the snake family were to meet me by the way.

In the settlement itself live for the most part Hindus and Mohammedans who have by industry and thrift in the villages saved enough money to buy land in these woods for cultivating cocoa and native ground produce. Many of these Hindus have from five to ten acres of cocoa land which they industriously cultivate, and, with a wife, four or five children, a beloved cow and a donkey or two, live happily.

Every day between eight and nine o'clock in the morning out of these cocoa places troop thirty to forty children to our schoolhouse.

In the wet season, June to October, they often wade through mud and water, and, if soaked to the skin, the boys take off their shirts and dry them on the school tinning or calmly spread them out on the playground for wind and sun to dry by breakfast time at noon.

We have at present a good, but young, Christian teacher at this school, by name, James Ramjit, and a pupil teacher, Alfred Thompson Rampersad, a young lad.

The bigger boys of the school are very eager to read, and many who, two years ago, could not read English or Hindi at all, can read both very nicely now, and show proficiency in writing and arithmetic.

None of the school boys are Christians as yet, still they eagerly learn every month a Bhajan or Christian hymn, a portion of the Catechism and the story of Jesus in Hindi.

The bigger scholars all gather together on Sundays for Sunday-school and come to service whenever a catechist or preacher can be spared to give them a Sunday.

The good seed has been sown I believe in good ground, we wait hopefully for harvest.

Let me tell you about some of my boys in this school. There is S'evprasad, scarcely sixteen years old, yet a married man of three years' standing, still a Hindu, but very quick and bright, and a great fellow for repeating his Bhajan and Catechism when the Sahib visits the school.

I once gave him a frock out of a mission box for his dear little wife, he indignantly threw it on the floor. You see he is still a boy and knows his old Hindu father should not have given him a wife quite so soon.

There are Gurnprasad, Nabiprasad, Kadir, some married, some not, all quick to learn, not yet the Master's though in His school.

Let me tell you a little about Alfred Thompson Ramprasad, the pupil teacher. Although a Christian boy, he, without benefit of clergy, took unto himself a wife and a heathen to boot. With a sad heart I had to dismiss him.

In three months' time she had become another man's wife. After due repentance and full confession of his wrong-doing he was taken back into the school. He is now trying hard to please, and, in addition to his other teaching, teaches a class of young men every night. On his last visit he joyfully told me that a Christian woman and her daughter were hard after him, and he has ideas of giving in and will then have a nice little Christian wedding in the church.

On my last visit to the school I was called to see a Hindu family. On reaching the house I found five of the family very ill with fever and dysentery brought on by drinking bad muddy water. Next day proper medicine was sent them; they are my firm friends and three of the boys attend school regularly.

The problem is this: Land, School, Christian teacher, the Mighty Word are all on the spot; secular instruction, religious teaching, Christian sympathy and the Christian's medicine, the Word of God, in a settlement purely heathen two years ago. When will the harvest begin and how many fold?

LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

BY REV. W. L. MACRAE.

Princetown, Trinidad,

12th Aug. '03.

Dear Mr. Scott,

On the 31st July the younger members of this mission staff went to Port of Spain to bid farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Morton who were obliged to remove at once to a more temperate climate, as Dr. Morton had become seriously ill.

Mrs. Morton also was much in need of rest, for she did not accompany her husband when he took his last furlough three years ago, but remained at home assisting in carrying on the work during his absence. A double necessity now forced her to leave—to take care of her husband, and secure a much needed rest and change for herself.

Where could the needed rest and change be found? Medical advice said "absolute rest and quiet." This could not well be had in Canada. Some other place; where there would be no chance nor temptation to discuss mission problems and plans, or undertake work, must be sought. As their youngest and deservedly esteemed son had just graduated in medicine in Scotland, they naturally turned their thoughts thither, and decided to seek renewed health and vigour among the heathern hills of that dear old land.

When parting with our friends Dr. Morton's paleness and feebleness made a deep impression on us. Three or four weeks of illness had told seriously upon him. We returned home filled with serious thoughts like the following; "What if Dr. Morton should not rally?" "What if we have seen the last of the Grand Old Man!" His value to this Mission never seemed so great as when we were thus brought face to face with the danger of losing him. For thirty-five years he and Mrs. Morton laboured most earnestly and faithfully for the cause of Christ in connection with this Mission—how faithfully those only know who have for years laboured with them.

When the very trying nature of this climate is taken into account one feels that it is only those who have a very strong constitution, adapted to this climate, that can stand the strain for so long a time. In spite of fears, however, we cling to the hope of seeing the Mortons back again, and with renewed health and vigour hold for years to come the place in this Mission they have held so long and so well.

It would be out of place to speak of their work. The time is not come to write it up. But when it is come and the history of those thirty-five years is written, their part in the founding, fostering and upbuilding of this mission will be told for a surprise to many, and an inspiration to all.

GLIMPSES OF MISSIONARY WORK
IN KOREA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, MRS. A. S. ROBB.

[This most interesting paper was prepared by Mrs. Robb (neo Miss Bessie Cumming) for the Pictou Presbyterian, W. F. M. S., and kindly forwarded to the RECORD.—Ed.]

Korea is a peninsula jutting out from north-eastern Asia, between the Sea of Japan and the Yellow Sea. To the north and north-east it is bounded by Russian Siberia and Manchuria, which the Bear covets to round out its great possessions. A few hours by steamer from Fusan, Korea's port in the south, brings one to Japan, while a few hours from Chemulpo on the west coast lands one in China.

Situated thus between the two powerful nations of China and Japan, Korea has always been a weak country and a bone of contention between the two. In 1895, at the close of the war between China and Japan, Korea was forced by Japan to assert her independence of China, to which she had paid tribute for centuries. Since that time Russia and Japan have been jealously watching each other, each fearful that the other may get the upperhand in the control of Korea.

The Government is nominally an absolute monarchy, but the King is really manipulated by a set of powerful officials, and there is a constant struggle going on for first place in the King's favour and many ups and downs in official ranks. Bribery and corruption have become fine arts in this "Land of Morning Calm," as the natives call their country. In fact, they are the foundation of the whole political system.

Socially, the people are divided into the "yangban" or aristocratic class, and the common people. The former scorn any kind of work and divide among themselves the official appointments throughout the country, from the governorship of each of the thirteen provinces to the magistracy of the smallest district. These appointments are usually bought, the purchaser reimbursing himself out of the extra taxes and so called presents he squeezes out of the people. When a new official comes to a district, the usual custom is to send to him

as large a present as one's circumstances will permit, and the tacit understanding is that in return one's taxes will not be unduly heavy.

The magistrate is the absolute authority within his district; he is both judge and jury, and, if well-disposed, may exercise a very paternal jurisdiction over his people. If a man is accused of any offence and brought before a magistrate, if well-to-do, he and his friends humbly offer as a gift to the magistrate as much money as they can raise, and, unless his enemies can outdo him by a still larger offering, he considers himself safe.

The people are quite accustomed to this system and regard it as right and proper within limits. But, in case an official is too grasping and adds the last straw to their burden of taxation, their recourse is to get up a riot, and they sometimes drive an obnoxious official out of the town.

Recently, in Wonsan, they almost resorted to riot in order to prevent one whom they all knew to be an upright and honest official from leaving, though he had resigned on the score of ill-health and was determined to go.

And I might digress here to say that this gentleman is an example of what a Korean may become. He is a member of one of the most aristocratic families, and a number of years ago became a Christian and a member of the Southern Methodist Church. He went to the United States to secure an education, and after a number of years there crossed the Atlantic, visited England and the chief countries of Europe and returned to devote himself to the service of his native land. He speaks English perfectly, enjoys reading the English classics and such newspapers as the *London Spectator*, and is, in every respect, a perfect gentleman.

But his path has been a thorny one. The ultra-Conservative party has for a number of years been strong in Korea, and anyone who is suspected of progressive ideas is an object of suspicion. Several times his life has been threatened through the influence of powerful enemies, and once he was only saved by the courage and quick wit of his devoted wife, an earnest Christian and a very charming Chinese lady, who was educated in a mission school in Shanghai.

There is so much in the system of officialdom that is utterly opposed to the principles of Christianity that it may be truly said that "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle" than for a Korean official to en-

ter into the kingdom of God. But "with God all things are possible."

From the foregoing you will readily see how it is that so far Christianity has made comparatively little progress among the yangban class, though in Korea, as of old in Judea, "The common people heard Him gladly."

The upper classes live, for the most part, in Seoul, and we in the country have little to do with them. (In Korea every place outside Seoul, even a large city, is called "the country.") But we hear of late that many of these upper-class homes have been reached through the visits of the medical missionary and the Bible-woman, and it is hoped that the Y. M. C. A., which is about to be established in the capital, may get hold of some of the idle young men of this class.

The "common people" may be roughly divided into the "middle class" and the "coolies." It is with the middle class that Christian missions have made most progress, among the farmers, merchants, artisans, in short, the great bulk of the people.

But another most important division of the people must be made. As you all know, in all heathen countries there is a sharp line drawn, a great gulf fixed, between the condition of men and women. You sometimes hear at home of girls discussing the question, "Which would I rather be, a man or a woman?" A Korean woman would probably think anyone an idiot who would ever raise such a question—to which there could be only one answer.

The best of everything goes to the lords of creation as a matter of course. The boys are all sent to school and given as good an education as can be had in the district, but no one ever dreams of sending a girl to school until the Christian missionary suggests such a possibility. The result is that it is as rare a thing to find a woman who can read as it is to find a man who cannot. A great many of the men can read a few Chinese characters as well as the native script called "Enmun," though very few of our Christians know enough to enable them to read the Old Testament in Chinese, and, as it has not yet been translated into Enmun, it is to most a sealed book. But among the women, practically, only the dancing girls receive any education, so that it is looked upon as hardly respectable for a woman to be able to read.

There is nothing like family life, as we know it, in Korea. A woman never sits down to eat a meal with her husband. If the family is

well enough off to possess a "sarang" or men's room and an "inner" or women's room, the husband and male members of the family eat in one, and, after they have finished, the female members eat in the other. If there is only one room besides the kitchen the wife first waits upon her lord, then eats what remains in the kitchen.

A Korean woman never goes out with her husband unless there is something to be carried. Then he may take her to carry a heavy burden on her head while he stalks along majestically a few feet or yards in advance. It is a very common thing for the Christian women to carry their husband's Bible and hymn-book to church as well as their own, and very strange they must think it to see the "moksa" or missionary carry his wife's books instead of having her carry his.

The Korean men may or may not work hard, but the women almost invariably do, from childhood to old age. Everything has to be done in the hardest possible way, without any of the labour-saving devices of the West.

The women and girls hull the grain and grind the rice by hand. They go to market and bring home heavy loads on their heads. Perhaps they help out the family fortunes by selling fish or poultry from house to house, usually carrying a child on the back as well as the load on the head. They carry the water in heavy pots from the nearest brook or well.

In order that their husbands may go robed in spotless white, his garments, from socks to overcoat all made of cotton or linen, must frequently be ripped apart, carried to the brook or river to be pounded on the stones until they become pure and white once more. Then the cloth must be pounded with two wooden clubs over a smooth, rounded stick, until it is as smooth and glossy as silk, when it is ready to be made up into garments once more—all by hand, of course.

In many places the women spin and weave flax into linen for the family wardrobe. In this life of incessant toil she knows no Sabbath rest. She does not live in the same world of books, of papers, of music, of friends, that you do. She can hardly be said to live in the same physical world that you do, for while she may have heard of China, "the great country," as they call it—and we are frequently asked if we come from China, for there are no Chinese here—she is ignorant of even the existence of any other countries. Centuries of ignorance have produced the natural result, an enormous

capacity for it, and these poor women are most ready to say, "How could I know how to read—how can I learn—I have no sense!"

And they are in moral as well as intellectual darkness. While some of the men read and study the moral principles of Confucius, the women are shut up to the grossest superstitions. They are not without the religious spirit. They sacrifice diligently on feast days and holidays to the spirits of their ancestors and to different evil spirits or devils. These seem to be of the nature of malicious fairies. Misfortune and disease of any kind are all caused by spirits. There is, for instance, the spirit of small-pox, the spirit of malaria. A Korean lives in constant fear of incurring the displeasure of some spirit or devil. Though they have some ideas of right and wrong and will all assent to the Ten Commandments, these ideas have no connection with their religion so-called.

If a Korean is sick, he lies on the floor covered with filthy rags and devoured by vermin. Perhaps a Korean doctor is called. His favourite remedy is to use the "chim"—a sort of rough lance—over the whole body. Outside the house a hideous din of brass cymbals and trumpets is kept up to induce the spirit which caused the disease to leave. Finally, the patient either gets better or dies, and is buried to the accompaniment of the same ear-splitting noises.

Try to put yourself in the place of your Korean sister! Think what it means to be thus without God and without hope! What a difference it would make to hear about a God who is also a Father and a Saviour who is also a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother!"

All this is so very wonderful to these people that it is not strange that at first very few seem to grasp it at all, but need to hear the Old, but to them *New* story, many times before they begin to take it in. But, when they do, there is a great change. One could almost pick out a Christian woman anywhere. The dull, heavy, dispirited expression gives way to one of bright activity as the soul awakens within. And she is ready to do what is in her power to give to others a share of the blessedness that has come into her own life.

Yesterday at our women's class one of the women was telling me that she and another woman had gone, at Mrs. Grierson's suggestion, for the last two Sundays to a little village near by where there are as yet no Christians. Going to one of the houses a number of women

had gathered in and listened most attentively to their simple story, and two women seemed really to have "believing minds," "and," she concluded, "our joy was great, much more than in getting money or anything of that kind, in fact, there is no other joy like it!"

So far the work of our Canadian Mission, particularly in this northern field, has been largely breaking ground, and the preparatory work is necessarily slow. But a great and sure work is going on.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is a great aid to the missionaries in providing them with money to pay colporteurs and Bible-women to work under their direction. Over hills and mountains and valleys into little remote villages they go, selling books and tracts, preaching and praying, and leaving behind them every here and there people at least interested enough to want to hear more. Frequently men come long distances to the missionaries' houses and say, "We heard some of this Jesus doctrine from a man selling books and we would like to know about it."

One never knows where or when the good seed sown may spring up and bear fruit. But it must be watered and cultivated. The work must be followed up by the missionary visiting these people in their homes, and where a missionary's field extends for a distance of one or two hundred miles, in a country where one can only travel at a walking pace, you can see how seldom it is that even the Christian groups in remote places can be visited.

In two of our stations itinerating always means leaving the Central Church without a pastor for a month or more at a time, perhaps for almost half the year. How would our congregations at home flourish under such circumstances, the weak and small charges visited by a missionary perhaps once or twice a year, the larger congregations where regular teaching and training those on whom the evangelization of their country must largely fall, left for perhaps half the year without a leader.

Is it any wonder that for months almost the first question when the long-looked for mail comes in is, "If Mr. Forbes is coming out soon?"

This is a very hard year for this part of Korea. The country has been on the verge of famine. The price of rice is so high that very few can afford to eat it at all, and millet is much dearer than rice used to be, while pota-

toes, beans and barley are not to be had till the new crops come in. In many places the people are living on wild roots and fish.

But, in spite of their poverty, the sale of books goes on and increases. Mr. Robb's colporteur has just returned from the second attempt to reach Puk Chung; for the second time he had sold out his stock of books before he had gone more than half of the distance. The same story is heard from the other colporteurs. The last report I heard from my Bible woman, Dorcas, who has been for the past month working in the vicinity of Puk Chung, about a hundred miles to the south is, "My books are almost all sold. Please send me more."

I would like to tell you something of the work which Dorcas and the other Bible-women, five in all, do in our mission, did time permit. One of these is now entirely supported by the women of the Wonsan Church and of the nearest cut station, Anpyon. These women, a few years ago heathen themselves, now have their missionary representative. The men of the Wonsan Church have, for some time, supported one of their number as an evangelist, and last winter the Ham Heung Church also undertook to support its own representative in the field.

Each of these churches, the Song Chin Church and several small churches, supports its own school teacher, so that the children may not be exposed to the bad influence of a heathen school, and, though the salaries paid are not large, they bear about the same relation to the incomes of the people that a minister's salary does at home. Whether, then, you look at the attitude of the heathen or the spirit of the Christians the work is most encouraging, though only in its infancy, so to speak.

You have all heard of the wonderful success of the U. S. A. Presbyterian Church in Phyang Yang, on the other side of the province. Their advice to our mission is, "Get ready, get ready. The harvest will come with a rush. Do not let it find you as it found us, without enough workers to gather it in. Have your missionaries on the field and studying the language, for some day soon the harvest will simply overwhelm you." This is what we hear, while even now the work has grown beyond what the present small force can adequately overtake. What can you do for your Korean sisters to help give them the Light?

World=Wide Work.

IRELAND, NORTH AND SOUTH: A CONTRAST.

A LECTURE BY MICHAEL J. F. MCCARTHY, AN
IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC BARRISTER.

"I am an Irishman; I am a Roman Catholic; I have a right to speak."—M. J. F. McCarthy.

The priests have made the most of us, their slaves and tools. As the tree is bent so will it grow, and our minds are so bent in childhood in the priests' schools that we cannot grow up otherwise than as we are. It is upon the priests, therefore, that I concentrate my criticism and not upon my fellow Catholics.

At a meeting in England the other day a priest interrupted the Dean of Durham by shouting that "McCarthy was not a Catholic."

Let me say that I am not a priest-ridden Catholic and that none of my people were ever priest-ridden, but that, notwithstanding, I and my family and all our seed, breed and generation, are and have always been Catholics!

We may accept it as true that a growth in population, under existing conditions of life, means a growth in prosperity. Locomotion being cheap and rapid, intelligent human beings congregate to those centres in which freedom, security and profitable occupation are to be found.

Let us contrast two Irish counties, both containing historic cities well placed upon large navigable rivers—namely, Southern Waterford and Northern Londonderry. Fifty years ago the population of Waterford was 164,035 and of Londonderry 192,022. To-day the figures are—Waterford 87,187 and Londonderry 144,404. The Northern county has lost 47,618 people, or less than one-fourth of its population, whereas the Southern county has lost 76,848, or almost half of its people in fifty years.

Both counties possess equal advantages of situation. Waterford might command the trade with South Wales, Bristol and the South of England, just as Derry commands communication with Glasgow and Southern Scotland. The agricultural country surrounding Waterford on both sides of the Suir, in Tipperary, Kilkenny and Wexford, as well as in Waterford itself, equals in fertility the country surrounding Derry.

Most of you know that I have propounded a theory—which was virtually accepted by almost all thinking men in the United Kingdom before it was propounded—as to what is the universal cause of the superiority of North over South in Ireland. Bearing that in mind, let us examine the religion of those two counties. In Londonderry the Roman Catholics only number 45 per cent. of the population, while the members of the Reformed Churches number 55 per cent., and of these latter the high figure of 32 per cent. are Presbyterians. But in Waterford the Roman Catholics number 95 per cent. of the population and the Reformed Churches only make up 5 per cent.

The religious establishments maintained in both countries are as follows: Waterford, population, 87,187; clerics of all denominations, 821. Londonderry, population, 144,404; clerics of all denominations, 379. If the clerical establishment in Waterford were on the same scale as that of Londonderry, Waterford should only maintain 228 clerics of all denominations, whereas it has to maintain 821—more than three times as many proportionately as the Northern county. If the clerical establishment of Derry were on the same scale as Waterford's, Derry would have to support 1,359 clerics, whereas it only maintains 379.

Let us contrast the operation of the Poor Law: Londonderry (population 144,404), 690 people in the workhouse, 406 receiving outdoor relief; total, 1,096; being one out of every 132 of the population. Waterford (population 87,187), 1,295 people in the workhouses, 1,863 on outdoor relief; total, 3,158; being one out of every 26 of the population. In the Southern county the people are wanting in self-respect and are not ashamed to become burdens upon the community. In the Northern county self-respect is predominant and pauperism almost reduced to vanishing point.

Emigration has been rife in both counties, 102,869 emigrants having left Londonderry in the half-century and 100,282 having left Waterford, Londonderry, being nearly half Roman Catholic it would be useful to learn the re-

ligious professions of its emigrants, but the information is not discoverable from the census. If emigration be the cause of Waterford's decay, as the Sacerdotalists allege, then Londonderry possesses a recuperative power which is not possessed by Waterford; for, in spite of emigration, Londonderry is prosperous. The laws are the same in both counties; but Londonderry possesses a population 55 per cent. Protestant and a religious establishment proportionately less than one-third of that which Waterford has to support. Therein, in my opinion, lies the secret of Derry's recuperative power.

The birth-rate of Waterford, during the last decade, was 22 per thousand, whereas that of Londonderry was 23.1. The death-rate of Waterford was 19.6 per thousand, whereas that of Londonderry was only 18.4. The marriage-rate of Londonderry was 5.4 per thousand, whereas that of Waterford was only 4.4; that is to say, in a given year there would be 800 marriages in Derry and only 391 in Waterford, a big difference leading to serious results. Those figures show that healthier conditions of life prevail in the Northern county where there is a larger natural increase of population every year, fewer paupers, higher birth-rate and marriage-rate and lower death-rate.

If we contrast two Irish cities, Dublin and Belfast, we shall find the same relative conditions prevailing. In Dublin we find a city divided against itself. Respectable people, who can afford suburban residences, deliberately move outside the jurisdiction of the city Corporation, form themselves into separate townships and resist all attempts to include them within the city. Entirely against their own will, three townships have been included recently within the city boundary, but the two most important, Rathmines and Pembroke, still remain independent.

The inhabitants of Dublin are 82 per cent. Roman Catholic and only 18 per cent. Protestant. The inhabitants of Belfast are 76 per cent. Protestant and only 24 per cent. Roman Catholic. The fully qualified ministers of religion of all denominations, including professed nuns, in Dublin and Belfast respectively, are as follows: Dublin, population, 290,638; clerics, 1,652. Belfast, population, 349,180; clerics, 715. If the religious establishment in Dublin was on the same scale as that of Belfast, Dublin would only have to support 595 ministers of religion, whereas it has to maintain 1,652, or nearly three times as many

proportionately as Belfast. If the clerics in Belfast were as numerous as in Dublin they should number 2,000, instead of being only 715.

We find the same effects following upon the same cause, or, at any rate, we find the same co-existing facts in our two chief cities as we found in Londonderry and Waterford. In Dublin the birth-rate for the last decade was 31.9 per thousand; in Belfast it was 33. In Dublin the death-rate was 29.9, whereas in Belfast it was only 23.6. In Dublin the number of paupers is 9,543, or one in every 30 of the population, whereas in Belfast the number of paupers is only 3,629, or one in every 96. There are only 270 people in Belfast receiving outdoor relief, whereas there are 3,519 receiving it in Dublin. There are only 3,359 inmates in the workhouse in Belfast, whereas there are 6,024 in Dublin.

If we apply the emigration test to the two cities, we again see how fallacious it is to attribute the degeneracy of Roman Catholic Ireland entirely to emigration. The number of emigrants from the county and city of Dublin in the last decade was 10,615; the number from Belfast and County Antrim in the same period was 14,946.

If emigration were the true cause of degeneracy in Dublin, then emigration should also have produced degeneracy in Belfast. But the truth is that Belfast shows the same recuperative power which we found in Londonderry, and it springs, as I think, from the same source. The Dublin youth are surrendered to the influence of ecclesiasticism, and, when they grow up into men and women, are interfered with by the priests to such an extent that the small share of mind left to them cannot be said to be their own. They drown the voice of conscience at the races, theatres, dances and card parties; and vary their amusements by periodical retreats at the houses of the religious Orders, such as the Jesuits' house at Milltown Park or the Passionists' house at Mount Argus. In a word, they seem to divide their time about equally between breaking their bodies and making their souls.

In the Arran Quay Ward there was a contest which illustrates how the helplessness engendered in the school embarrasses the adult Roman Catholic in the sphere of civic duty. Mr. Monke and Mr. M'Dowell were the candidates. A Father Ryan in the ward, signed the nomination paper of M'Dowell, and on the strength of that a supporter of M'Dowell's

publicly announced that "every vote cast for Monke (M'Dowell's opponent) would be a vote against the clergy."

It amazes me to find Dublin Catholics in such a priest-ridden condition, that a candidate for a seat in the Corporation should advance it as his highest possible claim to the support of the burgesses that the clergy are in his favour. By "clergy" he means "the priests," for the Protestant clergy in Dublin do not count in such matters. In wards where the Conservatives have a majority the Protestant clergymen do not interfere at all, or if they take an interest in the election they are not looked upon as anything more than ordinary voters.

Father Ryan wrote to the papers to say that "in consequence of the use which had been made of his name, he himself would not vote at all at the election." The priest is fully conscious of his supernatural power. "As it is so difficult," he writes, "in the case of a priest to separate the individual from his office, and as it is scarcely just to cast the priestly character into the scale against any candidate in a fair contest, where there is no principle at stake, I consider that the obligations of friendship are sufficiently and best discharged by a silent vote."

The consequence of being priest-ridden is that Dublin industries are stagnant, while Belfast industries are on the increase. The laws in force in both cities are the same. The only explanation of the difference between them, as I think, is to be found in the training of the minds of the inhabitants. Dublin is, to a large extent, a city of priests, Belfast is a city of self-supporting citizens. The Dublin man is priest-reared and saturated with Sacerdotalism; the Belfast man is brought up fearless, industrious and self-reliant. Dublin is kept back by the habits and customs of the majority of its inhabitants, and not by any other cause.

Those habits and customs are evidenced by the fact that Dublin city and county support the largest Roman Catholic Sacerdotal service in North Europe. My former figures included all denominations and only referred to Dublin within the city boundary. But in the city and county, including the townships, there are of Roman Catholic clerics, 511 priests, 329 monks, 326 theological students and 1,726 nuns; total, 2,892; the number having increased from 1,511 since the year 1871. The Roman Catholic professional religious and their followers, in the city and county of Dublin at

the present moment, must run up to 5,000 persons.

Let us now consider a few local contrasts. The County of Armagh affords some interesting contrasts leading to the same general conclusion as those which I have noted. There are three urban districts within the confines of Armagh, which are, perhaps, the most interesting localities of their kind in Ireland: 1st, Lurgan, the most important town in the county, has a population of 11,782, having increased since 1831 from 10,135. 2nd, Portadown, next in importance to Lurgan, has a population of 10,092, having increased since 1881 from 8,081. 3rd, the town or the city of Armagh, as it is called, has a population of 7,588, having decreased from 10,070 since 1881.

Armagh is the headquarters of Sacerdotalism in Ireland, possessing two cathedrals, presided over by two archbishops, one of whom is a cardinal in the Roman Church. There should, therefore, be an abundance of piety in the ancient city; but we find that ecclesiasticism has not enabled Armagh to hold its own with Lurgan and Portadown, and the historic town is on the downward grade, its decline synchronizing strangely with the building and beautification of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral.

Now, if we contrast the religions professed by the inhabitants of Lurgan, Portadown and Armagh, we shall find: 1st, that out of a population of 7,588 in Armagh, 4,125 are Roman Catholics and 3,463 are members of the Reformed Churches; that is to say, the Roman Catholics are in a clear majority in Armagh. 2nd, that in Lurgan, out of a population of 11,782, only 4,106 are Roman Catholics, while 7,676 belong to the various Reformed Churches; that is to say the Reformed Christians are in an immense majority in Lurgan. 3rd, that in Portadown, out of a population of 10,092, only 2,214 are Roman Catholics, while 7,878 belong to the various Reformed Churches; showing that the Reformed Christians have a majority of nearly 5 to 1 in Portadown.

And the co-existing facts are as follows: 1st, Portadown, in which the Roman Catholics are the least numerous, shows the greatest progress in the twenty years. 2nd, Lurgan, with a minority of Catholics, is the leading town of the three in population and valuation. In it the Roman Catholics are more numerous than in Portadown, and it has not made as much progress in the twenty years as Portadown. 3rd, Armagh, where the Roman Catholics have

a clear majority, shows a shrinkage of 2,482 in twenty years, as if its population had flown into Lurgan and Portadown, and as if Armagh were destined in the near future to fall entirely into the hands of Cardinal Logue and his monsignors as a heritage of interesting antiquity and Sacerdotal solitude.

In the neighbouring County of Down there are striking contrasts of the same kind to be observed. For instance, in 1881 the population of Bangor urban district was only 3,006, and in 1901 it had risen to 5,903. That is to say, Bangor has nearly doubled its population in twenty years. The religious denominations in the town stand thus: Roman Catholics, 424; Presbyterians, 3,042; Episcopalians and all others, 2,437. Out of a population of 5,903 only 424 are Roman Catholics. Bangor is the most progressive urban district in the County Down, and is also the urban district having the smallest proportion of Roman Catholics in its population.

Now, the urban district in Down which possesses the largest proportion of Roman Catholics, is Newry, the present population of which is 12,405, of whom 8,695 are Catholics and 3,810 members of the Reformed Churches. Our people, therefore, in Newry are in a majority of more than two to one, while in Bangor they only constitute a small minority of about one-sixteenth of the population. What are the co-existing facts in Newry? Its population has fallen from 14,808 to 12,405 in the last twenty years, a loss of 2,403, almost as great as the decrease of Armagh, but even more to be regretted. It is lamentable that such a well-placed town as Newry should have become the most decadent urban district in the County Down.

I need not multiply such local contrasts; but, before closing the statistical portion of my address, I shall dwell briefly upon one large contrast between Roman Catholic Munster and Protestant Ulster. The population of Ulster, 1,582,826, is 56 per cent. Protestant and 44 per cent. Roman Catholic, whereas the population of Munster, 1,076,188, is 94 per cent. Catholic and 6 per cent. Protestant. Ulster only supports 3,737 ministers of religion of all denominations, including nuns, whereas Munster supports 5,351. The population of Munster is only two-thirds of that of Ulster, yet Munster supports a clerical establishment 50 per cent. larger than that of Ulster. If Munster's clerical establishment were on the same scale as Ulster's, it would only number 2,504,

whereas it is 5,351, or more than double what it ought to be! If Ulster's clerical establishment were on the same scale as Munster's, its clerics would number 7,588, instead of only numbering 3,737!

Let us now proceed to note the co-existing facts: First, the decrease in the population of Munster in the last decade was 97,455, or 8.3 per cent., whereas in Ulster it was only 36,988, or 2.3 per cent., the loss in the Northern province being only between one-third and one-fourth of that in the Southern province.

In justice to Ulster, it must be further stated that many of its counties are almost entirely Roman Catholic. For instance, 81 per cent. of the population of Cavan are Roman Catholics, 78 per cent. of Donegal and 74 per cent. of Monaghan. The combined loss of population in those three Catholic Ulster counties during the decade amounted to 11 per cent. which was more than the average Munster loss, as against the average loss of only 2.3 per cent. for all Ulster. It is evident, therefore, that Ulster's recuperative power had to make up the dead weight of those three Catholic counties.

How did Ulster make good the decadence of its Catholic counties? We shall see. The three most Protestant counties in Ulster, indeed, the only three counties in Ireland which can be said, strictly speaking, to be Protestant, are Antrim, in which only one-fifth of the people are Roman Catholics; Down, in which less than one-third are Catholics and the county borough of Belfast, in which less than one-fourth are Catholics. The decrease of population in Antrim and Down in the last decade was 5.9 per cent., but that decrease was more than made up by an increase of 27.8 per cent. in the county borough of Belfast, which is entirely situated within the counties of Antrim and Down. Setting off the increase in Belfast against the decrease in Antrim and Down, we find that in the only really Protestant section of Ireland there was an actual increase of nearly 10 per cent. in the last census decade.

Let us dwell for a moment upon illiteracy. The highest rate of illiteracy in Ulster, 33.4 per cent. is to be found in Roman Catholic Donegal, while the lowest rates of illiteracy are in the three Protestant counties. Again, the highest denominational percentage of illiterates in every Ulster county are Roman Catholics. Even in the most Catholic counties it is so. In Donegal, 31 per cent. of the Roman Catholics are illiterates, 11 per cent. of the Epis-

copalians and 6 per cent. of the Presbyterians; in Cavan, 14 per cent. of the Catholics, 7 per cent. of the Episcopalians and only 3 per cent. of the Presbyterians; in Monaghan, 16 per cent. of the Catholics, 7 per cent. of the Episcopalians and only 3 per cent. of the Presbyterians.

The same proportions prevail in the three Protestant counties. In Antrim 15 per cent. of the Catholics are illiterate, 10 per cent. of the Episcopalians and only 4 per cent. of the Presbyterians; in Belfast 12 per cent. of the Catholics, 8 per cent. of the Episcopalians and only 4 per cent. of the Presbyterians; in Down, 17 per cent. of the Catholics, 9 per cent. of the Episcopalians and only 4 per cent. of the Presbyterians. Illiteracy in Ulster, as a whole, stands thus: 19 per cent. of the Catholics are illiterate, 9 per cent. of the Episcopalians and only 5 per cent. of the Presbyterians.

We may to some extent analyse from these figures the intellectual superiority of Ulster. The Ulster Presbyterians number 425,526, and may be described, I hope without offence, as the dominant denomination in the province, inasmuch as they predominate in Antrim, Down, and the county borough of Belfast. They have only 5 per cent. of illiterates amongst them, and, therefore, the dominant denomination is the best educated denomination in Ulster.

The priests explain Catholic decadence by ancient persecution and absence of State endowments. I ask, in refutation of that false apology—Who helped the Presbyterians? They, too, have had their share of persecution, they owe nothing to the State, yet they have attained the mastery in Ulster.

Let us now consider Munster, where the Catholics number more than nine-tenths of the population. There we find the dominant denomination the most illiterate—Catholic illiterates, 14.8 per cent.; Episcopalian do., 3.1 per cent.; Presbyterian do., 2.3.

If we contrast the relative pauperism of the two provinces, we find that in Munster 1 in every 29 of the population is in receipt of Poor-law relief; whereas in Ulster, only 1 in every 36 is a burden on the rates.

The birth-rate in the province of Ulster stands at 24.2 per thousand; and the highest birth-rate in Ulster is to be found in the three Protestant counties—33 per thousand in the county borough of Belfast, 24.8 in Antrim, and 22.3 in Down.

The marriage rate in the three Protestant

counties is also the highest—5.6 in Antrim, 8.2 in Belfast, and 5.3 in Down. The lowest marriage rate in Ulster is to be found in Cavan, namely, 3.8 per thousand; and the three most Catholic counties—Cavan, Donegal, and Monaghan—possess the lowest combined marriage-rate in Ulster.

If we consider emigration, we find that Munster lost 15.8 per thousand by emigration in the last decade; whereas Ulster only lost 5.4. In Antrim, Down and Belfast, the emigration rate was 3.3 per thousand; but in the three Catholic counties—Cavan, Donegal, and Monaghan—the average emigration rate was 8.4. The low rate of emigration from Antrim, Down and Belfast presents a striking contrast to the emigration from Munster, where the priests are all powerful, and overwhelmingly numerous. Cork, containing the largest Southern city, loses 18.3 per thousand by emigration; Tipperary, 11.4; Waterford, 11; Limerick, 9.5; Clare, 15.1; and Kerry, 22.4.

If we enlarge our sphere of observation we find that the state of things revealed by those figures is as applicable to other Catholic countries, which have become a prey to Sacerdotalism, as to Ireland. Italy, for instance, is sending off her thousands of emigrants day by day. It is well known that Italian emigrants are not welcomed in the United States, where the newly-arrived Italian is scarcely regarded as a white man. Spain has long been stagnant; and if the Spaniards do not emigrate now, it is because they have not so much energy left.

I hear it frequently stated also that the Irish Roman Catholic emigrant is not entirely welcomed by the dominant party in the United States. Constant complaints are to be heard from those who return from America, that Irish Sacerdotalists have as many grievances in the States as they have in the United Kingdom; complaining of exclusion from office; and of social ostracism; and railing against the dominant non-Sacerdotal element.

When the South of Ireland man emigrates, his lay and Sacerdotal exploiters at home depict him to the world as an exile deserving the commiseration of mankind. We are asked to contemplate him standing with streaming eyes on the shores of the New World, gazing across the Atlantic or the Indian Ocean towards the Green Island he has left, and sighing for his humble but happy home. The most popular songs in Munster are probably—"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin" and "There's no place like home."

Indeed, if one were to accept all the statements about emigration made by Sacerdotal orators, one would conclude that there was no emigration from any portion of the United Kingdom, except from Catholic Ireland. We should never learn that emigration goes on to a large extent from England, or know that the largest body of citizens in the United States and all the Colonies at the present moment are Englishmen, or men of English descent. Our Southern orators seem to forget that Scotchmen also emigrate, and even North of Ireland men.

But the emigrants from England, Scotland, and Protestant Ireland do not regard themselves as exiles. They are never described as sitting on the beach or crying to go home. Their ministers of religion do not paint their plight in distressful colours, gazing with tear-filled eyes at the home-sailing steamers. Those English and Scotch emigrants make no secret of the fact that they leave the United Kingdom with the simple object of bettering their condition.

Ulster men, being an energetic and increasing race, have spread themselves all over the world. The province has the distinguished honour of having given to America, in William McKinley, the only Irish President that ever ruled over the great Western commonwealth; and President McKinley, the child of Antrim ancestors, was one of the greatest, as he was certainly one of the most Christian and truly right-living men that ever occupied that exalted position.

I wonder that the Sacerdotalists do not observe that, in spite of the emigration from England, Scotland and Ulster, all those places are prosperous. Ulster is full of mills; it is opening up new fields of industry; Ulstermen are fully occupied. We may rest assured that if a race of Presbyterians inhabited Munster, emigration would not be permitted to paralyze the life of that splendid province. Sacerdotal and lay agitators would not have flourished so rankly; and while the Presbyterians of Munster would by no means cease to send forth their surplus population into new lands, we may take it for granted that the fertile acres of Munster would be fully worked, and that the world would be troubled as little with the woes of the Southern province as it has been with those of the Northern.

But the excess of the birth rate over the death-rate in Ulster stands higher than the excess of the birth-rate over the death-rate in

Munster. The Munster Irish possess many estimable qualities; but we have been losing our pleasant traits of character and surrendering ourselves to religious gloom and exclusiveness in proportion as our numbers have been decreasing and the power of our priests has been growing.

In olden times even those who differed most from us could not help liking us. Our timidity and submissiveness, our anxiety to please, our feeling for others, our tendency to put a good face upon every trouble when speaking to the stranger, are all qualities which go to make up amiability. But when such qualities are not directed by well-balanced judgment and a properly trained mind, their virtue degenerates into vice. The frankness, flattery, humour, and humility, vanish like the pleasant light and colours of an April day; the mind is clouded by dark indulgences followed by remorse, fear of punishment, and transient repentance.

I do not yield in my love for Ireland to the loudest of Ireland's flatterers, but I make no secret of the fact that those generous impulses upon which we found our laudations of the Irish character are to be discovered amongst the most primitive races, not even excluding the better class of savages. The most noticeable of these traits is a tendency to adore, to reverence and to worship, where adoration, reverence, and worship are not demanded by circumstances. That is our faculty of faith, as we call it. We display a hyper sensitiveness to criticism and an unwillingness to improve. That is our national pride, we are told.

Equally remarkable is our tendency to expect a reward for our unnecessary adoration, deference and worship; and the resultant feeling of disappointment which fills us when a return is not accorded to the full extent anticipated by the self-abaser. And, lastly, we are quick to have recourse to revenge, mostly in thought, but also frequently in action—"the wild justice of revenge"—a phrase used by some thoughtless person, and which is one of the staple catchwords of Sacerdotal oratory. This faculty, we are told, goes to show our high spirit.

The British statesman who wishes to bring about a change for the better in Ireland must get rid of the first and lasting cause of Catholic Ireland's backwardness, that is, the priest's influence over the minds of the children. It is a baneful policy for a statesman to continue in league with the Roman Catholic bishops and

the Jesuits, and to give those Sacerdotalists the right of appointing their friends to every office open to the Roman Catholic laity, from the Under-Secretaryship to the Registrarship of the College of Science.

It is Catholics independent of the priests and not priests' slaves who should be put into power. The concessions to priestly pretensions after the Fenian rising did not prevent the awful crimes of the eighties. I tell this Government now that it need not expect any lasting good to come from its policy. What is the use of imprisoning the silliest section of the Irish party, and passing sentences of hard labour upon them; or, even, of sentencing one of the members of that party to death for high treason.

The Government must well know that the priests of Ireland at the present moment are training up in their State-subsidised schools a fresh set of agitators and ne'er-do-wells to take the place of the present priest-paid members in due course. They must know that the next Irish party will also be an incongruous and motley gathering, containing a mixture of rebels like Colonel Lynch, enthusiasts like William Redmond and William O'Brien, and respectabilities like Dr. M'Donnell, of Harley Street, London, strange collection of bed-fellows, but one and all of them possessing one quality in common—namely, that they are priest-educated Irishmen. Of what avail is it to denounce the agitators when their tutors, the priests, are considerably spoken of?

We see agitators sentenced to hard labour for speeches made at meetings presided over by priests, while the priests are let off scot-free. We hear agitators constantly described as a pernicious race by all Government, politicians. Well, if one wanted to exterminate a pernicious species, let us say rabbits from Australia or snakes from India, and if one knew that there existed a great breeding warren for rabbits or a great hatchery for snakes in either country, where those pests were being bred by thousands, do you think that a wise man would expend his force in scotching individual snakes or chasing individual rabbits up and down the country; while at the same time he allowed the great warren or hatchery, not only to remain undisturbed, but even endowed it liberally to carry on its work unimpeded.

Is it the work of a statesman to suffer the breeding ground to send forth its quota of pests year after year, at the cost of the public exchequer, and thereby supply work for the

snake-scooters and rabbit-slayers in the open country outside? Should he not rather direct his attention in the first instance to the breeding ground, and put an end to the industry of the pest-producers?

In fine, it is the Sacerdotal class who trains the minds of the Irish Roman Catholic youth—the John Redmonds, the William O'Briens, and the Patrick M'Hughs, as well as the Colonel Lynches and Dr. M'Donnells—who must bear the odium of the common course of conduct pursued by those Irish Roman Catholic adults which all right-thinking people join in condemning. It is Sacerdotal mind trainers who produce the breed, and not the individual members of the breed, that must be dealt with, if we want to effect a lasting and universal good.

If the prophet Isaiah lived in our day, how applicable the opening verses of his immortal prophecy would be to the existing state of things in Ireland! How plainly might his prophetic ear hear the voice of God speaking to Roman Catholic Ireland and saying—"Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination to me. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble to me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear. Your hands are full of blood."—*Belfast Witness*.

LETTER FROM REV. E. A. WICHER.

Late of On'ario, who recently accepted a call to Japan.

Kobe Union Church, Japan,

July 1, 1903.

My dear Dr. Mackay,

I found the place here much more important even than I expected it to be. There are not less than two thousand foreigners living here in a city of three hundred thousand.

The growth of Kobe has been extraordinary. Forty years ago it was a little fishing village down along the shore and was called Kisgo. The present foreign concession was a sandbar useless alike for cultivation and for commerce. Now there are always from fifteen to thirty ships lying in the harbour carrying the flags of all the sea going nations of the world.

Foreign influence is very great. The 2,000 foreigners employ directly not less than 50,000 Japanese. The foreign houses are many of them splendid. They have long since overgrown the concession and climb in magnificent

terraces one above another up the mountain.

I cannot really understand how it is that these British and American populations have been so long left without Christian ordinances. I honestly believe that the Foreign Mission Boards working in Japan would have accomplished more in the conversion of the Japanese if they had used 20 per cent. of the money they have expended upon the natives in supplying the Christian foreigners with pastors. The whole history of the life of this port is strewn with the wrecks of the hopes and ambitions of young men who have gone to ruin. Vice is so easily concealed if one wants to conceal it, and the social influences work so strongly in favour of many kinds of vice.

Here is an instance taken out of many that I know already that will help to show what I mean. There are two young Scotchmen here aged nineteen and twenty respectively who came out to work in a large foreign exporting house a few weeks before I arrived here. They had been brought up in pious, frugal homes; had learned the catechisms and gone twice to church on the Sabbath.

The head of their house said he would nominate them for membership in the club and would introduce them to the members of the balloting committee and generally open the way for them into society, but they would have to do their best to attain success—they must drink.

They had never touched intoxicating liquors before this time and they held out for three weeks, then they gave in. When I found them a few weeks later they had become quite as much men of the world as many of the other young Johnnies who gamble, drink, keep mistresses and go into debt, and are doomed to remain junior clerks all their lives, if they are not prematurely cut off by some loathsome disease that cleanses the earth of them. This is one very typical case, and there are others too sad to be told.

But my work is not all shadow. It has prospered beyond my expectations. The church attendance has increased from 35 to 140; the finances are in excellent condition; my stipend has been increased already, and the whole church building is undergoing a thorough renovation outside and inside.

Especially with the young men have I had encouraging success. We entertain them largely in the manse and give little musicals every week. Then I have a Bible-class on

Monday evening with a membership of fifteen, including six university men and some of the best athletes in the city. Next autumn I am hoping for better things still in this direction.

The manse is a beautiful place. It is well up on the side of the hill, and looks down upon the city and harbour. I can see the ships whenever I raise my eyes from the paper. Among them is the "Empress of India" which is to carry this letter back to Canada. Behind are the beautiful green hills reaching up to 3,500 feet, four miles back from the city and interlaced with paths having the most magnificent views. Down on my right I can see the head waters of the inland sea.

Around the house we have a garden, semi-Japanese, semi-foreign. It contains all manner of flowering shrubs and bushes, and a fish pond in which the gold fish swim the whole year around. The plants are so arranged that we are never without something in blossom.

In March when we moved in the camelias were in glorious bloom. Then came plum blossoms and cherry blossoms and wistaria and roses, and begonia and the trumpet flower and magnolias, and a whole troop of beauties whose names I have not learned as yet. The manse garden is a veritable paradise. Surely God has been good to us and the lines have fallen in pleasant places.

We have found many kind and thoughtful friends among our people here. In my office-bearers there are ten of the ablest and most consecrated men that any church was ever blessed with.

The missionaries, too, are dear friends. There must be some thirty of them of one denomination or another in and about Kobe. They are chiefly teachers in the three colleges located here and attend Union Church as often as their own duties permit them to do so. It is too bad that one of them, the genial Rev. Dr. Atkinson, had not been released by the American Board from his other duties thirty years ago to give his whole time to the work among the foreigners. The history of the past would have been different.

Surely the lesson of the past will be sufficient for the Boards in the new parts which are growing so rapidly in Chefoo, Tientsin, Hankow, and other parts.

I send my kindest greetings to any members of the Foreign Mission Board who may be interested in my work here.

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE FOR CHINA.

During the year 1902 the Central China Religious Tract Society issued the enormous number of 1,700,000 volumes. With the exception of special gifts to advanced students at the triennial examination at several provincial capitals these books were *all sold*.

The circulation is mainly in China itself, where the society lends invaluable aid to the missions by providing the needed books and Gospel tracts for evangelistic and pastoral work. Wherever Chinese are found in Asia, America and the British colonies supplies of these books are sent. As most of these books are sold *under cost price* the ratio of success produces corresponding deficit. We regret to see the society is a thousand taels in debt this year. At a recent meeting of the society the president, Dr. John, remarked :

"To my mind, the distribution of books at the triennial examination at Changsha, Hunan, was the great event of the year. The thought that tens of thousands of Christian books are now in the hands of the scholars of Hunan ought to fill our hearts with profoundest gratitude. I know enough of the scholars of Hunan to be assured that these books will be read and discussed. Let us earnestly pray that many among them may find in the reading of these books that knowledge of God in Christ which they so much need.

"Ten or twelve years ago Chou Han, our arch enemy, was a man of tremendous influence in Hunan, especially in Changsha. The valley of the Yangtse was flooded with the anti-foreign and anti-Christian literature—the filthiest and most malignant literature the world has ever known. At that time no foreigner could show his head in Hunan.

"But look at the wonderful changes which have taken place during this short period! That infamous press was suppressed and Chou Han was put in prison. Hunan is being rapidly covered with mission stations, and the very city from which that unspeakable filth was poured forth has been flooded with Christian literature.

"I have spoken of the immensity of our circulation. During the twenty-seven years of its existence our Society has issued 18,767,588 tracts in various forms, but it also covers an immense area. Our tracts find their way into every part of the empire, and even to the 'regions beyond.' I find that even the officials are beginning to read them.

"Of late I have come into close contact with a good many officials, both in Hupeh and Hunan, and with hardly an exception I have found them friendly and ready to listen to anything I may say about Christianity and its claims. Among the officials I have come across there are not a few who have been reading our Scriptures and tracts. There was a time when an official would not condescend to look at a book of this description, but that day is gone.

"What clothes this tract work with deepest interest, to my mind, is its relation to the momentous work of building up a Christian Church in China. I believe that, apart from the Christian Church, there is no hope for China. I have no idea of uplifting this people except through the Church and in connection with the Church.

"A friend of mine was traveling in the north. He came across the principal of one of the colleges recently established there, and asked him what was the main aim of the institution. 'To make the Chinese strong,' was the reply—not a bad aim, if you begin at the right end.

"Now the first aim of the Church is to make the Chinese good, and through making them good to make them strong. Strength without goodness is destructive. Go on making them strong without making them good, and within twenty years the 'Yellow Peril' will be more than a dream.

"Thank God for the Church in China! The Church of three hundred members which I found on my arrival has grown to a Church of one hundred thousand communicants at least, with two or three hundred thousand adherents besides. Ere long these hundreds of thousands will become a million and the million will become ten millions, and so on with accelerated speed till the Christian Church will be a mighty factor among the forces which shape the national life, and the principles of the Christian faith shall dominate the land.

"Now, the main reason why I feel so deep an interest in this tract work is that I see in it a powerful instrument with which to build up the Church of God in China. I love the work, because its direct aim is to make known the way of salvation, to lead men to God through Jesus Christ, to deliver men from sin and to lift them into a life of holiness. I love it because of the glorious fruits it has borne in the past and of the still more glorious fruits it is destined to bear in the future. In the Church of the future these religious tract societies will not be forgotten. They will be looked upon as among the most potent agencies employed by the Church to chase out the darkness of the land and bring in the Kingdom of our God."

ROMANISM IN IRELAND.

One by one the public institutions of Ireland, at least in the South and West, are coming under the control and management of the Roman Catholic religious communities. One of the latest instances of this kind has just occurred in Cork. Some time ago it was determined to open an auxiliary asylum at Youghal, and now the committee of the Cork District Lunatic Asylum has decided by a majority of fourteen to one that the offices of matron, assistant matron, and hospital nurse in the new institution should be given to nuns.

Dr. Meade, Protestant Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, spoke with great earnestness against the proposal as being unfair to lady officials of the asylum, who were thus excluded from promotion; and to ladies outside who had given their lives to the work, and had passed the necessary examinations.

The Bishop called attention to the Privy Council rules, which were laid down in regard to the appointment of matron:—Candidates shall be between the ages of twenty-five, and thirty-five, except in the case of existing officials; they shall produce certificates of hospital training, or the certificates of the Medico-Psychological Association. He asked if the Roman Catholic bishop intended that these qualifications should be insisted on. The answer was that he did not, as it would not be necessary for the class of patients sent to Youghal.

Dr. Meade then further urged the unfairness of all this to ladies who had been specially trained, but his remonstrances were without any influence on the decision, and he was left in a minority of one.

Nuns are being put into similar positions in workhouses, asylums, and infirmaries in many parts of the country, and thus these institutions, which are kept up by the public taxes, are turned into nurseries for the Roman Catholic Church.—*The Christian*.

CHINESE IN NEW YORK CITY.

This work is under the superintendency of the Rev. Huie Kin, an ordained minister connected with the Presbytery of New York.

The work among the Chinese in New York was commenced over thirty years ago and has been under the care of independent organizations and the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, and is now under the care of the Presbytery of New York, the Board of Foreign Missions inaking a small supplementary grant to meet expenses.

There are over ten thousand Chinese in New York City and Brooklyn, with many more in the neighbouring cities, and it is increasingly evident that a well-organized and systematic work is of the utmost importance if these heathen at our very door are to be saved.

Nine young men from the mission school are engaged in missionary work in different parts of this country, and three have returned to

their native land to tell what the Lord has done for their souls. New Orleans, St. Louis, Boston, Newark, Norfolk and Hartford have been furnished with effective workers from the scholars from the mission school under Mr. Huie's care.—Ex.

The Mormon missionaries are bold and aggressive. They take every opportunity to keep themselves before the public. They have the effrontery to enter Protestant meetings and demand a hearing, and to put the best side to their delusive and misleading doctrines. They are scattered all over the country, and it becomes Christians to counteract their wily designs and circumvent their movement to capture guileless souls. They are adepts at proselyting, and should be exposed wherever possible. They wear a pious air and a luring mien, and it is not to be wondered at that they impose upon the unsuspecting. They are a modern illustration of "wolves in sheep's clothing."—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

The fact that last year the Fiji Islands contributed \$25,000 to foreign missions is in itself an announcement that the heathen countries of the world are diminished by one. The loyal service of the first missionaries, who went to these islands in 1835, facing hardships and martyrdom, has borne fruit a hundredfold.

The Roman Catholics in the New Hebrides do not go to the heathen, but follow the Protestant Missions wherever they are planted, trying to entice away any who are offended or dissatisfied with the rules and discipline of the evangelical churches. They are also doing all they can to get France to take possession of the islands. The chiefs almost universally desire to be put under British protection.—*New Hebrides Magazine*.

The Mayor of New York, Hon. Seth Low, recently reminded his constituents: "That the life of a great city does not consist in the multitude of the things that are possessed, but its life, its true life, depends upon the capacity of its people for self-sacrifice, and upon their willingness to serve one another and mankind."

Ninety-five years ago the directors of the East India Company placed on solemn record the declaration: "The sending of Christian missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most expensive, most unwarranted project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast."

Ten years ago Sir Rivers Thompson, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, said: "In my judgment, Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined."

"A manufacturing concern in Philadelphia has an order to supply a large number of idols for the Eastern trade."

Pulpit and Pew.

LUKE, THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

BY REV. ALEX. WHYTE, D.D., EDINBURGH.

We have in our New Testament two most important books from the practised pen of Paul's beloved physician. And if the style is the man in Holy Scripture also, then, what with Paul's great affection for his faithful physician, and what with his own sacred writings, we feel a very great liking for Luke, and we owe him a very deep debt.

To begin with, Luke was what we would describe in our day as a very laborious and conscientious student, as well as a very careful and skilful writer. Luke takes us at once into his confidence and confides to us that what made him think of putting pen to paper at all was his deep dissatisfaction with all that had hitherto been written about the birth, the boyhood, the public life, the teaching, the preaching, the death, and the resurrection and ascension of our Lord.

And then in a right workmanlike way this evangelist sets about the great task he has with such a noble ambition undertaken. Luke has not given us what cost him nothing. He did not sit down to his desk till he had made innumerable journeys in search of all the materials possible. He spared neither time nor trouble nor expense in the collection of his golden contributions to our New Testament.

Luke had never himself seen Jesus Christ in the flesh, so far as we know, and the men and the women who had both seen Him and heard Him when He was on earth were becoming fewer and fewer every day. Invidious death was fast thinning the ranks of those who had both seen and handled the Word of Life, till Luke had not a moment to spare if he was to talk with and to interrogate those who had actually seen their Lord with their own eyes. Joseph, and Mary, and James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas, and His sisters, and His kinsfolk, and His twelve disciples—so many of them as were still in life—Luke set forth and sought them all out before he sat down to write his Gospel.

Mary especially. And Mary opened her heart to Luke in a way she had never opened her heart to any one else. What was it, I wonder, that so opened Mary's so-long-sealed-

up heart to this Evangelist? Was it that old age was fast coming on the most favoured among women? Was it that she was afraid that she might suddenly die any day with all these things still hidden in her heart? Was it that she was weary with forbearing and could not stay? Were His words in her heart as a burning fire shut up in her bones? His words that were known only to God, and to His Son, and to Gabriel, and to Joseph, and to herself. Or was it Paul's great name, taken together with some of his great Epistles about her Son, that at last unlocked the treasure-house of Mary's heart and laid it open, full and free, to Paul's beloved physician and deputed secretary.

Whatever it was or however he got it, we have in Luke's Gospel, as nowhere else, the whole hitherto hidden history of Mary's espousal and Gabriel's annunciation and the Virgin's visit to Zacharias and Elizabeth, as also Mary's Magnificat. And all up and down his great Gospel, and its so valuable supplement, we have, on every page of his, fresh and abundant proofs both of Luke's industry and skill, as well as of his absorbing love, first for our Lord and then for Paul. His characteristic Prefaces already prepare his readers both for his new and invaluable materials, as well as for an order and a finish in his books of an outstanding kind. There is an authority and a presence of power, and, indeed, a sense of exhilaration, in Luke's two Prefaces, that only a discoverer of new and most important truth, and a writer of first-rate skill, is ever able to convey. Exhaustive enquiry, scrupulous accuracy, the most skilful and careful work, the most exalted instruction, and the most assured and faithful edification—yes; the style is the man.

Such is Luke's literary skill, so to call it, that he makes us see for ourselves just the very verse in the Acts where his materials cease to be so many collections and digests of other men's memoranda and remembrances. With the sixth verse of the twentieth chapter this remarkable book all at once becomes autobiographical of Luke as well as biographical of Paul. Could anything be more reassuring or more interesting than to be able to lay one's finger on very verse where the third person

singular ends and the first person plural begins? We feel as if we were looking over Luke's shoulder as he writes. We feel as if we saw the same divine boldness that moment take possession of his pen that marks with such peculiar power and authority the opening of his Gospel.

Paul was like Cæsar and like our own Richard Baxter in this respect, that he went on performing the most Herculean labours, if not in actual and continual sickness, then with the most overpowering sickness every moment threatening him, and, not seldom, suddenly prostrating him. And since his was, out of sight, the most valuable life then being spent on the face of the earth, no wonder that the churches insisted that the Apostle must not any more make his journeys alone. And accordingly, first one deacon accompanied him and then another, till it was found indispensable that he should have a physician also always with him.

And in all the Church of Christ that day a better deacon for Paul and a better doctor could not have been selected than just the Luke on whom we are now engaged. "Only remember," Paul would expostulate with the young scholar and student of medicine, "remember well what our Master said about Himself on a like occasion—the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His Head.

But Luke was equal to the occasion. Luke was already a well-read man and he had his answer ready, and that out of Holy Scripture, too. "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; and the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Till, when waiting for his martyrdom in Rome, Paul is able to write like this to Timothy; "I am now ready to be offered up and the time of my departure is at hand. Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world and is departed into Thessalonica. But Luke, and Luke only, is with me."

"Honour a physician," says the Son of Sirach, "with all the honour due to him. Of the Most High cometh healing, for the Lord hath created him. And the healer shall receive honour of the King. The skill of the physician shall exalt his head and in the presence of great men shall he be held in admiration." Luke had by heart the whole

chapter, till, by the grace of God, he had it all fulfilled in himself, as Paul's beloved physician and our beloved third Evangelist.

Lessons, both literary and religious, offer themselves to us before we bring our short study of Paul's physician to a close. But chiefly religious. I do not know that there is any class of men in our day, scarcely the ministers of religion themselves, who have so much in their power in some ways, as our medical men.

Take a young medical man just settling down in a provincial town or in a country district, and what an event that is in interest and in opportunity. It is scarcely second to the settlement there of a good minister. What sort of a man, I wonder, is he? And what place will he take among us? it will be anxiously asked. And, if he at once attaches himself to the Church; if he at once becomes a Sabbath School teacher, a deacon, an elder, an abstinence, and so on; then, as Jesus the Son of Sirach says, that physician will be honoured with all the honour due to him, and in the presence of all good men will he be held in estimation.

And over and above his study and imitation of Paul's beloved physician, let every young doctor have always beside him the autobiography, the *Religio Medici*, of that great writer and great honour to the medical profession, Sir Thomas Browne. And not his inimitable masterpiece only, but all his fascinating books, will make a rare shelf in any young doctor's library. If Sir Thomas Browne is such a ceaseless delight to such men of letters as Johnson, and Coleridge, and Carlyle, and Hazlitt, and Pater, what a life-long delight and advantage would he be to those who are of his own so beloved profession, if they are only of his still more beloved faith and hope.

It is delightful to read of the towns of England competing and contesting as to which of them should have young Browne to settle down and practise among them; such were his attachments and such was his character, in his student days and in his early professional life, and such was the largeness and richness of his mind, taken together with the purity and the piety of his heart and his character. All of which purity and piety and true popularity is open to every young doctor everywhere. "Of the Most High cometh healing, for the Lord hath created the healer. The skill of the physician shall exalt his head and in the presence of all men shall he be held in admiration," says the wise Son of Sirach.

SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

Nothing is born full grown. It passes through a period of growth, and it must grow or die.

The parent who is delighted with the innocent helplessness of his child, and rejoices at its little efforts at speech, becomes seriously alarmed if this lisping, tottering, help-requiring state threatens to become permanent; would that the cessation of growth in the spiritual life created as much dismay! Would that it seemed as monstrous, as unnatural to have our spiritual as our natural growth checked!

It would be a startling revelation to all of us were the discernment of our spiritual condition as keen and true as our vision of the body.

What do you honestly believe that you would see yourself to be? Have you spiritually made the growth due to the time that you have been a Christian, or are you conscious that you are still a weak child!

Have we grown up to maturity? Are we growing to maturity? Have we grown beyond our associates; or are we conscious that many others stand head and shoulders above us?

Physically we once needed to be lifted, if we were to see or touch or be on the level of certain things; we should be humiliated were it so still. Is it so spiritually? Do we find ourselves face to face with things which once towered above us and seemed unattainable? Can we stand alone now? Are we men in understanding, able for ourselves to see what is good, having within ourselves a strength sufficient for all needs of life, truly sons of God who have entered into the full liberty and strength that God means His sons to have?

Being born again is a great thing, but it is not everything. The growing after birth to maturity is much more the end for which birth is alone desirable and valuable.—Marcus Dods, D.D.

HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

BY REV. N. D. HILLIS, OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

The real sculptors of the face are not from without; they are hands spiritual working from within. Every thought is an artist. Every purpose cuts like a chisel. Every prayer lends dignity to the brow. Every impure desire leaves a mark of degradation.

It was this that Ruskin had in mind when he spoke of the "operation of the intellectual powers upon the features, in the fine cutting and chiselling of them, in the removal from them of signs of sensuality and sloth, by which they are blunted and deadened; in the substitution of energy and intensity for vacancy and insipidity; in the keenness given to the eye and the fine moulding of the brow; in the open and reflective comprehensiveness of the eye and the forehead; in the waxing of the intellect that wears down the flesh, and the moral enthusiasm burning its way out to heaven, through the emancipation of the earthly vessel, until the face takes on an ideal glory, a purer and higher range than that of the mere material form." The fact none can deny.

It is this, doubtless, that explains the strange facial resemblance between some husbands and wives in old age. They began fifty years before, unlike in face and feature. Perhaps the one was blonde and the other brunette. But after long living in the same home, loving the same books, thrilling with the same ambitions, cherishing the same solemn purposes, they stand forth with facial resemblance without, as they have long been brother and sister within.

And all these considerations of face-building remind us anew of the apostle's words: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things."

MANNER.

The question of manner has more to do with success than many people think, and it also has much to do with happiness. It writes itself, too, on the countenance, for one whose manner is frosty will have a forbidding set of the mouth, an icy expression will repel instead of attracting. Moods affect the manner, and those who let their moods control them instead of assuming control of their moods are decidedly uncomfortable people to have relations with, either in business or in society.

"My Aunt Lydia would take any trouble, go to any expense, to serve one of us," remarked a girl of an elderly relative, "but she is so disagreeably satirical and snubs one so unkindly that we avoid going to her house, and we fairly throng Aunt Carrie's because she is so pleasant. But yet Aunt Carrie does not put herself out for any one and Aunt Lydia is very unselfish.

There are good men and women who trample upon conventionalities, despising them as trivialities and clinging to rude or uncouth forms no longer in vogue simply from a sentiment of independence. Do these dear, mistaken beings ever remember that we should not suffer our good to be evil spoken of, and would it not be nobler for them, even in small matters, to cultivate attractiveness of manner?

Nothing more effectually distinguishes the gentlewoman than a winning manner towards children and servants. In a large uptown shop in New York I was waited upon lately by a sweet-faced young girl, whose weary pose and tired look went to my heart. She had occasion to summon a little "cash" to her side, and she said pleasantly, "Susie, go to such a one, dear, and bring me some more of these garments." The child beamed, for not every saleswoman called her "dear"? And I knew the young woman who was so patiently trying to find just what I wanted, to be that most beautiful thing on earth, a lady. Her manner stamped her thus.—*Selected.*

Count no duty too little, no round of life too small, no work too low, if it come in thy way, since God thinks so much of it as to send his angels to guard thee in it.—Mark Guy Pearse.

LIFE'S STRANGE UNCERTAINTY.

No lesson is oftener impressed upon us than this of life's strange uncertainty, and no other lesson are we so slow to learn. We act as if we were to live for ever. We plan and build for years ahead, and, lo! we are crushed before the month, and our houses, that we fancied were on rock foundations, are consumed by fire, or swept away by flood, and the places where they stood yesterday are vacant to-day. Our very names seem writ in water, and we spend our years as a tale that is told.

At times, with sharp and terrible insistence, this lesson of life's terrible incertitude presses upon our souls. A dear one in the prime of youth and joy is snatched hence by death while the aged and the feeble remain. A fortune that had appeared safe from accident melts away like snow in a thaw. A good name that had been stainless is darkened by reproach. Friendships that had been cemented by years of pleasant association are shattered by misunderstanding. Life's grim uncertainty is accentuated when physical health is undermined by an unsuspected malady. We grow melancholy when we dwell on this aspect of life, and we tread as those do who walk on a lava crust, or whose lightest misstep may start a falling avalanche.

Another and more cheering aspect there is to those who look upon life as taking hold upon eternity. This strange, panoramic, swiftly flitting life is bearing us out on a tide that seeks a steadfast shore. Our trials are for our good; our losses are to fit us for true gains. The one solution to our puzzles, the one clue to life's strange mazes the one comfort in our manifold sorrow, is the belief that the Lord reigns, and the assurance that we belong to him and are precious in his sight.

Earthly life is uncertain. Let this fact that no one denies teach us to be more considerate of others, gentler, less selfish, more solicitous to plant the gardens of our mortal life with flowers that catch their fragrance from those radiant coasts where evermore life thrills, and knows no ending.—Margaret E. Sangster.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING.

"Is life worth living?" It depends entirely on what the life is. Some lives are not worth living as they are, but the fault rests with the men who live them. The drunkard's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The blasphemer's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The thief's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold-hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault.

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Is such a life worth living? No, for the beast does that. "Let us study dress and appearance." And is such a life worth living? No, for the peacock does that. "Let us laugh our sorrows out of the world." And is such a life worth living? No, for the chattering ape

does that. A godless life is a worthless life; but a godly life is always worth living.

"And what is it that makes life worth living? The presence of Christ in the heart. "He that hath the Son hath life." Where do we find the noblest life? Where the Gospel is best lived. It is in Christ that we find the life which is life indeed. "He came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—Rev. J. Oesian Davies.

WHY EDISON QUIT SUNDAY WORK.

Until quite recently it was the practice of Mr. Edison, the world-famous electrician, to work in his laboratory on Sundays, owing to the fact that several of his inventions required immediate attention. But he has suspended that practice from a motive that would do credit to any father.

An interesting episode occurred in his laboratory one Sunday morning.

Mrs. Edison and little Theodore came down on their way to the Baptist Church at Llewellyn, N.J. Theodore went into the building with his father, and began his usual experiments.

"You mustn't work on Sunday, Teddy," said Mr. Edison, addressing his son.

"You work on Sunday." was the lad's prompt response, as he poured a lot of green fluid out of a bottle into a tall jar. But he remembered that his mother had disapproved of his father's Sunday labours.

Mr. and Mrs. Edison looked at each other significantly. The father immediately left off his Sunday work.

HEART-KEEPING.

BY DR. CUYLER.

Heart-keeping is very much like house-keeping. There must be a continual sweeping out of dirt and clearing out of rubbish—a daily washing of dishes, and a perpetual battle with all sorts of vermin. If heart-cleaning could be done up once for all, then the Christian might discharge all his graces, and have an easy time of it.

And just because the assaults of subtle temptations are so constant and the uprisings of sinful passions are so frequent, and the task of keeping the inward man what it ought to be is so difficult, many a one who begins a religious life gets discouraged and makes a wretched failure.

The question with every Christian is: Shall these accursed Amalekites of temptation burn up all my spiritual possessions and overrun my soul? Shall outward assaults or inward weakness drive me to discouragement, and disgrace me before my Master and before the world? Or shall they drive me to Jesus Christ, who will give me the victory?

THE FRAGRANCE OF A GENTLE LIFE.

Once in crossing a meadow I came to a spot that was filled with fragrance. Yet I could see no flowers, and I wondered whence the fragrance came. At last I found, low down, close to the ground, hidden by the tall grass, innumerable little flowers. It was from these the fragrance came.

I enter some homes. There is a rich perfume of love that pervades all the place. It may be a home of wealth and luxury, or it may be plain and bare. No matter; it is not the house, nor the furniture, nor the adornment that makes this air of sweetness. I look closely. It is a gentle woman, mother or daughter, quiet, hiding herself away, from whose life the fragrance flows.

There is a wondrous charm in a gentle spirit. The gentle girl in a home may not be beautiful, may not be well educated, may not be musical or an artist or "clever" in any way, but wherever she moves she leaves a benediction. Her sweet patience is never disturbed by the sharp words that fall about her.

The children love her because she never tires of them. She helps them with their lessons, listens to their frets and worries, mends their broken toys, makes dolls' dresses, straightens out the tangles and settles their little quarrels and finds time to play with them.

When there is sickness in the home she is the angel of comfort. Her face is always bright with the outshining of love. Her voice has music in it as it falls in cheerful tenderness on the sufferer's ear. Her hands are wondrously gentle as their soothing touch rests on the aching head, as they minister in countless ways about the bed of pain.—Ex.

SWEETBRIER.

Not long ago, on an excursion in the woods, I picked up a branch of sweetbrier, and hid it in my dress. I soon forgot what I had done but all day long I smelled a spicy fragrance. Every woodland path had the same sweet odour. Even the rocky cliffs and cave breathed perfume. I was surprised to notice that as I met different people with all kinds of wild flowers and ferns, all woodland treasures had the same kind of fragrance. On the boat as we sailed homeward I thought: "Some one is taking home a quantity of sweetbrier, for the air is full of it."

Late at night, when I took off my dress, I was surprised to find the sweetbrier tucked in my bosom. All day long I had carried near my heart the sweet perfume which I had supposed came from others, "How good it would be," I said to myself, as I closed my tired eyes, "if I could carry such a sweet spirit in my breast that every one I met would seem lovely!"

It made me think of the legend of the potter who found a lump of clay which was fragrant as a rose. Even after the vase had

gone through the fire it held its delicate perfume. "What makes you so sweet when the other things of clay have no odour?" cried the potter. "I lay at the foot of a fragrant rose, and her sweetness became mine," answered the vessel of clay.

There is a legend that the room in which Mary spilled her precious ointment never lost its fragrance. It is certainly true that all deeds of love linger in the memory of those who are helped long after the material benefit has passed away. Some people are so happily constituted by nature, so physically well and joyous of disposition, that they cannot help being sweet.

How to keep sweet with delicate health, or when living with uncongenial people, is the problem. But it can be done. The love of God hidden in the heart will sweeten the soul's atmosphere as the sweetbrier did the air around me.

I read this the other day, which impressed me greatly: "I would as soon think of putting strychnine in the water as poisoning any one's mental atmosphere with complaints and groanings." As if we did not all of us sometimes put the poison of complaints into the ears of our friends!

I often think of Charles Kingsley's little song:—

"Be good...and let who will be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song." —Watchman.

THE DOGS AND THE ALLIGATORS.

Dogs are allowed to roam at large in Madagascar, and in their frequent excursions they have constantly to pass over the streams of this swampy island. Here they are waylaid by those horrid alligators, which regard a dog as a dainty morsel.

This is how the dogs contrive to dodge the alligators. They will assemble in a pack of half a dozen or more near the bank of the river, and commence barking with all their might. Whereupon shoals of alligators are seen coming as fast as they can to the spot hoping for a big feast.

When all the alligators of the neighbourhood are got together, the dogs start off at a gallop and cross the river in safety two or three hundred yards up stream. Is not this a remarkable proof of the instinct and intelligence of animals?—*Revue Anecdote*.

To be physically strong and keep so, a man must exercise his muscles. To be mentally strong and keep so, a man must study and think. To be morally strong and keep so, a man must do righteously and overcome temptation. No one can be good without effort. The fact that it "is hard to be good" is no excuse, but just another reason for righteousness.

The Children's Pages.

HAVE YOU WRITTEN HOME?

When I was leaving for Australia, every day, for weeks before I sailed, there came to me letters from all parts of the country, entreating me to inquire for sons and daughters who had gone away and of whom nothing had been heard for months—sometimes for years.

What pictures I saw in those letters! The little cottage where grow the roses about the porch; and every day, as the postman passes, there comes the mother to the door; the roses have faded from her cheeks and the light has gone from her eyes. She hears from posty the words so often spoken, "Nothing for you to-day, ma'am." I see her creeping back to her little kitchen, and, setting her arms against the old blackened mantel-piece, she rests her head. The firelight glistens in the tears and her heart swells with pain. Lads and maidens vow to God that you will never hurt the mother so.

I remember how I used to be out at the plough with my father, and many a time I have seen him walk along the furrow quite quiet, with his lip bitten and the tear creeping down his cheek. I knew he was thinking of his boy who had gone away and he had not heard from him for many a month. The half of true religion lies in this sacred and tender love to father and mother.—Mark Guy Pearse.

WHAT SAVED HIS HAND.

A young labouring man was brought to a certain hospital with a badly lacerated hand. He had fallen upon an old cotton-hook and it had gone entirely through the palm of his hand, carrying with it rust and dirt. The wound was kept open so it would suppurate freely and be readily cleansed.

As time passed on the hand became very much swollen, turned black and the surgeons watched carefully for signs of blood-poisoning, fearing that the entire hand would have to be amputated to save the life of its possessor. These signs not appearing, it then became a question whether more of the hand could be saved than the thumb and first two fingers. As the hand became no worse, the surgeons delayed operating on it, and after a time it began to mend and finally healed entirely.

"Young man," said the surgeon to the patient as the danger was passing away, "do you use alcohol in any form?"

"No, sir."

"Do you use tobacco?"

"No, sir."

With a wave of his hand and a nod of his head the surgeon murmured:

"That is what has saved your hand."

Tissues degenerated by stimulants cannot re-

sist the attack of accident and disease as can tissues that are formed only of wholesome and nutritious food.—*Sel.*

LOOKING HIS BEST.

A certain boy of about sixteen years, whom I know, is very careful about his personal appearance, and yet I do not believe he has a trace of vanity in his make-up.

He is not the least "dudish." He does not affect startling neckties, nor fancy waistcoats, nor canes with great bulging heads on them, nor anything at all striking in appearance; but he sees to it that his clothes are free from dust or soil of any kind.

His boots always are carefully polished, his hair neatly combed, his linen clean, his nails in the same condition. Moreover his mother does not have to beg and implore him to wash the back of his neck and his ears. He always has an appearance of freshness and neatness that is good to look upon.

One day, when he was getting ready to go some place with another boy, this other boy said, "What makes you so fussy, Ted?"

"I don't think that I'm fussy," replied Ted. "I simply want to look my best. Every fellow ought to want to look that."

I think myself that this is a laudable ambition, and one that will meet with the hearty approval of almost everyone. A boy can want to "look his best," and at the same time be entirely free from vanity and "fussiness." He will find that it always pays for him to look his best. Untidiness has often counted against a boy when he has been applying for a position. I once heard a business man say that he would no more hire a slovenly, dirty boy than he would hire one known to be dishonest.—*Morning Star.*

A BOY ON A FARM.

What would become of farms without boys? And what would become of boys without farms? The strongest boys are farmers' boys. The healthiest boys are farmers' boys. The longest-lived boys are farmers' boys. The best and ablest merchants, statesmen, ministers, editors, and great men generally, are mostly farmers' boys. And if farmers' boys will read, study, learn, and improve, avoiding strong drink, tobacco, vice and sin, they will have no reason to dread comparison with any class of boys on earth.

Good habits are not made on birthdays nor Christian character at the New Year. The workshop of character is everyday life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is lost or won.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

"PEARLS."

One day last summer a lady, with her two small daughters, sat on a park bench, in a secluded place, eating a dainty lunch. Just as they were finishing their repast they noticed two barefooted children strolling slowly along. The latter looked tired and hungry. They were both boys, the older one about ten, the younger perhaps seven. Their grimy faces were pallid and pinched, and the younger one limped.

"Come, my dears," said the lady on the bench to her daughters, "it is time to move on. Leave the lunch box on the bench; we'll not want it again."

The barefooted boys heard what the lady said and, looking at each other, smiled.

"Mebbe there's something in it, Sammy," whispered the older boy.

"Oh! Oh!" with joyful expectancy; "Mebbe there is."

Before the lady and children were out of sight the boys had taken possession of the seat and lunch box. In the latter they found a small chicken sandwich and a patty-pan sponge cake.

"Take yer choice, Sammy," said the older boy cheerfully.

"That's what yer allus say when there's anythin' ter divide. Now, yer choose this time, Billy."

"No, siree," from Billy, "you'se de littlest an' you'se goin' ter choose. W'ch is it, Sammy, chicken sandwich er sponge cake?"

It was hard to choose. But Sammy, being very hungry, wasted no time.

"I'll take de sandwich; I just love chicken sandwiches," wistfully.

The sandwich disappeared in a twinkling, but the patty pan cake remained undisturbed.

"Why don't yer eat yer cake?" demanded Sammy, wondering.

Billy laughed as gleefully as if he had just finished a good, square meal.

"Dat's yer second cou'se," he said, "yer wants to be stylish w'en yer eating in de pa'k."

"I won't hev no second course," declared Sammy. "I've had my choice and I've eatin' it; the cake's yours and you've got ter eat it."

"Sposin' I don't want de cake," said Billy.

"But yer do."

"No I don't, and dat's a fact," Billy said emphatically.

"Truly and bluely?" questioned Sammy.

"Truly and bluely," was the answer.

Consequently Sammy ate the cake as eagerly and hungrily as he had eaten the sandwich.

The lady and little girls, having again seated themselves this time in the shade of some shrubbery had overheard every word of the conversation.

"That boy, Billy, is a hero," the lady whispered softly, her eyes becoming misty. "Now, children, wait here quietly while I leave you a few minutes. If those little fellows should start to leave, detain them until I come."

"What are you going to do, mama?" they asked together.

"Hush!" she said. "Wait and see."

She went off hastily, returning again in a

little while, with a smile on her face.

"Where have you been, mama?" questioned one of the girls.

"What makes you smile so?" asked the other.

"Look," said she, "and then you can guess."

What they saw was a coloured waiter from the dairy kitchen in the grove. He was just handing a tray to Billy.

"Wid de compliments of a friend," he said, showing his white teeth in a broad grin.

"Taint for us," was Billy's answer. "It's some mistake."

But although he declined the tray, he looked at it longingly.

"Is yo' name Billy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And," nodding toward the smaller boy, "is he Sammy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Its fo' you; I knew it. Now, when you're through eatin' bring de tray and dishes to the dairy kitchen in the grove. You know where that is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right." And he hurried off.

The boys looked at each other and laughed. It was a mystery to them, but a beautiful one. The food was abundant now—no need for the big-hearted Billy to go without, and the tears rushed to the watching lady's eyes as she noticed the eagerness with which he grabbed a biscuit and ate it. There were two glasses of cool, creamy milk. Sammy was already drinking from one. There was a plate of ham sandwiches and buttered biscuit, a smaller one of sponge cake squares and molasses cookies, and still another plate of cold, sliced chicken. Besides, there were two oranges. After Billy had eaten one biscuit, he said:

"Let's divide the things inter four parts."

"What fer?"

"Why, there's mommie and Sallie, yer know. Won't mommie be glad? Won't Sallie?" chuckling with delight.

Then, counting the biscuit he had already eaten as part of his share, he carefully packed "mommie's and Sallie's shares" in the lunch box on the seat. Putting an orange in Sammy's hand he slipped the other in the box. Sammy saw him and called out:

"That's your orange, Billy."

"I don't want no orange," said Billy. "This is for mommie and Sallie, half and half."

His face shone with delight; this was truly a red-letter day to him.

Sammy shoved his orange along the seat slowly.

"Put this in the box, too, Billy, an' then mommie and Sallie can each hev one," he said.

"No, siree," Billy cried out; none o' that. Your little and lame, and you haven't had an orange since—since—oh, I can't remember when."

"An' I'm not goin' ter hev any now," asserted Sammy.

"You jess love oranges, Sammy," declared Billy.

"So do you."

"I'm bigger than you."

"I'm goin' ter save my orange for Sallie an' yours is fer mommie," said Sammy, and he did.

"Oh, the poor little fellow!" exclaimed the lady.

"He's a hero, too, isn't he mama?" said one of the girls."

"Indeed he is."

After the lunch box was packed and tied up with a cord the repast began in earnest, and was enjoyed to the full. The boys ate like the starved little creatures they were, talking meanwhile with their mouths full, about how good everything was and what a wonderful "friend" that was who had remembered them "wid sech a load of good things."

"I guess it's God," was Billy's conclusion, looking up through the branches of the trees to the blue sky, as if to solve the delightful problem.

"He must care a lot for us," said Sammy, joyously.

"He does," and over Billy's plain face there came a radiance that was lovely to see.

"Come, children," said the lady rising, "let us pass on. We have learned our lesson. Those little fellows belong to the slums, but they are pearls."—*Christian Work and Evangelist*.

WILLIE'S FAITH.

Willie Peters was nine years old, living with his parents in a small down east town. One day while playing in the yard with some other children, he stepped on a nail which ran into his foot, causing severe pain. His older brother heard him scream and ran out to see what was the matter. Finding the little fellow was hurt he lifted him up, carried him into the house and laid him on the bed.

The doctor came and said it was a bad wound. He treated it as best he could, still it grew no better, but rather worse. Then a very skillful physician from the city was called who said the only thing that could save the boy's life was to have his foot taken off.

A day was fixed for the operation. Willie was almost beside himself at the thought of being a cripple all his life, and as he was a Christian boy he thought that God might help him. He clasped his hands and in his childish way was heard to say: "Oh, blessed Saviour, the doctors cannot save my poor foot and I cannot bear to have it taken off; if you were only here on earth now my papa would send for you and you would come and lay your hand upon it and make it all well; I know you would."

He stopped a moment, his face lighted up and he exclaimed:

"Oh, blessed Jesus, you can do it just as well as though you were here, can't you? And I know you will."

After this Willie was quiet and cheerful, and seemed to have no dread of the operation which was to take place next day. The next day the surgeon came to take off the foot, but, when he looked at it, he was astonished,

and said it was much better and would not need to be taken off. Then he asked what they had done for the foot to cause such a change. Willie looked into the surgeon's face with a happy smile and said:

"Jesus was the doctor. I asked him to save my foot and He did it. Don't you love Him, doctor?"

"Yes, yes, child, I do love Him," he replied, for the surgeon was a godly man. Then, as he turned to leave, he was heard to say: "And a little child shall lead them."—*Sabbath Reading*.

IS IT ANY HARM?

Don't be saying, "Can I do this, and can I do that?" or "Is it any harm?" Christianity is not a no-harm religion. It always means some good. When you face a question, don't stop and ask, "Is it any harm?" but ask, "Is it any good?"

If you study your Bibles carefully and pray faithfully, trying to be a winner of souls constantly, you will neither be barren nor unfruitful. Keep away from the danger line. The Devil has practiced on this old world for over six thousand years now, and he is pretty skilful at his trade. His joints never get stiff; he never has the rheumatism, the asthma or neuralgia. I never heard of his being short of breath, and if you get over in his door-yard playing tag, sooner or later he will beat you and get your tag. But work for the Lord Jesus and the Devil will have no power over you.—R. A. Torrey.

NO HALF-PRICE TICKETS.

"Well, I cannot understand why a man who has tried to lead a good, moral life should not stand a better chance of heaven than a wicked one," said a lady, a few days ago, in a conversation with others about the matter of salvation.

"Simply for this cause," answered one: "Suppose you and I wanted to attend a lecture where the admission is a dollar; you have half a dollar and I have nothing. Which would stand the better chance of admission?"

"Neither."

"Just so. But now suppose a kind, rich person, who saw our perplexity, presented a ticket of admission to each of us at his own expense, what then?"

"Well, then, we could both go in alike; that is clear."

Thus, when the Saviour saw our perplexity, He came, He died, and thus obtained eternal redemption for us, and now He offers you and me a free ticket. Only take good care that your half a dollar does not make you proud enough to refuse the free ticket and so be refused admittance at last.—*Preacher's Assistant*.

What if we must bear a burden?

Have not others burdens, too!

Look about and then be thankful

That your burdens are so few.

CUSTOMS OF KOREAN BOYS.

A GOLDEN LILY.

One sees a good deal of the boys in Korea, for they play on the street. The little girls are kept inside after they are eight or nine. If they do come out they have to cover up their heads and faces with a big veil. This "veil" looks like a very big kitchen apron thrown over the head and held in front under the chin, just allowing room to peek out.

Well, these boys generally wear long red coats fastened to one side. Their clothes are tied on. Sometimes buttoned, but that is a luxury. They do not know what pins are. Then the hair is always in a braid down their backs. When they marry the hair is done up on the top of the head in a queer little knot.

A very tight band is worn, coming over the forehead, and then—but never till then—they wear a hat. Before the hair is done up they always go bareheaded.

The boys are often married very young, but they do not put on grown-up ways, so it is quite often we see these married gentlemen playing on the street.

The poor little married girl has to stay at home and drudge for her mother-in-law. Then, if a man is too poor to marry, he is not allowed to put his hair up, so he is called a "boy," no matter how old he is.

Little Korean boys do not wear any clothes at all in summer time. In the spring time they wear a waist which reaches just below the arms. It is generally pink, and they are quite dressed up for the summer season.

In winter they wear very wide, clumsy trousers, caught in at the ankle, and straw or wooden shoes. Their clothes are so clumsy and heavy that they can scarcely walk. From being tied to some one's back when a baby, almost every Korean is bow-legged.

When boys come to our church, where do you think they like to sit? Why, right up in front, as near to the preacher as possible, and they are quiet and listen very attentively.

You know we sit on the floor in church in Korea. These boys very seldom have any money for the collection, and they seem real sorry, but money is very scarce among the poorer classes and probably they never had any of their own.

One day I went with one of the missionaries into a courtyard, and we had a meeting just with boys. We had the little organ, and soon the boys came in from the street, some with hair up and some with hair down.

Some of them did not know what a prayer was, but when they were told, they all shut their eyes through quite a long prayer in Korean. Then we gave each a card to take home, on which was a verse written in Korean.

The boys are never rude to us. Sometimes they call after me on the street, saying, "Lady, where are you going?" but that is Korean custom, and quite polite.

It is also Korean custom to answer, "Yes, where are you going?" When we say that, they think we have been quite polite and nice to them.—*Over Sea and Land.*

"If I have been able to accomplish anything in my life," said a woman famous as one of the most kindly and lovable among leaders of the best society, "it is due to the word spoken to me by my old teacher in the right season when I was a child." A newspaper prints the story of the teacher's lesson, as told by the pupil.

I was the only homely, awkward one in a class of exceptionally beautiful girls, and, being dull at my books, became the derision of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself and grew daily bitter and morose. One day the French teacher, a gray-haired old woman with keen eyes and a bright smile found me crying.

"*Qu'as-tu, ma fille?*"—"What is the matter, my child?"—she asked.

"Oh madam, I am so ugly!" I sobbed out.

She soothed me, but did not contradict me. Presently she took me into her room, said, "I have a present for you, and handed me a scaly, coarse lump covered with earth.

"It is round and brown as you. Ugly, did you say? Very well, we will call it by your name, then. It is you. Now you shall plant it and water it and give it sun for a week or two."

I planted it and watched it carefully. Green leaves came out first, and at length a golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight.

"Ah!" she said, significantly. "Who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that ugly thing? But it took heart and grew into the sunlight!"—*Sel.*

CIGARETTES OR SUCCESS.

A school journal devoted to physiology tells of a boy who wished to be a doctor. His uncle, who was an eminent surgeon, said to him: "If you want to be a successful specialist in surgery, you will have to give up your baseball, for it is hardening and stiffening your hands and destroying the delicate touch you will need in surgery."

The boy, who would rather play a game of ball than eat his dinner any day, decided that to be a great surgeon was better than to be a good ball-player and he gave up the good for the best.

Not every boy would be compelled to make such a choice, but, as the paper goes on to say, the choice comes in other ways.

With hundreds of boys it is between cigarettes and success. School work in physiology shows boys that whatever enjoyment a boy may get out of sucking narcotic fumes from a paper tube, he has to pay for in future failures in business, when he rubs against the boy or man whose brain is clear and whose heart is not weakened by the cigarette.—*Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

Continued from First page.

The mission work is seriously affected by the plague. All schools in the city are closed and public meetings have to be largely discontinued. Our Christian people have had a remarkable immunity from sickness, largely, no doubt, owing to the fact that they have followed government instructions and been inoculated.

Indore, too, has suffered greatly and presents a desolate appearance. Almost all the shops in the Residency are closed, hundreds have fled from the city, the funeral pyres are continually burning and the noisy responsive cry of the mourners as they hurry the body to the burning is frequently heard. It is almost impossible to get wood for our fires, as the demand at the "burning ghats" is so great.

Many sad cases come to light. Out of a family of twelve all but the old father had perished, and he was found sitting in his little room and refused to leave, saying, "Let me die, too; don't ask me to leave." Yesterday as I drove home I passed the dead body of a woman lying by the roadside. Everywhere is desolation, even more terrible than that of famine, for the angel of death comes more suddenly—and relentlessly.

J. F. TAYLOR.

Mhow, 20th August, 1903.

NOTES, HOME AND FOREIGN.

Twenty dollars will feed and clothe a famine orphan in India for a year.

Latest reports bring the good news that the health of Rev. Dr. Morton, of Trinidad, is greatly improved.

Rev. K. J. Grant, D.D., is meeting with good success in the Maritime Provinces, in clearing off the Foreign Mission debt.

The Gospel is proclaimed by nineteen labourers at fifty-nine different points in the Presbytery of Prince Albert, which had but nine labourers two years ago.

Rev. J. Fraser Campbell, D.D., and Mrs. Campbell, left Canada 18th Sept. ult., on their return to India. It is nearly thirty years since they first went out, a long and faithful life service.

Three of our men in the foreign field here have recently been suddenly cut down at their posts, two just beginning, one in his youthful prime, all grand men: Hood in China, of cholera; Norman Russell, in India, of dysentery, and now Dr. Menzies, of plague, in India. Let earnest prayer be made for our missionaries and their fields in this new peril.

The Presbyterian College, Halifax, has nominated Rev. Mr. Magill, of Magheara, Ireland (pr Mach-e-rah, if you please, with a burr on the "ch" and accent strong on the "ah") to the chair vacated by the removal of Rev. Dr. Gordon to Kingston.

The "Teachers' Training Course" of our Church for 1903-4. The second year of this course begins October current. For full information write to Rev. J. Mc. D. Duncan, Presbyterian Offices, Toronto.

Arbuthnot & MacMillan, Toronto, have issued a "Handbook of the Presbyterian Church in Canada," a neat booklet giving a large amount of needed information concerning our Church and its work. It is issued very cheaply in quantities. Write them for rates.

THE YUKON.

Enlosing a letter from Rev. J. Pringle, which will appear in next issue, Rev. Dr. Warder writes: "As you are aware, the Rev. W. E. Knowles, of Chatham, has been appointed to Bonanza. Mr. Knowles leaves in a few days, and will, we hope, reach his field before the close of navigation.

"The response to our appeal for a man to take up the work in Bonanza was most encouraging. Some ten or twelve men volunteered their services. Nearly all of these were in good, comfortable fields and were willing to exercise self-denial at the call of the Church to take up this work in the distant Yukon Territory.

"Mr. Pringle has done magnificent service for us, a service which we are only beginning aright to appreciate. In his new position in visiting the scattered camps on the various creeks in the Yukon he will have the hearty sympathy of the whole Church, who will follow him with their prayers, and wish him great success and comfort in his unique service."

THE CENTURY FUND.

When the General Assembly instituted the Scheme, it named the several Colleges, Benevolent funds, Missionary schemes, etc., which were to be helped by the Fund. In February, 1902, the Assembly's Century Fund Committee divided the money then on hand, *pro rata*, to the several schemes entitled to it, and a further distribution was made in February, 1903, and the money forwarded to the Treasurers of the various Funds interested.

From the report of the Committee on the Century Fund, as presented to last Assembly, and published in the Assembly volume, the amount paid over by the Committee to the Treasurers of the several schemes was as follows :—

Presbyterian College, Halifax.....	\$17,530 00
“ “ Montreal....	35,000 00
Queen's College, Kingston.....	35,180 16
Knox College, Toronto.....	35,000 00
Manitoba College, Winnipeg.....	35,000 00
Home Missions, Western Section (For working balance).....	26,250 00
Home Mission, Eastern Section. (For working balance).....	5,250 00
Church and Manse Building Fund, Northwest.....	43,750 00
Church and Manse, N.B. and P.E.I.	21,000 00
Augmentation Fund, Western Section. (For working balance)....	13,125 00
Augmentation Fund, Eastern Section. (For working balance)....	2,625 00
Foreign Missions, Western Section. (For working balance)....	17,500 00
Foreign Missions Eastern Section. (For working balance).....	13,125 00
French Evangelization. (For working balance).....	13,125 90
Building Fund, North Bay and Al- goma.....	8,750 00
Building Fund, Foreign Mission, Western Section.....	38,750 00
Building Fund, F.M. Eastern Section	8,750 00
Augmentation Building Fund.....	21,875 00
French Evangelization, Building Fund.....	17,500 00
Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund Western Section.....	52,500 00
Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, Eastern Section.....	10,500 00
Widows' and Orphans' Fund, West- ern Section.....	52,500 00

In addition to these amounts, several sums were paid directly by the contributors for

other interests pertaining to the Church, such as Ottawa Ladies' College, Indore College, etc.

There are still unpaid subscriptions amounting to about \$29,000. These are all due this fall. The Assembly has given instructions, when these amounts are received, that they are to be paid over at the end of the present year, *pro rata*, to the treasurers of the several funds interested.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON CENTRAL INDIA.

The Commission appointed by the General Assembly to deal with matters pertaining to the Central India Mission, met in Knox College, Toronto, 9-11 September ult. The finding of the Commission, after mature deliberation, was unanimous, and the following official statement was handed out by Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., clerk :

"This Commission, having carefully weighed all the evidence produced before it, in regard to the Central India Mission, is of opinion that while elements of disturbance have existed there for many years, their importance and effect upon the general work of the mission have been, in some cases, exaggerated.

"At the same time, recognizing the hindrance which all manifestations of an unworthy spirit must have upon Christian labour, the Commission would deprecate the presence of any jealousies or suspicions tending to perpetuate the difficulties, and would humbly and affectionately counsel the members of the mission staff in Central India, unitedly to seek the things that make for peace.

"With regard to Dr. Wilkie, the Commission decides that under existing conditions he cannot with advantage to the mission resume his former work in Central India. Without attempting to apportion the exact measure of blame for the present condition of affairs, the Commission desires to state :

"First, that charges against senior missionaries, of prejudicing younger missionaries against Dr. Wilkie, are shown by the evidence to be without foundation.

"Second, that there is no evidence affecting character of Dr. Wilkie as addicted to the use of noxious drugs and that the Commission accepts without reserve his declaration to the contrary, and strongly condemns the circulation of such rumours.

"Third, that the Commission directs the attention of the Foreign Mission Committee to the instruction of last General Assembly, that strenuous efforts be made by the Foreign Mission Committee to secure for Dr. Wilkie some suitable field in connection with Foreign Mission work.

"Fourth, that the Commission expresses its confident hope for a bright future for our Central India Mission, earnestly commends our missionaries to the sympathy of the Church, and prays that Heaven's richest blessing may rest upon the work and workers there."

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

The commission of the General Assembly to which was referred the matter of the continuation of the relation of Queen's University to the Presbyterian Church, met at Kingston, and within Queen's College there, at 4 p.m. on Tuesday, September 15, on the call of the convener, Rev. R. H. Fletcher, D.D., moderator of the last General Assembly.

The following commissioners were present: Rev. D. H. Fletcher, D.D., convener; Principal Gordon, Dr. Warden, Jr. R. Campbell, Dr. John Campbell, Dr. James Ross, Dr. Armstrong, Dr. Lyle, Dr. G. H. Smith, Dr. E. F. Torrance, E. Scott, Robert Laird, Malcolm McGillivray, Alfred Gandier, John Neil, John Hay, J. W. H. Milne, G. L. Johnston, R. W. Ross, G. C. Patterson, A. C. Wishart, P. M. McDonald, and John Charlton, M.P., Walter Paul, W. J. Scott, James Hope, John McIntyre, K.C., J. K. Macdonald and Robert Harrison. Dr. R. Campbell was appointed clerk of the commission.

Letters of regret for inability to attend were read from Principal Caven, Dr. Somerville, C. Fletcher, Anderson Rogers, A. Graham, E. D. Millar, David Morrice, Hamilton Cassels, and G. Orme.

There met in conference with the commission the following trustees of Queen's University: The Chancellor, Sir Sandford Fleming, Dr. Wardrobe, Dr. J. Edgar Hill, Dr. Milligan, Dr. Robt. Campbell (Perth), Rev. J. Mackie, Dr. Jas. Douglas, Dr. A. T. Drummond, Dr. P. C. MacGregor, Dr. R. V. Rogers, G. M. Macdonnell, K.C., D. McIntyre, K.C., and H. A. Calvin, M.P., in addition to four members who were also members of the Assembly's commission.

After a series of conferences with the trustees of the University, extending over two days and after due deliberation the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the commission.

1. The commission of the General Assembly recognizes the remarkable and gratifying growth of the University since the union of the churches in 1875, the great service it has rendered to the higher education of the country, the unsectarian character of its influence, and its increasing fulfilment of the ideal of a Christian university.

2. The commission recognizes the desirability of continuing the connection between Queen's University and the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and of preserving the broad, Christian, liberal spirit of the institution unimpaired.

3. The commission regards the University as a most important part of the educational system of the province, deserving a liberal measure of public support. It is of opinion that if the present relations of the University towards the Church be maintained, the members of the Church will, with general unanimity, be prepared to assist in the adequate

support of the University, and it recommends that this assistance take the form of additional endowment.

4. The commission draws attention to the following facts affecting the relations of the University to the Church, and asks Presbyterians to consider the same.

According to the present constitution, the Principal of the University must be a minister of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The Board of trustees of the University consists of 32 members, 27 of whom must be members of the Presbyterian Church; 12 of these being ministers, and 15 non-ministerial members—five members of the Board, who are not necessarily Presbyterians, are chosen by the University Council, which embraces the trustees and the senate (including the theological professors), and as many graduates as shall be equal in number to the trustees and senate, taken together.

The commission recognizes the helpful influence exercised by the Council, and the propriety of giving it larger representation upon the Board of trustees. The commission also finds that, while the trustees are satisfied with the present method of electing those members of the Board who must be members of the Presbyterian Church, yet they are willing that a number of these should be appointed by the General Assembly. By the Act of Union, it is provided that the United church shall not be required to elect trustees for any Arts' department in Queen's College.

Presbyterians are asked to consider whether the relation of the University to the Church should be continued in its present form or should be modified by the appointment of a number of the trustees by the General Assembly.

5. The commission finds that in the opinion of the trustees an amount sufficient to yield an annual sum of \$20,000 would be required for the adequate equipment of the University, exclusive of contributions at present made in favour of the theological department. It appoints a committee consisting of (not yet appointed) to act with the trustees in securing this additional endowment, and cordially commends this and all other interests of the University to the generous aid of the members of the Church.

The commission instructs its clerk to submit these resolutions to the Presbyteries of the three Central Synods of the Church, and requests those Presbyteries to report their judgment thereon to the clerk of the commission, not later than 1st February, next; and when the commission adjourns, it shall adjourn to meet again in this place, for the purpose of receiving said reports and dealing with the same, on the second Wednesday of February, 1904, at 4 p.m.

ROBERT CAMPBELL,

Clerk of Commission.

63 St. Famille St., Montreal.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.*Synod of the Maritime Provinces.*

1. Sydney, Sydney, 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Baddeck, 17 Nov., 2 p.m.
3. P. E. Island.
4. Pictou.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro.
7. Halifax, Charlottetown at Synod.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth, Shelburne, 2 Sept.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 8 Dec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 8 Dec.
13. Glengarry, Vankleek Hill, 8 Sept., 11 a.m.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Carlton Pl., 20 Oct., 10.30.
16. Brockville, Spencerville, 6 Oct., 2.30 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 15 Dec., 2 p.m.
19. Whitby, Whitby, 20 Oct.
20. Lindsay.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 2nd Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 10 Nov.
23. Barrie, Beeton, 15 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
24. Algoma, Gore Bay, end of Sept.
25. North Bay, Powassan, 30 Sept., 9 a.m.
26. Owen Sound.
27. Saugeen, Harriston, 8 Dec.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 17 Nov., 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, Knox, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Woodstock, Chal., 10 Nov., 11 a.m.
31. London, Glencoe, 8 Dec.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
33. Stratford, Stratford, 21 July.
34. Huron, Clinton, 10 Nov., 10.30 a.m.
35. Maitland, Wingham, 15 Dec., 10 a.m.
36. Bruce, Paisley, 6 Dec., 11 a.m.
37. Sarnia, Sarnia, 15 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior, Aug.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll.
40. Rock Lake, Pilot, Md., 2 Tuesday Feb.
41. Glenboro, Souris, 1 Dec.
42. Portage, Portage la Prairie, 3 March.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa.
46. Melita, Melita, Feb., '04.
47. Regina, Moosejaw, Sept.
48. Qu'Appelle, Indian Head, Sept.
49. Prince Albert, Pr. Albert, 1st week Sept.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary, Macleod.
51. Edmonton, Ft. Saskatchewan.
52. Kamloops, Vernon, 26 Aug.
53. Kootenay, Rossland, 25 Aug.
54. Westminster.
55. Victoria, Victoria, 1 Sept., 2 p.m.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, &c.

CALLS FROM

- Forest, Ont., to Mr. A. L. Burch, of St. Ann's, Ont.
 Central Church, Caledon, Ont., to Mr. S. Robinson.
 Naim and Beechwood, to Mr. Alex. Rannie, of Roslin.
 Dauphin, to Mr. R. H. Gilmour, of Buffalo Lake. Accepted.
 Innerkip and Ratho, Ont., to Mr. Robt. McCullough.
 Miniota, Crandall and Arrow River, to Mr. John Inglis.

INDUCTIONS INTO

- Port Hastings, C.B., etc., 9th Sept., Mr. H. K. Maclean.
 Sydenham and St. Vincent, Ont., 15th Sept., Mr. F. C. Harper.
 Knox Church, Acton, Ont., 29th Sept., Mr. J. C. Wilson.
 Wroxeter, Ont., 17th Sept., Mr. Louis Perrin.
 Leeds Village, Que., Mr. D. P. Muir.

RESIGNATIONS OF

- Guthrie Church, Alvinston, Ont., Mr. S. G. Livingston.
 Hensall, Ont., Mr. J. S. Henderson.
 First Church, Chatham, Ont., Mr. W. E. Knowles.
 Margaree, C.B., Mr. W. C. Morrison.
 Whycoomagh, C.B., Mr. Alex. Ross. Retired.
 Dorchester and Crumlin, Ont., Mr. Wm. Kay.
 First Church, Brockville, Ont., Mr. Laird.
 Geneva Church, Chesley, Ont., Mr. J. Paterson.
 North Gower, Ont., Mr. J. S. Lohead.
 Winslow, Que., by Mr. J. M. McLennan.
 St. Andrew's, Phenix, B.C., Mr. V. M. Purdy.

NEW CHURCHES OPENED.

- St. Paul's, at Bay of Lakes, Muskoka, 16th Aug.

MINISTERIAL OBITUARY.

REV. ALEXANDER FRASER, died in Victoria, B.C., 26th August, ult. After the usual course at Knox College, Toronto, he was ordained and inducted at Orono, Ont., 13th October, 1878. In 1880 he accepted an appointment from the Home Mission Committee to Comox and Union Mines, Vancouver Island. In 1893 he removed to Southern California and laboured at San Pedro till 1899 when he returned to Vancouver Island, where in charge of the congregation of Cedar Hill, etc., he wrought till the end came.

Young People's Societies.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER:

REV. JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D.,
Late Superintendent N. W. Missions.

BY REV. E. D. MCLAREN, D.D., H. M. SECRETARY.

"That the Rev. James Robertson, of Knox Church, Winnipeg, be appointed Superintendent of Missions for the Northwest."

No more important or influential step has ever been taken by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada than the adoption of that short resolution in the historic city of Kingston in 1881. Even amongst the leaders of the Church who planned this "onward movement" none could possibly have foreseen the full magnitude of the results it was destined to produce. Even amongst the closest friends and warmest admirers of the late Superintendent none would have ventured to predict for him such a ministry as he fulfilled—so far-reaching in its influence and so fruitful in its moral and spiritual influence upon the country and the Church he loved.

THEN AND NOW.

In 1881 our great Northwestern heritage was still, almost entirely, a "no man's land"—a vast, dreary expanse of unbroken prairie with a population that numbered only 87,775. From the western confines of the old Province of Ontario to the eastern boundary of British Columbia there was only a single Presbytery; and in that Presbytery there were but two self-sustaining congregations, while its twenty-eight mission fields were scattered here and there from Rat Portage in the east to Edmonton in the far northwest, almost under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains.

In British Columbia our Church had only one missionary, who laboured in conjunction with four ministers of the Church of Scotland.

To-day the population must be far in excess of half a million, for in 1901 it was 413,887. The area of cultivated land has been so enormously increased that the wheat crop alone amounted last year to over 64,000,000 bushels, while flourishing towns and villages can be counted not by scores but by hundreds.

The one Presbytery has been multiplied by eighteen. The two self-sustaining congregations have become 120, while fifty more,

through the help they are receiving from the Augmentation Committee, will soon reach the goal of independent self-support. The twenty-eight mission fields have increased to 254.

What a marvellous transformation! One-half of our broad Dominion supplied with Gospel ordinances, although the work had all to be done within a quarter of a century! The banner of the Cross flung forth to the western breezes at more than a thousand different points, where the ministers or missionaries of our Church are proclaiming the Gospel of the Grace of God, urging higher ideals of civic life and loftier standards of personal conduct, battling with the forces that degrade or destroy, and striving to lay the foundations of national life in truth and righteousness! The strategic points in the far-off, far-famed Yukon—the points where the ground is richest, not in gold but in souls—pre-empted and worked for the Lord Jesus by a band of missionaries of whom any church would have reason to be proud!

All this has been accomplished under the wise, progressive leadership of the late Superintendent, and is largely due, under God, to the practical sagacity and indomitable perseverance of that Prince of Home Missionaries.

The hand that was laid with most powerful influence upon the plastic material of the life of Western Canada was the hand of Dr. Robertson, and the name that is best known and most deeply revered from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean is the name of Dr. Robertson. Who would not glory in such a record and such a reputation?

Of Dr. Robertson himself, the man and the Christian—with his breadth of sympathy and keenness of intellect, his soundness of judgment and tenderness of heart, his forceful personality and his unostentatious piety—this, perhaps, is not the time to speak. Of such things as these it would be his own wish that nothing should be said at any time.

But of Dr. Robertson, the Superintendent of Home Missions in the great new West—of Dr. Robertson, the far-sighted and enthusiastic leader in religious work, whose confidence in the future of Western Canada never wavered and whose unwearied labours on the plains of

Manitoba and the Northwest Territories and amid the mountain ranges of British Columbia have done more for the true upbuilding of the new Canada than all the efforts of railway magnates or Ministers of the Crown—of Dr. Robertson, the sagacious counsellor and the tireless worker,

“Who knew the seasons, when to take occasion by the hand”;

who led the way himself along every path of duty that he called the Church to tread, and whose voice, appealing or inspiring, rang out always from the forefront of the fighting line—of Dr. Robertson, “the noblest Roman of them all” in the noble army of Home missionaries, it would be almost impossible to say too much.

On the grave of the departed hero this simple wreath—a loving tribute to the value of his great life’s work and a grateful acknowledgment of the goodness of God in giving him to the country and the Church—is laid with reverend hands, in the name of the two Western Synods, whose labours he guided so wisely, whose plans and conceptions he moulded and inspired, and whose members’ hearts are still saddened with the thought that they shall see his face no more.

DR. LORENZ’S CUP OF TEA.

When the great Austrian surgeon, Dr. Lorenz, was in New York last December, he was deluged with invitations to dinner. Every one wanted to see the blond giant who had become so famous for his success in operating without a knife.

The newspapers were full of his pictures and anecdotes about his appearance and habits.

Among the stories that got into print was this:

Dr. Lorenz was present at a certain banquet given in his honor. Wine was served and many of the guests drank. The principal guest, however, pushed his wine aside untasted and asked the waiter to bring him a cup of tea. Some one asked him if he was a teetotaler.

“I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator,” said Dr. Lorenz, “but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquor without blunting these physical powers, which I must keep on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink.”—*Ex.*

CHRIST-LIGHTED FACES.

Not only in our acts, but in our expression of face, does the spirit within us show. How we think may indeed be concealed in our chosen words, but what we are is all the time disclosing itself in our faces, both when we purpose to show our spirit, and when we evidence it unconsciously.

One in whom Christ lives steadily grows to be Christlike in looks. The face of such a disciple is a constant witness for his Master. As

we look into the illuminated face, we see the reflection of the illuminating Saviour. Thus it is that “we all, with unveiled face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit.” How we have all been brought nearer to Christ by the look of some Christ-lighted face which we know! If we live near to Christ, or if Christ lives in us, our very faces may become witnesses for our Saviour.—*Ex.*

THE SECRET OF HEALTH.

Don’t worry. Don’t hurry. “Too swift arrived as tardy as too slow.” “Simplify! simplify! simplify!” your diet! Don’t overeat. Don’t starve. “Let your moderation be known unto all men.”

Court the fresh air day and night. “Oh, if you knew what was in the air!” Sleep and rest abundantly. Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. “A light heart lives long.” Think only healthful thoughts. “As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.” “Seek peace, and pursue it.”

“Work like a man, but don’t be worked to death. Avoid passion and excitement. A moment’s anger may be fatal.” Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

“Don’t carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.” Never despair. “Lost hope is a fatal disease.” “If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.”—*Journal and Messenger.*

NOT MERE CHEST-TONES.

“The most charming voice I ever heard,” said a fashionable teacher of “ton culture,” “is in the possession of a woman who never in her life took a lesson in elocution or singing, or appeared in public. In fact she is a dressmaker in rather humble circumstances. Hers is what we call a talking voice. It is low and sweet and musical. It is not an affected voice—one of the kind some folks put on with their best clothes and company manners. It is perfectly natural. It is her everyday voice, and she never uses any other.

“The first time I heard her speak I was struck by the gentleness, sweetness and true refinement of her voice. I determined to find out all about her, and I did. It was not much, just a homely, simple little history of unselfishness and self-sacrifice; of years spent in frugal living and in working hard for others. But it explained the possession of that voice.

“One day a pupil of mine, a wealthy society woman who had taken up tone culture as a mere fad, heard this dressmaker speak.

“‘There! she exclaimed. ‘I want you to teach me to speak like that.’

“‘I only wish I could, madam,’ I replied. “‘But why not?’ she insisted. ‘Isn’t it just a trick of managing the chest-tones?’

“‘No, madam,’ I said. ‘Those are not mere chest-tones; they come from the heart.’” —*The Youth’s Companion.*

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH, WEST.

	Estimates for year to 28 Feb. '04.	Received to 31 Aug. '03.
Home missions.....	\$110,000	\$18,251 96
Angmentation.....	30,000	1,814 83
Foreign missions.....	99,825	10,635 15
French, including Pte. aux Trembles.....	36,700	6,305 49
Knox College.....	12,000	417 61
Queen's College.....	5,500	66 95
Montreal College.....	5,000	62 85
Manitoba College, exclusive of amounts from two western synods.....	2,600	291 88
Widows' and orphans' fund, besides rates and int.....	15,000	994 98
Aged Ministers' fund, besides rates and int.....	14,000	1,219 45
Assembly fund.....	7,500	554 20

Receipts for August,
1903 by Rev Dr. Warden.
Presbyterian Offices, To-
ronto, and allocated to
the Schemes as directed
by the donors.

Mrs Mary Bone	\$100	Rat Portage Kx.....	100
Wellesley Zion.....	30	Mont Annex.....	12 25
Scarboro Knox.....	17 15	Huntsville St And.....	6 10
Vancouver 1st ce.....	50	Maple Valley.....	4
Oakland.....	2	Lynch Lake.....	1 86
Westbourne.....	8	Hartell.....	1 70
Per Rev C H Vessot.....	66 55	Rev A P Logan.....	5
Edmonton.....	64 30	Middleville.....	5 79
Scot-burn.....	4	Esqueving Boston.....	18 21
Rev Jas Hastie.....	5	Embro.....	92 05
West Flamboro.....	37 25	Duclos.....	5
Campbellvil St Dav.....	141	Cedarville.....	15
Nairn St And.....	3 50	Crysler.....	35
Rodney.....	23 60	Finch.....	101
New Glasgow.....	23 80	Point Fortune St Col.....	13 51
Fordwich.....	17 56	Hx Ft Massey.....	25
Brucefield ce.....	20	Elgin.....	25
Rev W M Roger.....	14	Mrs F T Frost.....	18
Chatham St Mungos.....	10	Winchester.....	87 93
Per Dr. G Milne Rae		Newdale.....	15
Scotland.....	1627 70	Mr & Mrs W Beatty.....	18
Calgary Kx.....	61 25	Rev J L Campbell.....	3
Blake.....	6 71	Rev Geo H Smith D D.....	35
Deseronto ch Redeemer	73 20	Wpg St And.....	150
Warwick Knox.....	16 50	Toronto Chinese.....	16
Ayr Knox.....	40 05	Yarmouth Kilmartin.....	56 10
Mooretown St And.....	3 75	Belmont.....	60 15
Dunwich Chal.....	13 70	"M M A C" Brussels.....	5
Kinnmount.....	3 62	Souris Knox.....	18 55
Cobocook.....	3 16	Carnduff.....	35
Bury's Green St Jo.....	37	Grafton.....	7
Beverly.....	19	Rev W M Reid.....	12
Mitchell Kx.....	31	Rylstone.....	4 05
Pictou St And.....	7 35	Dutton Knox.....	30
Nassagawega.....	20	Silver Creek.....	10
Botany.....	6 66	Atlin B C.....	85 20
Grand Bend.....	8	Owen Sound Kx.....	2 3
Sydenham St Pauls.....	30 15	Mr Matheson.....	2
London St And Chin.....	43 6	Wroxeter.....	20 50
Rev J P McQuarrie.....	25	Apple Hill.....	10
Spry, Ont.....	2 46	" " " " " " " " " " " "	5
Drumbo Willis.....	59 80	Two Tenth Givers.....	69
Norwich.....	1 50	Tarbolton ss.....	13
Bookton.....	3	Napier St A d.....	32 23
Fairbairn ss.....	2 60	Dorchester Station.....	42
Gregory ss.....	4	Ventry.....	15 37
Mrs C McMillan.....	1	Dundalk.....	16 10
Olds ce.....	10 00	Embro, Knox.....	78 69
Maeled ss.....	10	Rev J Russell.....	9
Per Rev A P Ledingham.....	36	Port Arthur.....	41 82
Riversdale ce.....	7	Port Hope Ist.....	47
Friend, Fergus.....	10	Per Rev C H Vessot.....	118 57
Blake.....	1	Rev A Matheson.....	10
		Burns W Rae.....	17
		Burnside.....	54
		Roxboro.....	62 50
		Vancouver St Johns ss.....	17 45
		Rapid City.....	15
		Bryanston.....	15
		Excels S Sloane.....	1,000

West Adelaide.....	7 15	Mrs Morrice.....	250
Rev L Perrin.....	10	Selkirk Man.....	2
Arkona.....	1 50	Rev S McL Fee.....	15
Vancouver Mt Pl ce.....	39	Rev J T Taylor.....	15
Mrs K Cameron.....	118	Spencerville.....	110
Attwood.....	110 05	Winnipeg Knox.....	40
Courtright.....	1	St George.....	26 50
Corunna.....	2	Marlow.....	23 50
Friend.....	1	Tor Cookes' miss soc.....	8
Brussels Mel.....	93	A'xander.....	5
" ss.....	12 89	Kenmay.....	5
Sturgeon Falls.....	2	Roseland.....	7
Ottawa Bank ss.....	9	Drumbo.....	48 30
St Columbia ss.....	10	Princeton.....	28 50
R Colquhoun.....	18	"A & J Mc D" Ruther- ford.....	5
Rev S S Burns.....	10	Tor Central.....	650
Whyocomagah.....	10	Chesterfield.....	21 63
Culledon.....	32	Ayr Knox.....	8
St Geo ge N B.....	5 02	W Lawrence town &c.....	1 10
Edmondville.....	13	N Mornington.....	26
Providence Bay.....	3		
D Morrice.....	259		

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH, EAST.

	Estimates for year to 28 Feb. '04.	Received to 31 Aug. '03.
Home Mission Fund, East.....	\$16,000	\$1,683 06
Augmentation Fund.....	1,000	1,336 75
Foreign Mission Fund.....	51,500	3,636 24
College Fund.....	13,500	700 58
Aged & Infirm Ministers' Fund.....	5,500	524 69
Bursary Fund.....	1,200	36 00
N. W. Home Mission.....		2,631 47
Manitoba College.....		2

Received during Aug- ust, 1903, by Rev. F. A. McCurdy, Agent at Hall- fax, Office, Herald Bldg., and allotted as directed by the donors.		Meri-comish.....	5
		Westville, Carmel.....	56 75
		Charlottetown, St Ja.....	70
		Rev Dr Grant.....	6
		Nashwaak, Stanley.....	25
		Rent prof's houses.....	3 0
		Theodore Ross, rep.....	49
Reported.....	\$9,057 92	Saltsprings, Eb.....	31
Dr McPhail.....	2 50	Yarmouth, St Johns.....	37
Friend Pugwash.....	1	Tatamagouh Vil.....	55
River John, W. B.....	86	" mt.....	20
N Colch, W Pict, un ce.....	11 48	Balfrou.....	18 50
Rev Wm Fraser.....	50	Brule.....	6 50
St John, St Matt.....	85	St Francis.....	22
Dalhousie.....	41	Rev Wm McLeod.....	15
Maitland, St Dav.....	9 46	S Richmond.....	19 50
Dr Morton, H H Mor- ton, W L McRae, F. Thompson, SA Fraser, \$5 each.....	25	Richmond Bay E.....	56
Sunny Brae, St Paul's.....	69	Alex Ferguson, rep.....	10
Friend, Fal Vil.....	5	Grevy Eriars, Trinidad.....	53 61
Friend, Mabou.....	5	New Glasgow, Un.....	171 50
Miss Mott, Mrs Howe.....	20	Black Mills, etc.....	5
Mrs M, Int.....	15	Black Riv, Nappan.....	8
Halfway Brook aid.....	5	Richmond Bay, E, 14.....	33
Yours, New Glas.....	5	Earlton, Falk.....	9 68
J W Young.....	5 50	Richmd Bay W, view.....	2
Old Barns ce.....	6 85	Parssboro.....	29
Quoddy ce.....	1 03	Truro, St Pauls.....	61
Moser River, ce.....	56	"Distant Workers".....	25
Lawrencetown ss.....	7	Cleveland ce.....	25
Shediac, Knox.....	12 50	Strathalbyn.....	82 55
Lawrencetown.....	9	" Jubilee miss soc.....	65
Dalhousie, St Ja ss.....	73 31	New Annan.....	58
Kentville.....	35	Buctouche.....	5
J G repayment.....	15	Mid Riv, C. B.....	13
New Glas, un wom.....	87	Edmundston.....	1
Saltsprings, Eben.....	38	Rogieside, N.S.....	8
Kempt, members.....	5	Liverville.....	4
Chebogue, Carleton.....	12 75	Geo Mosher.....	5
Milford ce.....	2 69		
Friend of miss.....	5	Total.....	\$11,280 44

MISSION TO LUMBERMEN.

Rev. M. H. Scott, Hull, Treas.	
Jas P Fox.....	\$ 5
Mont, St Pauls.....	25
Otta, Erskine.....	3

Otta, Globe.....	2
Russell.....	5
Mont, Erskine.....	10
Otta, St And.....	30
Hull, Zion.....	5
Bristol.....	4
J R Booth.....	20
The Brownson Co.....	25

Never be discouraged because good things
get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily
that good which lies next to your hand. Do
not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into
the sublime patience of the Lord.—George Mac-
Donald.

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for the Last Twelve Months was

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balance of this Year.

 NOW is a good time to begin with the
beginning of the winter's work.

WHY IS AGE HAPPIER THAN YOUTH?

Perhaps you will say it is not. I well know that it is customary to consider the irresponsible years of childhood to be the sunniest part of life. But truly, having passed the half century limit, I would no sooner go back to that charming period than would the college senior like to be put back into the freshmen class. Though my childhood and youth were very happy ones, and often it is pleasant to re-live my delightful past, in memory, still I think mature years are richer and fuller of peace and pleasure in living than immature ones can possibly be.

For one thing we have learned *how to live*; have, in a measure, disciplined ourselves to bear the disappointments—bereavements—trials, which must come to all; learned that these things must needs be. We see others worse off than ourselves and feel obliged to stifle our griefs from respect to their "heavier woe." We learn to weigh circumstances and to know better what is good for us. To live one day at a time; to know where our place in the world is; what our work is; and that to do our best right where we are is all that God requires of us.

We can see how even our mistakes have done us good. A thousand matters of interest claim our attention which in youth possessed no attraction. Having seen the growth of scores of babes, through childhood and youth, into manhood and womanhood, we gain a prophetic insight which enhances the study of human nature a hundredfold.

Then we know our time is growing short, and whose home seemeth not dearer in the prospect of soon leaving it even for a better?—Ex.

No sin is small. It is a sin against an infinite God and may have consequences immeasurable. No grain of sand is small in the mechanism of a watch.—Jeremy Taylor.



S. Greenshields,
Son & Co. ✠

—Montreal

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E P P S ' S
For Maintaining Robust Health
C O C C O A
in Cold Climates.

All the world's a camera—"Look pleasant, please."

Self-important men are seldom taken into serious account.

Make the best of a bad bargain; better still, do not make a bad bargain.

Faith takes up the cross, love binds it to the soul, patience bears it to the end.—Bonar.

No one who is old enough to choose to serve God is too young to do it acceptably and truly.

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best schoolmaster out of his life.—Beecher.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labour, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.—Cobden.

Use the talents you possess, though they be small. The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those which sing best.

Vanity and ill-temper are twins that every girl should turn away from her door, no matter how small and harmless a pair they may seem at first.

The bravest men and women commonly live and die without special notice, because they make no fuss about troubles and dangers which send weaker souls into hysterics.

When the great Napoleon visited his old school at Brienne, he addressed these words only to the assembled boys: "Boys, remember that every hour wasted at school means a chance of misfortune in later life."

You ask from God, and say, Lord, give this or that to me. What can He give you whose hands are filled with other things? God wishes to bestow upon you His gifts and does not see where He can put them.—Augustine.

Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here, and never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.—George MacDonald.

Do your best loyally and cheerfully, and suffer yourself to feel no anxiety or fear. Your times are in God's hands. He has assigned you your place; He will direct your paths; He will accept your efforts, if they be faithful.—Canon Farrar.

They never sought in vain
That sought the Lord aright!

—Burns.

No boy or girl can be a Christian without showing it in daily duties. A true religious experience shows itself in better lessons, quicker errands, neater housework and more thorough obedience to orders. Righteousness means doing things right, and religion without righteousness is only a name, not a real and saving thing.

Thou mayest be sure that he who will in private tell thee thy faults is thy friend; for he adventures thy dislike and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Why did you not give that boy a position?" some one asked of a merchant who had refused a lad's application. "Because he borrowed ten cents from my boy once, at school, and never returned it," was the answer. "A little thing like that shows what a boy is more than a dozen recommendations." Was the judgment harsh? or wasn't it fair, after all?—*Presbyterian*.

"The reading of trash," says a noted Englishman, "should be regarded by respectable families in the same light as dram-drinking." This seems strong language; but, after all, the objection to liquor is that it debases and corrupts the soul, and bad literature does exactly the same thing. A trashy book feeds the mind on lies and folly, and spoils it for better food. Many a boy and girl has been ruined by bad reading. Let us feed our minds; not poison nor starve them.

"A traveller in China asked a native if he had ever read the Gospel. 'No,' was the answer, 'but I have seen it. I have seen a man who was the terror of his neighbourhood with his curses and his violent temper. He was an opium smoker, a criminal and as dangerous as a wild beast. But the religion of Jesus made him gentle and good, and he has left off opium. No, I have not read the Gospel, but I have seen it, and it is good.'"

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

GO YE INTO
PREACH THE GOSPEL
ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 11.

Since the death of Dr. Geo. Menzies, mentioned in our last issue, comes the sad news that Mrs. Harcourt, who went to India about a year ago to be the wife of Rev. G. R. Harcourt, Neemuch, has fallen a victim to the plague.

Korea is calling earnestly for another missionary. A good man has offered himself. The F. M. Com., East, want to send him, but they are unwilling to assume larger obligations until the debt is removed. It is hoped that the response to Dr. K. J. Grant's appeal will soon accomplish this.

A compositor's error in last issue of the **RECORD**, page 443, second column, seventh line, gave the stock subscribed for the Western Canada College, Calgary, as "eighty" thousand dollars, when it was only "eight" thousand. We regret the error, wish it had been the truth, and trust that it may be so in the not distant future.

In measuring the work of a minister in the Northwest it must not be forgotten that besides his own field, often far extended, many a one has supervision of one or more mission fields of perhaps still greater extent, which he has to visit, dispensing the sacraments, looking after the organization, or, perhaps supplying service as best he may when there is no catechist there.

One refrain that comes from a number of places in the Northwest is that the student catechist has returned to College, and there is no one to take his place. This emphasizes the fact that the mission station must be vacant for the winter. Two lessons are suggested,—first the need of more young men for the ministry, second, that the people in vacant stations should in some way keep up the Sabbath service, even though it be but the reading of Scripture and prayer. Or let them form themselves into a C. E. Society of the whole. If done in the right spirit, no matter how imperfect it may seem to themselves, it will be a means of good to themselves and to their community.

QUESTION BUREAU.

Question.

Is our Church engaged in Home or Foreign Work among the Jews? If not, is there no endeavour contemplated to reach those "strangers within our gates" in Montreal and other cities of the Dominion.

Answer.

Our Church is not now engaged in any special definite work among the Jews. In the **RECORD** for April last is a brief narrative of her efforts in this direction. These efforts have not been encouraging. In the last attempt, when arrangements were on the eve of completion, the missionary elect transferred his services, and virtually the work, to the Anglican London Jewish Missionary Society.

Question.

Is the Labrador Mission one of the stated missions of the Church? Has it been long established?

Answer.

Our Church, Eastern Section, has sent a missionary to the Labrador coast at irregular times for perhaps thirty years. The appointment when made is usually for a year. For some years the Student's Missionary Society, Presbyterian College, Halifax, had it as their field, sending one of their number and supporting him there.

Question.

Is the British Government directly or indirectly bringing its influence to bear on the idolatrous customs of India? It has been said that idols are manufactured in England and sold to the natives. If so, is not Britain in league with idolatry, and liable to the judgments threatened against it?

Answer.

The Government put a stop, in the Indian Empire, to the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands, etc.; and idolatrous customs that involve cruelty or injury are of course discouraged. But in an Empire where religious liberty obtains, a government cannot interfere with the right of a man to worship what he may choose even though it be an idol.

With regard to the manufacture of idols, it will be remembered that India is as much a part of the Empire as England, and the making of idols in India is the same to the Government and the Empire as the making of them in England, and however much one may regret the making and worshipping of idols in either place, yet where religious liberty exists, the Government has no more right to forcibly prevent men making and selling objects of worship in the form of idols than to prevent Roman Catholics making images for their chapels or Presbyterians making churches to worship in. The one thing for Christian people to do is to shew them a better way, to teach the people of India to worship the true God and then there will be no demand for idols. Britain cannot be said to be in league with idolatry because some one in Britain chooses to make and sell idols.

Question.

"What is a man to do in such circumstances? One does not like to be the victim of imposition, but it would be cruel if a worthy man were to suffer in the midst of strangers from suspicion."

Thus writes a correspondent regarding men from foreign countries, who come collecting for what they claim to be their own private mission work.

Answer.

Send a note of inquiry to our Foreign Mission Secretary, who in most such cases will be able to give information regarding them which will enable inquirers to decide the matter wisely.

In addition to the above direct answer some further points may be noted.

1. There is not a country, open to the Gospel, in which one or more missionary societies from Europe or America is not working.

2. It is safe to say that there is not a worthy Christian native worker in any of these countries whom these societies would not be glad to employ. The scarcity of worthy native helpers is the complaint in all mission fields.

3. Where natives come from these countries asking help on their own responsibility, the very fact of their coming, when missionary societies working there do not take up both them and their work, is in itself reason to doubt the claim; and all past experience has shown that almost without exception, such doubts were proven true, even though they may have succeeded in getting letters of recommendation from worthy men, letters which

shew personal kindness and sympathy, but which are rarely based upon a knowledge of strangers and their work.

4. It should ever be remembered that we are organized as a church to do mission work, that we have many branches of this work at home and in other lands, for which each member of the church is responsible, that the needs of this work are greater than the supply, and it is not fair to our congregations nor to the work to which they are pledged, to permit strangers, of whom or their work we know nothing, to exploit the sympathies of our people in their own interests, interests which seldom stand the test of examination.

A JUBILEE AT QUEEN'S.

Queen's University does not do things by halves. For three days, 14-16 October, a large number of graduates and friends with representatives of other colleges and universities in Britain, Germany, the United States and Canada were gathered in Kingston to celebrate the jubilee of Queen's Medical Faculty and the formal installation of Rev. Dr. Gordon as Principal of the University. Presbyterian, Methodist, Anglican, Roman, lay and cleric, contributed to the feast of reason and the flow of soul, paying generous and deserved tribute to Queen's, while we in turn marked the occasion by bestowing honorary degrees with royal bounty.

One thing that strikes the observer without is the loyalty of her sons to Alma Mater; another thing, shewn by her Calendar, is the large and increasing number of students she is fitting for service to their country; a third thing, demonstrated by her campus, is the increasing number of fine new college buildings. A university that proves its right to live by thus living deserves the continued sympathy and support of lovers of education.

HOME MISSION FUND WEST.

BY REV. DR. WARDEN, CONVENER.

The state of the Fund at present is such as to cause some anxiety. The receipts to this date are \$8,000 less than at the corresponding period last year, whereas the expenditure is \$9,500 in excess of the corresponding period a year ago. As reported to the General Assembly in June last, the estimated expenditure for this year was \$110,000. Fully one-half of this

(Continued on Page 526.)

POINT-AUX-TREMBLES MISSION SCHOOLS**A FORWARD MOVEMENT.**

The Pointe-aux-Trembles Mission Schools, near Montreal, which came under the direction of the Board of French Evangelization of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in 1880, were founded fifty-seven years ago by the old French Canadian Missionary Society for the purpose of affording an education along evangelical lines to the French speaking youth of both sexes in the Province of Quebec.

There was then no public school system in Quebec. Even yet the system is so imperfect that large numbers are growing up in the province with little or no education. It was felt that the establishment of these schools would also afford an opportunity to spread a knowledge of the Gospel, as it is understood by the Protestant Churches, throughout a province which is almost exclusively Roman Catholic.

The need for something being done along both of these lines has been so apparent that all the larger Protestant churches, the Anglicans, Methodists and Baptists, have schools similar to our own. The demand on the part of the people has been so pressing that during the past ten years we have been obliged to refuse hundreds of applications for want of room.

During its history some 6,000 young men and women have received a good elementary education—the great majority of whom are still living, pursuing various useful callings, and proving centres of light in the communities where they live. A considerable number have continued their studies and are engaged as missionaries, teachers, or in other learned professions.

For many years past the average number of pupils has been 150. About one-half of these come from French Protestant families scattered throughout the province; the other half from Roman Catholic homes. Most of them would otherwise have no opportunity of obtaining a sound education at all. Both classes receive daily instruction in the Bible, and no pupil ever leaves the Schools without a good knowledge of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel. The effect of this is seen in the fact that each year from twenty-five to thirty of the pupils make a public profession of their faith and are received into the membership of the church.

It is felt by the Board that if the work is to be continued in a satisfactory way the present buildings must be re-constructed and enlarged. In any case they must have extensive repairs

in order that they may be used with any comfort or advantage. At the request of the Board plans have been prepared by Messrs. MacVicar and Heriot, architects, for a new building which will incorporate the two existing buildings and afford the much needed accommodation for additional pupils. The estimated cost is about \$60,000. These plans have been approved by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and the scheme commended to the liberality of the church, and of the many friends of the work in general.

As a proof of their interest in the scheme, the French Protestant churches have undertaken to provide \$5,000 of the amount required.

A. J. MOWATT, D.D.,

Chairman, Board of French Evangelization.

S. J. TAYLOR,

Secretary, Board of French Evangelization.

Y. M. C. A. Building,

Montreal, 15th October, 1903.

THE MARITIME SYNOD.

Met in Charlottetown, P.E.I., 6th October and the two following days. It was opened with sermon by Rev. T. Cumming, retiring moderator, from that grand, age-long question, "Watchman, what of the night?" after which Rev. K. J. Grant, D.D., was unanimously called to the chair.

Dr. Grant has had over thirty successful years of mission work in Trinidad, and his health necessitating a change for a time from the Tropics, the F. M. Committee has asked him to spend some months in clearing off the debt on the F. M. Fund, East. On this again depends the sending of another missionary to Korea. The man is waiting and the F. M. Committee do not feel that they can assume additional obligations while the debt remains. But this is aside from the meeting of Synod, save that the heartiness of his appointment shews the esteem in which both the moderator and his work are held.

The College has a large place in the heart of the Eastern Section of the Church, and it was with special pleasure that a resolution approving of Rev. Prof. Falconer's appointment as principal was adopted by the Synod.

The nomination of Dr. Magill, of Ireland, to the chair vacated by the removal of Dr. Gordon to Queen's was also cordially received.

For many years the Synod has been accustomed to the reports of the Hunter Church Building Fund, and many a weak congregation

has been helped by it to a place of worship, but the benefits were confined to Nova Scotia. The Century Building Fund for New Brunswick and P.E.I. now fills the "long-felt want," and the first report to Synod of the good work done by such a Fund was gladly welcomed.

For fifteen years Rev. E. Smith has reported the work of the Augmentation Committee and while from year to year congregations pass off the Fund and become self-supporting the number receiving aid is not lessened, because others, which have hitherto been mission stations, become organized as congregations and get aid from this Fund. Thus it is that this nursing fund helps the extension and growth of the Church. There are now about eighty five congregations in the Synod receiving aid, and \$10,000 is asked for the current year, the same amount as last year. Synod emphasized the importance of aided congregations getting themselves off the Fund as soon as possible.

The prospects of the Aged Ministers' Fund were reported bright. This Fund, East and West, has not yet been made one, but the matter is likely to be dealt with by next Assembly.

The reading of the Obituary roll is a solemn and tender scene, as name after name familiar and beloved is numbered with the dead. Revs. W. S. Darragh, Adam Gunn, Daniel MacGregor and Donald Sutherland have passed away during the year.

Church Life and Work is a large and all-embracing theme and Mr. Carr's report was a hopeful one.

At the close of the last evening came Temperance. There is perhaps no man in the Church, if anywhere, who better illustrates the grace of perseverance than does the Rev. H. R. Grant, of Trenton, in the work of Temperance. Into a saloon to rescue a poor victim of drink or to plead with or warn the liquor seller, into a drunkard's home to give hope and comfort, into print to point out the evils and dangers of the traffic, or into Court to enforce the law, all are familiar to him. Whether others smile or frown he goes steadily, relentlessly on, working to save his country and her homes from the blight of the drink traffic. His presentation of the matter to Synod, earnestly endorsed by several other speakers, made a profound impression.

Next meeting is in Pictou, N.S., the first Tuesday of October, 1904.

A BRAVE OLD MAN.

BY REV. JOHN NEIL, TORONTO.

Just about three weeks before Dr. Robertson died he preached in Westminster Church, Toronto. It had been announced before that he was to speak, and the congregation was out in full force.

He came into the vestry a few minutes before the service, with his arm in a sling and a bandage round his head and over one eye. The week before, he had met with an accident, in which the side of his face had been bruised and his shoulder injured. He looked thin and worn, and it was learned afterwards that his friends had all urged him not to preach that day, but he had promised and was determined to fulfil his promise.

When he rose to speak, the first thing he said to the people was, "If I did not know you well, I would be ashamed to appear before you to-day in this condition; but you will understand," he added, with a smile, "that I have not been doing anything wrong."

He had spoken in the same church frequently before, but never did he make such an impression as on that day. For nearly an hour he held the close attention of every man and woman, every boy and girl in the audience. You could have heard a pin drop all the time.

He took us away to the broad prairies and through the mountains, and described to us the settlers in their new homes, the little villages that were springing up everywhere all over the country, the mining camps away up on the mountain side and the men in their lumber camps. He told us of the different peoples that were coming into the country, the Hungarians, the Doukhobors, the Galicians, men from almost every country of Europe and from some of the countries of Asia. He spoke about the people from the United States who were coming across the line to make homes for themselves in our Northwest, about the Mormons who were settling there and who were teaching their pernicious doctrines wherever they went.

He gave us a bird's eye view of the country and its needs, and, as he spoke, the listeners almost saw these people, with their different customs, their different languages, their different religions, coming to make our land their home. He pointed out, too, how necessary it was, for the sake of our country's future, that they should be taught to fear God and to keep His commandments. He appealed to us, as patriots and as Christians, to send them the Gospel.

When he began to speak his weakness was apparent, but, long before he had ended, his voice was as strong as it had ever been, and he spoke with the energy and enthusiasm of a young man.

His closing appeal for the support of missionaries by the congregation was simply irresistible. No sooner had he left the pulpit than one man came forward and said, "I will support one missionary," and before the week was ended seven missionaries had been provided for. It is to be questioned whether Dr. Robertson ever made a better address, or one that made a deeper impression upon those who heard him.

Only three weeks later the brave old man, who had done so much for his country, for his church and for his God, was gone. Those who heard him on that bright, winter Sabbath morning will never forget his appearance, nor, it is to be hoped, the earnest words which he spoke.—*East and West.*

LETTER FROM YUKON.

FROM REV. JOHN PRINGLE.

Bonanza, Yukon Territory,

1st Sept., 1903.

Dear Dr. Warden,

Your letter came Saturday and I hasten to answer it, for winter is not very far off and the new man should start not later than the 20th September. We will not likely be able to get through from White Horse by boat after 15th October, though last year the steamers ran until about the first of November.

About a residence for the minister, I am getting my tent enlarged and fitted up and it will serve for us both. When I leave I will donate it and the lot to the church here, so that the minister will have a place of his own as long as the camp lasts.

It will not be necessary to send an additional man into my brother's field as I shall be able to relieve him of the heavier part of his work outside Hunker. The one free man will take the strain off the whole staff, and the strain up here is great, no let up at all, because it is almost impossible to get supply, and, when one is absent from his pulpit on any other call, the irregularity injures the work.

I thank you very heartily for your readiness to accede to my request for letting the new man come here and freeing me for pioneer

work. There are many men who can work this field better than I can. At any rate, I am better fitted for the rough pioneering work and am really more contented at it than at any other. I shall also have much more fresh matter to present to the Church through the *RECORD* or weekly papers.

I was in Atlin for ten days during August. It was like being at home, and when I left it was just as bad as leaving home. Mr. Turkington is doing well. The camp has "got out of the hole," and is, for its population, the most prosperous in the North. It did me good to see how Mr. Turkington has gathered the people about him and got them interested in his own and the general work of the Church. He has a grand Session in the North.

I lived in the hospital, had a room in the new wing and got well acquainted with the nurses and their helper, Miss Douglass. The minister and they make a quartette which it would be hard to equal in Canada, for the work they are called to do. It is sufficient for me to say that the nurses are worthy successors of the two beloved pioneers whose work and sacrifices and help one minister will never forget. May God's best blessings follow them wherever they go.

I am glad to hear of the work in the extending field of the prairie territories. I am glad the Church has grasped the situation and is going to meet it in no niggardly spirit. Let the Church be generous also in giving her best men, progressive, adaptable, with the essentials of the Gospel bulking largely and clearly in their thought and teaching, and the place she occupies in the West to-day—first in religious, political and business life—that place she will continue to hold. It is a laudable ambition to seek to make the Church's influence tell most largely in the higher life of our young nation.

On the 26th November next I shall reach the twenty-fifth anniversary of my ordination. I shall always be glad and thankful that I was so led as to give twenty-one of the twenty-four years to the work in the West—laying foundations, blazing the trail for the millions who shall swarm over our plains and amid our mountains.

If spared I shall with my dogs visit the distant nooks and corners of the territory this coming winter, and in summer go up the rivers on the steamers and drop down from camp to camp in a canoe. I am not doubtful about my welcome and the welcome my message will get amongst the waifs and strays of the Yukon.

Our Foreign Missions.

LETTER FROM REV. W. A. WILSON.

Neemuch, Central India, 22 Sept. '03.

Dear Mr. Scott,

During the last seven years the bubonic plague, a terribly contagious and fatal disease, has scourged various parts of India and carried off vast numbers of people.

Last cold season it made its first appearance in our part of Central India. Rutlam was sorely afflicted for several months. Many of the inhabitants deserted the city until the disease had spent itself after a great mortality. It broke out in the Christian Orphanage there and cut off a few of the children, but fortunately it was speedily checked.

Several weeks ago it appeared in virulent form in Mhow and Indore. The death-rate gradually increased till in one day as many as a hundred and forty reported cases in the former place and a hundred and ninety in the latter occurred. Thousands of people have fled and yet the death roll is very large.

Yesterday as I passed the burning ghat at Indore I saw smoke ascending from dozens of funeral piles. Owing to the cost and scarcity of wood for burning, numbers of graves were being dug for the bodies of the poor, several of which were lying on the ground awaiting interment.

The fell disease has broken out in the orphanage, schools and homes in Mhow and Indore. At the time of writing about a dozen persons out of about thirty attacks connected with one of the sections of the Mhow orphanage have died, the proportion of recoveries being much higher than in the bazar, where out of sixteen hundred cases in one week thirteen hundred proved fatal.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew have worked heroically in caring for the sick and dying, and it is largely owing to their unselfish devotion that so many have recovered.

Dr. Margaret Turnbull in Indore has been sorely pressed by work in behalf of the afflicted there.

Dr. Menzies threw himself heartily into the work of ministering to the sick in the Chris-

tian community of Mhow, contracted the disease himself, and, after a week of distressing suffering, was called away. His body was laid to rest by his fellow missionaries not far from the grave of the late Norman Russell in the beautiful cemetery at Mhow.

The work of the mission in these two afflicted stations, and now also in Neemuch, has been greatly interrupted or rather diverted. College and schools, etc., have been closed and bazar preaching has been stopped. Some agents have died and others have fled.

The hundreds of orphans in our care require utmost vigilance and cause much anxiety. We know not what awaits us, for the cold season which is now drawing on is the time of greatest activity of the plague. The prospects are that we shall have to contend with it for months to come. Surely many will pray that the Lord may spare the lives He can use in promoting the interests of His kingdom.

CRIES FOR HELP.

The people here, in their ignorance, are calling frantically for deliverance, the Mahomedans on Allah and the Hindus on their gods and godlings.

Since the plague has invaded Neemuch the people have become greatly concerned about the observance of their religious rites, and extraordinary efforts are being made to propitiate offended deity.

The other evening a great crowd of Mahomedans, with green flags on poles surmounted by an outstretched hand, passed down the bazar, men, women, boys and girls shouting "Hassan, Hussein," calling on the martyred grandsons of Mahomet. It seemed characterized by a spirit of levity, and one's heart saddened at the conception of God cherished by those who imagined such services well pleasing to Him.

As the pestilence has been alarmingly increasing this evening a crowd in a different state of mind passed along the streets. It was headed by a Mahomedan moulvie reciting verses from the Koran which he carried before him. Every few yards the procession would halt and all would join in shouting "Allah,"

"Allah." The deep voices of bearded men and the shrill voices of children mingled in a deafening roar of howling and wailing.

Poor, blinded people! they know not God as a kind and gracious Father, into whose ear they can pour their tale of sorrow and fear. Verses from the Koran, written on scraps of paper, may be seen pasted over the doors of Mahomedan houses. Goats in large numbers have been sacrificed, and many are diligently reading the Koran as an act of merit though its Arabic tongue they do not understand.

Near our preaching-room and bazar school is a shrine dedicated to Sitala or Mahamai, the "Great Mother" so-called. It is merely a collection of small stones and a rude image or two placed in a low niche in the wall of the house over which float a number of votive flags of various sizes and colours. Gathered in front of it, hour after hour, priests chant sacred incantations to appease or drive away the demon of plague.

This afternoon I saw a black buffalo calf which had been purchased by public subscription, led up to the shrine and fed and decorated for sacrifice. A leading man among the shopkeepers, not a priest, smeared its horns and forehead and rump with a red lead and put mystical marks on its sides. On its back was bound a red cloth with white edgings and garlands of flowers were hung upon its horns. At short intervals the crowd of Hindu worshippers shouted "victory to the great mother." A Mahomedan drummer added to the din by the constant rat-tat-tatting of his tom-tom,

When duly decked and worshipped the calf was intrusted to the hands of a Mahomedan to be led away five or six miles into the jungle, where, having slit its ears, he was to let it go to wander where it would.

A procession, headed by the man leading the calf, set out to the edge of the camp where a line was drawn across the path by pouring a bottle of liquor to scare the goddess of the pestilence so that she would not return, and a basket of sweetmeats was laid on her last shrine on the outskirts of the camp as a final offering. The calf was then conducted away to the jungle.

Time and again these people have heard "of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," but hearing they have not perceived, and so in time of distress they call not on Him, but on their demons of disease.

THE LATE DR. GEO. H. MENZIES.

LETTER FROM MISS MARY E. LEACH.

Mhow, India, Sept. 20, 1903.

Dear Mr. Scott,

It is evening time. The sun has gone down and silence reigns. The stillness is oppressive for we know that it means an almost deserted camp. For six weeks the plague has been raging in our midst and in that time it has cut down four thousand lives. Relentlessly, pitilessly it has carried off men, women and children, many hundreds of them after only a few hours' illness.

When it started we thought it would soon be over and only a few would be taken, but it increased in severity day after day. At first it was confined almost wholly to the natives, then our Christians were attacked and taken, and to-day our small band of missionaries stood around the grave of our Doctor Sahib (Dr. Menzies) who passed away last night, stricken a week ago to-day with the dread disease, contracted while ministering to our orphan lads at Mr. Drew's.

Three weeks ago the plague broke out at the orphanage over which Mr. Drew has charge. Mr. Drew is the assistant missionary. His worth is best known by those who know him best. Instead of sending the lads to the segregation camp, they started one of their own in the compound. Dr. Menzies, assuming medical charge, and visited it twice daily, spending hours there attending to the plague cases, while Mr. Drew remained there constantly.

There were several cases of pneumonic plague, so called when it attacks the lungs, a most virulent form of the disease, and over these Dr. Menzies spent much time, thus inhaling their breath filled with the plague poison. Three cases died, two of whom had contracted the disease from inhaling the breath of the first one stricken.

Then Dr. Menzies began to complain of nausea, but kept on with his work and his attendance at the plague ward until last Sunday night, Sept. 13. At ten o'clock on Monday a.m. high fever came on, and on the sixth day he was not, for God took him.

Not ten months in India, yet he had endeared himself to all with whom he had come in contact, natives and Europeans alike. The native Christians themselves recognize that he sacrificed his life for the orphan lads and have said over and over again to me "He gave his life for the boys."

We missionaries mourn his loss as of a brother beloved. One of our number said to-day as we left the grave where we had laid him "Not one word can be said against him. He lived without reproach among us. Earnest, self-sacrificing, diligent in service every hour of the day, loving, kind, gentle and modest, in honour preferring others." Every heart echoed this testimony.

He was such a busy man. From morning till night he worked. The boys demanded constant attention, some always sick and those able to go around came to him with medicine bottles to be filled or heads or legs to be dressed. To one and all he gave his undivided attention, nothing was too trifling to be examined and treated.

His hospital and dispensary work over for the day, he gave himself to doing the carpentering at the new hospital and isolation ward. With his own hands he put in all the shelves and cupboards in the dispensary, showed the lads how to hang doors and put in windows. Through the long midday hours of the hot season he toiled at this work so that the hospital might be finished, and he himself was the first case to go into the isolation ward, into the preparation of which he had put so much of his own strength and mechanical genius.

An hour a day with his pundit was all the chance he had at Hindi, yet he had a working vocabulary and could make himself understood. The gentleness of Christ made him great. He was so lovable because he was so humble. He always counted himself one of the unworthy ones and least fitted for service, and was ever the first to give the word of encouragement and praise to a fellow missionary.

This is not a eulogy of the dead. It is but a feeble attempt to give the home people a faint idea of the character of their noble representative whom God hath taken to continue his service close to the Throne.

He was a good man. This sums it all. When we have exhausted our vocabulary, we come back to the simple statement "He was a good man." Higher commendation can no one give, "good and faithful servant."

The funeral was at three p.m. this afternoon, Sept. 20. The plague bullock cart was sent out to Rasalpura to bring the body to the cemetery. There eight of the native Christians carried it to the grave, around which stood the group of sorrowing missionaries and Sir James Reid, the General commanding at Mhow, twelve persons in all.

It was a very quiet funeral and only a few were present on account of the nature of the disease. We sorrowed, but not as those who have no hope. For him it is glory, for us it is but a few short years of earthly service till we all meet again in that life where there is no more death.

After the reading by the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Nelson, and the prayer by Rev. W. G. Russell, we sang hymn 326 and as we sang we thanked God that—

"Asleep in Jesus time nor space
Debars this precious hiding place,
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose."

Then, as the last verse was sung,

"Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep;"

our hearts went out in loving prayerful thought to the mother and father, sisters and brothers in the home land.

We do not say "What might he not have done had he lived longer," but, "How much he accomplished and what a fragrant helpful uplifting memory he has left."

His place is vacant, another man is needed to fill the gap. May there be many volunteers. It is no hardship to be in the mission field, but rather an unspeakable honour. Dr. Menzies so often remarked "It is grand to be here, such opportunity! such need! such work! oh! to be prepared for such a privilege!" From the very first the great need and the glorious opportunity impressed him and he entered heart and soul into the service which he deemed so glorious.

Just one word about the worthy partner of such a heroic man. In the midst of her sorrow and loneliness and bereavement she said "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." God honours such trust and in the silent tent where she is spending the ten days of quarantine alone, yet not alone, for God is with her, her testimony is that "God is sufficient, His love is wonderful." She feels that God has called her husband to join the noble army of martyrs. May his memory be to us all a continual inspiration.

Servant of God! well done
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

MEMORIES OF MACAO.*

An Old-World City that is Crumbling Away.

BY MISS C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

(Author of "At Home in Fiji," etc.)

Attention has recently been directed to sundry traces of Portuguese colonies in India in mediæval times. Nowhere probably is a more interesting and complete survival of such colonies to be seen in the present day than at Macao, on the Pearl River, in South China, about eight hours' run by steamer from Canton.

It is a pretty sail down the wide river, among picturesque islands, on one of which the city stands—that is to say, it is built on a peninsula of the large island of Hiangshan, which three hundred years ago was the stronghold of a mighty pirate-chief, whose name was a terror to all peaceful traders.

It was in recognition of the assistance given by the Portuguese in hunting down this powerful robber-band that, in A.D. 1557, the Chinese authorities granted them the right of settlement on the peninsula, of which Portugal gradually obtained such complete possession that she now virtually holds it as absolutely as we hold Gibraltar.

Not that this absolute possession is by any means recognized by the rightful owners of the soil. The privilege of colonizing at this spot was granted in consideration of the annual payment of 500 taels, *i.e.*, about £120. This rental was duly paid for considerably over two centuries, in fact until about 1845, when the Portuguese, taking advantage of the general awe inspired by the war with Great Britain and by the presence of the allied fleet in the Canton River, repudiated their obligations, and declined to pay further rent unless certain other privileges were conceded; these being refused, they expelled the Chinese officials from the City.

From that time the relations of China and Portugal regarding Macao have naturally been somewhat strained, the Portuguese claiming absolute possession of the city, while the Chinese never lose an opportunity of describing them as non-rent-paying tenants.

Latterly, however, in the desire to check opium smuggling and to prevent the smugglers when routed from Hong Kong from finding a sure refuge in Macao, negotiations were commenced by which it was proposed that China should definitely cede Macao to Portugal on

condition that the latter should help the Chinese to collect the revenue in the same manner as is done by the authorities of Hong Kong. A treaty on this basis was agreed to at Lisbon, but I am not sure whether the Court at Peking ratified this cession of territory to a foreign Power.

Certainly, to look at the Macao of the present day, it does not appear in the light of a dangerous neighbour. The extensive trade to which the city primarily owed its existence gradually declined from the time when the Dutch and British traders began to obtain a footing at Canton, and now the whole has been swept away, drawn by the stronger currents to Hong Kong, and you feel on landing here that you have drifted into a quiet backwater of life's river—so still and dreamy is everything connected with this sleepy survival of mediæval Portugal, this beautiful relic of the wealthy city of olden days, which now is only kept alive by its priests, its churches, its handful of military and its gambling.

It is scarcely possible to realize a change so rapid and so entire as that from the busy mercantile city I had left in the morning (Canton being the concentrated essence of typical China) to the quiet, easy-going life of Macao, where the grass-grown streets and all the surroundings indicate the "calm decay," before whose gentle advance this old-world city is so surely crumbling away.

Of course, where you have a population of some 70,000 Chinamen and a handful of Parsees, it is certain that there must be a fair share of energy, but the majority of these are, in some form or other, attendants on the 10,000 Portuguese and other foreigners.

There was just one Englishman in the city, to whose good care I was consigned, and so found myself most comfortably established in a large, old Portuguese house, where he lived in solitary state, devoted to two delightfully curious rough-haired Chinese dogs and two admirable cats. His occupation was that of "tea-tasting" for one of the great English mercantile firms at Hong Kong, a profession which must require a wonderfully discriminating palate, so very numerous are the samples of every shade of flavour and scent, all of which must be tasted from rows of tiny cups, in each of which so much tea, exactly weighed, has stood for so many seconds in water "at the boil."

My kind countryman was awaiting the arrival of the steamer in his carriage, a luxury which (with the exception of two days when I

* Our readers will remember that Macao is our newest mission field, where Rev. W. K. and Mrs. McKay are laboring.—Ed.

touched at Shanghai) I had not seen for months—not since leaving Yokohama; so no time was lost in beginning to explore this very picturesque city, which is so very beautifully situated, with its houses, churches and convents scattered among shady trees all over the hills and headlands of this fine bold peninsula.

We drove as far as "The Barrier," which is a gate, guarded by sentries, on the Isthmus—a narrow spot of low land which divides the Portuguese settlement from the mainland. Thence along the sea-coast to the lighthouse and then to the military hospital, from each of which we had most lovely views, the charming landscape seeming to float betwixt the soft blues of heaven and ocean, so caressingly do these peaceful bays steal in between the headlands.

The city forms a crescent along the shore, the principal houses lying nearest the water, so that a drive along the Praya or promenade shows Macao in its most comfortable phase. Its houses have all the character of old Portuguese homes, each standing by itself in its luxuriant flower-garden, while the houses themselves are rainbow tinted, red, blue, orange, green and yellow by turns attracting the eye on walls or jalousie-shutters.

The housetops are terraced and balustraded and ornamented with plants in handsome vases; flowering creepers, especially cactuses, veil the garden walls, and everything looks clean and bright. The actual streets are narrow and have no side-pavements for pedestrians, but there are picturesque details on all sides and a considerable variety of costumes—the wearers including priests in dark robes and broad-brimmed Spanish hats, Parsees in their distinctive dress, naval and military uniforms of the Portuguese garrison, and of ships of divers nationalities, Portuguese ladies enfolded in their black silk cloaks and Chinamen of all grades.

As regards temperature, it is distinctly cold (the thermometer here ranging from forty-three degrees in winter to ninety degrees in summer.) In the January morning coming down the river it was bleak and chill, and in the evening, though the air was bright and crisp, I was glad of extra wraps and thankful to find a blazing fire, which was also fully appreciated by the cats and dogs.

On Sunday we awoke to the happy consciousness of that clear brilliant sunlight which makes the climate of Southern China so delightful in the winter months, during which

the heat is never excessive and rain is a thing undreamt of.

After breakfast we strolled through the variegated streets and visited sundry churches. First we entered the church of San Lorenzo, where was assembled a large congregation of Portuguese women, all shrouded in their sombre long black silk veils, without which they never cross their thresholds and which effectually cover them from head to foot. The custom must certainly tend to assist devotion by effectually removing all temptation of the eye arising from the distractions of dress.

Preferring to attend a service at the Cathedral we proceeded thither, but found we were too late, as that had commenced at eight o'clock. So then we went to the San Domenico and found that a military mass was about to be celebrated, with band accompaniment of most cheerful secular music. The earliest pieces were operatic, and these changed to a valse, which had to be stopped short in the middle at the moment of the elevation of the Host; when, obedient to the loud military word of command, the congregation knelt. I had become pretty well accustomed to this singular form of service during my prolonged stay at Tahiti, but it could never be otherwise than painfully jarring.

Afterwards we explored the grounds and ruins of the old Cathedral, which was burnt fifty years ago, and then wandered on to the Monte Fort, where state prisoners would be kept if there were any. At all these semi-military establishments and forts we found very civil old National Guardsmen who seemed pleased to do the honours and to see us admire the lovely views.

Here is a grassy cemetery, and among its neglected graves are those of Dr. Robert Morrison, the earliest Protestant missionary in China, and his wife and son. Dr. Morrison landed in Canton in 1808 and died here in 1834.

From Camöens' garden we wandered back to a finely-situated old monastery, crowning one of the hills which form the horns of the crescent-shaped bay, and which is commonly called Poenahill—a contraction of Nossa Senora di Poena. The view hence is so lovely that I returned the following morning to secure a careful sketch from the monastery, but the air was actually so keen—it was in January—that I could not work without an occasional run to counteract the cold.

After some hours my host rejoined me, and

we wandered on to St. Joseph's College, where very civil Portuguese priests and students did the honours of their library, their domed church, and the fine old banyan trees which overshadow the court.

We next ventured into a gambling-hell, that I might see the game of *fan-tan* (which is played with dice and thirty-two dominoes) and other games apparently equally fascinating. Copper cash are scattered on a high table and quickly covered. The men, crowding round, then lay their stakes on the number that will remain after the croupier has, with his long ivory chop-sticks, removed a given number, taking four at a time. The game seems to be immensely exciting, and the betting is fast and furious. Indeed, this is the only exception to the general listlessness of existence in Macao.

For that matter a Chinaman is always ready to bet, and contrives to make occasions out of every sort of thing—even to the number of pips to be found in a given orange. In the streets of Canton they are forever gambling round the fruit, cake and other provision stalls on the "double or quits" principle, which seems quite irresistible even to the hungry beggars who can least afford to risk their morsel. Certainly at Macao they find every encouragement, for in these degenerate days when commerce is a memory of the past, the city revenues are largely dependent on the ignoble item of farming these gambling tables.

AN OUTSIDER'S TESTIMONY TO MISSIONS IN INDIA.

SIR ANDREW FRASER, GOVERNOR OF BENGAL.

There is always a satisfaction in hearing intelligent testimony regarding mission work from those who are not directly engaged in it but who are in a position to know whereof they speak. Such, in a very special manner, is the case with Sir A. H. L. Fraser, K.C.S.I., who has for many years held a high place in the India Civil Service and has recently been appointed by the British Government Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. In the course of a speech at Simla he said:—

"I take a great interest in missions because I think it is incumbent upon a Christian man when he understands the work that missionaries are doing to take an interest in it.

"Besides, I owe a debt of gratitude to missionaries labouring in this country, inasmuch as in some of the small stations in which I have been located, missionaries of my own

church and of other churches have been there to whom I have looked for spiritual help, and the work which missionaries do among our own fellow countrymen, is, I think, one of great importance, and for which we should be grateful. We were praying just now for the natives of this country. There was also a prayer that we might lead consistent lives. I think that is surely of the greatest importance in regard to the progress of Christ's Kingdom here in India.

"I take interest in missions as a Government officer. I have seen medical work—our own medical work done by Government officers and also by missionary establishments—and I rejoice to think that missionaries are co-operating with us in the work and for the good work they have done. I think the Government should show some sympathy in all their aims and desires.

"I know a good deal about education and the good work done by mission schools and colleges; not only in examinations of the universities, but in other directions. It has been my policy to find out the school from which boys who are candidates for Government service come, and I find that the best boys we have come from missionary schools and colleges. That, after all, is not wonderful, for our missionary schools and colleges have professors of high character and education. That alone is enough to account for it.

"Another very important thing is the touch that our missionaries have with natives' wants.

"Going once, from Saturday to Monday, to a little village a considerable distance from Najpur in the rains, I wished to spend a Sunday with the native congregation. I was accompanied by one of our Presbyterian missionaries, named Mr. Douglas. We were to have gone about eight miles in a tonga, but, owing to the state of the roads, we had to walk. It was nightfall when we came to a village, having lost our way. This was, we found, four miles from Dapha, to which we were going.

"I sent for the headman of the village, and, as I was the Commissioner of the Division, I had the right to ask the way to the village of Dapha, to which I said we were going.

"He said: 'It is four miles off. I will call the *Kotwal*, who will show you the way.'

"Just then Mr. Douglas spoke.

"The headman said, 'Why, this is our *Padri*. He immediately set out with us himself, walked the four miles to the village, talking all the while in a most cheery way. He said he

remembered the visit of Mr. Douglas, and came sometimes to hear him at Dapha, and mentioned how delighted he was to see him. Then he walked back all the way to his village. I thought to myself, here we have an agency for reaching the people which is not at our own disposal as Government officers.

"I have had experience of the terrible years which have passed over the country, and known the work of missionaries during the famine, so you will understand how a man who has had to bear the brunt during such times comes to have sympathy with missionary work. All through the warfare with famine in the Central Provinces there was no agency more valuable than that of the missionaries. Not only have I sympathy with missionaries as a Government officer, but also as a private individual, and my sympathy as a private individual is no less strong than that as a Government officer.

"I have already said that I owe a debt of gratitude to missionaries. I am a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. I am glad not only to be called a Christian, but seek in every fibre of my being to be one. I rejoice in these agencies for enabling us to live a Christian life in this land, where there are so many temptations and difficulties. I have strong sympathy as a private individual with missions, because of the great value I attach to that which I have received from the Christian religion.

I know a good deal of the tenets of Hinduism, which it has been my privilege to study; I know something of the strong points of Mohammedanism, which I have learned from reading and conversation; but I have never found in these anything to equal that of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, who 'loved me, and gave Himself for me,' and 'Whom not having seen I love, in Whom, though now I see Him not,' 'yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' And having got this freely, I think we should freely give. It seems to me to be instinctive of the Christian Church to go in for foreign missions, to carry throughout the world the light and the glory of God, which we have received freely.

"Some people say, 'Why should we send people across to India and give money to the heathen?' If that poor, miserable, parochial policy had prevailed in the first century and later, where should we have been? The Gospel was given that it might be carried into all the world. There is nothing that England can give to India, notwithstanding the many bless-

ings she has given, to compare with the Gospel of Christ. Therefore I have the strongest sympathy with our Indian missions.

"There is another reason—that is, that they are doing the work which, I believe, from the evidence in the Bible, lies near to the heart of our Lord Himself. I love to think of that promise, 'Ask of Me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession' 'Ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.' That is a splendid commission to give to the Church, and a work that I think lies near the heart of Christ.

"Just one word about results. I think there is a great deal of impatience about results. There is a beautiful prayer in the Epistle to the Thessalonians, 'And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God and into the patient waiting for Christ. I consider that is a wonderful phrase, 'Patient waiting for Christ.' I think there are splendid results. I am not going to speak about converts.

"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein, and if any one looks for converts he will find them. There are besides, many of them who would be an honour to any church. For years I was an elder and district visitor of the native church in Nagpur. I have seen the people in their homes and got to know them better than in other circumstances would have been possible. I learned many a lesson in patience and loyalty from these Christians.

"I should like to mention an instance—a man came into Nagpur and asked for baptism. He knew the Scriptures well, and expressed his strong faith in Christ as the crucified and risen Saviour. He was a tutor in the family of a doctor, a native gentleman of high position at the head of a hospital. This gentleman had family worship morning and evening, and read and expounded the Scriptures; there this man had learned all he knew about Christianity, and now he came for baptism. This doctor was a professed Hindu and never joined the church, and yet there he was, the spiritual father of this man that came to claim baptism. I have met many such men throughout the country, men for whose character I have the highest respect.

"I believe there will yet be a result that will astound those who have no belief in missions, and this before long, when many will turn willingly and loyally to the service of Christ."

CHINESE RIOTS AND MISSION WORK.

LETTER FROM REV. JAMES A. SLIMMON.

Canadian Presbyterian Mission,

Hwai-ch'ing fu, 21st July, 1903.

Dear RECORD,

In theory I am of those who hold that it is part of a missionary's duty to write frequent letters giving information about his work so as to keep friends at home interested and to supply them with fresh matter for prayer.

But I have never been able to do as much as I would like along that line, and perhaps one of the things that has hindered me, most of all, has been the desire to write something that would be really interesting, for I believe there are a great many people who systematically turn over the leaf when they come across a foreign missionary article or letter in the magazine they are reading, they have read so much that is dry and dull to them that they feel they have had enough of that kind of thing.

And, in spite of the best intentions in the world, it is not always possible for us to find matters of thrilling interest to write about every time. The greater part of a missionary's life is taken up with going through the same routine day after day, month after month. And when once he has described that work and given incidents from it, there is nothing new left to write about, because, although he may be able to furnish fresh incidents from time to time, these resemble each other so closely that the reader would find it hard to distinguish one year's work from another.

Oh! How much one would like to have "the pen of a ready writer," the power to create and sustain interest in this work that is so dear to us. But, for every one missionary that can write an interesting letter, there are a hundred doing possibly quite as good work but utterly unable to write about it in an interesting manner. So far as my own experience goes in the reading of missionary literature, I have read three or four times as much written by mere visitors to the field as I have read written by those who are actually engaged in the work.

When I say "mere visitors" I do not mean it in any disparaging sense, thank God for them, may He multiply their number and increasingly help them to write up the work that others are doing; by this means they are doing a good work and helping the toiler who is buried out of sight. So let me ask your readers to seek rather matter for prayer in missionary letters than merely interesting reading.

There is great need for prayer for the work in this region, because the enemy has been able to do so much to hinder it, at least so far as outward appearances go, but things are not always what they seem, and I fully believe that the work has been going on steadily in the hearts of those we were brought into contact with before the recent troubles began.

Three or four months ago the Governor of Honan issued proclamations through the various magistrates stating that an increase of fifty per cent. was to be made on the land tax, the reason given was that the standing army was to be increased, and, therefore, a larger income required to meet the expense, but the people did not accept this reason, the general opinion being that in some way or other foreigners were at the bottom of it. Various theories were held as to what the connection was, one of the most interesting which I heard was that we were raising money to open a mission school in every city in the province.

In spite of many facts that seem to argue the contrary, the Chinese people are really amongst the most democratic in the world, and when once their rights are touched on in a way to rouse opposition, the powers that be are quite helpless.

One of the ancients laid it down as a principle to be observed by rulers, that the way to govern a people was to "find out what they want and grant it;" this was not done in the present instance, and organized opposition began to manifest itself throughout this whole district, the people assembled in thousands, first at one prefectural city, then at another, to protest against the increase. Their protest took the stereotyped form of attacking the magistrate's residence and wrecking it, and then, by way of recompense I suppose to the rioters, who were giving their valuable time, a few shops were looted.

First it took place in Wen-hsien and Meng-hsien at the south of this, then at our own city. After that at Chi-yuan to the west, and last—only two weeks ago—at Yang-wu to the east. In each case the rioters had things all their own way for two or three days, and then dispersed to leave room for the soldiers who were sent out by the military official to restore peace. One could almost tell at what stage the riot was by asking how many days it had been on.

Like some of those well-known diseases that have to run their course, and the doctor can only stand by and register its progress by

noting the symptoms, and, as in these diseases complications are liable to occur, they occurred in our own special riot.

The magistrate departed from the usual course by closing the city gates and going out in person to reason with the mob; what all the others had done was to skip out lively as soon as the mob began their attack. So naturally the mob at our city resented the innovation and promptly hit him over the head with a brick bat, but he held his ground and told them that it would not help their cause any to slay him, that he "knew they were all good people," so they had best return to their homes.

As they showed no signs of doing so he made a retreat into the city. He was unable to close the outer gate against the mob, but fortunately managed to get the inner gate closed; this they attempted to force by trying to burn it down, but, as it was sheathed with iron, the attempt failed.

During all this time we were more or less excited in our compound and in a state of indcision, for the organizers of the riot had announced their intention, by a placard, of attacking us after they were through with the magistrate, and, as there was no possibility of our receiving any help from the officials (we had already declined their invitation to move into the city) the question was: what was the best thing to do.

I hated the idea of clearing out, unless it was absolutely necessary to do so, as rioters had forced missionaries to flee once before, and thus put back the occupying of Hwai-ch'ing by about fourteen years. But, in order to be ready for anything that might occur, I got a cart hitched up and sent to the outskirt of our part of the suburb, so that I could put Mrs. Slimmon and Edie on to it at a moment's notice, and fall back on Wei hui as soon as the rioters began to move in our direction. I kept scouts going and coming between our place and the scene of the riot, to report progress, and when about midnight word was brought that the city gates were being forced, I thought that things looked pretty serious, as that is a capital offence in China, and that perhaps the time had come for us to clear out and leave the rioters to have their own sweet will with our possessions.

But then I thought that if they did manage to force a way into the city, they would be too busy looting to pay any attention to us, so waited on to see what the outcome would be.

After an anxious hour or two, word was brought that the rioters had all dispersed and the riot at an end. So we went to bed, though I still kept the cart in readiness lest there might be need for it. However, daybreak brought confirmation of the news that the riot was over, and two days later the official sent a guard of men to stand at our door; I knew then that we were quite safe.

One of the results of our unpopularity during this time has been that the people who had begun to be friendly and show an interest in the Gospel were afraid to be seen coming near us, but we are beginning to get over that now, and just the other day the magistrate issued a proclamation announcing that the proposed increase was to be remitted and that the old terms would hold good, so I think we may look on that trouble as a thing of the past; the officials have found out what the people wished, and granted it.

A fifteen days' "Fair," attended by thousands, was brought to a close the other day. It was held outside the city wall, and, as these fairs always afford excellent opportunity for preaching, I gathered all my helpers together; we erected a tent on the fair ground and kept preaching, going all day long. I attended daily dressed in European dress and found the crowd perfectly well behaved and ready to listen quietly. One month ago I would not have considered it safe to have attempted this work, but, now that it has been successfully carried through without any appearance of trouble, we have further proof that things are quite settled in our region.

The style of preaching that found most acceptance with the crowd was to take some Scripture incident, such as "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "Elijah on Mount Carmel," "Healing of the Paralytic," etc., and relate it with a Chinese setting. The Chinese, like all other Eastern people, are fond of listening to story-telling, and it was interesting to see how they crowded round as soon as they found out that a story was on. I had frequently to remind them that we were not mere story-tellers seeking to please them, but that every story was intended to teach them something about God.

The work at the home station has not recovered much yet, but I am trying to work up evening meetings by having an hour's singing every night in our front courtyard from eight till nine o'clock. The people are a little bit shy about coming in, but a beginning has

been made and I hope the thing will grow. The neighbours who ventured to join us last night were one old man who attends Sunday services regularly; one crazy woman who has attached herself to us and is in and out all the time; one Mohammedan who left us while we were singing "Jesus Loves Me." There seemed to be too much "Jesus" about it to suit him. These and a few little boys and girls completed our visible gathering, but over the wall on each side of us I could hear the neighbours gathering to listen, and, as they can hear over the wall just about as well as they could in our own court, it does not much matter if they do not have courage to join us, they can get converted where they are.

But I have hopes that in a few nights we will have a fairly decent audience and that I shall be able to do some preaching in the way of explaining the hymns. I am not allowing any hymn-books to be used, we must learn the hymns verse by verse as we sing them, thus by repetition I hope to be able to lodge some Scripture truth in the hearts even of those who will not join in the singing. If some of the Sabbath Schools would send us out some of the large illustrated texts, after they are through with them, they would be very much appreciated and be the means of doing much good.

I am sure Mr. Robb, of Major street, Toronto, would willingly act as receiver and forwarder of parcels of this sort.

A PICTURE OF A CHINESE CITY.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. J. H. BRUCE.

Chang-te-fu, Honan, Aug. 10, '03.

Dear RECORD.

The city of Chang-te on the main highway from Peking to Hankow is beautifully situated within sight of the western mountain ridges which send down their waters upon a rich level plain thickly dotted with walled towns and hundreds of villages nestling in the shade of thickly growing elms and poplar. The city, strongly protected by its deep moat and lofty embattled walls, encloses within its one square mile of territory more than 75,000 souls.

There is no apparent expansion or growth to a Chinese city. Here for 1,500 years generation after generation have repaired their low mud or brick hovels, and the outer wall now lined with brick appears to stand where the original mound of earth was raised.

An ancient dynasty of petty kings made this their capital. But since the federation of the

petty kingdoms into one great empire it has been ranked as a "fu" city, which is one degree lower than a provincial capital. Being a "fu" city it rules over seven hsien or counties. Accordingly there are located here the yamens of ten or more mandarins or officials, among whom are included the "fu" and "hsien" magistrates, the officers in charge of a small regiment of imperial troops, the President of the local system of irrigation and the Superintendent of the Government "salt hong." In attendance upon the officials are numerous scholars, aspiring to government appointment, and scores of runners.

Besides this aristocratic class there is a student class comprising more than one hundred holding the B.A. degree, several holding the M.A. and higher degrees, and many younger candidates who compete at the annual examination held here for the B.A. degree.

There is also a large influential class of wealthy merchants, dealers in silk and cotton, provision merchants and buyers of grain, besides dealers in foreign wares, for which there is an ever-increasing demand among the Chinese. Dry goods are beginning to be imported from London. Canned fruits and condensed milk and not a few foreign household articles can now be purchased here.

But the greater number in this city, as in all Chinese cities, are among the day labourers, the bearers of heavy burdens, and, still lower in the social scale, the innumerable beggars, "China's parasites" who form themselves into a guild, to assert their rights, or rather their claims.

Any hopes awakened by the pretentious surroundings of a Chinese city, when viewed from without, that there may be something beautiful within, are sure to be disappointed. There are four gateways surmounted by watch-towers and protected by outer walls thirty feet thick. Entering the north gate we find ourselves upon a narrow filthy street closely lined on either side with monotonous rows of one-story shops open in front. The streets are unrepaired from year to year, and the uneven places and deep ruts render it necessary, even when the street is dry, to pick one's steps carefully.

The most conspicuous object is the massive four-story Drum tower, which arches the main street, and for fifteen centuries has stood sentinel at the crossing of the two main thoroughfares where criminals are publicly beheaded. In order to repair this tower, which has fallen into much decay, no theatres are to be given at

the public expense for three years, that the funds thus saved may go to the repair fund.

Yonder tall round tower, amid the dense grove of trees, is the Buddhist pagoda, now so insecure as to be closed up. There toward the east rises the Kao Er, a temple to the god of war, full of many scores of graven images large and small, demons and fairies seated on jutting rocks, sea-monsters floating on the waves and dragons coiled about tall pillars all arranged in bewildering confusion around a huge deity whose throne rides upon the sea. The tradition about this god is that he succors those who are tossed upon the sea of sorrow and misfortune.

There nearer at hand is the Ch'eng Huang temple, the abode of the chief official deity. There are scores of minor temples, large and small, each enshrining idols of clay and wood, before which the people burn incense and paper money. There is evidence on every hand of gross superstition in a people groping blindly after God.

Upon the narrow filthy streets many of the Chinese eat, drink and sleep. Barbers and butchers, fruit dealers and vendors of many wares crowd the passers-by into the middle of the street only to be thrust back by the procession of carts and barrows. In the evening the streets are lined with tables, at which men, stripped to the waist, sit lolling and gossiping over their bowls of tea. Here and there are groups listening eagerly to the chanting of a professional story-teller. Gambling is practiced at every street corner. Later in the evening men may be seen stretched on their narrow beds in front of the shops, their heads wrapped around with their cues and bolstered on sun-dried bricks.

There, just out of reach of the cart-wheels protected by their tatters on a flag stone, lie two beggar boys with the dogs prowling around them. They have many companions in this city to whom the sun's warmth is their greatest boon. They have no homes, no mother's kindly care, and who can tell how they are fed. Here we see a middle-aged woman using a stout cane to assist her as she hobbles along, as every other woman in China does upon her tiny bound feet.

We do not see many women upon the street of a Chinese city. True, she ranks low in the social scale, but even so the street is no fit place for her. Most of what has been written concerning the degradation of Chinese women

is sadly true. Here she is not regarded, nor does she regard herself, as man's equal or helpful companion. She is only his property.

The homes of China's millions are desolate and can scarcely be called homes, in our sense of the word, by reason of the absence of enlightened women by whose care children might be helped into true manhood and womanhood. Here the younger boys and girls are left to run about upon the street in the garb which nature gave them. There seems to be no gathering of the family around a table at meal time; the men and boys take their bowls of millet and eat while standing or squatting on the street or at their place of business, while the women sit upon the ground in the inner courtyard.

Every evening one may hear much carousing over wine cups in closed saloons. The smoking of opium is a violation of law in China, but here we see it not confined to the numerous dens in the city, but openly upon the street we may see men stretched out, two or three around a single lamp. But what more can be hoped for when even the officials who administer the law are enslaved to the drug.

Let one close this brief account of Chang-te with a welcomed visit to our city chapel. In addition to the medical and evangelistic work carried on daily at our compound north of the city, we have rented a building within the city close to the Drum tower, and here for the past eight months preachers have been busy day and night speaking to all who come to listen. Only a few have attended during the day, but for two or three hours each evening we have had a good audience.

The native preachers have done faithful service, several of them giving two or three addresses for many weeks in succession. In a small room in the rear a number of those specially interested read the Gospels every evening with the aid of teachers.

One of the Christians has hung a large Chinese lantern over the doorway inscribed with the words, "God is Love," and he has hung upon the walls of the chapel the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed and many texts of Scripture printed in beautiful large Mandarin type.

We praise God for the interest which has continued during all these months, but we need to be constant in prayer that many of those who have been regular in their attendance will be given grace to confess publicly their faith in their Lord.

NIGHT WORK IN THE BAZAAR.

SCENES FROM "VILLAGE LIFE IN INDIA" BY THE
LATE REV. NORMAN RUSSELL.

The Indian village is a microcosm, a little world in itself, independent, and, save for a few articles of commerce, self-contained. It consists of two straggling lines of rude, tile-roofed houses facing the roadway and main artery of traffic, with, it may be, a few side streets leading off to groups of still simpler structures, the homes of low caste labouring classes, who form the larger part of the village community. Round about it are grouped the village pond or tank, wells, groves and fields, the title to the latter being hereditary with the cultivators, who pay rental, according to the productiveness of the soil, to the *Zamindar* or landed proprietor of the district, as representing the central power.

In addition to the field-labourers, the population consists of a group of agriculturists with their *patel*, *patwari* (accountant), shopkeepers, carpenter, blacksmith, barber and watchman, each working for and dependent on the rest. The affairs of the village are managed by the hereditary headman, his assistant officials and council or *panchayat*, with reference in criminal cases to the central authority.

From time immemorial the village has been India's political unit, the oldest of her monuments. Where cities of palaces have fallen and crumbled away, the ruined village, phoenix-like, has reared again its mud walls and presented its red-tiled roofs to the sun and rains of heaven. In the heart of no man does the love of the spot where he was born seem more deeply rooted than in that of the Hindu; cases have been known of where, in troublous times, villagers, having been driven from their homes, have returned, after the second or third generation, and entered on the possession of their roofless walls and waste fields with as little litigation as though their absence had been that of a day.

Here also lies embalmed India's conservatism. One can see to-day, trailing out in the early morning across the oxen's yoke, the same rude plough that was used in the times of their Aryan forefathers; within the mud walls two women sit grinding at the same rude stone mills; the same fireplace and simple utensils that make up the household furnishings still line the walls; while their few wants are provided for in the same old way.

Standing at the village end in the early evening, watching the labourers gathering in

from the fields and the cattle winding their dusty way from the distant jungle, with a babble of strange chattering voices buzzing in the ears and a quickly changing panorama of oriental colours fitting before the eyes, against a background of dull grey dust and mud, with here and there the glimpse of whitewashed walls or gaudily-hued temple, and in the distance the unskilled notes of some native instrument rising above the din, one can almost imagine himself dropped into some picture in Arabian Nights. This is the time when the village is all bustle and life. The fields without are deserted by man and beast, except for the prowling tiger, the panther and the howling jackal; but within the security of low mud walls, the tired villagers group themselves in happy gossip, awaiting eagerly the evening meal.

It is the impressionable time of the day, the hour which from time immemorial has been dedicated to the village pundit, to discourse on the beauties of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*; and we missionaries have learned not to neglect its opportunity. We cannot reach them with the same simple methods employed during the day; the ordinary preaching discourse would be unavailing in the dark bazaar; so we carry them the gospel by means of the Magic Lantern, which, with its coloured slides, has now become a recognized armament in the missionary campaign.

The villager is fona of anything in the nature of a *tamasha*; he loves to see the changing colours on the sheet; the pictures aid his dull sense in understanding the unfamiliar story; and he will stand patiently for an hour or more in the chill atmosphere of the marketplace to see and hear the gospel message.

Usually, on entering a large town or village, we take a few photographs of familiar scenes, the bazaar, the temple, or a group of school-boys, and, preparing slides at our tents, throw them upon the screen, much to the delight of the amazed villagers, who are led thereby to give all the more attention to the gospel pictures.

These lantern talks are full of interest, and the scenes oftentimes indelibly impress the story on the childlike village mind. I have known an ignorant, jungle Bhil, who, after much persuasion had been lured by curiosity to the neighbouring village, and with awe-struck features sat in perfect silence drinking in the story of some wonderful picture, tell over the substance of it again a year later.

It is marvellous the widespread fascination of the lantern meeting ; dignified officials, who would not deign to pause and listen to a bazaar talk, will have their chairs brought out and give close attention to the explanation of the pictures. I remember one evening a number of haughty Brahmins so eager to be present at our meeting as to sit down under the shelter of the darkness, with low-caste *Chamdrs* and on the latter's verandah ; and as I have already said even timid hill-men have several times been drawn out, through the darkness, from their jungle homes, to watch the magic pictures.

Almost the first request, when we encamp in a village, is for the lantern, young and old crowding round us on our entering the bazaar to ask if we are not going to show them the pictures. The meeting is usually announced not only in the main bazaar but in the neighbouring villages ; and no means has proved as successful for gathering large crowds, sometimes six and eight hundred, even a thousand strong, nor as powerful in holding their attention and fixing the gospel stories on their mind.

In all our methods the aim is the same, to give men a vision of Christ ; and in the lantern talks we touch the Hindu, with his strong love for imagery and the picturesque, in his most susceptible point.

Among our afternoon visitors on one occasion was the Rao Sahib or *Amin* ; and as we had promised to return his call in the evening, we left for our lantern meeting a little early.

On the way we passed a marriage procession ; laughing maidens in red, blue and orange *saris*, singing their merry love songs, sober matrons bearing on their heads trays of sweetmeats and gaily coloured cloths, bashful youths in their ill-fitting finery and staid old men. In front walked the groom, a weakly-looking man of about twenty-eight years, the least attractive individual in the group, spite of his gay trappings.

But where was the bride ? Following the scarf that bound her to her future husband, we saw, nestling in her mother's arms, all unsuspecting of the cruel and binding destinies that were being woven round her young life, a wee babe not more than a year old ; she was the unfortunate bride. And this unnatural, and to them eternal union, was being forged by the cruel monster custom at the bidding of vain superstition, or, it may be, for the gratification of human passion. It is strange, but

to our remonstrances the women themselves are the most zealous defenders of this appalling custom. It would sometimes seem as if the misery of Christless womanhood only bred in them a desire to perpetuate it in those who have to follow ; the years of her bondage have wrought their own permanence.

The procession was on its way to make an offering at a shrine on the neighbouring hill-top, for heathenism loves high places and lots of noise. The clang of discordant gongs and the rumble of the big drums as we passed the temple, where the gods were being put to sleep for the night, almost deafened us. The Rao Sahib was expecting us and *chaprassis* with very faded insignia, but colossal importance, shouted officiously to the bystanders as they escorted us up to the gateway and through a garden sweet with the smell of ripening oranges and pomaloes.

The way led out of the courtyard, across the wide verandah of the sombre *kachahri*, where Brahmin clerks drove their reed pens, or sanded the finished page, all the more assiduously because of the passing *sahib log*, along a dark mud-floored passage, through the cow's stable, up a narrow break-neck stairway, impenetrable to a ray of light, and into the reception-room.

Our host had asked his music teacher to come and play for us, and very sweet were some of his melodies spite of the brass strings of the *sitar*. He also had tea prepared, but I failed to recognize the blend. The educated Hindu is exceedingly courteous, and our friend not only entertained us with some of his experiences, but accompanied us to the meeting in the bazaar.

Our men had set up the sheet, by means of its heavy teak-wood frame, in the broad street used as a market-place, and there was no little coughing and sneezing as the shuffling feet of the gathering throng, which already numbered about 300, raised the pepper-laden dust. But all soon settled down ; it was a clear, cool night, with no moon to "melt" the pictures ; the light, though we used only an oil lamp was good ; and far as the reflection carried, eager, bronzed faces focused six hundred eyes on the magic-painted canvas ; even the women thronged the neighbouring verandahs, anxious not to miss the Padri Sahib's *tamasha* (show).

To the stranger there probably seems no little danger in such an exhibition—the distant village, far away from the overawing influence of British power, the ignorant throng, with

religious zeal quickly fanned into fanaticism, the darkness covering any attempt at mischief, and we with our small numbers and delicate apparatus open at many points to attack. And yet we carry on these evening meetings in the villages of Central India, with less of apprehension than would be experienced on the streets of our cities at home.

Probably no class of foreigners can go in and out of the villages of India with more impunity than the missionary. Though cases are not infrequently reported of British soldiers, and even officers, being attacked in the villages, in spite of their arms, such an experience is practically unknown among missionaries. We enter their bazaars at all seasons, either day or night, though we know that our audience will probably include the village rowdies; we do not hesitate to tell them of their faults and point out to them the evil of their customs; and we not only do not carry arms, but the thought of resistance does not even occur to us.

What are the reasons for this immunity? In the first place it must be known that the religious messenger is treated with as much respect, by the better classes in India, as he would be under similar polemic circumstances at home. Unless it might be under some sudden impulse of fanaticism, his person is to them inviolate.

To be sure our English citizenship must be credited with some part of this respect, but that this cannot fully account for it is seen by the British soldier sometimes being attacked where the missionary goes unscathed. I have stood before an angry and excited mob for over an hour, where, with the nearest British authority fifty miles away, fear could have moved them but little; I could account for being uninjured, spite of threats and violent gestures, only by my office and its message.

Again the missionary understands the people and their ways, and speaks their language more freely than any other class; in all cases of trouble or emergency he is in closer touch with them and knows better how to handle their fears and passions. In the bread riots, during a late famine, it was a missionary who went down among the angry mob in one of our bazaars and did much to persuade the people from their unlawfulness.

Moreover, it is the missionary's business to be kind and helpful, and the people is yet unborn who are altogether inappreciative of kindness. In famine or sickness, in all kinds

of distress, all classes of people naturally seek the missionary. Even the native grooms of the cavalry and artillery regiments in cantonment distinguish among the soldiers those who are kind to them, and significantly call them *padri-sahib* (missionary) soldiers. In the bazaar no one is more respected or wields more moral influence than the missionary, and even among those who profess no interest in his message, he numbers many friends.

Certainly baptisms are resented, especially by the caste of the one received; but the resentment is more against the convert than the preacher. We are perfectly open about our purpose; and many, especially where their own family is not affected, are willing to admit liberty of conscience. Many also recognize that the inevitable destiny of India is to become Christianized. And even when, under some sudden excitement, the inflammable fanaticism of the masses bursts into a fury of ignorant hatred, the great majority still remain true to their respect for the missionary. Dissociated in the native mind from political aggression, and conducted in the long-suffering spirit of Christ, the missionary propaganda among the great nations of the East has little to fear of personal violence.

There was no evidence of either hatred or opposition in our village audience on this occasion. They were not only an interested but a happy crowd. The greater part of the village was out; shopkeeper rubbed against farm labourer, Brahmin against *Chamar*, in the abandon of a new *tamasha*, and under the shadow of uncommunicative night. Some had climbed into empty bullock carts by the side of the roadway, crowing like schoolboys at their elevated position; others had a coign of vantage both for seeing and hearing in the raised verandahs of the shop fronts. Among the latter were not a few women, many of whose faces also peeped out eagerly from the neighbouring doorways, some even venturing to the outskirts of the crowd, their shrill though subdued comments mingling occasionally with the remarks of the boys.

These last were much in evidence, for *volens volens* we must give them a front seat; so they had been arranged in rows, oil-seller's son, bunya boys, farmers and even a bolder *Chamar*, all squatting close together in the dusty roadway, as oblivious to the presence of any one else as though the exhibition were all their own; and perfectly happy, spite of an occasional cut from the end of a bamboo, when

their comments on the pictures or their gibes at one another grew too vociferous. Boys are boys the world over, and we seldom get through an evening's meeting without a stick or two being forfeited, which were serving as means of torture to all within reach, or some specially mischievous lad being led off ignominiously by the ear.

Though we have been conducting these lantern meetings for many years, we have seldom had a hitch. Sometimes the oil has been poor, but we provide for this by carrying a drum of the best kerosene with us. Several times the frame, though strong and heavy, has been broken in the long journeys over the rough jungle roads, but the branch of a tree or the corners of two projecting roof-tops are easily brought into requisition.

On one occasion the slide carrier was left behind, but the light came of one of the workers, split and bound by two transverse pieces and twine into a rude square, formed a sufficient substitute to carry us through the meeting. Touring, however, has become so much of an art, the magic-lantern apparatus all being in its own case, that there is little room for anything going astray. Moreover it is easily handled; the whole can be set up while the crowd is gathering and removed ere it is dispersed.

Difficulties arise from without also. One evening when we had set up our sheet in a narrow roadway, the only thoroughfare in the village, we were obliged to stop in the midst of our meeting, remove the sheet and lantern, and allow a belated herd of cattle to go by. Sometimes where the caste feeling runs high, we have difficulty in the selection of a place of meeting, and generally have to compromise by going into the main bazaar one evening, and among the low caste people another.

Occasionally the attractions of a wedding feast are too strong to be counteracted by our pictures; then we have to divide the interest as well as the roadway with the shrieks of cracked trumpets and the bellows of noisy tomtoms, without which no marriage could be orthodox in India. Seldom, however, have we had a serious interruption and never has it been my experience to have the lantern meeting broken up.

The night was still and cool, and I felt glad of my long ulster to wrap around me when I was not speaking; but it did not seem to affect the crowd, though their bare limbs and thinly clad shoulders, boasting, most of them,

nothing more than a single cotton shirt, must have been stiff with cold. The interest was intense; a programme had been arranged and each speaker knew exactly when his turn would come. After a few scenes from their own and neighbouring villages, and some views of Canada, we had a hymn thrown on the sheet, and then began the addresses; first the parables of "The rich fool" and "The rich man and Lazarus," so pungently applicable to life in India; then the story of "The tares," "The hid treasure," and "The lost sheep," closing with the old story that never grows old, and is the same in all languages and in every land, "The prodigal son."

It would require a powerful cinematograph to depict the changing expression on the rude village faces as for the first time these divine masterpieces came across their spiritual vision, and the lessons ran athwart their experience. They stood many of them as if entranced, while picture after picture was flashed before their eyes, only an occasional "*shabash*" (well done) or "*sach hai*" (it is true) betraying the feelings that were stirring within their hearts.

I have no apology to make for this method of evangelization. Some may object, some scoff, at such an instrumentality. I can only say that in no work of my life have I felt more uplifted, more satisfied that God's benediction was upon me than in these stirring evening meetings in the villages—the sustained interest, the freedom from interruption, the spell that seems to hold our hearers even after the service is over, the deep, heart-felt "*Salaam!*" with which they bid us farewell, all speak of the Spirit's power.

At the close of our meeting we were in some difficulty as to how to get our apparatus back to camp. Usually we have our own bullock cart, but it had gone to Mhow during the afternoon for provisions, and the villagers were very loth to go out after dark. While we were pursuing our enquiries, and as usual, even in the little things, looking up higher for aid, a man came forward with smiling countenance, and asked if we did not remember him. He was a bullock driver who had one day got into trouble, many miles away on the streets of Mhow, and I had been able to help him. He gladly volunteered to go for his cart, and, spite of the trouble, the lateness and the dark, carried our things safely back to camp.

As we neared the grove where our tents were pitched we could hear solemn and persuasive tones as of one preaching, and we caught a

glimpse of an interested group round the camp-fire. It was the cook, who, having dinner ready, had gathered about him the village *chowkidars*, and was relating to them his own experiences and the wonderful merits of the Gospel; nor did his earnestness make our simple meal one whit the less tasty. It was not an unfitting picture to close an evening with some of God's masterpieces; for "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

— SNAKE WORSHIP TO-DAY IN INDIA. —

BY OUR MISSIONARY, DR. MARGARET O'HARA.

Dhar, Central India.

When festivals take place, such as we witnessed yesterday, one realizes that much has to be done ere Christ's reign is established in India.

In the morning the woman who supplies our hospital with milk failed to give the usual allowance. On being asked why, she said that as this was the day for snake worship she could spare none for the hospital, as all the milk was necessary for this ceremony. Entreaties and persuasions were in vain. She went off to feed the snakes, and we to our godown to see what provision could be made for the patients whom superstition and idolatry had deprived of their daily food. Snake-charmers were carrying about the most repulsive-looking reptiles; ordinary snakes, pythons and cobras whose poison fangs had been removed.

A tent was pitched and a large mound of earth built up the day before. The person in charge told the people that snakes were lying inside waiting to be fed. Crowds of people, chiefly women, came to the place, carrying with them offerings of cocoanut, rice, sweets, ghee, money and milk in abundance.

The cocoanuts were first covered with a red cover, then broken by a Brahmin. The milk of the cocoanut poured into the holes that had been made in the pile of earth and the broken cocoanut scattered about; sweets, ghee, supari, betul leaf and pice were laid on the pile and the milk of the cow poured over all.

Then each woman clasped her hands and bowed her head to the mound, but the saddest of all was to see them bring their little babies, hold an offering in their hands and bow their little heads down to touch the filthy mound which was literally covered with flies.

I spoke with the worshippers for a while, but they were so intent in their idolatry that they heeded not the message. In the evening, however, as the people were returning to their homes our prayer-meeting was going on and the people flocked into the church.

All our own people left their seats and soon the church was filled and the service was changed into an evangelistic one, and spirited addresses were delivered by Messrs. George, Anand, Wilson and Russell, each of the four giving his share to make the way of salvation plain to any who had the ear to hear or the desire to accept.—*F. M. Tidings.*

— IS IT NOTHING TO YOU? —

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That millions of beings to-day
In the heathen darkness of China
Are rapidly passing away?
They have never heard the story
Of the loving Lord who saves,
And fourteen hundred every hour
Sink into Christless graves.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That in India's far away land
There are millions of people pleading
For the touch of a Saviour's hand?
They are groping and trying to find Him
And though He is willing to save,
Eight hundred precious souls each hour
Sink into a Christless grave.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That Africa walks in night?
That Christians at home deny them
The blessed gospel light?
The cry goes up this morning
From a heart-broken race of slaves,
And seven hundred every hour
Sink into Christless graves.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Will ye pass by and say,
"It is nothing, we cannot save them?"
You can give or go or pray.
You can save your souls from blood guiltiness,
For in lands you have never trod
The heathen are dying every day,
And dying without God.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Dare ye say ye have naught to do?
All over the world they wait for the light,
And is it nothing to you?

World=Wide Work.

SOME OPINIONS ABOUT MORMONISM.

Whatever imperils the true welfare of one-half the continent imperils that of the other half. Mormonism has made and is making progress in the U. S. A. It has secured one of the most fertile corners in our own Northwest. It gradually wins its way in Gentile communities, and as surely freezes out—or squeezes out—the Gentile from its own communities. It is therefore a subject that most intimately concerns our Dominion, and we give below a series of opinions regarding it published in the October issue of *The Assembly Herald*, the official magazine of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.—Ed.

THE OCTOPUS.

BY WM. THOMPSON, D.D.,

Home Miss. Sec., Pres. Church, U. S. A.

“Have you read Victor Hugo’s ‘Toilers of the Sea?’ Then you remember that awful portrayal of the man in the sea who encountered an octopus. Listen to it again:

“‘Its folds strangle. Its contact paralyzes. It is disease embodied in monstrosity. It is not to be torn away. It adheres closely to its prey. How? By a vacuum. The octopus on the chase hides. It contracts, condenses itself, reduces itself to the simplest possible expression. It confounds itself with the shadow. It looks like a ripple of the waves. It resembles everything except something living. The octopus is a hypocrite. When one pays no heed to it suddenly it opens—a glutinous mass possessed of a will. What more frightful! Glue filled with hatred! The octopus is vulnerable only in the head. There is a certain moment in which to seize it. It is the instant when it thrusts forward its head. He who misses at that juncture is lost.’

“Awful description, but it describes Mormonism. It, too, strangles whatever it enfolds. It, too, is a vacuum—promises that have no substance back of them. It, too, resembles beautiful things—a shadow, a ripple on the wave. It, too, when you touch it is clammy with death. It, too, clings to what it

fastens on—relentless, inexorable, glue filled with hatred of what is good! And it, too, has one vulnerable point—only one—its head is an organism of vitality and power. Its ultimate aim is hierarchical domination of the State, and that is not to be educated, civilized, reformed—but crushed! If we miss at that juncture we, too, are lost!

“Its doctrines are full of evil. Its machinery for propagating them is well nigh perfect. Professor Ely has recently said: ‘Its organization is the most nearly perfect piece of social mechanism with which I have ever in anyway come into contact, excepting alone the German army.’

“It moves with the impact of trained regulars and with the zeal of fiery fanatics. It moves to western coasts, to eastern capitals. Its hypocrisies blindfold a nation while it chases, paralyzes and strangles. With what easy indifference we regard its advance!

“If we were told there were two thousand men going through the country, every one of them infected with smallpox, the nation would rise in a panic, would flee or would grapple the danger. But to be told there are two thousand men abroad, trying with deftest art to infect a nation with a religious system that is blasphemous and with practices that are subversive of social morality and destructive of the national conscience, is to awaken a mild protest here and there—and again here and there to call forth an apology. ‘Are not Mormons industrious? Look at their towns, their schools, their irrigating ditches, their commercial prosperity!’

“With such superficial views we go to sleep while the system spreads and its apostles hasten toward their avowed goal—the control of Western States and Territories—the ultimate holding of the national balance of power!

“And are the churches alive to the situation—they who presumably stand on high ground and are able to see and measure the dangers to which men on merely commercial planes may be blind? Confess the fact. Our churches in Utah are a brave protest and little more. Our schools are a gracious invitation—and little

more; while Mormons send missionaries to us far faster than we send missionaries to them! Beware of the Octopus!

"There is one moment in which to seize it," says Victor Hugo. It is when it thrusts forth its head. It has done it. Its high priest claims a Senator's chair in Washington. Now is the time to strike. Perhaps to miss it now is to be lost!"

A SERPENT IN EDEN.

BY CHARLES J. YOUNG, D.D., NEW YORK.

After years of hearing, reading and inwardly digesting things of Mormonism, a recent visit to its seat of government gave me my first opportunity for personal observation and impressions. I am requested to give a word regarding these impressions with the understanding that space permits no details.

First of all it has been made impressively clear to me that while Mormonism has perforce changed its tactics, methods and modes of operation, there is not a hair's breadth of change in its belief, spirit and inflexible purpose to secure the end in view.

That end, it goes without saying, is the ultimate and universal triumph of Mormonism with all that it stands for in social, political and religious life as the one only promised millennium.

There was a time when Brigham Young said, "I have a perfect right to dictate in everything, from the setting of a stocking to the ribbons on a woman's bonnet;" when the "Danites," "Avenging Angels" and Bishop Lee's relentless butchers accounted for the disappearance in a night of those who refused to conform to the master's will; when disloyalty to the National Government and hostility to evangelical religion were the dominant principles of rising Mormonism.

The public opinion, existing law, and—more than all to the Mormon masters of intrigue—political necessity, compelled a change of front movement and newer methods.

But it is plain the change is only in externals.

Hence the newer policy is infinitely more dangerous than the old because more subtle, more disguised, more plausible and deceitful in carrying the slime of the serpent into the holiest Edens of social and domestic life.

And so with amazing effrontery they actually ask now for fellowship and comity with all other Christian churches in the face of the fact that the central tenets of Mormon faith are,

only one true church, the Mormon, Joe Smith a prophet of God, Jesus Christ God's Son by natural generation and a polygamist, God the Father (Adam) also a polygamist, and any man a god by plural and celestial marriage.

So also pursuant to this later scheme the land is to be flooded with Mormon literature covering its insidious poison with shrewdly applied Bible quotations and catching religious phrases. Street preachers, crafty elders and woman missionaries are to convince the women of our land and other lands what an ideal life of peace and comfort Mormon womanhood really is.

And above all, they will bend every effort, use every means, expend any amount, which their prolific tithe system abundantly enables them to do, to force their interests through political channels, State and National.

Hence the ceaseless, though often secret, schemes to control legislation. Congress, Senate, ballot box, electoral college are all only names with one meaning to the typical Mormon.

From all of which I solemnly conclude that the sanctities of American home life, the purity of womanhood, the safeguards of the family, interests of evangelical religion, majesty and maintenance of American law have no more alert, cunning and conscienceless enemy than the emissaries of a system founded upon human gullibility, rapacity and lust.

TWO PERILS OF MORMONISM.

BY REV. J. J. FLETCHER, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Two insidious perils are connected with the Mormon problem—one doctrinal, the other social; but both fundamental and vital to the welfare of the nation and the Church of Christ.

The first has its origin in the so-called liberal spirit, which accords a certain authority to the reputed sacred writings of heathen and Pagan peoples; thus opening the way for the recognition of one outstanding claim of Mormonism—to place the Mormon book side by side with the Bible and to demand of its disciples the acceptance of the Bible, plus the Book of Mormon, as essential to salvation. If we still believe that the Scriptures are the only and sufficient source of revelation and guidance for man, then a spurious charity is blinding the eyes of many to one peril of Mormonism—its undermining of the authority of the Word of God.

The second peril has its origin in the lax

theory, finding expression amongst many members and even elders of our churches, and held almost as an axiom by a large number of those who control our politics—that the expedient method of dealing with social vice, to-day, is to legalize and regulate it. Grant this position, and the logical conclusion based on established facts is that Mormonism with its polygamous system is superior as a regulator of vice to any enactments proposed or possible amongst us. Hence, to those holding this theory, the degrading and unscriptural practices of Mormonism cease to appear so evil; in fact, assume a certain virtuous character, making vice as little vicious and debasing as seems possible to them.

The law of man cannot make right what the divine law declares to be wrong; vice does not become virtue when the civil law says it may be practiced.

Hence the peril—if once we yield the sole and supreme authority of the Scriptures, or permit expediency to lead to the legalization of vice, as even a sad necessity—that the Christian conscience will become dead to the disastrous effects of the monster evil of Mormonism and the Church's energy in opposing it be restrained.

We need to keep constantly before our churches and the Christian public that Mormonism dethrones the Bible by exalting, to equality with it, the writings of Smith; dishonours the Holy Ghost by substituting for or qualifying his revelation by another so-called revelation; and that it violates the sanctity of the home, threatens the social fabric of the nation and defies the divine law by stamping as holy the provision it makes for immorality and claiming divine sanction for the violation of God's law in the polygamous relations it promotes. Only thus shall the Christian conscience of the nation be kept alive to the social and religious perils of Mormonism; and the Christian Church be stimulated to earnest legislative effort to destroy its political power and to larger evangelistic toil to save its deluded followers for the kingdom and service of Christ.

BY ERSKINE N. WHITE, D.D.,

Sec. Pres. Board of Church Erection, N. Y.

The story of the father of Hannibal, standing his infant son before the altar and dictating a solemn oath by which the child pledged himself to eternal enmity against Rome, is

familiar to every reader of history, and the after career of the relentless soldier well illustrates the power and persistency of an hereditary belief accepted from earliest childhood as beyond question.

Add an environment practically excluding enlightening influences, and the character of a rising generation will be shaped inevitably and well nigh unchangeably. Hence the special menace of Mormonism.

Consider the bearing of this fact upon the two most notorious and dangerous tenets of the Church of the Latter Day Saints—viz., (1) its official endorsement of polygamous marriages, and (2) its arrogant claim that the first allegiance of every loyal Mormon is to the hierarchy which is the supreme power in the church.

These fundamental doctrines of an organized, fanatical religious faith are wrought from earliest infancy into the very blood and fibre of each successive generation of new born children, and remain with a persistence and force which would never be manifested by political heresies imbibed in mature years and dissociated with a religious faith. Thus, with each successive generation of Mormons in increasing numbers we are menaced with an enlarging community compact and fanatical, which, were it physically able, would defy the moral sense of Christendom and the civil government of the land, and which may soon become strong enough to debase the social life and undermine the federal authority in some of our largest central States.

BY THE REV. W. W. HEBERTON,

Treas. Pres. Board of Relief, Phila.

Mormonism as seen on its own territory is a hydra-headed monster.

Its chief point of attack is that sacred citadel of the race, the home. It seeks thus to undermine the foundations of society and to poison the springs of life. When one steps from the western trains into an atmosphere tainted by its breath, and into a community over which hangs the continuous shadow of its influence, the impression received is far different and more lasting than that produced by a cursory reading of a newspaper article.

The peril is greater than we think. The hand of Mormonism is strong. The system with which this Church is managed is admirable. The zeal of their teachers and apostles is as a burning fire, and is practically inextin-

guishable by human means. The poisonous streams for which the Mormon Church is responsible cannot at once be emptied of their contents; but if awakened Christendom would pour into that country, through the treasuries of the Home Mission Boards of their churches, a thousand other streams carrying the pure water of life, we could hope for a more speedy victory in this fight to the death with one of the most insidious and implacable foes of the Gospel of salvation. May God hasten the day of conquest.

BY JAMES G. MASON, D.D., METUCHEN, N.J.

The menace of Mormonism is *mighty*, danger ever lurks in the shadow, creeps low to strike its victim. Chameleon-like, it takes the colour of its environment, so Mormonism hides its true character. Clad in the dress of the angel, it speaks swelling words, in Bible language claiming to be the *only* religion, *restored*, *purified*.

It is a growing power, wielded by shrewd men over the deluded and ignorant. It has given material uplift to many brought from the bad conditions of the old world. These are grateful and loyal. The chains fastened to a man's pocket are not easily broken.

It wields a power because of polygamy. Polygamy is not dead. The immorality of sexual relation is the decay of *civilization*.

It appeals to the religious susceptibilities. Nothing can rule if it ignores a religion. The mightiest tyranny is a corrupt religion.

Mormonism uses the Bible, though it makes it second to the authority of the Book of Mormon and the leaders of the Church. The present day leaders claim inspiration from which there is no appeal. Such error is always intolerant, though now affecting toleration.

But it is really no religion, but a political and self-seeking enterprise guided by the keenest minds. The leaders are of American descent. The Snows, the Tutties, the Kepings are not names from the slums of Europe, but from our oldest Eastern homes. They are working Mormonism for what is in it for them. The political power is a menace to American institutions.

We need an amendment to our National Constitution prohibiting polygamy and a more vigorous campaign by Christian schools and preaching of a pure Gospel. It is a growing menace to our government, a curse to our society, a most virulent and uncompromising opponent of the Gospel.

The behest of patriotism and the command of Christ are one.

BY JOSEPH WILSON COCHRAN, D.D., PHILA., PA.

Mormonism cannot be tolerated as a merely unevangelical denomination as it is avowedly anarchistic and essentially anti-Christian.

It is anarchistic because :—

1. It is a political despotism, recognizing no civil authority higher than itself. It dictates policies, controls the votes of its members, and thus seeks through the perfection of political machinery to dominate the situation in Utah from town government to the legislature. Salt Lake City is divided into "stakes" or religious wards, each presided over by a "bishop" whose duty it is to keep the Mormon vote intact. The Tammany Hall methods invoked have thus far succeeded in depriving the Gentile population (nearly one-half in Salt Lake City) of a voice in civic affairs. The grand jury is always Mormon. It is impossible, since statehood, to secure the indictment of a person charged with the crime of polygamy.

2. Its hatred of national patriotism was strikingly exhibited during the war with Spain when its apostles urged the young men to refrain from enlisting.

3. Polygamy was temporarily discouraged during the struggle for Statehood, but is now increasingly practiced. A Mormon informed me that it will be fully resumed "when the rule of the Beast is over."

Mormonism is anti-Christian because it teaches :—

1. That God has attained supreme sovereignty through physical passions. Adam was God, being the progenitor of the race. Men are to become divine only through physical processes.

2. That the Bible advocates plural marriages. Jesus had at least two wives.

3. That revelations of equal authority with God's Word are given to their apostles. The Book of Mormon and other writings are on the plane of inspiration with the Bible.

4. The calling of Christians "Gentiles" indicates the attitude of Mormons to the Church universal. It is an irreconcilable antagonism. We are familiar with the ostracisms and persecutions endured by our missionaries and teachers, but it may not be generally known that there is a state in our Union where the free-born son of America is unwelcome and hated. "A Gentile doctor," said a Salt Lake City physician to me, "would, outside of Utah's two cities, starve to death."

BY THE REV. SAMUEL DUNHAM, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Two visits to Salt Lake City within the last six years, and a careful survey of the situation, have convinced me that we are facing one of the most obstinate propositions that ever confronted the Christian Church.

Mormonism is making no preparations to vacate its premises or to retreat by so much as an inch from its acquired territory. It is entrenched to *stay*. It is laying foundations, broad and deep, for future growth. It is artful and aggressive to the last degree. In the systematic and persistent propagation of their system the Mormon leaders display a keen foresight and an intelligent zeal worthy of a better cause.

The worst menace of Mormonism, in my judgment, is to be found in its pleasing and alluring exterior. All looks bright and fair. But, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, its innocent appearance is well calculated to deceive the very elect. It is, in fact, one of the foulest blots over which our national flag floats to-day. It is a malignant tumour that has its festering centre in Salt Lake City, and sends its cancerous poison out through all the arteries of Utah and into the adjoining territories, and, by means of so-called missionaries in all parts of the country, east and west, is surely polluting the life blood of the nation.

How to check its spread has become one of the gravest of questions. Whether the infectious ulcer shall be partially healed and mollified with the mild poultice of Christian schools and churches, or more heroically treated with the sharp lance of *law*, or whether, like the twin relic of barbarism, the huge cancer shall be *cut out* bodily and by force, remains to be seen.

That it is an offence in the sight of God and the nations, and an iniquity of which our land desperately needs to be purged is a fact of the most serious import, and one that directly concerns our government and the whole American Church and people.

BY THE REV. J. MCCARRELL LEIPER, BLAUVELT, N. Y.

A second visit to Salt Lake City and some contact with Mormons and their ways of working in other places has deepened the impression made some years ago, viz.: Wonder at the subtle power of Mormonism over those who embrace it as their faith, their skill and enthusiasm in presenting its doctrines to outsiders, using as they do every opportunity to interest all who will listen to their arguments.

In the second place, wonder at the blindness of many who hear their statements, see the side of Mormon religion shown to visitors from the east, read the literature given them, and, without any further investigation or interviews with our missionaries on the field, make up their minds that Mormonism is not so bad as represented.

To my mind the greatest peril to the country is the failure of even the more intelligent Christian citizens of America to appreciate the true spirit and awful power and vindictiveness of this subtle foe in our midst.

BY THE REV. V. N. YERGIN, CLYDE, N. Y.

Mormonism is a vast system of glittering generalities which "lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind." For example: upon arrival at Salt Lake City you are handed a little red folder entitled "Mormon Articles of Faith."

To every one of the thirteen articles, except the latter part of the eighth and all of the tenth, we might unhesitatingly subscribe; but in the light of Mormon interpretation they are simply sugar-coated blasphemy phrased to deceive, if possible, the very elect. They "believe in God," but He was once a man with numerous wives, propagating forever and ever.

So with every article; rightly understood they contradict every principle of evangelical belief and practice, undermine reverence and morality, leaving the deceived convert an easy prey to other sophistries and shams.

So with their civic and social institutions. Salt Lake is regarded as a model city due to Mormon genius and industry. But other cities, not in the least indebted to Mormon influence, can show more rapid growth, better parks, finer streets, happier homes, greater intelligence and more intense commercial activity.

Another example. At Winslow, Arizona, we are told of a place sixty-five miles south, with 10,000 population, where all the young people are graduates of Salt Lake College, and there are no saloons. These statements were so captivating that one of our party rushed into his car announcing himself a convert to Mormonism, because he hated the American saloon, as an institution, with such unutterable hatred that he was willing to sacrifice almost everything and become anything for the sake of its overthrow; but, when reminded that this little city, with its few ideal conditions, was only a deceptive flower of a poison ivy, his enthusiasm cooled and he made this entry in his note-book. "Yes, the exterior may be

beautiful and promising; but they are Mormons still with the gangrenous sore of plural marriage as a part of their concealed system, which in time will become a running ulcer, destroying the last vestige of domestic virtue and happiness." The time is ripe for a determined, aggressive movement against this gigantic system of iniquity.

BY W. W. HALLOWAY, D.D., DOVER, N.J.

I saw Mormonism only from the outside. *That* was clean. Salt Lake City is a beautiful city. Its streets are princely in their width. Its buildings show expensive outlay. The Tabernacle, which is open to visitors, is a wonderful building. Whatever the traveller is permitted to see is fair and attractive.

And, yet, I had a glimpse given me of the inside. In conversation with a Mormon woman, who was eulogizing and advocating her creed, the question was asked how the women liked plural marriage? She replied, in effect, that they believed in them because they believed in the Old Testament and in the revelation to Joseph Smith, both of which is taught them. When pressed with the question:

"Do your women *like* to have other women share your husband's love?" her reply was that the revelation made to them was a command to raise up a godly seed and that those who obeyed would be exalted highest in heaven. The inference was that marriage was regarded chiefly as a binding proposition, and, to be able to win a place in heaven, the women were willing to tie to a man under any conditions.

Such a low view of marriage can only be degrading and vicious, and must cause deterioration in the character of both men and women.

BY WALTER M. AIKMAN, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

The utter indifference with which the Christian people of this land, to say nothing of the general public, look upon the Mormon problem is truly amazing. It would seem that comparatively few persons are aware of the great danger to which this nation is exposed in the increasing spread and power of this stupendous delusion and fraud, so thorough in its organization and so far-reaching in its pernicious and devilish influence and designs.

No one can study this question at close range on Mormon ground and observe the progress already made toward the end aimed at by the Mormon hierarchy without being convinced of the danger from this source.

A few years ago who would have thought

it within the bounds of possibility that a high official of the Mormon Church could become a member of the Congress of the United States, that a representative of immorality and fraud should take part in the government of this nation? That so few measures have thus far been taken to meet and check the progress of this rapidly growing evil shows that the people have no adequate idea of the great peril which confronts us in Mormonism.

It does not seem possible that God will ever give this nation over to the control of a system which is so evidently the production of the Evil One and which has been so fitly characterized as an octopus, but it is greatly to be feared that unless the Christian people of this land shall speedily awake to this danger and shall take active steps to counteract it, we shall some day have on our hands a struggle and contest as fierce as that through which the nation passed in abolishing Negro slavery.

BY H. EDWARDS ROWLAND, NEW YORK.

Hundreds of us spent Sunday, May 17, in Salt Lake City, on the way to the General Assembly, and attended the Tabernacle services at two o'clock in the afternoon. The building was packed to its utmost capacity. One thousand young people composed the choir. The congregation had no hymn-books nor Bibles. They were read to and prayed for, and were expected to believe everything told them and to do whatever the elders directed them to do. They seemed to be repulsive in appearance, always ready to laugh and sneer at the Gentiles when allusions to them were made, and who were referred to as liars, murderers and thieves and everything contemptible. They were even guilty of insulting strangers at their services whom they thought Gentiles.

The religion they teach the women is that the birth of each child releases a soul from purgatory and gives it a chance of salvation.

An ex-governor of the State told us that for preventing a parade, an intended insult to the U.S.A., he received letters written in blood, threatening his assassination. He told us they are the blackest spot on our American civilization and that this canker of corruption is rapidly spreading with two thousand missionaries constantly securing additions to their numbers. We were told that they aim at securing the balance of power in Congress and at having all obnoxious laws repealed. Many felt that one visit to Salt Lake City is all they ever want to make, and we are of those who never wish to go again.

SELF-SUPPORT OF NATIVE CHURCHES.

BY THE REV. DONALD FRASER (OF THE LIVINGSTONIA MISSION).*

That a great advance is being made in realizing sound working methods in the mission field is very evident when one compares the report of the Missionary Conference at New York in 1900 with its predecessor in London fourteen years before.

At the earlier Conference many principles were discussed in a vague fashion, which seemed to say, "These things are beautifully true, but are unattainable"; while at the New York Conference these same principles were accepted as working doctrines, and were illustrated by numerous and notable examples. This was specially so in the question of raising self-supporting native churches.

We all recognize now, and every church council and committee which has recently pronounced on policy has emphasized it, that the native church which we seek to build here must not be foreign, with a foreign administration, foreign finances and a foreign disposition. It must be native, and formed throughout that the people themselves may at the earliest opportunity be its heralds, supporters and governors.

We believe in the peculiar adaptability of the Gospel to every land. The Church of Christ is such a fabric that there is ground in Africa, as in Europe, for its solid foundation. It can be built out of the materials to be found on the spot. And those who dwell within it can be its builders. In other words, the Kingdom of God best expresses itself in an organization which can be composed from, and maintained among, that peculiar people to whom it has come.

When would we see a house to worship in if it must be built and furnished in the fashion of European churches? When shall we see a native ministry if the elaborate theological trappings of a Scottish minister must first be worn? When shall a church arise if its machinery is to be as huge and elaborate and legal as Europe may find hers to be? It is an impossible task to transplant Europe into the heart of Africa. Our methods and attainments must be adapted to the people. Then let the adaptation be complete.

If we are to see people independent of foreign help—paying their way and finding it for themselves—then everything from the start must be

developed on a scale which does not make it impossible.

Are they to pay their own pastors and teachers? Then salaries and equipment must not be on a European scale, but on an African. Are they to build and maintain their own churches? Then our architecture cannot be of an elaborate and expensive style. Are they to be the evangelists of the nations? Then they must now have responsibility and service in their hands.

We must be the sleepless guardians of simplicity, activity and liberality if we would not weaken the Church for life and put it on crutches. Authority and activity which swamp native initiative and service must be restrained; expenditure for the native which tends to pauperize him avoided like poison.

Let us concentrate more on the item of self-support. It has been agreed to by most of the cabinets of missions that there cannot be self-government till there is self-support. We must, therefore, discuss the possibility of the natives paying for their own work. Have they the power? And, if they have the power, can they be induced to play their part?

The answer to these depends entirely on the missionary. They have the power to support what is projected on African lines, and they can play their part if they are taught to do it. There are already in tropical Africa two notable examples where this has been reached.

But no African or Asian or European is naturally inclined to expend more than he needs to. If we missionaries give our goods free we shall not lack for beggars. But, if we begin to teach the glory and necessity of independence, we shall probably find a response.

In the early stages of a mission it may be necessary to do more for the people. Then they are entirely heathen, and have little care either for education or the Gospel. But every advance in appreciation of Christianity should be accompanied by an advance out of dependence into independence.

There was a time when the free use of school-books was given to the pupils of our Mission. To-day even every syllable-card must be paid for. Yet, I suppose, the circulation of literature is ten times greater than it was in the free days.

There was a time when schools were built for the people. Now the people must build their own schools. Yet the number of schools built each year far exceeds the number built when the mission was more munificent.

*In the *Aurora*, printed and published in Central Africa for the Livingstonia Mission.

The people have learned that in these things they can help themselves, and when they spend money or time in acquiring anything, that thing naturally has a far greater value in their eyes. The less we do for the people the more they will learn to do for themselves.

But the reverse is even truer, that the more we do for them the less will they do for themselves. A missionary in Bengal complained that after he had built a church for the people, they would not put themselves to the trouble of stopping a hole in the wall to keep the jackals out. Yet a few miles off the native Christians of another society had built a church for themselves. And most of us could tell a similar tale.

On the main road of Ngoniland there stands the ruin of a brick school. The walls still hold, but for six years there has been no roof to protect them. Five or six miles further on there is a large, well-built and well-kept brick school. The first one was built by the mission at its own expense in the days when that had to be done, for the people cared not for these things, but when the roof fell in the villagers would not trouble themselves to repair it. The other school was built entirely by the villagers, and it is their pride to keep their building in good condition.

If the people see that it is not necessary to make an effort towards self-help they succumb at once to pauperism. And hence one of the great dangers which a European has to guard against is that his presence does not crush the independence of the people. He must not pay for what ought to be given free. It will often be easier to pay out a copper or two than to trouble one's self urging a voluntary service. But the coppers may be a curse, when the lesson taught would be a blessing.

This is hard to practice, partly because we want things quickly done and we are pressed by other matters. Yet one generally sees that the people round the European station, though far wealthier than their neighbours, are less willing to give free labour and less liberal with their money than the people at the out-stations, who never gain by the comparative wealth of the European. If the missionary is not discriminate in the distribution of his money he will soon be regarded as the banker of the people, on whose cash they can always draw.

But what have the people to give? Everybody has something, and the value of their giving will not be reckoned in £ s. d. If the chief can give his ox, the widow can give her

little basket of flour, and the boy, who has neither cattle nor barns, has time, and can give his labour. None need be shut out from the privilege of giving. Some form of contribution can be found for all.

We do the people a grievous wrong when we teach them to be dependent. And no one has yet found that pauperizing creates gratitude. There is no gratitude of value felt towards us when we do for the people what they should do for themselves.

What folly it is to deny the poor the power to do good! What poor man ever thought it an oppression to be allowed to show his gratitude? Jesus Christ was no stranger to poverty, yet He did not restrain the widow who cast her all into the treasury. And to-day we shall do Him better service if we teach men to give themselves and theirs to His kingdom.

But we are outraging native sentiment when we deny them the privilege of helping. They paid their witch doctors and rain-makers, and they brought their offerings to the spirits of the dead. In Japan an idolator would be reckoned impious who did not contribute when entering the temple. In Africa the visitor would tremble before the spirits if he never gave them an offering. The anger of God was appeased by sacrifice. The service of medicine-men was always paid for. And we need only consecrate to the service of God customs already fixed in the people.—*The Mission World*.

A CHINESE SERMON.

BY EVANGELIST SHI, CHU-CHEO, AN-HUEI.

Friends, citizens and scholars: The Chinese proverb says, "He who would aim high must stoop low." This is excellent doctrine. The little brother who dares to stand before this illustrious and intellectual audience is trying to be humble. The message is not his own, No claim to greatness is assumed. My convictions make my voice clear and my arguments strong. It is the Christian idea that he who would be highest must serve. This is peculiar to the faith of Jesus Christ. He emphasized this in life and teaching.

Our Chinese philosophy is very fine. We are rightly proud of our ancestry and the antiquity of our empire. I know it is hard for us to recognize anything good outside of China. But Christianity, although coming to us from the West, is not a foreign faith. It is a newer faith and a brighter light! Confucius said, "I do not understand life; how then can I

know death?" Jesus proclaimed life and immortality through the Gospel. It is the great system in which is the expression of the will, love and power of the great Supreme Ruler of the universe. It is not a brilliant code to shine merely as a lamp, but it is a fire to burn and cleanse the whole life. It will not only educate, but it will save the world.

Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism are three gilded lamps. They have neither oil, light nor heat. But, you say, "Our systems are grand and ancient." All right, then, I will ask you a question, "Have they done us any real good any more than giving us a code of laws? Can they save from sin? Do they offer any Saviour? Can they give the heart eternal peace?" No! No! No! Our condition in the world to-day answers this. Jesus, who speaks in the name of God, says, "A tree is known by its fruits." We must use this test on our homes, ancestry, ideals, religion, and on our dearest and most cherished hopes. Earth's learning has created some desire, but it has not satisfied. Christianity has all fullness in it. It is not for a tribe, an age, a single nation, but for all the ten thousand ages and milleniums of eternity!

The Christian religion has sages, seers, prophets, teachers, heroes, martyrs and ethics. It has wonderful classics and most beautiful songs and histories. It teaches love, patience, forgiveness, worship and purity. It tells of the one true God and the way to heaven. It tells of the only way of reconciliation between man and God. The middleman (intermediary) sent was Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the fully accredited ambassador of the heavenly kingdom. He has official rank over and above all the prophets. In the Holy Records you can read of His wonderful life and mission. It will tell you of His sacrificial cross and the sin offering for the sins of all the world. This is an exhibition of the marvellous love of God. You must read these records.

Jesus triumphed over death and is the all-powerful Advocate now in the heavens. He is the one great eternal High Priest. His power extends ten thousand ages. We can now by faith in Him, repentance toward God and obedience to all the commands of the Lord Jesus Christ, obtain the life eternal. We can get this without any more use of incense, penance, fastings, pilgrimages, idols, temples, priests and chantings, and can turn away from idols with a true assurance that what God has said He will do, while we seek to extend

His kingdom and to wait for His Son from heaven.

Making my profound bow and with many wishes that you will heed these soul-words of exhortation, I leave you to decide which way you will take. May God write these words deep in your heart and cause you to take of the eternal life; this is my heart's desire.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

The history of the Moravian Church is an illustration of the truth that God makes use of things which in themselves are small and weak for the carrying out of His great purpose. It is a remarkable history which can here be only briefly sketched—full of pathos and romance and stirring incident, full, above all, of the workings of God's providence.

This small Church, least almost among the tribes of Israel, has been the pioneer of the greatest movements. Sixty years before the Reformation it existed as a reformed Church. Half a century before the beginning of modern missions its messengers were preaching to the heathen in Asia, Africa and America. It led the van in the great Evangelical Revival of the last century under the preaching of Wesley. The first printed Bible issued in Europe in the language of the common people, as also the first printed hymn-book (1505), were both from its presses.

As a matter of historical fact the Moravian Church is the oldest among the organized Protestant Churches. It dates from 1457, when its earliest members left the Church of Rome and formed themselves into the "Unitas Fratrum" (Unity of the Brethren), next to the Waldenses, the earliest Free Church in Europe.

It had its origin in Bohemia, and was the result of the teaching of John Huss, the eloquent Rector of the University of Prague, and the faithful martyr of Jesus. His clear knowledge of the truth came largely from the writings of Wycliffe, so that the rise of this Church, which later on was a channel of so much blessing to the English-speaking races, may be traced back in part to the Priest of Lutterworth, "The morning star of the Reformation."

Its spread was rapid and extensive. It branched out into the neighbouring lands, and established fraternal relations with the Waldenses in the valleys of Piedmont, and obtained its episcopal ordination from them. It became practically the National Church of Bohe-

mia; but the day of its external greatness became the day of its internal decline. No wonder that for many years in its Litany the prayer was offered: "From the unhappy desire of becoming great, preserve us, gracious Lord and God."

In the religious wars which followed the Reformation the persecutions of this martyr Church were something almost incredible. The recent horrors of Armenia were all equalled in those days. Rome triumphed, and her triumph was marked by blood and terror, Bohemia was nearly depopulated; its inhabitants were reduced from 3,000,000 to 800,000.

The churches were closed, the prisons filled. Twenty-seven leaders of the old nobility of the land, half of them members of the Brethren's Unity, were publicly beheaded on the memorable "Day of Blood" in Prague. And so this Church, consecrated from its very beginning by martyrdom, was apparently swept off the face of the earth, and word could be sent to the "Holy Father," at Rome that it existed no more.

But it was only apparently so. The bush might burn, but it was not consumed, for "God was in the midst of her." In many a retired home the Bible was still read (though it was death to be found in the possession of one), the old familiar hymns, some of which are still in use to-day, hallowed by the memory of four centuries, were sung by little gatherings of those who met in the depth of the forests, or in caves, around the Lord's table. Fathers taught their children the faith of Jesus; ministers passed in disguise from house to house, carrying their lives in their hands; and in a marvellous way, strange indeed to men, the Episcopacy was preserved at the Prussian Court.

And so, when, at the beginning of last century, there was a spiritual awakening of a very real kind on the frontier of Bohemia, when some left their native land and forsook their all for "conscience' sake," and found a refuge over the border at Herrnhut in Saxony, on the estate of the young Count Zizendorf, and when the news of this spread through the valleys, there were many who followed to the same place. And there, at Herrnhut, the ancient Church was renewed, the old principles of government, the old discipline and doctrines were revived, the Episcopacy was restored, and once again the "Unitas Fratrum" figured among the Protestant Churches of Christendom.

It was evidently meant to be a witnessing Church. Its testimony had been borne faithfully even to death, through suffering and martyrdom, and now its work was to be witnessing to the truth of the grace of God in Christ Jesus, among the heathen. Already, in 1732 (sixty years before Carey preached his famous sermon on Isaiah liv. 2), Moravian missionaries had gone to the West Indies willing to sell themselves as slaves if only they might reach the oppressed blacks and win some souls for Jesus. Others followed to Greenland and Africa.

Within eight years every quarter of the globe had been reached, and within twenty-five years, from that small community, more than one hundred heralds of the Cross had been sent forth. Since that time there has been one continuous succession of missionaries, in some cases through five and even six generations of the same family.

The whole Church is one missionary society. The converts abroad out-number the home Church by three to one, and one conviction pervades the whole—that "to be a Christian, and to carry on foreign missions, are inseparable things."

It was in connection with this work that the Brethren came to England, not with any intention of settling down here, but only as passengers to lands across the ocean.

But God had a work for them to do in this country; a message of light and peace to John Wesley and many others; a part in the great spiritual awakening which saved our nation from the horrors of the French Revolution. It was here the name "Moravian" was first given to the Church, originally as a nickname, and afterwards adopted, like the name "Methodist."

Two Acts of Parliament were passed recognising the Church as an "Ancient, Protestant, Episcopal Church," and freeing its members from taking oaths, etc. Congregations were established in many parts of the kingdom, in some places upon estates belonging entirely to the Church... Boarding schools were opened, work was provided for all, and over all was written the great principle—"As unto the Lord."

In the same way the Church has spread in Germany and the United States of America, and abroad in the mission fields. The whole forms one "unity" or brotherhood in Christ. The government is by Synods composed of the ministers and deputies from every congrega-

tion, and by these boards or conferences are elected, to whom the control of affairs is entrusted when Synod is not sitting. Its ordination is Episcopal, its government Presbyterian. The orders of the ministry are those of Bishops, Presbyters and Deacons.

In regard to doctrine the old principle is firmly maintained that "the Holy Scriptures are, and shall remain, our only rule of faith and practice." The centre-point of the Church's preaching is the Person of our Saviour; the one great doctrine is that of His Atonement, "not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world." No formal creed is imposed as a test of faith, but its ancient motto is preserved: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

Fraternal relations are cultivated with all who love the Lord Jesus, and no efforts are ever made to draw away members from other Churches—the aim being rather to unite all the children of God in one. Rev. E. R. Hasse.—*Mission World*.

LITTLE WIDOWS IN INDIA.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY.

"I wish you could have been with me when teaching in one of our beautiful large homes. There sat before me a lovely young Brahmin widow. Her head was shaved and she had on her the usual white garment signifying her widowhood. Her head was shaved the day her husband died, when she was quite a little girl about eleven years of age.

She is now thirty-two years of age, and all these years she has worn that one kind of garment, and all these years she has had but one meal a day, and that one meal at 12 o'clock noon.

It was very sad. With the exception of that one meal she must take no other food, no tea or coffee or anything else. That one meal consists of a plain dish of rice, no meat or any other food beside that rice.

Being a widow, she is considered the most unfortunate individual in the household, no one must approach her, and that meal once a day she has to cook herself. But when there are feast and ceremony days, which are almost innumerable in their religion, she has to abstain from even that one meal.

On the day I saw her it was a special ceremony day and the dear woman was fasting two whole days without partaking of one bit of food. Even her own spittle she is obliged not to swallow. All this is to please the gods. Oh, my darkest India!"—*Children's Missionary Friend*.

COMPANY AND CHARACTER.

A man's character is revealed by his choices. One man would rather go to a minstrel show than to a symphony concert; another would prefer a game of cards to a chance to help a friend. A young girl would be more distressed at losing a ticket to the matinee than if she lost her Bible. These choices are all revelations of character. We are expressing our real selves in such ways as these, for good or bad, every day.

It was by his choice that Moses revealed his character. He refused, when he was grown up, to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward (Heb. 11 : 24, 25, 26). Would we have made that choice? Are we making it now?

A man bears the trace of his companionships. This boy betrays by his language the associates he keeps. And this girl's manner and bearing toward older people indicate more clearly than any words could who her friends are, and what their spirit of life.

And it is so with good influences. Many of us bear with us, indelibly stamped upon our faces, our vocabularies, our habits, the mark of some friend's contact. And when Moses came down from the mountain, where he had talked with God, his face shone. Men knew where he had been by the light upon his face. Men knew also the companionship of the apostles. They saw, when they looked upon them, that they had been with Jesus.

An English official from Peking, was asked by a gentleman if he had witnessed any effects of Christianity upon the high officials of the Chinese Empire. In reply, the official said that he had once asked a high mandarin if he had ever read the Bible. The mandarin returned to his inner room and brought back a book full of extracts from the New Testament, saying that he had copied from it the things which he most admired. Then, laying the book upon the table, he put his hand upon it and said: "If only the people who profess this religion were to live in accordance with its precepts, this religion would spread all over the world."—Selected.

"All friends of Christianity in India must rejoice at the appointment of Sir Andrew Fraser as lieutenant-governor of Bengal. He has been known throughout his service as a consistent confessor of his religion, living his official life keenly, hard-working in all posts of the service in which he has been employed, and combining in an exemplary manner the characters of a hard-headed, practical administrator, and a humble-minded, outspoken Christian. The advancement of such an officer does credit to the impartiality of the Viceroy."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

Church and Home.

ALEXANDER THE COPPERSMITH.

BY REV. ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D., EDINBURGH.

There are some most interesting and most important questions of New Testament scholarship, and New Testament sanctification, connected with Alexander the coppersmith of Ephesus. And the first of those questions is this: Have we got in our present text the very and identical words that Paul penned in his parchment to Timothy? Have we got the literal and exact expressions, and discriminations of expressions, that Paul so studiously employed? Have we got the very moods and tenses, both in grammar and in morals, that were in Paul's mind and heart at the moment when he wrote these two so difficult verses about Alexander? That is a very interesting, important, and indeed indispensable, question. Only, the settlement of that question must be left in their hands who alone are able to grapple with such questions.

But, meantime, a question and a lesson of the very foremost importance faces us and forces itself on the most unlearned and ignorant of us. And that question and that lesson is this. Suppose that Paul both thought and felt and wrote about Alexander as our version literally reads, what are we to do? Are we free to follow Paul, and to do what he here does? Are we free to execrate and denounce bad men, and hand them over to be rewarded according to their works? Are we free, and is it our duty to imprecate God's judgments on those who do us much evil, and who withstand the work of God which has been committed to our hands? A whole controversy of New Testament scholarship, and another whole controversy of New Testament morals and religion, have arisen around this text concerning Alexander the coppersmith.

But, taking the text just as it has been put into our hands to-night, what are we able to make of it? What shall we succeed in taking out of it to-night for our own guidance to-morrow and for every day we live on earth?

The first time we come on Alexander he is a Jew of Ephesus, and a clever speaker to an excitable crowd. By the next time we meet with Alexander he has thought it to be for his

interest to be baptized and to be seen openly on Paul's side. But Paul's side did not turn out to be so serviceable to the coppersmith as he had expected, and thus it is that he is next discovered to us as having made complete shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. And, then, as no man is so implacable at you as a complete renegade from you, so there was no man, among Paul's many enemies, who so hated Paul, and so hunted him down, as just this Alexander the coppersmith.

To go back to his beginning. Alexander had this temptation, that he was fitted by nature to be much more than a mere coppersmith, he was so clever and so captivating with his tongue. Unless you are a man of a very single heart and a very sound conscience, it is a great temptation to you to be able in a time of public commotion to speak so as to sway the swaying multitude and to command their applause and their support. You rise on a wave of popularity at such a season, and you make use of your popularity for your own chief end in life. Many were the clever speeches the coppersmith made during his baptized days also; the Christians putting him forward to speak, just as the Jews were wont to put him forward when he was one of themselves.

But, the wind working round and setting strongly in another direction, the coppersmith himself also instantly obeyed the law of the weather-cock he had fashioned with his own hands and had fastened on the roof of his workshop; for, as his copper creature did, so did he before the variable skies of those unsettled days. And thus it is, that when Paul is so soon to depart from all his false friends and all his implacable enemies alike, the Apostle writes this much-needed warning to his young and inexperienced successor, and says, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil, the Lord reward him according to his works, of whom be thou ware also, for he hath greatly withstood my words."

Alexander did Paul and his apostolic work much evil, and that not out of ignorance and fanaticism, but out of sheer unmitigated malice.

Sometimes malice is bought and sold in the open market, till everybody sees it and understands it. Sometimes a man is to be had for money, and he will write letters or make speeches for you as long as you pay him best. But genuine malice is a different article from that. There is no getting to the bottom of real and original and priceless malice. Its bottom is not here. Its bottom is in the bottomless pit. Unless Alexander sets himself, nay, unless God sets Alexander, to search in his own heart for the roots of his malice against Paul, no other man can come near understanding or believing the depth and the strength and the malignity of Alexander's ill-will.

At the same time, Paul and the other apostles could not but see as clear as day, and every day, Alexander's ill-will and the malignity of it, so much was it thrust upon their painful experience continually. Alexander followed Paul about wherever he went, poisoning the minds and the hearts of all men to whom his tongue or his pen had access.

One of our latest and best authorities thinks that Alexander even followed Paul to Rome, and did his best to poison Nero and his court still more against Paul.

But, whether he made that malicious and superfluous journey or no, Alexander certainly did Paul and his good name and his divine work all the evil that his great gifts of speech and pen could do. It was no wonder that the constant presence of Alexander, and his implacable and sleepless malice, was almost too great a trial for Paul to bear. So studied, so systematic, and so persistent, were Alexander's evil words and evil deeds.

Now, surely there can be no question as to Paul's duty to Timothy in that case. Paul would have been sinning both against Timothy and against the Gospel had he not taken Timothy and warned him against the malignity of Alexander. True, Timothy had not yet suffered as Paul had suffered from the copper-smith. Alexander had not yet followed Timothy about poisoning the wells everywhere against him. But to prepare Timothy for what he might expect, and would be sure to meet with, Paul told Timothy, with all plainness and all pain, what his experience of Alexander and his malice had been.

Now, what do you say? What do you do? Suppose such a man as Alexander the copper-smith has arisen in your community and is doing Alexander's very same work over again under your eyes every day, what do you do in

that case? Do you content yourself with despising and detesting the mischief-making man in your heart? Should you not rather take some of his more wicked letters and speeches and point out to the simple and inexperienced the great lessons that lie on the face of such things? Is malice and misrepresentation less important to point out to a young man entering on life than bad grammar and slovenly composition?

There are studies in sheer malignity set us every day, as well as studies in style; and a teacher of morals should treat the one kind just as a teacher of letters always treats the other. Why should we be so careful to point out solecisms and careless composition to our young people, and pass by studied malice, misrepresentation, perversion, and suppression of the truth?

And malice, too, that is not limited and localised in its scope as Alexander's malice was in his day, but which has all the resources of civilization in our day to spread it abroad. And resources also such that Alexander and his seed can do their wicked work in our day out of sight, and nobody knows who they are till the day of judgment.

But by far and away our most important lesson out of Paul and Alexander is yet to come. Only, that lesson throws us back again on the previous question. Did Paul feel in his heart, and did he entertain and express to Timothy, all the anger and resentment that is expressed in the text? Did Paul actually say, "The Lord reward Alexander the copper-smith according to his evil works?"

Whether he did or no, that makes no difference to us. Even if he did, we must never do so. Were another Alexander to rise in our day, ay, and were he to do all the evil to us and to our work that Alexander did to Paul and to his work, we must never say what Paul is here made to say, Paul was put by Alexander to the last trial and sorest temptation of an apostolic and a sanctified heart.

And it is the last two-edged sword that pierces to the dividing of soul and spirit in ourselves, not to forgive insult and injury done to ourselves, but to forgive Alexander all that when he does it to the Church of Christ.

Only, Christ Himself will have to be formed in you, and will have to live in you, and will have to think and feel and write in you, before you will be able to love that bad man, and to do him good, all the time he is doing, not you but Jesus Christ Himself, evil. But when

Jesus Christ truly dwells in you, then no malediction, and no revenge; nothing but good wishes and good words, will ever escape your lips or your pen.

It is for this that bad men like Alexander are let live among us. It is first for their own repentance and reformation, and then it is that they may be the daily sanctification of men like Paul. Of men, that is, who would not be tempted by any less spiritual trial than anger and resentment at the enemies, not of themselves, but of the Church of Christ. And such men among us are sent to school, not to David on his deathbed, nor to Paul in his prison, but to Jesus Christ on His Cross; Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps.

I once asked a friend of mine who had been subjected to more reviling than any other man of his land and day, how he thought such and such another man who had suffered still more reviling could go on with his public work under such diabolical ill-usage. "Oh," said he, "So-and-so always lives in *facie eternitatis*." And nothing but the nearness of eternity and the nothingness of time, and the still more nothingness of either the praise or the blame of such men as Alexander; nothing but the constant presence of such things as these could support Paul and could keep his heart quiet and sweet under the malice and maltreatment of such a wicked man as the coppersmith. The face of eternity and the nearness of eternity will do it. The face of eternity and the nearness of eternity, and the face and the nearness of the Lord of eternity, that will do it.

Whether, then, this is some corruption in the text, as the scholars call corruption; or some of the remaining corruption in Paul's heart, as he would have called it himself, I do not know. But this I know, that it is the essence, and the concentration, and the core, of all corruption in my heart, when I again detect myself hating this man and that man for the love of God.

Long after I am able to forgive this man and that man for what he has said or done against myself, I am compelled to cry out, O wretched man that I am! as often as I despise, or detest, or desire to hear of hurt to Alexander or to any of his widespread seed. I must not even let myself say, Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.

No, I must rather say, "Let thy vengeance fall on me rather. For I have been a disappointment to Alexander's ambition. I have been a provocation to him and an offence to him in many ways. He has stumbled and has been broken on me. I am not without blame in his shipwreck of faith and a good conscience." Instead of cursing Alexander to God, William Law would the more have prayed for him late every night, according to that great man's life-long practice—"if you pray for a man sufficiently often, and sufficiently fervently, and sufficiently in secret, you cannot but love that man, even were he Alexander the coppersmith." That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

But all questions of corruptions in the text, and in Paul's heart, apart, let us part with Paul when he is indisputably at his very highest and his very best. And he is at his very highest and his very best in the very next verse to his two unhappy verses about Alexander. "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge."

Paul is at his very best in that; for it is not Paul at all who says that, but it is He speaking in Paul who, when He also was forsaken, said, "Father, forgive them." "I am crucified with Christ," says Paul when he is at his best. "Nevertheless I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: liveth in me and forgiveth Alexander the coppersmith in me: and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Our future is behind us. Just as a train makes a mile a minute because it has been spending great force through many minutes in getting up its speed, so we go forward to-morrow by the energy and force which we have been gathering yesterday and to-day. Any day to come depends somewhat on every day that is past. This thought is not to make hopeless what we see before us, but to make serious what we put behind us. There is that in the spiritual life which exactly corresponds to what we hear of so much in physical science,—momentum, a gathering of power which shall continue and increase as further power.—*S. S. Times.*

MINISTERIAL PERSEVERANCE.

The perseverance of the saints is a most comforting doctrine. But perseverance is more than a doctrine; it is a characteristic that gives force to life. Success is seldom the result of the first effort. It is the child of many ancestors.

When God calls one into the ministry He calls him for life. There are no short enlistments in this war. It is a fact, however, that to a lack of perseverance many a ministry owes its failure.

With the fullest allowance for the unexpected, every ministry ought to strengthen with age. The tenth year should be stronger than the first. No minister ever preached himself out who preached the Gospel and nothing else. The subject redeems the ministry.

But short pastorates are common, far more so than they would be if the pastors practiced the good old doctrine of saintly perseverance. A pastor sees, for instance, that a certain work ought to be done, and addresses himself to the task. He may expect opposition from the very start. Those who naturally ought to co-operate will in many instances remain inactive, if not in actual opposition. The pastor becomes discouraged, his perseverance loses vitality and begins to die, and he seeks a more congenial climate.

No minister should ever resign simply because of opposition or indifference. One's energy ought to be regulated by the character of his work. If a thing ought to be done there is nothing like doing it. The first question to be settled is that of wisdom and necessity. The more perseverance one puts in a cause, unwise or unnecessary, the worse for all interested.

But that offences will come may be expected. Opposition is the foil of all activity. The waters do not turn back merely because some one throws an obstruction before them. They remain quiet for a time and wait their opportunity. All the while they are growing deeper and stronger, until at last the obstruction is climbed over or swept away. So the wise pastor does when opposed in his work. He doesn't fight, nor lash himself into a fury. In silence he adds to his strength and overcomes.

The minister who resigns his church because a few may be indifferent in all probability does a foolish thing. Go where he may the same thing is sure to exist. Some will regard him as a prophet, others will mock and still others will look on and appear wise. Those conditions are inevitable. They are an essential part to almost every ministry. Their remedy lies not in fighting nor in running, but in silent perseverance. Read much and say little is a good motto for every pastor. The element of success is involved in a persistent quiet effort to do God's work. It may not suit all, but the end will crown the work.

No minister or moral worker should ever forget that the cross is a part of God's method. It is an actuality quite as much as a doctrine. Jesus met it before He reached Calvary, and so will every follower. No minister should ex-

pect to be excused from it. Our crosses are comparatively light, compared to His.

We have known ministers to resign for the most insignificant reasons. An elder refused to serve, or some good sister thought the time for a change had come, so the good man went down out of the pulpit not to return. Better far have ignored it all.—*Phil. Pres.*

RUSKIN'S BIBLE.

"I opened my oldest Bible just now . . . yellow now with age and flexible, but not unclean, with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at chapter 7 of the First Book of Kings and chapter 8 of Deuteronomy are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of these two chapters having caused me much pain.

"My mother's list of chapters with which, every syllable learned accurately, she established my soul in life, has fallen out of it as follows: 'Exodus 15 and 20, II. Samuel 1:5, 17, to end I. Kings 8, Psalms 23, 32, 90, 91, 103, 112, 119, 139, Proverbs 2, 3, 8, 12, Isaiah 58, Matthew 5, 6, 7, Acts 26, I. Corinthians 13, 15, James 4, Revelation 5, 6.'

"And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge . . . in mathematics, meteorology and the like, in after life, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious and, on the whole, the one essential part of my education.

"For the chapters became, indeed, strictly conclusive and protective to me in all modes of thought, and the body of divinity they contain acceptable through all fear and doubt; nor through any fear or doubt or fault have I ever lost my loyalty to them nor betrayed the first command in the one I was made to repeat oftenest, 'Let not mercy and truth forsake thee.'"

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

An old and somewhat popular adage is: "Oh, it makes no difference what a man believes, if he is sincere." Does it not? Let us see.

A family was poisoned recently by eating toadstools, which they sincerely believed to be mushrooms. Three of them died. Did it make no difference?

A man indorsed a note for a friend whom he sincerely believed to be an honest man. He was a scoundrel, and left him to pay the debt. Did it make no difference?

A traveler takes the wrong train going east sincerely believing it is the western train. Will it make no difference? Will it bring him up at the west all the same?

If a man sincerely believes a certain thing, while the truth about it is entirely different, will this sincere belief make it all right?

The old adage is a lie, and a very transparent one at that! If a man is sincere, he will take pains to know the truth. For where facts are concerned, all the thinking in the world will not change them.—*The Covenant.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

A peasant on the Scotch coast had an unusually large brood of children, seven of them boys. He laboured early and late in the fields, and contrived to keep the wolf from the door, but life was a hopeless, exhausting struggle against poverty and adversity.

The mother, too, worked early and late with all the cooking, washing and household drudgery of the humble home. There were many to clothe as well as to feed, and so scanty were the schooling facilities on that lonely stretch of coast that she herself taught the boys, one by one, to read and write.

If there had been girls among the older children she would have had help in the housework. Her daughters were the youngest of the family, and only added to her cares when she was least able to endure them.

Weary and overworked as this Scotch mother was, she was always the light and the life of the household. It was a happy home, because it was brightened by her cheerfulness and contentment.

When there was a boy old enough to read a book aloud there was entertainment for the family while she was sewing, and she taught her children to sharpen their wits by keen argument, and, above all, to think for themselves.

Then, too, this Scotch mother, while not a trained musician, had a deep, rich voice and a stirring way of singing old-fashioned hymns. On Sabbath evenings the Bible would be read aloud, and then she would sing one hymn after another while her brawny Scotch lads listened with eagerness and enjoyed the treat so keenly that they often complained because Sunday came but once a week.

The brood of children left the home-nest one by one, and the mother died prematurely of overwork and anxiety. But she lived anew in her boys as they became successful men in various professions and callings; for, although at the outset they were poor and had little education, they had her buoyant, hopeful nature and her fine qualities of mind.

One of them was a soldier and was mortally wounded in a foreign campaign. The chaplain in the hospital told him he had only a few hours of life in reserve, and asked him if he had any religious faith.

"I never had anything else," he replied. "I can hear my good mother now singing her Sunday night hymns on the Scotch coast!"

Another soon became a prosperous barrister, with a great reputation for learning and wit. He would have had a larger income if it had not been for a striking peculiarity. He invariably threw up a case when he was convinced there was no justice in it.

"I like to think of my dear old Scotch mother," he would say, "when I plead a case in court."

Another was an earnest preacher. One was a doctor, with a metropolitan practice. Three were successful merchants and one was a high-minded publisher. All were richly endowed with their mother's courage and mental re-

sources and all shared her deep religious nature.

In many a temptation and crisis they recalled her face, shining in the winter firelight of their old home, and the hymns she had sung, in which she had expressed the religious devotion that had governed her life and the tender, unflinching love of a mother's heart.—*Christian Age*.

CULTIVATING THE GRACE OF GIVING.

We are to cultivate the grace of giving just as we cultivate other graces. We can do so—

1. By gaining a deeper sense of the world's need. It was this need which prompted the gift of Christ.

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; for your sakes He became poor." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." It is often said that people do not give to good causes because they are ignorant of them. The more we gain a knowledge of these needs and give intelligently and systematically to relieve them, the more will this grace grow.

2. By a realization of the great gift which has been given to us. Our niggardly giving often is because of a feeble sense of obligation. In this respect also we need to consider the grace of Christ. "Though He was rich, yet for our sake He became poor." He made Himself of no reputation, and lived a life of poverty and suffering. He gave his life for us. He left us with a work to do. How pitiful often are our gifts in view of so great a debt and so great a work. If one should save our life, we would feel that a lifetime could hardly repay so great an obligation. How much greater should be our sense of debt to Him to whom we owe our eternal salvation. Our thought should be, not how little, but how much, can I give?

3. By the practice of systematic giving. With intelligent and constant exercise, the true spirit of the art of giving will grow. One's interest increases in that to which he gives, hence giving and knowledge will be mutually stimulated. One finds that he is interested in missions when he gives to them. As one perceives, as he cannot help doing, the great benefit which intelligent, systematic giving is to himself as well as to its object, he will constantly grow in this grace also.—*Advance*.

Make Christ your most constant companion. Be more under his influence than under any other influence. Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—ay, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable us to do things for his sake that we would not have done for any one. And the supreme and the sole secret of a sanctified nature and a Christlike character and life is to be ever with Christ and reflecting him—catching his nature, his mind and spirit, insensibly and unconsciously, by mere proximity and contagion.—Henry Drummond.

MORE THAN THEY ALL.

They were a group of four missionary women, members of the Walford Auxiliary. Two were chief officers, the other two, members of the advisory committee, whose third member was absent. They had met in the Secretary's little parlour to lay a plan or two for the March meeting, to be held next day.

The special question before them was, how to transform empty mite-boxes into full ones—an old, old problem. All agreed that the offering last year—less than nine dollars—was shamefully small. The society must do better this time.

"We have a good programme; it all bears directly on the needs of our work," said the President. "But it takes something besides information to fill a mite box. We need to be thoroughly roused, every soul of us. If we could see our great company of boys and girls waiting to be trained and set to work, or that other company, millions strong, the young of heathen lands, crying to Heaven to be fed and cleansed, body and soul, the sight would stir our sluggish blood. Oh, we can give if we will. How would it do," she asked after a brief pause, "to fix on a definite sum and try to raise it? Suppose we say fifteen dollars?" As she spoke her glance took in her three associates. One, the little woman in brown, nodded hearty approval.

The Secretary, in silence, wrote fifteen on her slip of paper and set the dollar mark before it.

"Oh, isn't that estimate rather high?" asked Mrs. Stelling, in her capacity of adviser.

"And if it is, ought not we to set our mark high? We may not reach it, but we shall certainly do more if we aim to reach it. But really, I think that figure is very moderate. We have thirty-one members. That means an average of less than fifty cents. And this is very special—our thank-offering for a whole year of blessings."

"True," assented Mrs. Stelling; then she added: "I was thinking of some who are not in circumstances to give—on every call; who do well if they keep up their monthly dues."

Yes, but the greater number are well-to-do. I look to them to bring up the deficiency. Isn't that what we mean by an average—that some go as far above the mark as others fall below it?" The President's face wore a most winsome smile.

"Oh, I am willing to pay my dollar," Mrs. Stelling made haste to answer, in the tone of one whose pride is touched.

"But now take the Trent girls; I don't think we ought to expect anything from them—two orphans—and they have just opened their little shop. And there's old Mrs. Marcy—poor as poverty."

"Just lost her grandson, too," said the Secretary, looking up from her book.

"Yes, it's a hard case. He died very suddenly, away from home. He was the last of her kin—all she had to depend on in her old age. Please make a note of it for mention to-morrow," added the President, turning to the Secretary.

While these two conferred together, Mrs. Stelling turned to her fellow adviser, the little woman in brown.

"These calls come so often," she lamented in an undertone. "You no sooner get paid up and think you can draw a free breath than there's a new demand. And they come oftener all the time."

"Yes, it's like life," Mrs. Eaton assented. "Whatever is really alive needs more and more continually, for it *grows*. It is only our dead who ask nothing. We are glad, are we not, that our work asks more each year?—that means enlargement." Her dark face lighted as she spoke.

"I should love to do more for our society," said Mrs. Stelling, "and I could if Dorothy's school wasn't so expensive. I always provide for her myself." (It was well understood that Mrs. Stelling enjoyed a private income.) "I tell her that between her education and her wardrobe there's precious little left for her mother, and the speaker's laugh rippled out as though she found much amusement in the absurdity of her complaint. Certainly to Mrs. Eaton's keen eye the handsome wrap and rich gown, with diamond sparkling at the throat, gave no hint of pinching economy.

"I often tell Dorothy she is a costly luxury," Mrs. Stelling resumed, with another low, rippling laugh, "but there! I couldn't do without her. She is the most—"

But the President's voice cut short her superlative. Before the small council broke up it was agreed that mite boxes should be given out next day, with the distinct aim of raising fifteen dollars by the Thank-offering. Everything considered, that amount was not unreasonable.

II.

The Thank-offering was held as usual in the Sunday School room. It was very well attended. A dozen Juniors presented a concert exercise, sang songs and answered questions with a readiness and grace that charmed everybody. Then came a map-talk by the Junior Superintendent, who pointed out mission stations, named the workers in each, with a brief summary of what had been accomplished and a plea for funds, showing what might be done forthwith if the Board had a few thousand dollars to supply pressing needs.

Well presented! thought the President. But would it bring the fifteen dollars? She feared not. Faces that had beamed upon the children full of eager interest now expressed only decorous attention. She longed for the power to say something that would reach their hearts, thrill them, make the old story seem a new story, heard for the first time. She could only repeat, in a voice that she could not make quite steady, some words spoken long ago under a distant sky: "The fields are white for the harvest. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth reapers. For the harvest truly is great but the labourers are few."

As her voice ceased, some one rose at her left. A tall, gray-haired woman, with bent shoulders, was drawing near.

In her hand she held a small package, done up in common wrapping paper and tied with twine. She was Mrs. Marcy, in the same carefully brushed bonnet and gown she had worn for best these five years past.

"I want to say a few things if there is time," she began.

"Certainly," said the President. "We want to hear you."

"I don't need to tell you," she said, facing around, "where I have been nor what took me there. You all know what my Frank was, and you know that I have just come from his funeral.

Her mouth twitched. She raised her empty hand and laid her fingers on her lips a moment, as if to hush the dumb protest of her grief. Her voice shook as she went on:

"From the time Frank came to me, a little lad in frocks, I hoped he would make a preacher. As he grew up he was always tryin' to help somebody. He'd leave his dinner to give a neighbour a lift, or a dumb brute. He'd tie up a dog's leg or carry water to a thirsty horse. And he always wanted to help me. 'Gran'ma,' he used to say, 'you're not goin' to weave carpets all your days. I'm goin' to earn money and take care of you.'

"That seemed to me good stuff to make a preacher of, and I began putting by something for his schoolin'. I tied up and marked the paper *Frank's money*; and I said, come what would, short of life or death, it shouldn't be touched. And when he got the chance to pay his way at the academy in the very next town, where he could come every week, it seemed as if everything was fallin' in with my plan. So I went on puttin' by, for I knew college would take all we could get.

"Well, when I was sent for, all of a sudden, I took the money.

"But, living, he had no need of it! And afterwards—before I knew—his class-mates had raised a purse to pay funeral expenses, and, all I could say, they wouldn't touch one cent. Mrs. Blair, where Frank stayed, put it back in my hand, and says she, 'It'll buy your mournin'.' She'd ben so kind—borrowed a dress and bunnit for me to wear. I didn't tell her I wa'n't goin' to make no show o' mournin'. But I *thought* that ain't for me, with my last needs so near—or if not, then with old age and helplessness, mebbly, a-coming on.

"But las' night I was lookin' over some o' Frank's things I'd brought home. Among 'em was a big sheet of paper, written all over in his writin', all about the great school where our missionary women are tryin' to teach the young Hindus. I'd heard Frank tell of somethin' he wrote to speak at an Endeavor meetin', and I knew 'twas this, for the paper showed it had ben handled a deal—all soiled and worn, an' some places marked with a pencil.

"When I thought how he'd gone over and over it, learnin' it by heart, seemed as if I heard him. It was *his* voice speakin' to me. An' then it come to me that this money I'd laid by to fit my boy to preach the Gospel must go there, to help those heathen lads to preach it. But I didn't know how to send it the safest

and quickest way. So I've brought it here. You're used to sendin' off money and you know how it's done," and she laid down the small parcel as if the table had been an altar.

The President took it up reverently. "This," she said, in a voice full of feeling, "is in a double sense love's offering. Out of love for our Lord it was first set apart to do His work. Love for a dear grandson has consecrated it anew to this special use. The giver's wish shall be carried out. And we—" she paused, her eyes filled, "are not we richer and better for this example? Our aged sister, like the widow our Lord commended, has given all the living she had. Will it not enlarge our hearts?"

No one expected an audible answer, least of all from Mrs. Stelling. But it was she who rose from a front seat, and, turning, faced her audience, with tears coursing down her pink cheeks.

"I used to wonder sometimes," she began, "what sort of woman that was who could give her last mite, and now I know. She is right here in our midst. And I can see now that the secret of giving freely to the Lord is to give yourself first of all, and then, much or little, it comes easy to give your money. Giving was always hard for me, for I never did—no, I see now I never did—give myself. But I do now. And I pledge myself from this time to give to the Lord a tenth of all that is mine. That will be a small sacrifice compared with hers. When this is counted, the same voice will say up in Heaven, *She has given more than they all.*"

An electric thrill swept through the little company. A low murmur rose, of admiration, of contrition, of high resolve. Each face kindled, for on the altar of every heart fire from Heaven had descended.

No mention was made of the paltry aim of yesterday. A worthier ideal had been held before them. They had been effectually roused, not by the great army of children of either hemisphere, but by two women, one rich, in her comely prime, the other old and poor.—*Missionary Tidings.*

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

That some day you will never have anything to try you or anybody to vex you again? There will be no opportunity in that happy realm to learn or to show the spirit of patience, forbearance and long-suffering. If you are ever to learn these things you must learn them now, and oh, when you shall see those glorious jewels shining in some one else's crown which were formed out of tears of sorrow and drops of blood, what would you not give to be able to live your life over again and win the recompense which can only come from trial and suffering?—Matthew Simpson.

I suppose the mistake of the average teacher is in not showing sufficient attention to the boys and girls during the week. We think our duty ends with Sunday's lesson.—W. W. Davis.

The Children's Pages.

JESUS LOVES ME.

In the crowded railway train,
Dimpled cheek against the pane,
Sang a baby, soft and low,
"Desus loves me, 'is I know."

Then unconscious, clear and strong,
"'tittle ones to Him belong,"
Rose the dear voice at our side;
"Desus loves me, He who died."

Hushed the hum of voices near,
Hoary heads bent low to hear,
"Desus loves me, 'is I know,
"For de Bible tells me so."
So, 'mid silence, tearful, deep,
Baby sung herself to sleep,

And the darling never knew
How the message, sweet and true,
Raised one heart from dull despair
To the "Love" that lightens care;
But I think, beside the King,
I shall some day hear her sing,
"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

—*Messenger for The Children.*

WHAT STRONG DRINK DID.

"I want bread, mamma."

"There is no bread, my child," replies the mother, as she hovers over the little form of her sick child. She takes the thin wrap from her shoulders and lays it over the child, and shivers, as the cold wind sweeps through the broken window pane and stirs the few remaining coals in the fireplace, which glow a moment and go out.

"When will bread come mamma?"

"I do not know," replies the mother, "perhaps in the morning." And the child, as though satisfied, turns over in its little bed and soon forgets its hunger in dreamland.

The mother places her hand over the fevered brow, and with eyes humid with tears, murmurs, "poor little thing, I know you are hungry, but mother cannot help it." And the child, as though disturbed in its slumbers, mutters, "papa, papa," but where was papa?

Down in the village the revelry in Jim McCarthy's saloon was at its height. In this den were gathered some fifteen or twenty men. Some were seated at tables throwing the dice, others were standing at the bar drinking, and occasionally some drunken brute, turned into a demon by drink, would strike his companion, who perhaps being more sober than himself would kick him out of the door.

From one of the tables a man rises, and tak-

ing a small object from his pocket, gazes at it as if it recalled some tender recollection. And well he might, for it was the ring with which he sealed the solemn vow, when he took unto himself a wife. But he gazes at it but a moment, and then staggers over to the bar, throwing it on the counter, says: What will you give me for this, Jim?" "Oh, I don't know; a dollar, I guess," replied the man spoken to. "Hand it over," says the man, and having obtained the money, he again seats himself at the table.

But let us return to the child, we left it sleeping—but now it is awake. "Where is papa, mamma?" asks the child. "Down in the village, my dear." "Is he at Jim McCarthy's, mamma?" "I don't know, I hope not."

But just now a step was heard, and the husband staggers into the room.

"Oh, John," cries the wife, "have you brought anything for the child to eat?"

"No," replied the husband, "how could I, with no money?" "I lost everything, even to the ring," and with that sinks down into a drunken sleep.

The midnight hour arrives and the child is worse, and the mother, true to her divine purpose, sits beside it, and tries to cool its forehead with her hand. It grows worse. The wife tries to wake the husband, but in vain, he only murmurs, in his sleep, "What will you give me for this, Jim?"

All night the child tosses in feverish delirium, but towards the dawn grows quiet and says, "Mamma, I am not hungry now." And just after the sun, at first a small gleaming disk, and then a luminous orb came slowly up in its majesty, the little spirit crossed over into the great beyond, to rest for ever in the sunlight of God's eternal love.—*Argus.*

WHAT SOME STUDENTS DID.

John R. Mott visited a college in Ceylon, where he found a band of students so poor that sixteen of them occupied one room. Near the building was a garden in which they spent their spare time cultivating bananas. When Mr. Mott inquired, "What do you do with the money?" they took him to the shore and pointed to an island off in the sea. "Two years ago," they said, "we sent one of our graduates there. He started a school, and it has developed now into a church. We are going to send him to another island this year." They also said they had instructed their cook that every tenth handful of rice should be laid aside that they might sell it in order to have Christ preached a little more widely.—*Exchange.*

A LITTLE HINDU WIDOW.

There's a little girl over in India,
No bigger nor older than I,
Who never laughs nor smiles at all;
I'm sure you wonder why.

I just can't understand it myself,
How such a thing could be;
For little girls, all over the world,
Should be happy, it seems to me.

I think God wants us to laugh and smile
(At proper times, you know),
For He made the beautiful sun to smile
On this beautiful world below.

But this little girl, no bigger than I,
So sad across the sea,
Is a widow already,—'tis true they say,—
How strange it seems to me!

I can't understand it myself at all.
A widow's an outcast, they say;
No home, no friends, and no one to love,
Just hated and in the way.

She didn't choose to be widow, or wife,
Or betrothed, our dear teacher said,
But a widow's a widow indeed, over there,
If husband or lover is dead.

This little girl, no bigger than I,
Is not alone in her grief;
For twenty millions like her wait to die,
As their only hope of relief.

Unloved, unloving, they pine in their pain,
No hope when they go to their grave;
So strange, don't you think, that this can be,
Since Jesus has died to save!

But the beautiful story of Jesus' love,
They're just beginning to tell
In India's darkened, sin-blighted land,
Where the little widows dwell.

I sometimes wonder, though I'm very small,
If, perhaps, in a long, long while,
God will want me to go and try to help
The little widows to smile. —Selected.

THE FOUR TREES.

The longer we allow anything bad to go on
in our lives, the harder it is to get rid of it.
Every time a boy tells a lie makes it harder
for him to tell the truth. Every time a
girl allows herself to get into a passion, the
harder it is for her to keep her temper the next
time she is tempted to become angry.

There was once an old man, so the story
goes, who was walking through a forest with a

little boy by his side. Suddenly the old man
stopped and pointed to four trees which were
close at hand. The first of these trees was
very young and just beginning to peep above
the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty
well into the earth, the third was a good-sized
shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-
grown tree.

"Pull up that first tree," said the old man
to his young companion. And at once the boy
easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second," said the old
man. The boy obeyed, but this time his task
was not so easy.

"Now try the third," was the next com-
mand. But this time the boy had to put forth
all his strength, and use both arms before he
succeeded in pulling up the tree.

"And now try your hand on the fourth
tree," was the old man's last direction. But
this time when the little boy grasped the trunk
of the tall tree in his arms he could scarcely
feel it move, and he found it utterly impossible
to tear it up by the roots.

This is a good picture of the growth of bad
habits. At first a little effort will enable us to
shake them off, but if we persist in them, we
shall find at last that they are beyond our
power to remove.—Sel.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER!

"Keeping one's temper" is an odd phrase.
We speak of a person having a great temper,
as if it were a weakness, and then point out
one who keeps his temper as a wise man.
Why keep that which is undesirable?

In this sense, keeping means controlling.
There is all the difference between a controlled
and uncontrolled temper that there is between
a horse that has been trained to bit and bridle,
and one which is wild.

Now, horses are not all born with the same
degree of spirit. Some are easily broken in,
while others need the most careful training, in
order to be manageable at all. The same thing
is true with people. Some are naturally mild,
others quick and hasty, and still others dogged
and obstinate. Yet we need not be discouraged.
Any temper may be trained, and often the worst
can be turned into the best.

A high temper, under good control, usually
goes with a strong character. Such a person is
quick, full of life and energy. He can do what
is impossible to the slower, milder man.

It all depends on the "keeping." A temper
controlled is one's slave, uncontrolled is one's
master. Which would you rather be, master
or slave?

You are "keeping" your temper when you
use it to benefit yourself—when it brings you
pleasure and happiness. It can make you high-
spirited and gay, but when it disturbs other
people, it is like an animal that escapes from
your pasture, and destroys your neighbour's
garden.

When your face grows red, and your lips
tremble, and you say words you would gladly
take back after they are spoken, then it is that
your temper is keeping you.—Boys of Our
Empire.

A FAMILY MITE BOX.

I was listening while mother read a story to Aunt Mary. It was so funny—about an old lady who said she hadn't one thing in the world to be thankful for. A young lady wanted her to keep a mite box on her mantel and promise to drop in a penny, at least, for every time she said she was thankful.

She told the girl that if the heathen had to depend on *her* mite box for help, they'd all go to the bad. And then, without thinking, she said, "My! but I'm thankful I'm not a foreign missionary!" Of course her friend had the laugh on her right off, and made her put in her first penny then. Well, you'd laugh to hear the funny things she had to give pennies for while she kept that box.

After mother and Aunt Mary got through laughing over it, I had a thought—sometimes I do have one that's some good—and I said to mother, "May Jill and I start a family mite box and see how much we can get before the mission band has its thank-offering?" and mother said yes, we might. So we all agreed to be honest and put in something every time we said we were thankful. I suppose it was kind of mean, but we didn't tell father, for we wanted to surprise him.

The evening of the very day we finished the box (for Jill and I made it and painted things on the outside, so it was "a real ornament to society," mother said), father had just asked the blessing and commenced to carve when he said, "I believe I never was so thankful for a happy home as I was to-night when I walked along with Mr. Dumps and realized how he just dreaded to go home every night to his fault-finding wife and squabbling children!"

Jill and I fairly flew out of the room and came back and held the box right under his nose. Father was so surprised! But he said, "Well here's a quarter for a starter, for a good-natured mamma and happy-go-lucky children are worth more than a penny!"

I can't begin to tell you all the ways we got pennies. Mother was thankful the sun came out on wash day, and that was a penny; and she was thankful when the cookies didn't scorch, one time, and that there were rolls enough to go round one night when we had unexpected company.

One day she got very much ashamed because, when a stylish caller left, she came rushing upstairs to her interrupted work with the sewing girl and exclaimed, "I'm thankful she only made a short call!" We got the penny, but mother said she was mortified most to pieces to think we overheard her remark from the next room.

Father put in lots of nickels and dimes instead of pennies. I wonder why it is that fathers always seem to have plenty of change in their pockets. It's just as easy as anything for them to get an ice cream soda or a little bag of chestnuts or pay street car fare and nobody ever thinks where their money has gone to. But when *you* have a little money and it gets gone, someone is sure to ask you what you did with it all; and if you say, "Father uses up lots of nickels and dimes and doesn't tell,"

then mother says, "Jack, that's a very different thing! Big men can do lots of things little boys can't do," and for the hundredth time you wish that you could hurry up and be a man.

Well, I started to say that father did lots toward filling the box. There was a nickel when eleven chicks were hatched from twelve eggs, and another when Mr. Dumps remembered to return that good umbrella he borrowed, and ten cents when the stitch in his back went off and didn't settle into lumbago and lots more things.

We children had to pay pennies quite often. I remember one was when the robins came again to build their nest in the big ash tree just outside our window, and another the morning the big squirrel came up the tree and tried to steal the eggs, but was fought off by the mother robin. (That was very interesting and was really worth more than a penny, but neither Jill nor I had much money that particular day.)

The biggest money we got in the box at all was the half dollar mother put in when the doctor said Jill did not have diphtheria, for mother says she hasn't grace enough to bear many more contagious diseases. I mean mother hasn't, not Jill, for Jill is just a trump when she's sick and opens her mouth a lot wider for the doctor than I do.

Well, I'm not going to tell how much money we found when we opened the box, because some of you wouldn't believe it, and that would hurt my feelings, so I'll just close by saying you would better try one in your family, and of course you'll believe your own eyes when you open your own box.—*Mission Dayspring*.

CHILDREN OF INDIA AT PLAY.

It is said that the children of India do not have as playful a childhood as do our own children. That is true. Boys and girls in India must grow up quicker and be at work. Little girls must leave school, and be married off and settled down at about the age of twelve.

But the little folk of India have their happy time, after all, however short the years. No brighter eyes nor more pleasant faces can be found anywhere in the world. There are games and romps over field and hill, and trees to climb. In the cities marbles and kite-flying are the chief delight of the boys.

The kites of India are generally four-cornered, without tails. In the late afternoon and evening during the kite season the sky above Calcutta is full of bobbing kites. The flat roofs of the houses are the playground. A part of the game in kite-flying, I believe, is to saw one another's strings in two by crossing them in the air. Watching from the roof of our mission house, I have noticed that men as well as boys fly kites.

The little girls like to play with dolls—English dolls dressed like *mem-sahibs*, as the European ladies are called. I cannot say just how they play with them. Perhaps they often hang them on the walls as ornaments. At any rate, I know the little ones in our girl's school ex-

pected each a doll at the end of the year, a very cheap one being thought a grand prize.

You would heartily enjoy watching our children in the play hours. The favourite game, I think, is *ghoolie dunda*, played very much as the American boys' game of tip-cat, with a small stick as a bat and a sharp-pointed block as a ball.

Marbles are called *ghoolies*, and the Indian boy shoots the marble by holding it with the thumb and forefinger, bending it back like a catapult and then letting go suddenly. They aim very surely, too.

An interesting game is managed after this manner: The children join hands and form a circle. One of their number remains outside and comes up to the circle as the *rajah* or king. The children challenge him, "Rajah, rajah, where are you going?"

"To bathe," he answers.

"Come into our tank," the children in the circle cry.

"There is but little water."

"Throw some money into it," they respond.

The boy throws a stone into the circle and is allowed to enter. Then he dashes about, trying to find where hands are so loosely clasped that he can break out, saying, as he is held back, that he will tell their uncle or tell their aunt, and so on, naming, if necessary, all the many relations that compose an Indian family. At last he breaks out and all the members of the circle take after him to catch the running rajah.—*Children's Missionary*.

HOW A DEAD LANGUAGE LIVES.

"I can't see any use in my spending my time in studying this old dead language!" exclaimed George, who was trying to memorize a Latin declension and found it very difficult to remember the case endings. Uncle Howard was reading in the same room and heard George's remark.

"Come here, George," said he, "and let me see what you are studying."

George handed his open book to his uncle.

"Ah, I see, the declension of nouns. '*Pes pedis*, a foot.' What words do we have in our language that are derived from this noun?"

George thought for a moment, but could not recall one.

"Come, now," said Uncle Howard, "wake up, and look out of the window and tell me what you see."

"I see old Mr. Graham walking across the street."

"Good! What do we call a person who walks?"

"A pedestrian," answered George.

"Just so. A person who walks uses his feet. The word pedestrian is derived from *pes*, *pedis*, a Latin word meaning 'foot.'"

"Where does Mr. Graham live? I see he is going down toward the railway station."

"He lives in the suburbs," answered George, wondering why his uncle should be interested in old Mr. Graham.

"*Sub*, a Latin word meaning 'near,' and *urbs*, 'a city;' therefore the suburbs are near the city. Is it not so?"

George acknowledged that it was.

"There, I see a number of people passing who are carrying valises, as though they had been some place out of the city," said Uncle Howard.

"Yes, there is Alfred Rhodes among them. He has been up to Newark to attend the convention," replied George.

"To a convention? Latin again; from *convenire*, meaning 'to come together.'"

"There is a boy going into Mr. Adams' store," continued Uncle Howard, looking from the window. "Do you know his business?"

"Yes, he is a messenger boy from the telegraph station," answered George, greatly interested.

"Ah, he carries a telegram, from the Greek word *tele*, meaning 'afar off,' and *gramma*, 'writing,' and that is what telegraphing is, 'writing afar off.'"

George began to feel a little sheepish over his exclamation about a useless "dead language," and in order to turn the conversation he said:

"The boys are going over to skate on Brice's pond, near the aqueduct."

"*Aqua*, meaning 'water,' *ductus*, a canal for conveying it," said Uncle Howard, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I imagine the boys—" began George, but his uncle interrupted him with:

"Imagine, from Latin *imago*, 'an image,' hence a representation, and from it we get our words 'imagine' and 'imagination.' Do you still think there is no good in studying Latin? Eh, George?" Uncle Howard broke into a laugh.

George's brother, Milo, a college graduate, came into the room. He inquired if his uncle had read the autobiography of General Thomas, who was a distinguished neighbour of the boys' parents; but his uncle began:

"*Auto*, the Greek word for 'self;' *bios*, 'life' *grapho*, 'to write,' meaning 'to write the life of one's self,'" while Milo's eyes opened in astonishment, and George enjoyed his brother's surprise.

Then, to explain to the elder brother, Uncle Howard said, "George thinks there is no use in studying Latin, as it is a 'dead language.'"

Milo's eyes became brighter as he said, "That is in consequence of his not understanding its importance."

"*Con*, Latin for 'with,' *sequens*, 'to follow,'" said the merry uncle.

"But, uncle, you did not respond to my question about the book of General Thomas," expostulated Milo.

"*Re*, meaning 'again,' and *spondo* 'to answer,' hence respond means 'to answer again,'" said that gentleman.

George thought Latin a most lively "dead language" after his uncle's explanation, and took a new interest in the study after that day's conversation — *Our Young Folks*.

WOULDN'T YOU?

If you were a mite-box and owned by a maid,
Just how would you like to be treated?
And how would you like to be cast in the shade
And never quite civilly greeted?

Or how would you like to be left half a year
With pennies—just two, three or four?
Neglected, forgotten, forsaken; I fear
You'd be longing and pleading for more.

And how would you like to be torn, too, and broken,
Till scarce you could know you were you,
And must look at the words on your garb for a token?

Now I shouldn't like it, would you?

And wouldn't you rather be carefully tended,
And given a penny each day,
With every small blemish most tenderly mended?

I would, wouldn't you, now just say?

THANKSGIVING IN A LUMBER-CAMP.

"Ray, my boy, what does Thanksgivin' mean, anyhow?"

Raymond Lee started. It was the daybreak hour of an autumnal day. In the dim light the two men were threading their way through a pine forest. On either hand the straight trunks rose like pillars, and, far above the heads of the passing men, the branches formed a dense green canopy. Under foot a carpet of pine needles deadened the sound of their foot-falls.

"Surely, Tim, you know what Thanksgiving is!"

"I'm 'shamed to say I don't, not rightly. You see, my boy, I don't know much," and the gray eyes of Tim Brown, the "half-wit" of Haskins' lumber-camp, frankly met those of his companion.

Tim was short and hump-backed, with long, sinewy arms. Notwithstanding his deformity, and his tangled dark hair and beard, it was a kindly if not a clever face which peered up at Raymond.

"You see," Tim went on, "I heard cook say we was to have a slap-up dinner—turkey and oysters—on Thursday, 'cause it was 'Thanksgivin'.' I guess we'll all be thankful for such a blowout, if that's what it means."

Raymond turned away his face. "Thanksgiving!" he murmured impatiently. "Thanksgiving here!"

The younger man formed a most decided contrast to Tim. Raymond was tall, broad-shouldered and carried himself proudly erect. He had a fair, clear-cut face and steel blue eyes.

"I'm sorry I axed ye, if ye care," Tim said, feeling that something was wrong.

"Never mind, Tim. Thanksgiving is a day set apart by—well, by our country at large as a time of family reunions and thanksgiving to God for His blessings."

"And I never knowed! Most of the boys won't care, but, Ray, ye've got a lot to be thankful for."

"I?"

"Yes," and Tim cheerily refused to note the scorn in the other's voice. "I don't jest know what's in the few years behind yer nor what brought the likes of ye here, but ye're straight and strong, ye know books, and ye've had a chance. The boys here air different, but ye've had a chance, Ray."

They had reached an opening in the forest. Tim threw aside his coat, seized an axe and began, with sturdy strokes, to chop down a tall pine. Raymond stood lost in thought. A chance? Yes, he had had that, and he had thrown it away.

"It's nobody's business but my own," he said to himself, trying to forget the bowed form, scholarly face and white head that would rise up before him.

With a sudden start he came back to his present. The sun was rising, painting the eastern sky with varying tints of yellow and rose. The wind in the pines sang a low, sad refrain.

"But I've no time to think of colour and harmony," and under his tawny moustache Raymond's lip curled. "Those things belong to the past, to college halls and parlours. I'm only a lumberman. Well, I'm free from the old superstitions, yet I sometimes ask myself if freedom is worth the price I paid for it."

Haskins' Camp was situated in northern Minnesota. Raymond was a new hand, having arrived but three weeks before. His fellow-workmen saw at once that he was not one of them. They resented his correct speech, personal neatness, and especially his refusal to join in their rough amusements. His silence regarding his past was also looked upon with suspicion. The men were rough and uncultured. Many of them were addicted to drink, while oaths and Sabbath-breaking were the rule rather than the exception. There was nothing in their surroundings to inspire them to better living.

Tim had been a member of the crew for many years. Notwithstanding his dulness, he was a general favourite. To the surprise of all, he seemed attracted to Raymond. He expressed his preference in many unobtrusive ways and won a kindly tolerance from the young man.

Thanksgiving Day came. On that morning Raymond woke from a troubled sleep. All night his dreams had been haunted by visions of the glad Thanksgiving Days of his past.

Snow was falling rapidly, for winter had already come to that northern land. Raymond and Tim were working with a large party of choppers.

"Fifteen minutes more and it will be time to start for dinner—a real Thanksgiving dinner"—one of the men cried with an oath.

At that moment a monarch of the forest came to the ground with a resounding crash. Above this noise rang out a cry of terror and pain.

It was Tim. He had chanced to stand where

the great branches swept him from his feet and pinned him to the earth.

Raymond was the first to reach his side. Carefully the men freed him, finding the poor bent body fearfully mangled.

"I guess it's all over with me, boys," he said, trying hard to keep his voice steady. "Ray, stay by me. Oh, be careful!"

They carried him to the camp. A man was started on horseback to the nearest village, twenty miles distant, for a doctor. All feared that Tim would not live until the doctor arrived, and his suffering was great.

When he had been laid on a rude bank near the great stove, he looked up wistfully into the faces of his companions.

"It's death, boys. And on Thanksgivin'. Tell me 'bout God, Him I've never thanked. But no one ever told me."

A strange silence fell upon the group of men, a silence broken only by the howling of the wind outside. Tim spoke again.

"Ray, tell me. It must be ye know, 'cause ye're different from the rest of us."

All eyes turned toward the young man. He bent lower over Tim, asking:

"What is it you want to hear?"

"All 'bout Him. Will he be mad 'cause I never thanked Him? You see, I don't know much, and nobody ever told me. Can't you tell Him so? Can't you, my boy?"

Raymond Lee's face grew stern and white. His father was a minister. He had himself been a theological student. The influence of a skeptical classmate and the reading of books loaned by him had instilled doubt into Raymond's mind. Dominated by an idea of his own mental superiority, the youth went on, until a day came when he scoffed at the faith of his dead mother and denied God.

There had been a stormy interview with the college president. This man laid so much stress on the righteous wrath of Raymond's father that the son resolved to cut himself loose from home ties. He wrote defiantly to his father of his change of views and went out into the world, leaving no clue whereby he could be traced.

Dark days had followed. It had not been easy to find work. Raymond Lee had learned the emptiness of a life without hope in God or confidence in man. He hungered for the sound of his father's voice, but was too proud to return home and beg forgiveness. In a fit of desperation he had hired out to the foreman of Haskins' lumber camp.

All those things flashed through his mind in a moment. This dying man was asking him to pray, and he had said there was no God. A groan broke from his lips.

"Tim, I cannot. I——" and he paused, unable to say that he did not believe in the God to whom, in the hour of death, even the half-witted Tim had turned.

"Can't! Why, I 'sposed you knew Him. Ye've had a chance."

Raymond could bear no more. Turning away he rushed out into the storm.

For hours he strode back and forth through the trackless forest. He heeded not the wind

nor the snow. Face to face he met and grappled with the problem of man's relation to divinity. Raymond Lee was alone with God. In that hour his boasted skepticism fell from him. The theories of science and law, upon which he had rested, gave way beneath him. There was but one sure foundation for man's life—trust in God as Creator and Father and in His Son as the world's Redeemer.

Shadows were beginning to gather in the room where Tim lay when the door opened to admit Raymond. With a firm step he crossed to the side of the dying man.

"Tim, I have been with God. He has forgiven me, sinner that I am. Now I have come to tell you of His love."

Simply, tenderly, he told the story of salvation. Others gathered round the bed. Could they doubt the truth of the words spoken when they saw the light that came to Tim's face?

"I see," he gasped, "He'll remember that I never had a chance. Tell Him that, please."

Raymond knelt down. First one and then another of the rough men dropped upon their knees.

Never had Raymond Lee prayed as in that hour. God was with him. Round him were men who in Tim's own words had "never had a chance." He prayed with a faith born of absolute belief in God's willingness to save.

"It's all right," Tim murmured, "I'm going to Him. Ray, you tell everybody."

"Yes, Tim. I will spend my life telling this story."

"It's Thanksgivin'," the dying man went on feebly. "I thank Him."

A few moments more and all was over. Raymond faced his fellow-workmen.

Tim is gone. Boys, I have gone back to the service I pledged to God many years ago. You heard my promise to Tim. Will you forgive the spirit I have shown toward you and let me begin by telling you?"

"Yes, we will," was the reply of the leader among the men. "When we come where Tim is we will wish we had heard."

Before Raymond slept he wrote a long letter to his father. He would remain where he was until he received an answer to the letter. The next night he held a meeting, and began to tell the story of Christ's life, death and resurrection.

The third evening came. At the close of Raymond's informal but heartfelt talk, the door opened to admit a stranger, a tall, spare man, with snow-white hair.

"Father!"

"My son! I came to help you here," and Raymond Lee was clasped in his father's arms.

The work begun on Thanksgiving Day at Haskins' Camp went on until seventy men began a new life.

Raymond Lee had found his life's work. Doubt and disbelief were for ever laid aside in that hour when a dying man begged him to cry unto God for assurance of salvation.—Hope Daring, in *Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

(Continued from Page 482.)

amount has been required for the first six months, and the expenditure of the whole year is likely to be over, rather than under, the estimate. The expenditure last year was about \$94,000. The increase is caused by the rapid development of the work by the opening up of a large number of new stations and by raising the status of many of the fields, which formerly were supplied by students or catechists, but which are now under ordained missionaries.

Shortly before his death the late Dr. Robertson frequently affirmed his belief that the first five years of the new century were to be crucial years in the history of the Northwest. This is proving to be the case.

The Church has nobly responded in the past to the appeals made in connection with Home Mission work, and it is earnestly hoped that there will be no set-back this year.

We have been greatly indebted to a large number of congregations and individual friends who have specially contributed \$250 each for the support of missionaries in special fields. We heartily appreciate the interest and practical help thus shown in our work, and with confidence we appeal for a renewal of these grants from all who have generously given them in the past, and, at the same time, we commend to others, to congregations as well as to individual friends, this method of aiding us in supplying Gospel ordinances to the settlers, more especially to the Western Provinces.

Along with the work among the English-speaking settlers we are putting forth more vigorous efforts than ever to reach the foreign population and to bring them under the influence of Gospel truth. This work has never been in a more hopeful condition.

In addition to the employment of several foreign missionaries we have set apart four of our own ministers who have consecrated themselves to this special work. They have gone in among the people and are acquiring their language. Under them are employed a number of colporteurs and teachers, and recent reports clearly indicate that we are beginning to reach these foreign communities and to mould them according to the principles of the Gospel.

The Home Mission Fund is at present in debt to the extent of \$30,000.

Never before have we had so many appeals for the opening up of new fields and the sending in of ordained missionaries into districts that hitherto have been supplied chiefly dur-

ing the summer months by means of students.

At this juncture in the history of our work a retrograde step would be disastrous, and we believe that it is only necessary to make known the facts to ensure a generous and prompt response from our people in all sections of the Church.

Toronto, 26th October, 1903.

In the one Presbytery of Minnedosa, Manitoba, a Presbytery with only nine self-supporting charges and three augmented congregations, there are eighteen missions, fourteen to English-speaking people and four to foreigners. There are in this Presbytery over fifteen thousand Galicians, a majority of Doukobhors and a large number from other countries, and among the most of them nothing is being done. The Presbytery hopes that soon there will be a large number of missionaries at work. This is but one instance of the great need of men and means to support them in the Northwest.

Last Christmas the first building was erected at Halbrite, a station on the Soo line of the C.P.R. which runs south from Moose Jaw to St. Paul. Now it has twenty-five buildings, stores, dwellings, bank, hotel. There too is our missionary. Worship has been held during summer in any shed or unfinished building available. Now they await the completion of the schoolhouse until a church can be built.

On the 7th Oct., Rev. Dr. Robertson, late pastor of the N. F. Church, North Berwick, Scotland, was inducted by the Presbytery of Toronto into the chair of Apologetics and Practical Training, in Knox College, Toronto.

Four missions in Regina Presbytery; Balgonie, Sherwood, Drinkwater and Davidson, have been raised to the rank of ordained mission charges, and arrangements are making of a manse in each where possible.

In St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, 16th September ult., Miss Minnie E. Robertson of that place was formally designated as a missionary of our Church to Honan, China.

Mr. Swartout, missionary to the Indians in Vancouver Island, was ordained by the Presbytery of Victoria on the 1st September ult.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.*Synod of the Maritime Provinces.*

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness, Baddeck, 17 Nov., 2 p.m.
3. P. E. Island.
4. Pictou.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro, Harmony, 3 Nov.
7. Halifax.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 8 Dec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 8 Dec.
13. Glengarry.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Carlton Pl., 20 Oct., 10.30.
16. Brockville, Spencerville, 6 Oct., 2.30 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 15 Dec., 2 p.m.
19. Whitby, Whitby, 20 Oct.
20. Lindsay, Lindsay, St. A., 15 Dec., 11 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 2nd Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 10 Nov.
23. Barrie, Beeton, 15 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
24. Algoma, Gore Bay, end of Sept.
25. North Bay, Powassan, 30 Sept., 9 a.m.
26. Owen Sound.
27. Saugeen, Harriston, 8 Dec.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 17 Nov., 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, Knox, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Woodstock, Chal., 10 Nov., 11 a.m.
31. London, Glencoe, 8 Dec.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
33. Stratford.
34. Huron, Clinton, 10 Nov., 10.30 a.m.
35. Maitland, Wingham, 15 Dec., 10 a.m.
36. Bruce, Paisley, 6 Dec., 11 a.m.
37. Sarnia, Sarnia, 15 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior, Ang.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll.
40. Rock Lake, Pilot Md., 2 Tuesday Feb.
41. Glenboro, Souris, 1 Dec.
42. Portage, Portage la Prairie, 3 March.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa.
46. Melita, Melita, Feb., '04.
47. Regina, Moosejaw, Sept.
48. Qu'Appelle, Indian Head, Sept.
49. Prince Albert, Pr. Albert, 1st week Sept.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary, Macleod.
51. Edmonton, Ft. Saskatchewan.
52. Kamloops.
53. Kootenay.
54. Westminster.
55. Victoria, Victoria, 1 Sept., 2 p.m.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, &c.

CALLS FROM

- Knox Church, Calgary, to Mr. J. A. Clark, of Cowan Ave. Church, Toronto. Accepted.
- Duff's Church and Caven Church, McKillop, to Mr. Daniel Carswell. Accepted. Inducted 14th October.
- Regina, to Mr. J. Paterson, of Geneva Church, Chesley. Accepted.
- Lower Stewiacke, N.S., to Mr. Gordon Dickie, of Milford and Gays River.
- Millerton, N.B., to Mr. J. G. Colquhoun, of Naashwaak and Stanley.
- Dundee, Que., to Mr. W. W. McRae, of Tacoma, U.S.A.
- American Church, Montreal, to Dr. R. Johnston, of London, Ont. Accepted.
- Miniota, Man., to Mr. W. J. Inglis. Accepted.
- English River and Howick, to Mr. J. McK. Kellock.

INDUCTED INTO

- Dauphin, Man., 17th Sept., Mr. R. H. Gilmour.
- Wroxeter, Ont., 17th Sept., Mr. L. Perrin.
- Innerkip and Ratho, 1st Oct., Mr. Robert McCullough.
- St. Andrews, New Westminster, B.C., 15th Sept., Mr. J. S. Henderson.
- St. John's Vancouver, 2nd Oct., Mr. R. Laird.
- St. Andrew's, Orangeville, Ont., 29th Sept., Mr. A. L. Burch.

RESIGNATIONS OF

- Botany, Kent Bridge, etc., Mr. Robertson.
- Interim, Mod., Dr. Munro, Ridgetown.
- Boston Church, Esquesing, Mr. A. R. Gregory.
- Oak River, etc., Minn. Pres., Mr. C. McDiarmid.
- Dorchester and Crumlin, London Pres., Mr. Malcolm Kay.
- Wentworth and Westchester, Mr. G. E. Forbes.

OBITUARY.

George Helbert Menzies, M.D., was born 8 Feb., 1869, near Ailsa Craig, Ont. He received his early education at East William, Ont.; entered Manitoba College in 1891 and graduated in Arts in 1897, spending the summers between the College terms and two eighteen months' terms in mission work in the Northwest. After graduation he laboured for some time in Atlin, B.C., and entered the study of medicine in Winnipeg in 1899, graduating at Louisville, Ky., in the spring of 1902. In the autumn he went to India under appointment of the F. M. Committee to take charge of the boys' orphanage at Russellpura, Mhow, where, after a few months of earnest work, he died of plague 19 Sept., 1903.

Received during September 1903, by Rev. Dr. Warden, Presbyterian Offices, Toronto, and allocated to the Schemes as directed by the donors.

Serous	10
Nelson Ont	12 50
Dr & Mrs Wm Malcolm	
Honan	25
Union Bay	6 65
Dr J. J. Dow Honan	43
Dundas Knox	51 50
Jas Allan, Perth	20
Lansdowne & Co	15
Extension	5
Paisley Knox	23 10
Reldon Gandier	1 30
Quaker Hill	65
Forest	35
St Louis de Gonz	2
Forbank Un ss.	1
Rev W J Dey	13
Newburgh Camden	10
Holmfeld	1 70
Moore, Burns	8
Ca'bano	8
Mrs D A Irvine	10
Rev Dr W S McTavish	10
Rev J Anderson	5
Alberton P E I	3
Per Rev A P Ledingham	43 80
Valcartier	2 50
Carleton Pl St	50
Mrs M Fwen Mrs Patterson	150
"McK" Sarnia	10
Mr Mrs H Young	62 50
English Sett mt.	22 49
Avonmore	77 20
Thant & Co	6 25
Beechridge	55
Millbank Kx.	13
Applehill	6
Motherwell	30 30
Beq P Stevenson	4 700
Carberry	2
St Cath Ist	100
Member Wro	1
Bancroft & Co	13 69
Cobocook, & Co	9 10
Botany	4 22
Brussels Mel.	93
One of His	1
Rev E A Wicher Japan	29
Rev A P Logan	5
Black River	2
Crosshill	10
Waskada	4
Shemogue & Co	2
Cardinal	13 13
Mainsville	11 80
Dovercourt ss.	20
Madoc	13
Corwall Kx.	726
Springfield	13 45
Sutherland	7 30
Brennan	3
Grand Bend	175
W Adelaide	6 65
Barton ss	10
Guelph Chal	50
Drummond Hill ss.	12
Lancaster Kx	106 40
Leaskdale	34
Prof Line Beth.	26 35
Oro Central	13
D Lynd	10
Napier St And	5
Rev T A Bell	9
Peterboro, St Pauls	227
Blake	3 64
Laskay & Co	12 07
Stayner ss	5 70
Walkerton Kx	146 50
Stratford Kx	260
Kilsyth	60
Maitland ce	42
Mt Pleasant	68 90
Ladysmith ss	15
Richard's Land'g	7
Brompton	2 50
Per J F Campbell	167
Barrie Pres as co.	167
Caledonia P E I	2
Rev W A Cook	12
Halifax Park	5

Carberry wms	13
Lobo Mel	40
St Johns N B St J boys' guild	5
Beverly	31
X Y Walkerton	5
Merigomish & Co	3
Miss L E Best	19
No 712	29
Brooklin ss.	16 67
Crofton	2
Vanc St And.	30
A M Boosey	30
Cote des Neiges	100
Maitland yps	12
Maxville ce	50
Corunna	3
Pictou St And.	7 70
Varna	7
Courtright	1 35
Gamebridge	13 62
Dovercourt SS	4 61
Ebenezer	5
Hillsburg	41 76
Priceville	42
Swinton Park	24
Raleigh	4
Tor June	26 40
Bury's Green	24
Ballinadaf ss	3 40
W'p'g Chinese	25
Bristol Que	39
Mrs Langwill	30
Rev R A Mitchell	70
Tor Bloor	421 72
Wales ss	6 40
Neepawa wms.	60
Lord Strathcona	2 750
Deseronto W End.	1 50
Tyendinaga	3
Fort Wm St And	20 35
Bethany	42
Oxbow	25
A M Gunn	18
Alice Stell	50
Hills Green	13 85
Galt Knox	523
W F	1
Rev H G Crozier	6
Sunbury & Co	8 60
St Vincent	4
Rev J D Anderson	8
Wetaskiwin	1
Vaughan Knox	35
Ham McNabs ss	3 53
"St Johns ss	10 5
Essa Town Lines	5 03
Malton	2 10
One Family	40 4
Wychwood	1
Chas Tweedie	10
Deer Park	7
Markdale ss	3 80
Grimsby ss	4 15
Longford ss	3 64
Shallow Lake ss	2
Goderich Knox ss	19 39
Elmhurst ss	4 10
E Adelaide ss	4 14
For June ss	9 20
Brookdale ss	3 33
Glenasm ss	3 50
Tilsenburg	25
Rev D James	11
Dundas Kx	73 25
Janetville	6 85
Ballyduff	5
Pontypool	4
Hornby	4 22
Omagh	2 66
Niagara St And ss	8 53
Mooretown ss	5 50
Granton ss	6
Westboro ss	4 84
Farnham	3 75
Ailsa Craig ss	6 50
Alliston ss	5 22
New castle ss	6 50
Port Hope Ist ss	7 15
Smithville ss	2 78
Gananoque ss	8 25
Port Dalhousie ss	7 40
Ventnor ss	6 12
Hay Bay ss	3 70
St Anne de Bellevue ss	3 15
Chesterville ss	3
Carlisle	6
St Davids Ist ss	4 25
Doon ss	2

Sunderland ss	6
Laskay ss	4 5
Mille Isles ss	5
as & Ettie McLeod	9
Bloomfield ss	2 17
Sundridge ss	2 30
Sturgeon Falls ss	8 50
Soo, St Paul ss	4 55
King, St And	7
Do Do ss	4
Warwick, Knox ss	6
Comber ss	11 75
Harwick ss	3 50
Locks ss	2 65
Culloden ss	5 35
Magnetawan etcs	8 57
Wingham ss	8 78
West Bentinck ss	4 27
Lynedock	4
Hickson, Burns ss	3
Centre Bruce ss	4 80
Huntingdon ss	4 20
Herowby ss	1 05
Brighton ss	3
Blake ss	2 75
Cobocook ss	2 35
Farran's Point ss	2 40
Dunville ss	2 75
Three Rivers, St A. ss	8
Scotstown ss	5
Port Credit ss	2 65
Elphinstone ss	4 60
Erin Burns ss	9 52
Clayton ss	5
Dunblane ss	6
Athens ss	1 75
Martintown Burns ss	14
Paspebiac ss	1 30
Lower Windsor ss	4 44
Rosseau	3 75
Milton, Knox ss	8
Colborne ss	13 08
Aylmer Que ss	3 61
Owen's Div ss	13 45
Underwood ss	7 46
Northcote ss	3
Hampstead ss	3 15
Sydenham, Knox ss	3 25
Holland Centre ss	2
Hills Green ss	3 50
Temple Hill ss	6 75
Cedarville ss	4 50
Allsaw ss	2 50
Madoc, St Peters ss	8 50
Baltimore ss	1 65
St Thomas, Kx ss	14 28
Mt. Brydges ss	3 67
Frontier ss	1
Hemmingford ss	2
Bancroft, ss	2 14
Jasper ss	2
Stewarton ss	16 50
Richmond etc Ont. ss	3
Belleville John St ss	10 50
Beaver Lake	8 05
North Bay ss	11 25
Mansfield ss	3 25
Portage du Fort	1 33
Bethesda	5 50
Smiths ss Curran	2 16

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Reported	\$11280 41
Digby	20
Mrs. John A. Cameron	1
Windsor St Johns	84
Hx Grove	50
Rev J F Dunstan	10
W River St Marys	163
Est Thos Fulton	5
Dartmouth St Jas	114
Mrs. A. Campbell	10
Rev F G Johnstone	10
St Johns Pres wms.	366 41
Black Riv St Ste ce	10
Doaktown & Co	5
Little Hrbr ss	1
Beq Anne McKay	150
Mulgrave St Math	50
Grand Pre	5
Wolville St And	60 90
New Carlisle	15
Paspebiac	10

Hopeton	10
D McKenzie	5
Michael Olding	1
Christy A Cameron	2
Milford ce	2 23
Friends Melford	2 85
No Name	5
Mrs Hugh McDiarmid	8
Clam Harbour	3 60
G L McCain rep't	10
Earlton	34 16
Andover	4
Maitland St Dav	5 23
Wolville ce	16
Cape George	31 25
Escuminac	75
Pugwash St Math	19
Mrs Cameron	1
Dundas Annandale	52 50
Truro Beracba	75
Ferrona, Zion	57
Cunard	10
Hx Caburg Rd	45 34
Springfield N B	1
Beq Mrs Thompson	20
Mrs A Faulkner	15
Moncton St Jo wms.	15
Nine Mile Riv	16
Three Brooks	3 40
Plaster Rock	47
Long Island	45
North View	50
O Dell	87
St Croix Ellers hse	19
Mrs P Keay	15
River John	67
Arch'd McKenzie	5
Mrs W D O'Brien	1
Mrs Arch Campbell	5
New Annan	25
Rev Wm McLeod	6
Mira	5
Quoddy Moser Riv	12
Rev M N McLeod	5
"A D R"	5
Fishers Grant	16 25
Salina, Norton	10
Saltsprings St Lu	6
Amherst St Ste.	90 15
Tabusintac Burnt ch	46
"K N G" per Witness	10
St Martins & Co	11
Hopewell St Col	20 80
Escuminac & Co	20 85
D Moore M D.	5
Wolville St And	33 45
Cap G H Gilmore	1
Barney's River Un	2
Cariboo, Moose Min	3 45
M A E Dartmouth	5
Merigomish	21
French River	13 25
J B Douglas	2
Marion Bridge St Col	40
Rev J D McGillivray	5
Clifton N S	24
Hugh Miller rep't	10
W G Hanna sale of maps	2 11
E Riv St Marys	30
N W Ann Both	3
Maitland St Dav	10
Dartmouth Woodside	3 72
Harvey Acton	41
J A Ferguson rep	10
Dartmouth St Jas	14 28
West Melford ss	1 53
Cleveland ss	2 74
Milford Gays Riv	36 75
Saltsprings Eben	2
Thos Young	2
Scotburn Bethel	61
Earlton Falls	10 50
Clifton N S	20
Clifton ce	5 50
Clifton	3 63
Wychocoma	30
Skye Glen ss	2 03
Malbone Bay ss	6 35
Brigwater ss	9 21
Marble Mt ss	9 38
Spry Harbour ss	2
Caledonia ss	21
Lockstead ss	1
Maitland St Dav ss	6 15
Stellarton Sharon	23 61
Mulgrave	30

Receipts

By Other Treasurers.

Received by the Knox College Students' Missionary Society, during the months of April to September inclusive.

Alma	\$2
Brampton	22 75
" ss cl	5
Barrie ce	5
Beaverton, Kx	18 80
Bluevale wfms	10
Churchill	1 40

Thos Allen	\$5
Rev W N Carr	5
Jas Laing	20
Crumlin	9 15
Claude	5
Chesley	8
Dorchester	7 05
" Two friends "	3
Rev W M Kay	10
Dundas, Kx	10
Mrs A Semple	3
J Nichols	2
Gamebridge	20 25
Hillis Green	3
Master & Misses Boggs	50
Rev J T Taylor	5
Jarratt's Corners	5

R McQueen	\$6 90
W J Baird	2
Kippen, St And ss	8 85
London, C M N	5
" 1st ss	10
Mrs J B Elliot	5
Mt Pleasant	2
Monkmans	6
Malton	22 22
Orillia wfms	18
Orangeville " Friend "	100
Miss L Semple	1
Paisley, Kx ss	10
Rev P Scott	5
Port Elgin ypg	1 60
Sundries	8 31
Southampton ce	5

Stratford, St A ss	\$10
Scarboro, Kx	17 15
Robt Kilgour	25
lor, West cl 12	10
" E Emmanuel	10 49
" Claremont, ce	10
" Chal guild	15
" Martin mb	12
Miss M Dawson	2
Miss Thornton	2
For, Bloor ss	25
" Friend "	2
Mrs Eckart	1
Verschoyle, St A	2
Mrs H Ripley	2
Wmstr N ce	16
" Friend "	25

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A noble-hearted fellow, who had been rescued from a life of debauchery and crime, stood on the deck of a steamer telling a companion how he came to turn from darkness to light. Suddenly he pointed to the sun, its crimson orb just setting in the expanse of sea. "Just look at that!" he exclaimed, "and to think how in all those years I missed the beauty and the glory that I might have seen! That sun was just as magnificent then as now, but I was down among the beer-kegs, caring more for them than for this glorious sight."

And then he exulted in his present opportunity, and the power that the gospel had given him to see the beauty and the sublimity of God's handwork. Do we realize how sin deprives us of our great opportunities? What a wealth lies within our reach! Poverty comes from within. To be in Christ is to be a possessor of infinite riches.

VILLAGE LIFE IN INDIA.

OF "VILLAGE LIFE IN INDIA," by our missionary, the late Rev. Norman Russell, Sir William Muir writes: "It is so life-like that as you read you seem to have the author at your very side; to see the country in all its beauty: to hear the various tribes in their different tongues. I have seldom read a book that interested me more or gave me a more hopeful feeling of mission labour or more lively estimate of its sure, though gradual effect, on the great Indian Empire." The book is interesting in itself and a memento as well of a most worthy missionary who laid down his life as our substitute in the mission field. The price is \$1.25, and it may be ordered through any bookseller.

To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort. There is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy. In this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.—Sir John Lubbock.

"He restoreth my soul." There spoke the wanderer's heart now reconciled. What a memory of forgiven sin there lies behind these words and what a happiness of trust! For He who hath restored will lead, and lead in paths of righteousness.



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The richest experiences of life never come to those who try to win them selfishly.—Anna R. Brown.

The great fact is that life is a service; the only question is, "Whom will we serve?"—Faber.

You never will be saved *by* works; but let me tell you most solemnly that you will never be saved *without* works.—T. L. Cuyler.

The more we demand of ourselves, the more we get out of ourselves. You can squeeze an orange dry, but not the spirit of man.

Sacrifice brings its reward by converting simple duty into positive happiness. We have attained our end in the liberty to work freely with God.—John James Taylor.

There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving; half the world is on the wrong scent in pursuit of happiness.—Henry Drummond.

It is said that, when a bee stings, it leaves its sting in the wound and is sure to die from the loss. Every time we injure another we do ourselves greater harm.

He that saveth his time from prayer shall lose it; but he that loseth his time in communion with God shall find it in a life of multiplied blessings.—Wilder.

The sins by which God's Spirit is ordinarily grieved are the sins of small things—laxities in keeping the temper, slight neglects of duty, sharpness of dealing.—Horace Bushnell.

When you find yourself, as I dare say you sometimes do, overpowered as it were by melancholy, the best way is to go out and do something kind to somebody or other.—John Keble.

Help us to reach out past the things we cannot understand, to the God we trust. We thank thee for the passing of what changes, and the changelessness of that which passes not.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." . . . My work will begin again next morning.—Victor Hugo.

The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird or as sails are to a ship, to carry me forward to my desired haven.—Samuel Rutherford.

Yes, I feel willing to be placed in that situation in which I can do the most good, though it were to carry the Gospel to the distant,

benighted heathen.—Mrs. Ann H. Judson, the first American woman foreign missionary.

I can conceive no difference comparable to that between a smooth and a rough sea, except that which is between a mind calmed by the love of God and one torn up by the storms of earthly passions.—John Wesley.

God can and will forgive sin, and cleanse us from it. He can restore our souls by the gracious ministry of our great high priest, but He cannot go on in company with sinful thought and feelings. An unclean or covetous thought will mar our communion with Him.

Esau filled his life with regret for trifling one day; Esther's was full of glory for one day's courage. Peter slept one hour and lost a matchless opportunity; Mary's name is fragrant for ever for the loving deed of a day. Do your best now.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Let your spiritual life be formed by your duties and by the actions, which are called forth by circumstances. Do not take over-much thought for the morrow. Be altogether at rest in loving, holy confidence.—Francis de Sales.

We shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call—and rightly—faith in God.—Kingsley.

Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.—George MacDonald.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you will never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—Lydia M. Child.

Anything which makes religion its second object makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing he will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place offers him no place.—Ruskin.

We grow most under burdens. We get strength in struggle. We learn our best lessons in suffering. The little money we are paid for our toil is not the best part of the reward—the best is what the toil does in us in new experience, in wisdom, in patience in self-conquest.—Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.

GO YE INTO
PREACH THE GOSPEL
ALL THE WORLD AND
TO EVERY CREATURE.

The PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

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Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 12.

THE LAST ISSUE OF THE YEAR.

This issue completes the twenty-eighth volume of the Presbyterian RECORD and the twelfth year under present management.

During the year there have been issued an average of more than fifty-one thousand copies (nearly five tons' weight) monthly, a total for the year of more than six hundred thousand copies containing over thirty millions of pages. This amount of good reading matter sent all over the Church should do some good.

In this connection we wish to give heartiest thanks to fellow helpers everywhere who have done so much to aid in its circulation, and trust that they will not grow weary in well-doing in this department of Church work.

We would like also to give thanks for the many kindly and helpful words of appreciation that have come, and the aim will be to make the coming year a little more worthy of them.

The attention of pastors, elders and managers is asked to the repeated recommendation of Assembly that the RECORD be taken by the congregation for every family. Many congregations have proved the excellence of this plan. It saves all the trouble of gathering subscriptions, it reaches those who are least interested and who otherwise would not have our mission work brought before them. The only extra cost to the congregation as a whole is that of supplying those who would not themselves subscribe, and doubtless some are won to be helpers to the congregation itself and helpers to missions, who would not otherwise be reached. There are few ways in which Home Mission work can be done at so small a cost as by placing the RECORD for a year in a home where it does not now come.

With best good wishes to its many thousands of readers, hoping that the year's blessings may be multiplied in the future, and that from the trials of the year they may with God's help go forth better men and women to the year to come, the last issue for nineteen hundred and three is sent on its way.

"The last issue of the year" has its lessons:

It reminds that all the issues of the year, whatever their good or ill, are past beyond recall; their mistakes cannot be corrected, their defects cannot be supplied. "Nevermore" is writ large on each of them from Jan. to Dec.

It reminds that life is a printed page, each day coming with its blank to fill, and bearing away the impress given it, the words helpful or harmful, the work done or left undone—

It reminds that no matter how unworthy the contents on a page of life or how poor the printing, it cannot be done over again, but must go forever unchanged—

It reminds that these life pages, day by day, and year by year, affect not only ourselves but others, that the printing on each of them has impressed somebody for good or ill—

It reminds that soon life's last page will be struck off, life's book be finished, its pages that might have been so much more fair and beautiful gone to come no more—

Gone? Not gone. Only completed, for our reading when time and books have passed away, with "Son remember" standing luminous across each aeon-worn page—

One lesson more it teaches. Ere "the last issue of the year" is out of hand another issue is under way, the first of another year, reminding us that, while the past is gone beyond recall, we must not fill life's coming pages with useless lament, but, learning wisdom from the failures of the past, give all our might to making better with God's help the issues, the days, few or many that are yet to come.

Two things should be remembered in making up our missionary moneys at the close of the year: (1) that the regular work of the Church is larger than ever before and its needs greater; (2) in dividing missionary funds do not vote them away to other objects outside the Church Schemes, no matter how good these special objects may be. If you wish to give to special objects, give specially. Mission funds belong to the regular work of the Church. For that regular work all are responsible and the regular missionary funds should not be diverted from it.

Some "Questions" for "Question Bureau" as well as some "Children's Pages" have been unavoidably held over for next issue.

Latest advices from Indore, Central India, report a slight improvement in plague conditions at that station, though it is still bad at the other stations.

Rev. Donald McGillivray, our missionary in China, reports that the sale of Christian literature in China during the past year was double that of any previous year.

The circulation of the RECORD might be made up to fifty-five thousand this year. An increase of one tenth would do it. Some cannot do this because they are now placing it in every home, but in many places the circulation might easily be doubled.

This is a "Kootenay" issue of the RECORD. Material for a "Winnipeg" issue for January is promised. Thanks are heartily given to Dr. Herdman for the idea which he and his co-workers in B. C. have so well carried on; and to Dr. Bryce for taking it up in Winnipeg Presbytery. Let it spread to the older Presbyteries. Will clerks or others take it up? The RECORD will thus become a repository of the history of our church.

Although the receipts for the Foreign Mission Fund, West, are about equal to those at the same date last year, the expenditure is very largely in excess, owing to the expansion of the work in the several fields occupied by the Committee. The estimated amount required this year is nearly \$35,000 in excess of the amount actually received from the Church last year. At the present time the Foreign Mission Fund is in debt nearly \$13,000 more than it was in the end of November, 1902.—Com.

Mrs. Annand, of Tongoa, New Hebrides, was very ill with low fever during the past summer. When the inter-island steamer arrived she was carried on board to go to Ambrim, to Dr. Bowie's station, for medical care. Two days' tossing in the small vessel was a severe strain but she reached her destination, and after six weeks' skillful treatment was far on the road to health and able to return home. Thirty years and more in that enervating climate has not been without its effect. The wonder is that our New Hebrides missionaries have stood the long strain so well.

It will bear repetition that in dividing, at the close of the year, the sums collected for missionary purposes by congregations and their missionary societies during the year, these sums should be divided only to the regular Schemes of the Church. Sometimes those who have charge of some special work, within or without the Church, make a pressing appeal about the time the missionary funds are divided, asking a share of them. This should not be done. The work carried on by these regular Schemes is dependent upon the regular givings, and for that work every member of the Church is responsible. If any one wishes to help a special object, let him do so by special giving to that object.

There are three "fu" cities, prefectural cities, in North Honan, the mission field of our Church in North China, and these three are now occupied by our missionaries. There was but one of them occupied before the Boxer Movement, the other two were closed against them, and they were obliged to settle in smaller towns. From these, in 1900, they were all driven out. Since their return the other two "fu" cities are open and occupied, and the three chief cities are to be henceforth the centre of missionary operations.

Among the five millions (the population of Canada) in North Honan, the door is wider open than before the Boxer movement, and the call louder to our Church to enter in with more labourers.

"Last Monday we had a wonderfully triumphal death of one of our students," writes Rev. Dr. Annand from the Training Institution, at Tongoa, New Hebrides: "His confidence in the Saviour was complete. He longed to go home, not because of his suffering, for he was suffering intensely from heart trouble, but because he loved the Saviour and longed to be with Him. Only once before in the Islands have I seen such a joyous death, and that was in Aneityum long ago. Omtant had just finished his four years' course with us. He had packed up ready to go home on the steamer there due. His trouble, of long standing, came upon him on Sabbath, and twenty-four hours afterward we buried him. His widow and child left for home two days later. I had filled up his first-class certificate, but he never saw it."

MINISTERS', WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

In their report to last Assembly, the Committee on the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Western section of the church were able to state that the indebtedness of preceding years had been entirely removed. This, however, was owing to the generous response to a special appeal made to individual members of the church, and, in part, to the exceptionally large amount received during the year on account of ministers' rates.

The number of annuitants has greatly increased of recent years, there being at present 132 widows and 58 orphans upon the Fund, many of whom are largely dependent on this annuity for their support.

The Committee have made a careful estimate of the amount required this year. This estimate shows that, after deducting ministers' rates and interest on invested moneys, \$11,000 will be needed from the congregations of the church.

This does not seem a large sum, and yet it is nearly \$3,000 in excess of the amount received last year from congregational contributions. In other words, to enable the Committee to pay the annuities in full, the contributions from congregations should be 25 p. c. in excess of what they were last year.

The claims of this Fund do not seem to be recognized by many of our ministers and others. Some of the larger congregations of the church appear to be in the habit, after allocating their money to other Schemes, of setting apart a comparatively trifling sum for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and, from quite a number of congregations, no contribution is received at all.

By ministers and sessions should be realized the duty of giving their congregations an opportunity of contributing to this scheme. In every congregation of the church there are at least some who will sympathize strongly with the object of the Fund, and it is hoped that this year there will not only be a contribution from every congregation, but a liberal contribution somewhat proportionate to the needs of the scheme, and to its claims upon our people.

The encouraging result, last year, was owing, in a measure, to the co-operation of many of the ministers of the church. Were the same interest to be manifested by all ministers, there would be little difficulty in securing the sum necessary to meet the annuities in full.

THE BIRCH LAKE COUNTRY.

BY MR. J. W. WOODSIDE, STUDENT MISSIONARY.

Two years ago this vast territory, which is now dotted with rude shacks and settlers' dwellings, was uninhabited. The great stillness, which formerly was only broken by the whirr of the wild fowl and the howl of the coyote, is now broken by the noise and stir of mower and binder.

Here lies a beautiful fertile country stretching about fifty miles in one direction and thirty in another. In its midst lies one of the most charming lakes of Northern Alberta. Nature has spread forth her charms with lavish abundance.

The lake consists of many picturesque arms stretching back among wooded hills five and six miles in every direction. The banks, rising almost perpendicularly from the edge of the water, are covered with a variety of trees which add beauty and grandeur to the scene.

The main body of the lake is dotted here and there with islands covered with luxuriant vegetation and beautiful shade trees.

The water is of a peculiar kind, and already some has been sent away to be tested for medicinal properties.

Running along the north shore of the lake is the C. N. R. survey line, the work on which is being rapidly pushed about eighty miles to the east. From this point the line branches going to Wetaskiwin and to Edmonton.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to see that here at this junction, on the shores of a beautiful lake, situated in a most promising and fertile country, a town of no mean importance will yet spring up.

Already most of the land has been taken up by a thrifty and energetic class of people—men full of hope in the future of our great country.

Our Church, recognizing the importance of the work here, sent a missionary this summer to the field; at present there are three stations at which service is held. Two other points require service. Here, then, is a large field with five centres, some of which will probably yet develop into self-supporting congregations.

If our Church would keep pace with the need and look to her own best interests she should send a man on here next spring, at the latest, to minister to the needs of the Birch Lake country alone. It is a golden opportunity. Let golden aims and efforts seize the crisis.

STATE OF THE FUNDS, WEST.

As a large number of the congregations of our church distribute their missionary contributions towards the end of December or the beginning of January, I think it well to give information regarding the state of the several funds in the Western section. In the first two columns of the following statement are given the receipts to 24th November, 1902, and 1903. The third column shews the total amount required for the current year :

	To 24 Nov., 1902	To 24 Nov., 1903.	Estimate for year.
Home Mission.....	\$33,762 26	\$27,908 09	\$113,700
Augmentation	3,319 79	2,820 56	30,000
Foreign Mission.....	14,788 30	14,881 15	99,825
French Evangelization.	6,853 38	5,297 03	25,000
Pointe-aux-Trembles...	2,410 80	2,136 44	11,000
Widows' & Orphans'..	2,270 55	1,786 06	15,000
Aged Ministers'	1,664 21	2,250 51	14,000
Assembly Fund.....	89 08	873 66	7,500
Knox College, ...	888 95	820 30	12,000
Queen's College.....	196 33	197 25	5,500
Montreal College.....	362 58	185 78	5,000
Manitoba College.....	498 04	556 01	2,600

It will be observed from the foregoing statement that the receipts for some of the Funds are less than at the corresponding period last year. This is especially the case with reference to Home Missions, Augmentation, French Evangelization and Widows' and Orphans' Funds.

The estimated amount for Home Missions was \$110,000. This is likely to be somewhat exceeded, owing to the great expansion of the work.

The amount required for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund is also likely to be greater than the estimate.

While the Montreal College receipts are less than last year, the expenditure at this date is nearly \$3,000 more.

There is also a special expenditure of about \$5,000 in connection with the putting in of new heating apparatus in Knox College, Toronto.

All the Funds are, at present, very heavily in debt, because of the fact that less than one-sixth of the total amount required for the year has, thus far, come in, leaving five-sixths to be obtained in the last three months of the year.

A large number of congregations fail, each year, to contribute to one or more of the Schemes of the church, and, in many cases, because of the fact that the congregations do not have the opportunity of contributing.

It is hoped that, before the year closes on

28th February, 1904, ministers and sessions will take systematic steps so that there may be a liberal contribution got for every Scheme of the church.

ROBT. H. WARDEN.

Toronto, 24th Nov., 1903.

HOME MISSIONS, WESTERN SECTION.

BY THE CONVENER.

As the season of the year is now approaching when congregations and Sabbath Schools distribute their missionary money, it is hoped that the claims of the Home Mission Fund will receive careful consideration.

The object of the Home Mission Committee is to send the missionary with the Gospel to every settlement throughout the country. The work of the Committee has been growing by leaps and bounds, especially during the last few years. Last year fifty-nine new mission fields were opened, eleven of these in the older provinces and forty-eight in the newer. Twenty-six mission fields were advanced to the status of augmented congregations and other three fields became self-supporting.

At the present time there are under the Committee 463 mission fields connected with which are 1,202 preaching stations. The people in these fields are themselves contributing for the support of ordinances nearly \$100,000, which is at the rate of \$6 per communicant, a rate nearly one fourth higher than the average rate paid by our people for minister's salary throughout the whole Church.

The work is carried on in all the provinces of the Dominion, nor is it confined to Anglo-Saxons, but special efforts are being put forth in connection with the alien races that have settled in the Northwest.

We have missionaries among the Germans, Norwegians, Scandinavians, Hungarians, Roumanians, Finns, Doukhobors and Galicians. Among the two latter people we have been fortunate in securing the services of four earnest, devoted ministers of our own Church, who have consecrated themselves to this special work, are acquiring the language of the people and seeking by every possible means to minister to their spiritual wants. Associated with them are a large number of colporteurs and teachers, gathered from the people themselves, and it is confidently hoped that the efforts being put forth will be crowned with marked success.

With a view of encouraging the missionaries and deepening the spiritual life of our people, the Committee in August last were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. T. A. Rodger, of Guelph, to conduct special evangelistic meetings in the West. Mr. Rodger has peculiar qualifications for the work of an Evangelist and has been made a blessing to many. He has conducted special services during the past four months in several of the congregations and missions in the Presbyteries of Calgary and Edmonton, commending himself and his Message to the people and giving a great uplift, it is believed, to the cause of Christ.

There are few churches that have a vaster Home Mission field committed to their care than has the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Our missionaries are labouring in all sections of the country from Gaspe to the Klondike, a distance of 5,000 miles. They are defending morality, opposing vice, making known the plan of salvation and planting the banner of the Cross in every section of the country, laying a solid foundation for the future of the Dominion.

This year the Committee estimated their requirements at \$110,000. They find, however, from the rapid growth of the work that this sum is to be considerably exceeded. The receipts to this date are \$6,000 less than the corresponding period last year. They are most anxious, at this critical juncture, that it should not be necessary to curtail their work because of an inadequate revenue, and they urgently appeal to all the congregations and Sabbath Schools of our Church, as well as to our people generally, for liberal, hearty support.

TO SABBATH SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

There is no department of the work of the Church in which the children should be expected to take a deeper interest than the evangelization of their own country. While contributions have been received from many of the Sabbath Schools in the past years, yet we have not received from these the measure of support which might be obtained. Many of our schools, because of the hearty co-operation of superintendents and teachers, are contributing largely upon behalf of the work, but, from a large number, no contribution whatever is got. This matter rests almost entirely in the hands of superintendents. It is hoped that, in every school, an opportunity will be given to contribute to the Home Mission work of the church before the end of the year.

We understand the Executive is prepared to set apart a Presbytery or Presbyteries for the children of the Church, the whole expense in carrying on Home Mission work within these districts to be borne by Sabbath Schools. A circular has been issued, asking for the views of the superintendents and teachers regarding this. Meantime, it is hoped that the claims of the Home Mission Fund will be remembered in connection with the Christmas gatherings of schools and the distribution of missionary contributions for the year.

TO INDIVIDUAL FRIENDS OF THE WORK:

The Committee has been greatly indebted in the past to the generous gifts of many warm friends. A large number of these have undertaken the full support of missionaries in special fields. It is hoped that a still larger number will manifest their interest in a similar way. Over and above the contributions of the people of the field, the sum of \$250 is the average amount annually required to maintain a missionary. Where this amount is contributed, a special field is assigned the donor, and correspondence sent regarding the progress of the work in that particular field.

TO MINISTERS:

It is an unquestioned fact that the success of all the Schemes is mainly dependent, under God, on the ministers of the church. Where there is hearty, loyal support on their part, little difficulty is experienced in securing the necessary funds for the prosecution of the work. The large bulk of our ministers have shewn their sympathy and interest in our Home Mission work, by generous deeds and acts. Seeing that, this year, there is required an increase over last year of fully 10 p.c. for the maintenance of the work, it is hoped that the Committee will have the cordial co-operation of EVERY minister and missionary, in deepening the interest and increasing the liberality of their people for the furtherance of the Home Mission work of the church.

That the French are watching every chance to establish themselves in the New Hebrides is seen in the following from Rev. Dr. Annand: "Two young men are now with us from Australia. They came to settle somewhere in this end of the group, but they have not secured a place yet. The French are still getting ahead of the British in buying land. While we were at Ambrym they came and bought up miles of the bush land in front of our house—behind the British land. Thus they push on."

Kootenay Presbytery.

THE PRESBYTERY OF KOOTENAY.

BY REV. DR. HERDMAN, SUPT. FOR SYNOD OF B.C.

When the Presbytery of Calgary was established in 1887 territory was given to it as far West as the "second crossing of the Columbia." This territory covered a great deal of the country which afterwards was donated to the Presbytery of Kootenay; but before Kootenay Presbytery was formed that of Kamloops was first brought into being and it included the western portion of what had still earlier been given to the Presbytery of Calgary.

There were no mission fields in the Columbia and Kootenay Districts up to 1887, so far as our Church was concerned. A slight sketch may give an idea of how beginnings were made.

It was in 1887 that Rev. A. H. Cameron, then of Donald, B.C., which was one of the mission fields of the new-formed Presbytery of Calgary, took a trip with the writer through the upper Columbia regions. We went by boat from Golden on the main line of the C.P.R. to a point beyond where Windermere now is, then known as "Boat Landing." Then we took ponies to Cranbrook and Galbraith's Crossing, and thence made our adventurous way by an old trail over the Rockies to Macleod and Lethbridge in Alberta.

This was an interesting, delightful and eventful trip undertaken long before the Crow's Nest Pass Railway was ever thought of. I wish Mr. Cameron would write a detailed account of it for the Record; how our ponies, for example, had to struggle through the raging streams; how, where the Fernie coal mines now stand, we found two men at work with shovel and pick on a mountain side, and were asked if we had no money or time to invest in the work in which they were engaged (and because we hadn't, missed the chance of our life of becoming millionaires); how we ran the gauntlet of several novel experiences which I will not stop to narrate; how we walked 33 miles one hot afternoon; how we were finally arrested at Lethbridge as dangerous dynamiters from over the Border; and we survived

it all, and had undertaken the journey as a scouting trip in the interests of Home Missions, and had, in the course of it, held the first Protestant services ever conducted in the district now named East Kootenay.

Take now the Kootenay Lake and Nelson districts. It was known that mining interests were being developed at scattered points, but the geography of the region was a great bewilderment to us, until in 1888 Mr. Cameron made a trip in a rowboat from Revelstoke (then called Farwell) through swollen waters down the western arm of the Columbia River, till he came to places then rejoicing in the names of Sproat's Landing and Toad Mountain, but now known as Robson and Nelson.

These explorations were made in a most interesting region. It is the region encircled by the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers. What a parable it all is; the meeting of these waters, their parting, their long separation and their final coming together!

Away up in the Rockies the Kootenay has its birth, comes down with foam and fury, straight for the great valley, in which lies the placid lake wherefrom runs the Columbia northward. The Kootenay comes to within a mile and a quarter of this Lake, there is no barrier between them, no mountain, no rock, no ridge; yet at that point, so level that it is known as "Canal Flat," the Kootenay turns suddenly southward, occupies the same valley as that through which the Columbia flows, only sending its waters in a reverse direction, and so they part.

So near they were, so destined one might say to mingle their lives and their influence one with the other!—But they part, and go forth to a long separation. Northward runs the Columbia, till at the "Big Bend" it turns like a neck yoke, and sends its waters streaming southward, the whole great range of the Selkirks being included within its two arms.

Meanwhile the Kootenay has gone angrily southward, has left Canada altogether, and then in United States Territory turns back repentently to the north, and when it comes within measurable reach of the Columbia

widens into a Lake, then as if feeling a mystic attraction, runs down in a series of swift rapids, until at last, these two long parted rivers meet and mingle.

I have always felt these to be two most interesting spots to stand on; the Canal Flat where the rivers part, and the spot near Robson where at last in penitence, they unite meeting even as they parted at right angles to one another, and thence flowing on together into the Pacific Ocean. Dr. Wright well pictured this meeting as a marriage in an account furnished to the "Presbyterian" some months ago.

Soon after the mining interests began to develop in the Kootenay, it came to be understood that there was an East and a West Kootenay and an Upper and a Lower Columbia. Suddenly the Kettle River country, still further West, began to be heard of, and the Crow's Nest Pass Railway to the East was opened up. Questions arose as to how this country should be divided among the Presbyteries: the Crow's Nest Pass went to Calgary, the Kootenays and Kettle River to Kamloops.

At a meeting of Synod, Mr. Paton brought up the question of forming a new Presbytery, to be perhaps named Kootenay—but the time was not yet, and the project was temporarily voted down. But rapid developments took place. Suddenly all Canada talked of the wealth in the mountains. Fullfledged and enthusiastic, the Presbytery of Kootenay sprang into existence and justified its separate existence by vigorous and individualistic lines of work.

From the first there have been, and to-day there are, many problems of a special nature facing this Presbytery; the cost of living, the fluctuation in mining conditions, the labour troubles, the decrease in values, the estrangement from church life, the constant working on the Lord's Day, the complexity and influence of the liquor traffic. Many of these problems, and others, will probably be dealt with in the articles of this series. The Church at large should sympathize with our ministers and other labourers in this difficult country, and sustain their endeavours with an adequate financial support.

At the mines themselves, and not merely in the towns and larger centres of the Kootenays and the Slocan and the Boundary River country, it would be well if we had buildings erected, which might be small and inexpensive, and would be under the charge of the

nearest minister or student, to be used for church services on the Lord's Day, and on the other days of the week to be open for reading room and general meeting purposes. So at least it seems to many minds interested in the ethical and spiritual welfare of the mining camps. But there are some large difficulties, especially in the line of entire indifference on the part of many officials and many miners.

Then in larger centres something approximating to the institutional church idea might well be tried, one experiment at least is likely to be made shortly in this direction. Good libraries are loaned by the Provincial Government under reasonable and favourable conditions, which might well be taken advantage of at many points.

A stronger work should be carried on in the Kootenays than any of the churches have yet been able to undertake. Our share of the work at the present time, so far as statistics set it forth, is as follows:—

1. Self sustaining congregations are established in Fernie, Cranbrook, Nelson, Rossland, Grand Forks, Greenwood, Phoenix.

2. The augmented congregations are Kaslo and Trail.

3. The Home Mission Fields having ordained ministers are Upper Columbia, Michel, Morgie, Ymir, Slocan, New Denver, Nakusp, Midway, and the students' fields are Morrissey, Wardner, Ainsworth, ascade, McKinney.

A little kindly cooperation has been agreed upon with the Methodist Church, and, notwithstanding the prevailing dull times, 3 fields have this fall gone up from the student-status to the ordained mission stage. There are still some vacancies within the bounds. The Presbytery, for reasons which should be respected, but which have less or perhaps no weight in other parts of the Synod, took recent exception to the word "missionary" and favours instead the phrase "minister-in-charge."

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS OF KOOTENAY PRESBYTERY.

BY REV. PETER WRIGHT, D.D., NELSON.

This Presbytery has an area about equal to the whole of Scotland, and is fully three times the size of Ancient Palestine. It is, therefore, large enough to have a variety not only of natural products, but also of social problems.

There are some social features that are local and likely to be temporary, there are others of greater importance that are more general

and likely to develop along certain sociological lines.

Of only a few of the latter can any notice be taken in this brief paper, and even our reference to these can only be in notes or jottings, with but little regard to literary form. These problems are practically the same here as in other parts of Western Canada or in the Western States of America.

Those social aspects that have a more distinctively moral and religious bearing—as the liquor traffic, Sabbath desecration and the social evil—though vitally affecting the country's present and prospective welfare, cannot be adequately treated within the prescribed limits. The problems thence emerging are not indigenous to the soil of Kootenay, though always accentuated by the freer play of evil passions when released from many of the refining influences of domestic and social life that prevail in older communities. The liquor traffic is practically unrestrained; there is no workable legislation to interfere with Sabbath labour, and houses of ill-repute are often licensed to enrich the municipal treasury, so that our children are, in part, educated at the awful expense of our daughters' shame and streets are lighted by darkening homes.

But our more characteristic problems are those that spring out of the industrial life of the country. For the most part they are simply phases of the struggle between those who own public utilities or the machinery by which these are exploited and those who own the muscle and skill by which the machinery is run, and the same material transformed into various forms of utility and beauty.

The altruistic spirit, which is the core and essence of Christianity, has not as yet so permeated society as to bring in the time when the Saviour's Golden Rule shall regulate human conduct. Hence our industrial history is a ceaseless conflict, in which Capital strives to retain and augment the advantages it already possesses, and Labour strives to secure a fuller measure of life's comforts as its just share of the wealth it produces.

In the Kootenay and Boundary countries almost every trade is organized, and forms a "Trade Union" in affiliation with one or other of the great "Labour Unions." A large proportion of our population is employed in those forms of industrial life that require only a moderate amount of skill and education. Coal and metalliferous mining, smelting,

lumbering, railway construction and operation, and the building of government bridges and roads demand technical skill or mental grasp in but a limited number of those employed.

This feature, taken in connection with Labour and Trades' Unions, tends to make the unthinking many the docile followers of the aggressive few, and also makes them more readily succumb to the peculiar blandishments of unscrupulous politicians. Hence come those "strikes" that paralyze industry, and hence also the unintelligent use of the ballot by which many of our enfranchised foreigners so often vote to rivet more tightly on themselves the fetters of monopoly and privilege. This alienates public sympathy, is a source of discouragement to conscientious leaders and makes it difficult for Christian men to champion the cause of Labour, however deeply they may feel its wrongs.

Yet the Labour movement has accomplished not a little to ameliorate conditions. The eight-hour law for underground workers is perhaps its most conspicuous achievement. It has maintained wages at a level commensurate with the cost of living. The "Miners' Union" has built Hospitals at several points and supports them either wholly or in large measure.

The political platform, formulated by the Labour Convention at Kamloops over a year ago, has in it many important planks. It calls for State ownership and operation of public utilities, as Railway, Telegraph and Telephone systems, also Mines, especially coal mines, smelters and refineries, in order to protect the Canadian Industry from the dishonesty of the Silver-Lead Trust. With regard to public morals, its most conspicuous feature is State control of the liquor traffic along the lines of the Gothenberg system.

Socialism of the dangerous European type, though in evidence and apparently developing some political strength, has not found in Kootenay its most congenial home. Within the limits of this Presbytery there were six Socialist candidates in the recent elections, and all were defeated. The One Candidate of the Labour Party, which is simply a safe and rational Socialism, was elected.

In this country the cost of living is high and the wages of labour are, of necessity, high also. In our mining industry from \$3 to \$5 a day, according to the class of labour, are current wages. In contract work, in coal mines, \$7 and even \$8 a day are sometimes earned. These wages permit living in a way consistent with true ideals of Canadian citizenship, which in-

cludes the education of a family and some provision for old age.

Hence, strikes, when they occur, are not always to secure higher wages, but often because of some other real or alleged grievance. The "Granby Consolidated" employs more men than any other company in the Boundary, but has never had a "strike." The men are fairly treated, and have intelligence enough to see that they are receiving a fair share of the wealth they help to create. The Railway Strikes, on the other hand, are often called to secure living wages as in some departments of Railway work wages are regarded as quite inadequate. On the whole, labour strikes are likely to be rare in the future. In our Mines especially, Labour is fairly satisfied with the treatment it receives.

It is only mocking the working masses to tell them that the door stands open between the lower and the higher positions and prizes of labour. To imply that success in life can be attained only by escaping from the ordinary ranks and becoming a foreman or a manager is to preach the gospel of discontent, envy and despair. Contentment and industrial peace can come only when men are contented as masons or miners, as cooks or carpenters, as plumbers or plasterers, or in any form of skilled or common labour to which, through their capacities, tastes or circumstances, God has called them.

The more one ponders on the social situation, the more profound is one's conviction, that legislation alone, however desirable and urgent, can never bring about ideal condition. Our hope is in the Gospel, with its Christ as the goal of history and the solvent of every social ill, and, with its message of mutual trust, as it inscribes the eternal law of love on human hearts.

The pulpit must emphasize Human Brotherhood as God's distinctive message to the men of this generation; it must denounce the stratification of society as a Satanic device to rend the body of Christ, and it must proclaim with absolute confidence the power of the Gospel to transform society by transforming individual lives.

Legislation, springing from the heart of an intelligent electorate and commanding the homage of the social conscience, will gradually achieve reforms of supreme moment. Such aggressive warfare, whether waged by labour unions, political parties or the Church, must be under the banner of Christ's Gospel of love

with every demand backed by the principles of eternal truth. The cause of Labour is the cause of Humanity, and, by appealing to the example and teaching of Christ, Labour will yet win the heart of the world.

MISSION WORK AT THE MINING CAMPS.

BY REV. H. YOUNG, M.A., YMIR, B.C.

There are in Kootenay Presbytery over thirty mining camps, at which our Church is giving, or has given, regular religious services. In most of these places the camp consists of a boarding-house, a bunk-house and office; in others, in addition there are besides these a few houses or shacks, while some have already developed into towns.

It is chiefly with the first and largest class we shall deal here. The service is usually held in the dining-room or bunk-house, occasionally in the office.

The dining-room is just large enough to accommodate tables running from end to end, with benches to seat the number of men employed. The bunk-house is an oblong building, with two rows of bunks running along each side, one above the other, and space enough, in the centre, for two men to pass each other comfortably. You can imagine the suitability of either for a religious service.

The greatest problem, however, is not the place of worship, but how to gather a congregation. It is not enough to have a notice posted up announcing your coming, or to have a regular stated time even. You must go after your congregation, and that for each service. The missionary must make the men feel that he is their friend.

While the miners resent the assumed "Western style" and "Western slang" in the missionary, they appreciate a true interest taken in them and their work.

Men who work seven days in the week, and work hard, are not anxious for a church service, unless very religiously inclined, or the service is made exceptionally interesting. The very day of the week is, in fact, forgotten, and when the missionary appears, often the first question is, "Well, is this Tuesday night?" or "Is it two weeks since you were here before?"

How to make the service interesting, as well as helpful, is the great problem. Sometimes you have some good singers, and sometimes the singing really consists of a solo by the missionary himself. Occasionally some one will accompany on a violin or accordion.

or other musical instrument that may happen to be in the camp, but, as a rule, the owners of such instruments "can't play hymns." On some occasions the missionary is accompanied by one or more singers who volunteer to go and help in a service.

As a whole, the work is encouraging. While there are those who seem to hate the very sight of a preacher, there are usually some who are glad to see him come.

The attendance is very variable. Sometimes, nearly all who are not working will come, but often a very small proportion. One thing can be said that when they do come they give strict attention and contribute well. Often, in fact, have I received contributions from those who could not attend, and some of these not Presbyterians. A week or two ago, a young man gave me two dollars saying he could not get off work to attend.

In averaging up my collections and attendance for last two months, I find that the average contribution is over fifteen cents per man. Sometimes for single meetings it has been two or three times that amount.

The discouraging side is not the financial, so far as those who attend are concerned, nor is it the long tramps and exposure to all sorts of climate, but it is the thought, "Am I doing anything to win men to a better life?" Visible results are hard to find.

Some have told me that the reason they did not attend service was that it was impossible to live as they knew to be right in the circumstances in which they were placed; that they knew they would hear the truth, but did not wish to hear it until they were prepared to come out and obey it. It makes us wonder if we, in our lives, are making as great a sacrifice, as they would require to make to live in a mining camp, a consistent Christian life.

PIONEER MISSION WORK IN KETTLE RIVER VALLEY, B.C.

BY REV. THOMAS PATON.

The Kettle River district, British Columbia now ascertained to be the richest in minerals in Canada is almost unknown to the outside world.

The River starts from its source N. Lat. 50°, Long. 118½° in two streams, known as the "West and North Forks," flows southward for one hundred and fifty miles, about fifty miles apart.

At Rock Creek the "West" turns eastward along the International Boundary Line, crossing it frequently, and unites with the "North" Fork at Grand Forks.

Eight miles east of that town it rushes down a gorge four miles, emerging at Cascade, a magnificent water power, which, until recently, was unused, fifty miles south it loses itself in the Columbia River.

During the whole three hundred miles, from its junction to its source, you are in touch with the most beautiful sylvan and river scenery in the world.

Winding through groves of endless variety of trees—fir, pine, cedar predominating—its waters are fringed with numerous and varied berry-bearing bushes.

Mountain trout in abundance, game, grouse, deer of several varieties, provide the tourist, hunter, settler, or prospector a plentiful supply of food.

The mountain ranges (continuation of the Gold range and Selkirks), are clothed to their summits with rich grasses in the open woodlands, which is a characteristic west of the Columbia River.

In the valleys are the coyote, lynx, porcupine, wolf, brown, black and cinnamon bear, the grizzly, cougar, mountain sheep and goats with large bands of wild horses in the heights.

The climate is superb. The dry, clear atmosphere, the scented air, absence of winds and fogs. The regular, steady, mild and genial temperature, abundant sunshine make it suitable for rheumatics and consumptives.

The easy grades invite the convalescent to further healthful exertion and lure the hunter for game, for the higher he goes the game becomes more noble, and the hunt more exciting.

Camping is delightful from May till November, the lovely Indian summer often lasting till well towards Christmas.

The kindly "chinook" warms our winters, and introduces early springs.

Snow comes down gently in large soft flakes; once down, it seldom drifts; winter is therefore enjoyable.

However hot the day in summer blankets are always welcome at night.

Up till 1895 no roads existed, trails were faint and rough. Access by vehicles was only possible through the Indian reservation, from the United States.

Money was so scarce that barter was the rule in these sparsely settled valleys.

Except along the river, the whole country to the north was unexplored, till prospectors in 1893 reported some rich strikes in minerals of gold, copper and silver, also of coal in Rock Creek.

Eighty-five landholders held thirty thousand acres, owning four hundred horses and eight hundred head of cattle, forty acres of orchards, one hundred and twenty miles of fencing in 1893.

Experts came in and reported most favourably of the mineral wealth hidden in these districts; miners from Montana, Colorado, etc., came pouring in, and so satisfied were they that the city of Spokane, U.S., got excited, capital was expended freely, camps were formed, companies organized for fabulous amounts, and so began the hum of the present busy times.

Railways came in 1900 and are now fighting for the right to extend branch lines up here, there and yonder.

The first missionary, Rev. R. S. Whidden, now of North Bedeque, P.E.I., spent eight months in 1891 visiting the lonely ranches and camps. Many a long, weary ride and tramp had he over these high mountains and rough trails in his two hundred mile square field. No funds for his support being forthcoming, he was obliged to retire. He is warmly remembered still.

The writer succeeded him in the May of 1883, reaching the valley by a long, circuitous route, from the west side, via the Okanagan.

He found a building of logs 30 x 28 feet erected and intended for a church. It was taken down and moved to the beautiful site where first services had been held under the trees, and re-erected this time for a manse.

Three acres were donated by three owners, whose land all adjoined—one acre each for manse, church and cemetery respectively. A grant of \$300 from Church and Manse Fund gave encouragement. The missionary went out and induced a sawmill owner to bring his mill with him.

Trees were cut down from site, drawn to mill, and so the first lumber from the first sawmill was used for the "First Presbyterian Church," Kettle River. The first money received was for a church and manse, and that sawmill was a success from the first. Although not a Christian, the owner always said he was glad his first work and first money received was church money.

Just at this time, 1894, a trunk road was

being built and every man and boy available were engaged on it for cash wages. This left the missionary to work away at the church building alone, besides paying the lumber bills as they came in.

Private funds exhausted, a letter telling of our struggle was written to RECORD. Response came in sympathetic letters, from Atlantic to the Pacific, enclosing sums from 25 cents up to \$100 from rich Montreal, to a total of \$437 and "so the wall was builded." A church bell and a fine stove came from Hamilton, Ont., chandeliers from a minister, whose last letter on earth was to me announcing the gift, rag carpeting, from Hamilton for the manse, was transferred to church and so our little Bethel stood a monument to the kindness and sympathy of Presbyterians to a lonely worker.

Church, manse and cemetery were enclosed by a picket fence. Three years afterwards no less than eighteen were buried in the cemetery and nearly all were tragedies, sad and painful.

When the church was built, no one could be found to open and dedicate it. My nearest neighbour, one hundred and fifteen miles off, being overcome by his rough experiences and nervous exhaustion, had taken seriously ill, and while we were waiting for him, he was being tenderly cared for by Rev. G. Wilson, in Vernon, two hundred miles away.

However it was opened, dedicated, and stood as the church visible, to protest against the open wickedness that was by this time developing into serious proportions. Again and again had evil women been escorted to the border, and told never to come back. Up to 1897 we did succeed in having quiet Sabbaths, and wonderfully law-abiding people. But evil then seemed to get the upper hand for a time. These cities secured incorporation, made their own laws, and sad results followed. Much good work seemed undone, Grand Forks had the reputation of being the only "open" city in the Dominion, and I was plainly told we were a drawback to the prosperity of the town, referring to the church and all it meant by exercising a restraining influence.

The Presbyterian Church is the only one that has taken up the work here. Up to 1897, the Rev. J. T. Hall, now of Rockwood, Ont., Rev. H. J. Robertson, Chilliwack, B.C., Rev. A. McVicar, Huntsville, Ont., Rev. H. M. Irwin, now en route to Caesarea, in Syria, did yeoman service among the mining camps and villages, supplying regular services in the

whole country between Okanagan and Columbia River.

"Father Pat," the Rev. Mr. Irvine, of Rossland, Anglican, gave occasional services at long intervals. I would here record a tribute of respect to the worth and character of this sympathetic "friend of the miner," whose tragic death near Montreal took place not so long ago.

At present, 1903, the Rev. J. R. Robertson holds "the fort" in Grand Forks and Columbia. These two cities are now one, and likely to become the centre of a great mining industry.

Other denominations are taking hold, and now, ten years after the arrival of a solitary missionary, quite a number of labourers are at work through this wide region.

The little pioneer church, having been removed to Columbia city, shared the fate of half the town by a general conflagration in or about 1899; all that now remains to the writer is the kindly letters of the donors who helped to build it, and a piece of melted bell as a paper weight.

The "mother lode" gold reef has been discovered, the ore is unlimited, not mined but quarried. Vast smelters are at work in Granby, Grand Forks, Boundary and Greenwood, smelting thousands of tons daily of gold and copper ore.

Water power being abundant means very much in these days of electricity, and need of power at cheapest rate.

For generations to come, activity will be seen in the lumber, manufacturing and ranching industries.

A new era of prosperity is settling in the church, and all its representatives must make more strenuous efforts for the checking of evil and the upbuilding of a community for which Canada will be grateful.

Missionaries must have their hands upheld, and freed from financial anxieties, so maintaining a continuous ministry where experience is needed, most of all.

I am glad to have been honoured in sharing the arduous work and hope yet again to go to the front.

We cannot always be doing great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our conditions. To be silent, to suffer, to pray, when we cannot act, is acceptable to God.—Fenelon.

MISSION WORK IN KOOTENAY PRESBYTERY.

ITS DIFFICULTIES AND OUTLOOK.

BY REV. W. G. W. FORTUNE, B.A., CRANBROOK.

The difficulties incidental to mission work in Kootenay Presbytery are legion. The men who undertake work at mining towns, lumber camps or distributing centres, must be men who are willing to

"Scorn delights and live laborious days."

Kootenay Presbytery is no place for the "lovers of ease in Zion," neither for those who love to "abide by the stuff," nor the faint-hearted or weak-kneed. Often must the missionary be the moving spirit in rectifying existing evils, redressing wrongs or bringing about social or moral reforms, and often he must stand alone and fill the breach as best he may.

The words of "Holy Writ" are to him as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." He needs this encouragement as the difficulties are not only manifold, but very realistic. We shall mention but four.

First.—The prevalence of Sabbath work within the bounds of the Presbytery.

Almost all the mines are in operation seven days in the week. The smelters run Saturday and Sunday, and the white slaves of the Kootenay, who work in the smelters, are compelled to labour seven days a week and twelve hours per day. Surely it is time organized labour interfered in behalf of men who are in bondage, labouring eighty-four hours per week.

Our railways, whatever branch it may be, are but part of a great system, and the various "Divisional Superintendents," while they may be in hearty sympathy with the "Lord's Day Alliance" work, are powerless to suppress Sabbath labour, as they must move the cars which are transferred to their respective branches.

It will readily be grasped by the reader that those who are compelled to work on the Lord's Day will, in time, become careless not only as to the day, but careless as to church attendance and the "duty God requires of man."

A second difficulty to be contended with is, we are dealing with an unsettled population.

If there is an unrest among the ministers and missionaries there is a greater unrest among the people. "Gold is King" more so in the West than in the East, and, as unrest

prevails among the labouring classes, many work but long enough in one place to earn sufficient to take them to some other camp.

When the missionary finds young men who are interested in church matters, who zealously take hold of the work, it is most discouraging to learn in the course of a few weeks that they have left the town.

Allow me to quote two cases among the many which have come under the writer's personal notice:

Three strange young men came to the morning service one Sabbath and became acquainted with the pastor. They were invited to the Bible Class and C. E. meeting, and accepted the invitation. For two more Sabbaths they appeared at both services, but, on making enquiry as to their absence on the third Sabbath, we were informed they had left Cranbrook and gone to the "Main Line."

During the three and a half years of the writer's pastorate in Cranbrook he has had three different superintendents of the Sabbath School, and for about six months was forced to act in that capacity himself. Families come and go so quickly that in many cases they scarcely get acquainted with the pastor. This must remain one of the discouraging elements of mission work in the Kootenay.

A third and greater difficulty which confronts the missionary is the open, unveneered vices of the province.

"Familiarity," we are told, "breeds contempt," and in the West we might say with Pope:

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It has often been said, and not without some basis, that in coming to B. C. men leave their religion on the East side of the Rocky Mountains.

What are the conditions which render it possible to make such an assertion? The unrestricted bar-room traffic; the lack of the restraining influence of home and loved ones; the presence of immoral women in large numbers, who keep open doors with plenty of bright music and dancing; open gambling; loose views of morality and the sanctity of the marriage tie; these, one and all, account for the manifest irreligion of men who, in the East, were active workers in the Church. Many a Samson has been shorn of his strength, and

has become a laughing stock for those who accomplished his ruin.

Often has the missionary's heart gone out to those in the older provinces or the "Old Land" who were praying for a dear one, that he be true to the ideal of manhood as revealed in the Christ. His heart has been sick, and he felt he was as one who is battling with the air as he watched the downward course, and saw the flower of our manhood, once accredited members of the Church "turn again to the beggarly elements of the world." One of our missionaries was very much discouraged when he found the young man who was to play the piano for him on the Sabbath evening would not come to the service for the simple reason, he was playing "slough."

Fourth.—The materialism of the age. God is being read out of nature and out of men's lives. Skepticism has a strong grip in B. C. The men who come West are full of ambition. They were not satisfied with existing conditions in the East. They are thoughtful, intelligent, and well abreast of the times in their reading, particularly on skeptical and socialistic lines.

As said, gold is King. Men are here for what they can make, and many are not very scrupulous as to how they make it. At the same time they are very liberal, not only in their views, but with their money; but they will take little or no part in church work. Humanity is so engrossed with mines and limits, and ranches and mills and railways, gathering the few straws of the world that they are oblivious to the presence of the angel proffering the crown of gold.

They are furthered in these views by the actions of many professing Christians, who as business or professional men are so afraid of losing a little prestige or custom, they will take no part in social or moral reform. They sacrifice cardinal principles for the sake of filthy lucre. The onlooker, who has little interest in church matters, sizes up the situation and says, "There is nothing to Christianity."

With all these difficulties, what is the outlook for mission work in the Kootenay? We might answer in a word, "bright."

First.—There is a respect for the ministry, and I am speaking for our own Church, which augurs well for the future.

There is no respect for the "cloth" in B. C., but a great respect for a manly missionary. Our missionaries have endured the cavilling of skeptics and fault-finding of those whose vices on lawless traffic they have de-

nounced in scathing terms. They have stood in the bright light and fierce heat of intelligent skeptical, materialistic criticism, as few ministers in our large cities in the East are called upon to do, and have earned the respect of the community for their intelligence, their courage, and particularly for their manly Christian character. The ministry commanding such respect will be listened to with deference and profit. May there be no break for lack of men, for "what we have we" should "hold."

Second.—A very encouraging feature of mission work is seen in the number of congregations which have become self-supporting since the Presbytery was organized.

Four years ago there were but two self-supporting charges within the bounds of the Presbytery, Rossland and Nelson. During the four years Fernie, Cranbrook, Grand Forks, Phoenix and Greenwood have advanced, some of them at least from student mission fields to become self-supporting, while others have become augmented charges. We have had our years of depression, but the time is almost at the end and Kootenay's prosperity will likely begin next spring, when places like Moyie, Slocan, Kaslo and Trail may soon become self-supporting.

It was very gratifying at the recent meeting of Presbytery to have places like Moyie, Michel and Morrissey ask for the services of ordained men, and Wardner will likely advance to the status of an ordained mission field next spring. Surely it is a most encouraging sign to have these fields make such strides, notwithstanding the depression which has prevailed over Kootenays.

Third.—More hopeful still, to one who is reading the signs of the times, is the undercurrent which manifests itself in conversation, in meetings held for religious purposes and in letters from those with whom the missionary has come into contact and whose lives have been bettered. So often during the last year, in conversing with business or professional men, has the conversation drifted to things spiritual. The whole trend of the remarks revealed the fact that their contentment was disturbed. That materialism did not satisfy. They were craving for something else. In reality they were feeling if happily they might find God. They are seeking something better than they at present possess. It is the swing of the pendulum, this time, we trust, "back to Christ."

The same unrest, dissatisfaction, was recently revealed when a meeting of the auxiliary of the W. F. M. S. was held in the manse of one of our congregations. Five or six of the prominent workers, from each of the other Protestant denominations, were asked to be present. The papers on India were of a high order and were eagerly listened to.

Following the religious part of the meeting was a discussion as to whether or not a Reading Circle or Literary Society could not be organized. A general dissatisfaction with the frivolous way in which afternoons and evenings are spent was revealed. Sufficient to say a Literary Society has since been organized and gives great promise for the future.

But the undercurrent was more fully revealed, when guest after guest, on taking leave of the hostess, thanked her for a profitable and most enjoyable afternoon, and for once, at least, it was not used as a hackneyed term. There are voiced desires for things better, things mental and spiritual.

Let me quote from a letter sent to one of our ministers by a young man who for some time waited on his ministrations:

"I do not think I shall ever forget Mrs. —. Many a time her influence has helped me over some rough places, and I always felt that she was watching me with a kindness and sympathy that demanded the best side of my nature as her right. Indeed, your own influence was always commingled with hers, so that I had hard work at times to discover which was the stronger, and so I left, feeling that I had, at least, made two life-long friends."

Many a one may say of the missionary whose services he attended.

"Whatever way my days incline

I felt and feel, tho' left alone,

His being working in my own,

The footsteps of his life in mine."

The work is encouraging. Fields are without supply, and are white already to harvest. Who will come up "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Loyalty to one's own denomination does not necessarily involve bigotry. It all depends upon the method that one employs to express his denominationalism. Building the wall before one's own door does not in itself imply tearing down the one in front of a neighbor's.

(KOOTENAY PRESBYTERY.—Continued on page 561)

Our Foreign Missions.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. D. G. COCK, NEEMUCH,

"I have already referred to the plague conditions. Your readers have been so accustomed to hearing of the ills and evils of India that they will not care to hear more. To many India must seem a land of famines and diseases, so that the great wonder is how so many millions are left alive.

"By no means the least of India's unmixed evils is this plague of later days. A recent writer in *The Pioneer*—India's leading newspaper—states that 'more than half the population of Mhow has succumbed to this dread disease.' Mhow is one of the stations of our mission. It is a city about the size of Halifax. Indore has suffered quite as badly—a city of about 75,000. It is too early in the day to venture an estimate of its victims in Neemuch as it has only raged here for about a month.

"The people have fled in terror to all parts of the country spreading the disease broadcast until village and town are all alike plague-stricken. The wildest imagination can scarcely exaggerate the fear and alarm. The curious minded may read an account of the ravages of Bubonic Plague in Europe some generations past, and if they will try and imagine that portion of history repeated among the poor superstitious millions of India they may have a fairly correct conception of the condition all about us.

"All this serves to weld India yet more firmly to her gods. The famine had carried off many of the fakirs and so called holy men. As a result men began to lose faith in the gods that were unable to care for these and for some time many of the gods and shrines have been neglected. Since plague has broken out, many 'filled with the spirit' have preached that they have been favoured with revelations from the gods declaring all these later crosses have befallen the people because they have neglected the gods. Their fears have been aroused and the gods have no end of attention now, for day and night the air is vile with odours of incense and the protection

of the gods is implored by the most mournful sounds."

With regard to the problem of feeding the famine orphans during the plague Mr. Cock writes:—

"One of our lady missionaries came to me the other day to ask assistance in taking care of a lot of grain. We are all feeling the pressure of 'plague times.' Places of business are all closed, and our cities and towns are nearly deserted.

"The pinching was felt in our orphanage work. Our teachers are responsible for the food of our girls, and, when plague broke out, they purchased grain enough to last five months. Every woman in India is the miller for her household, and our girls are not educated away from the home, but to take their full share of responsibility and labour there. Therefore, grain and not flour is purchased for our orphans.

"But it is a problem as to which is the greater anxiety. To have a home with 250 hungry girls and a bazaar with closed doors, or food for five months and no place to put it. Our ladies experienced the first, and, not being satisfied, they induced a grain merchant to sell them all his grain. And then the rats and mice and white ants fell upon their grain, and they began to feel that this trouble was greater than the former one.

"The Hindu considers it a dreadful crime to destroy life of any kind, and, as a consequence, rats and mice have multiplied greatly in the land, and they have no sense of fear, for they are never harmed in India.

"But, bad as these pests are, we cease to think of them as troublesome when the white ants puts in an appearance—and they are liable to appear at any time, and the brick walls of India are no protection against them—they get there just the same.

"If Joseph had to contend with so many foes of corn in Egypt then his position as head of the Egyptian commissariat was no sinecure."

Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. . . Lo ! I am with you always.

SOWING AND REAPING IN TRINIDAD.

Rev. A. W. Thompson, our missionary in Trinidad, writes:—"We had our C. E. Convention all managed by our own people. Five papers, good and helpful, were prepared and read by our boys' infant class of twelve years ago with one exception.

"The chairman of the meeting was a young man, who, twelve years ago, was a little bare-legged Arab on the streets of Couva. I must confess to a moment or two of 'woman's weakness' when he took the chair and began the opening exercises.

"We have not been here long. This is our thirteenth year, but looking back over even that short space there is seen much to encourage and to inspire to effort. One thing, more than ever we put our faith in the Gospel. It is 'the pioneer of God,' without the shadow of a doubt. It is fully equal to the task of lifting up the people upon whose lives we bring, or try to bring, it to bear. Proofs abound. We are not trying an experiment with the issue in doubt. We are applying the means with the most absolute confidence as to the results.

"But this wretched climate. It exacts such heavy toll that I fear it is only a short time till a new hand must take up the work here. Meantime we are doing our best, and we feel that so far as Couva is concerned the days of pioneering are over. It is now a question of consolidation and development, a willing people and a winning cause. What else could one want."

FROM THE HEBRIDES.

Mrs. Dr. Annand, writes from Tangoa Santo, New Hebrides, 21st Aug., to Miss Buchanan, Galt:—"I am thankful to say that we are all fairly well in Tangoa.

"The work of the Training Institution moves on much as usual. We have some fine, bright lads and some dull ones, "Cocoanut heads" as one of our missionaries calls them. The work among the heathen of Santo is steadily advancing. Some more were received into the Church a few Sabbaths ago.

"The class of settlers who have come to Santo is not the right kind. They have little or no capital. Indeed, some of them have nothing and, with few exceptions, they are not willing to rough it even for a short time. The most of them came with the idea that the natives would do all the work for them at the lowest possible pay and they themselves

would have easy times. So, when they found out their mistake, quite a number left. There are only five here now of the men who first came. A number of others have come since, but how long they will remain is to be seen.

"The weather is nice and cool here just now, and it has been very dry, but, I am glad to say, we are having some rain, as everything seems to dry up so quickly and looks very burnt.

"Five new missionaries joined us this year, four of them are married and two are medical men. Dr. Nicholson fills the place at Lenakel vacated by the Rev. Frank Paton, who had to leave on account of ill-health. The Rev. C. G. Yates is at St. Philip Bay. Dr. and Mrs. Sandilands have resigned on account of ill-health and leave for Scotland shortly."

The New Hebrides Synod met at Anelcauat, Aneityum—the pioneer station in the group—(Dr. Geddie's), on the 20th of June, ult., and continued for about a week. Five new missionaries were present, three of them to fill vacancies caused by illness and resignation or death. Three islands in the north of the group have long been recognized as belong to the Melanesian Mission (Anglican) though not well overtaken. A lengthened discussion took place as to the advisability of placing a missionary there, but it was decided not to do so.

Immigrants from Australia coming in for settlement, and a British resident official on one of the islands, gives promise of a larger measure of justice and security for the natives from the encroachments of French traders.

Mr. McKenzie, of Efate, writes that the high death-rate is still the saddening aspect of the work on these islands. It has always been so. But he well says, "It should quicken our efforts to do all we can for them before it is too late." This should be a powerful incentive in all mission work.

Rev. Dr. Grant, of Trinidad, is meeting with much encouragement in his work in the Maritime Synod for the payment of the Foreign Mission debt. The sending of another missionary to Korea, where the door is so wide open, depends upon the removal of the debt.

"The British Government in India has spent \$128,000,000 in irrigating plants, by means of which 13,000,000 acres of farming lands are watered."

PLAGUE-STRICKEN INDORE.

LETTER FROM DR. AGNES TURNBULL.

For the RECORD.

Two and a half months ago a terrible epidemic of plague broke out here, and, being of a most virulent type, has wrought dreadful destruction.

The British camp, the part of Indore directly under Government, suffered first, and authorities all agree that, for the population, the mortality has been frightful and that no place in India has been more severely visited.

The people, though so philosophical and fatalistic, became panic-stricken and fled in all directions, carrying infection with them. All colleges and schools were closed. Business was suspended and the shops shut, so that it became very difficult to obtain supplies.

The merchant class suffered first, but this fell disease is no respecter of persons, and soon rich and poor, high and low, were attacked and carried off. The streets became nearly empty and the place deserted, while constantly on all sides of us was heard the sad wailing for the dead, and, instead of the gay marriage throngs customary at this season, mournful funeral processions continually passed the Hospital, some silently and others accompanied by weird native music.

For a long time the days and nights were made hideous by the various ceremonies held by the Hindus to propitiate their gods and by the Mahommedans invoking the aid of Mahomet's grandsons. The Hindus made all sorts of offerings and the Mahommedans sacrificed goats, but they found it all of no avail, and now this has ceased.

Some of them have told me how useless all their labour was, and say they now realize that only God can save and that it is on account of their sins that this great calamity has come upon them.

Many have acted most unnaturally and, in their terror have fled, locking up their houses with their dead and dying within to be found by the authorities days afterwards.

As I write, horrible odours from the place where bodies are burned near by are wafted into our rooms as they have been for many long weeks. Sometimes, too, portions of bodies are carried from there into our Hospital yard by the birds.

In going about my work I see many very disagreeable sights. Sometimes it has been a great procession of five or six Hindu funerals,

some with the faces of their dead uncovered; again the bodies of several poor Mahommedans trundled away indecently in a cart to their grave. In Indore city there are several burning places, and I have found the roads leading past them blocked by burning bodies.

Unfortunately, the epidemic occurred during the rainy season, which greatly increased the spread of the disease. Whole families have been wiped out and, in many cases, out of large households of twelve and fourteen only three or four have escaped.

The mass of the people of India have no conception of sanitation or isolation of the sick, and so contagion is rife among them. When one sees the miserable huts many of them occupy, containing one or two apartments and often no windows, crowded with large families, especially in the congested parts of the cities, one marvels that any escape at a time like this.

Inoculation with anti-plague serum seems certainly a preventive, but many will not at all submit to it as they are so superstitious and hold such erroneous ideas of the good intentions of all Europeans toward them.

Dr. Oliver and I inoculated all the girls in the Boarding School and the inmates of the Widows' Home, also the Christian women and children and others.

The Prime Minister of Indore asked us to inoculate all the women and children we could in the native city, and, as an inducement, wanted us to take money to offer them, but we felt that would only confirm their suspicions, nor did we believe in this principle.

To explain, let me quote part of a conversation I recently had with an intelligent woman in the native city. She said:

"Why do you white people want to kill us?"

"I replied, 'We do not; why do you say that?'"

"Because so many of us are dying of plague these days and *you* people are not," she answered.

"I said: We are far fewer in number, but in addition we take all precautions as to cleanliness and separating the sick, etc., and, pointing to the gutter of a street on one side polluting the air with its stench and to a group of about twenty women close by on the other who were sitting round one recently dead of plague, I explained as forcibly as I could why it spread so alarmingly among them. I remarked, you should be inoculated."

Several from among the group shook their heads, and one old dame said, "No! we will

not be; you people would inject plague into our bodies."

I replied "I have been inoculated," and they looked surprised and rather incredulous.

Then the spokeswoman asked, "Why do you white people poison our wells?"

I said emphatically, "We do not."

"Oh! yes you do. Last night the Government people poisoned ours," she quickly replied, and apparently I could not convince her that such was not the case.

I told them that some of us did contract plague in treating them, and they seemed to realize our interest in them when I explained how our dear missionary, Dr. Menzies, had just laid down his life for India's people.

Another difficulty to contend with in treating them is that they will not sustain the sick with proper nourishment, which, in cases of plague, is so essential, nor can we be sure they will continue our medicine. We are thankful, however, that so many do trust us and appreciate our aid.

For some time no harm came to any of the Christians nor those in our care, and we hoped we might be exempt, but at last it broke out in our Boarding School and Widows' Home. Only eight out of these two institutions have been attacked, however, and three have died. The rest are making good recoveries at the plague camp, where they were immediately isolated.

A few words about this temporary Hospital for plague patients may not be amiss. It was a sort of shed with good enough roof and floor, but no walls. Government had not been doing much for the poor people and there were no proper arrangements for them and only two patients.

The civil surgeon let me have the use of part of this shed and got it walled in with sides of bamboo framework filled with grass. I made my patients as comfortable as possible on rough beds, and Miss White kindly let me have two widows to care for them.

These women were, of course, ignorant of nursing, but I daily shewed them what to do for the sufferers, and they have proved themselves to be of great assistance.

Since then Government has much improved the condition of things at the plague Hospital, and a largely increased number of patients have been treated there.

It has of course been a very dreary place, for the groans and cries of those in pain and delirium have been ever heard. Many dreadful sights too I have witnessed and many have died.

I would like to tell you a little about some of the Government patients I have been interested in. One was a clever famine boy who had run away from the Mission Orphanage and given a good deal of trouble.

His illness seemed to soften him, and since then a serious talk with Miss Duncan and his much-loved sister at the Boarding School has influenced him to return to our Orphanage at Russellpura.

Bhairu, a fine, strong fellow, also a famine boy and Mr. Johory's trusted servant, took plague and was removed to the Hospital. At first he got on nicely, but one night when it was raining heavily he got wet in the little grass hut he occupied and contracted pneumonia.

He suffered much, and the last time I saw him, knowing he was nearing his end, I asked him if he trusted Jesus.

He was then in the large ward among many others. A young fellow near by, on hearing my question immediately said, "He is always talking about these things."

Bhairu himself then replied with a happy smile, "Yes, Miss Sahib, I trust Christ," and I feel sure he did, and he is another of India's many redeemed though not baptized.

The same youth who bore testimony concerning Bhairu can read a little and has laboriously read through Mark's Gospel. He and others listen most attentively when we are singing hymns in our ward, and we trust it may be the beginning of an interest in the message of Salvation.

One night a dear little boy about three years old was crying most piteously in the next ward. The man in charge begged me to care for him as he had been brought by neighbours, and his parents were both dead of plague. He had also contracted the disease, but in mild form.

I took him into our ward, and now he is quite well and has won the hearts of all. He will be one of the Mission orphans, and we hope to rescue his little sister also, who is the only other survivor of the family.

A good deal of my time I have spent among the poor stricken people in their homes in the British camp and native city, and words fail me to describe the wretchedness and suffering, the neglect and indifference that I so frequently witness.

In many homes I have been ushered into a tiny dungeon of a room without a ray of light or a breath of pure air, where I have found some poor patients dying alone.

One morning when going into a patient's house I heard a wail next door and entering found a high-caste woman too weak to rise or help herself.

Her husband had fled and left her to die when he knew she had plague and no one would even bring her water to drink. She gladly took milk daily from my hand and is now strong enough to get about and help herself.

In a house where they are interested in Christianity three died within a few hours. Three others have also been taken and all but two of those remaining are ill, but will recover.

Many have huge buboes or plague abscesses which have to be lanced, then daily dressed for a long time.

In one house five lay ill, the mother and four children, two of whom were dying. The poor father was nearly distracted, and my heart ached for him.

Our Hospital matron's daughter was one of the first to contract the disease, and for a long time her life hung in the balance, but God has spared her and raised her up again.

In another Marathi family there have been ten deaths. The mother and three sisters were taken, also an uncle and four children. Last of all the only son was attacked and died after three days' illness.

Let me tell you a little about him. About two months ago a young horseman belonging to the Indore Native King's troops came one Sunday morning to our Hospital and asked for Christian literature.

He said that six years ago he had got from one of the lady doctors a hymn-book from which he had learned much about Christ and our religion and that he wished to know more. We sent him to Mr. Russell, who had several interesting conversations with him, and felt him to be an earnest enquirer. He told Mr. Russell he trusted Christ and made public confession of this before his caste people on one occasion.

Then the plague broke out all around him and entered his family. I treated his wife who recovered, then his sister, and saw something of the family in their distress.

One day when I visited him I found another of their number being carried away dead and this son dying. He knew me though he could not speak, and when I asked if he trusted Jesus he made me understand quite clearly that he did.

He died that night, and next morning when I reached their house he was being carried

away to the burning place followed by the pitiful shrieks of his young widow.

Our own medical work has been much disorganized during the epidemic and most of our helpers have either left through fright or because they or their relatives have been attacked.

Dr. Oliver and I have therefore had much additional work ourselves. We are thankful that all our workers have been preserved from death and that none residing in the Hospital have yet contracted it.

The danger is still great, for though the disease has somewhat abated in the British camp it is very bad in the native city where there is a most alarming daily mortality.

I am sure we will have your earnest prayers at this trying time. May good result from this great calamity and may these people through it forsake their false beliefs and learn to trust Christ and become His followers.

Mission Hospital Indore, 9 October, '03.

ONE OF OUR NATIVE INDIAN PASTORS.

Rev. Jairam Makasare is one of Rev. Dr. Fraser Campbell's assistants at Rutlam. The following is the translation of part of a letter which he recently sent to Dr. Campbell in Canada before the return of the latter to India:

"On the 18th Rev. Mr. Anderson and I went to Oejein [the station at which Dr. Nugent, Miss Goodfellow and Miss Grier are labouring. —Ed.] On the 19th at five o'clock in the evening I preached in the church, and from six to seven the session examined lepers and I baptized eleven persons, big and little.

"Again on the 20th from twelve till three o'clock the session examined candidates for baptism and for the Lord's Supper, and at five o'clock I preached about the Lord's Supper and Rev. Mr. Anderson baptized four girls, one boy and an infant.

"After church we went to the leper brethren and partook of the Lord's Supper with them; they were thirteen in number and we were seven.

"Again on the 21st I preached in the church on 1 Cor. 10: 21, and administered the Lord's Supper. At this time there was a large gathering, including many people of the city. After the gathering we went to the leper brethren and spoke to them and took leave of them. All the lepers sent you salutations, especially Gendi and Unker sent many.

"Again on the 22nd we returned."

World=Wide Work.

PRIESTS AND PEOPLE IN IRELAND.

BY MICHAEL F. J. MCCARTHY.

"I am a Catholic; I am an Irishman. I have a right to speak."—M. F. J. McCarthy.

A new power—or, rather, an old power in a new environment—has been gathering force in Ireland during the later decades of the nineteenth century; and before this rising sun all classes of people in Ireland are bowing themselves down in worship to a greater or less extent.

This new power, this rising sun, is the sacerdotal organization of the Roman Catholic Church, the Church to which I myself and the majority of Irishmen belong.

The framework of society in Ireland has, by virtue of the growth of this power, undergone a complete reconstruction; and events have been moving so precipitately that the condition of things which confronts the statesman of to-day is almost entirely different from the circumstances which arrested Mr. Gladstone's attention when he introduced his first Home Rule Bill in 1886.

"Rome Rule," as it was called, was then, in the opinion of many Roman Catholics, myself included, an unsubstantial chimera. To-day "Rome Rule" is, in a limited but well-defined form, an accomplished fact; and our chief consolation is that it is not accompanied by what was fallaciously described as "Home Rule," for then its scope would have been unlimited and undefinable.

Our Roman Catholic priests, monks and nuns now possess an effective organization in Ireland which outnumbers the services of the imperial and local governments combined. They constitute an unmarried and anti-marriage league, apart from the people, and working for objects which do not tend to enhance the common weal.

And so great has their power grown that the popular press has become a mere laudatory chronicle of their words and deeds, and our poor, popular members of Parliament find their most remunerative employment in securing the redress of sacerdotal grievances, and working for the increase of sacerdotal emoluments.

The press and the platform find it to their immediate interest to swell the chorus of flattery in which the praises of this great new power—or, rather, this old, world-condemned power under new circumstances—are being chanted throughout the land.

But more ominous and more eloquent than the open adulation of the newspapers and the orators is the dismayed silence with which the growth and consolidation of the priests' power is being watched by the merchants, the professional men, and the civil servants of every grade, from the clerk of petty sessions to the judge on the bench, from the sergeant of police to the highest permanent official in Dublin Castle.

For all of them the power of the priest is the one unspeakable, unmentionable thing.

The British public, reading the overt parliamentary proceedings in connection with Ireland, rarely hears of this new power from the lips of a member of the Government. For, although Acts of Parliament are passed annually, and departmental concessions are made daily in order to confer some pecuniary benefit on the priests, the name of the sacerdotal organization is never publicly mentioned.

The duty which I undertake in this work is that of presenting the public, as I believe for the first time, with a survey and examination of the priests' forces in Ireland, as they operate upon the daily lives of the people.

The concentrated energies of this old power in its new Irish environment are persistently directed to the achievement of four main objects, all of which are antagonistic to the national weal:—

1. Its own aggrandizement as a league, apart from the body politic in which it flourishes, but in alliance with an alien organization whose interests are not the interests of us, the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland.
2. Moulding the ductile minds of our youth, so that their thoughts in manhood may run, not in the direction of enlightenment and self-improvement, but in obedient channels converging to swell the tide of the priests' prosperity.

3. Perplexing and interfering with our adult population in every sphere of secular affairs, estranging them from, and embittering them against, the majority of their fellow citizens in the United Kingdom, imbuing them with disloyalty to the commonwealth of which they are members, the result being that our people are the least prosperous—indeed the only unprosperous—community in the British Isles.
4. Terrifying the enfeebled minds of the credulous, the invalid, and the aged, with the result that the savings of penurious thrift, the inheritance of parental industry, the competence of respectability are all alike captured in their turn from expectant next-of-kin and garnered into the sacerdotal treasury.

While every new Act of Parliament passed for the general benefit of Ireland is taken full advantage of in those counties where the Protestants are in a majority, in the Roman Catholic portion of Ireland the beneficence of every such measure is perverted to the especial uses of the priests' organization, and the people remain as discontented as if it had never been passed.

Such is the condition of things which I shall have regretfully to portray.

I impute no bad motives to any one concerned in the disastrous phenomenon, either to the priests themselves, who are inveigled into the existing organization before they have come to the use of reason; or to the British Governments, who have been led to accept the priests as the authoritative exponents of public opinion in Ireland, and have, in consequence, done so much during the past thirty years to inflate the power and pretensions of the sacerdotal organization.

Following the precedent which I laid down for myself in *FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND*, I only deal with matters of public comment and notoriety, and I am not actuated by feelings of animus or personal enmity towards any individual, lay or sacerdotal, or any body of individuals in my native land.

I have discarded the immense amount of private information placed at my disposal, imputing offences against cardinal virtues to various members of the sacerdotal organization, male and female.

I have endeavoured to merit again the encomium passed upon my last work by the

Spectator: "He never descends to personalities. Thus he keeps his pages sweet, and he takes us further into Irish sympathies than one had hoped for from an Irishman writing on Ireland."

I have written strongly, as the occasion demands, but never personally.

I am a Catholic; I am an Irishman; I have a right to speak.

I am in favour of religious equality and toleration in the fullest sense of those terms.

I admire the British people for their extraordinary tenderness to the small Catholic minority in Great Britain, who constitute less than one-twentieth of the population, and have only 3 fellow religionists among the 567 parliamentary representatives of Great Britain in the House of Commons.

I condemn the policy to which our priests have now committed themselves, in the plenitude of their power in Ireland.

It is not a policy of forbearance, but of religious intolerance and bigotry which is ultimately bound to develop into religious persecution; and is destined to eventuate either in revolution, or, as seems more probable at the moment, in the undermining of individual and corporate morality, in the emasculation of our people's character, and in the rancorous wasting of national decline.

[The above article from the gifted pen of Michael F. J. McCarthy, an Irish Roman Catholic barrister, is the Introduction to his book "Priests and People in Ireland," from which some selections have been reprinted in the RECORD.—Ed.]

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

The Church must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken staircase, and into the bare room, and beside the loathsome sufferer; she must go down into the pit with the miner, into the fore-castle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operative, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. Like the air, the Church must press equally on all the surfaces of society; like the sea, flow into every nook of the shoreline of humanity; and, like the sun, shine on things foul and low as well as fair and high, for she was organized, commissioned and equipped for the moral renovation of the world.—Bishop Simpson.

THE PRESENT SITUATION IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

There is no doubt that France is going through, just now, a very serious crisis in her history. The old landmarks are being removed, the old moorings are abandoned, and the nation, as a hardy vessel, is launching out into unknown waters.

What is the meaning of the political and religious events of the last two years? Simply this—the French nation is making a determined effort to shake off the iron grasp which has held her so long. France is endeavouring to break the power of the Roman Church, and to mould the life of the people according to new principles and new ideals.

That in the efforts to get loose the mark has sometimes been overstepped, and the principles of religious liberty not always observed, cannot be gainsaid. But allowance must be made for those who are engaged in such a deadly struggle, and it must be borne in mind that in a nation brought up under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church the apprenticeship of religious freedom has never been made.

The first step in this march towards the complete emancipation from the Roman yoke has been the law of 1901 on the Congregations or Religious Orders. By it fifty-three orders of men have been dissolved and their members obliged either to quit the country or to return to secular life. It is probable that the same treatment will be meted out to most of the 532 communities of nuns.

It must not be forgotten that this is very far from representing the whole forces which the Roman Catholic Church can array. Even if all the above orders are dissolved, there will yet remain in France some 180,000 monks and nuns belonging to the previously authorized congregations. Yet it is evident that the law of 1901 has dealt to Roman Catholicism in France a most deadly blow.

The second step will be, no doubt, a law debarring all members of the Religious Orders, authorized or unauthorized, from any part in public education. At present one-third of the children of the people (1,600,000), one-half of those of the upper and middle classes (90,000 young men and girls), are brought up in convent schools. It seems highly improbable, especially after the revelations which have been made as to the moral teaching which is given in those schools, that the State will leave such an enormous power in the hands of the Congregationalists.

And what will be the third step? In all probability a law abolishing the Concordat—that is, the accord concluded between the Pope and the Government in 1801 under Napoleon—suppressing all subsidy from the State to the Churches, and breaking the last link which subsists in France between the temporal and the spiritual power. Already a Bill on "Separation of Church and State" has been brought in by a Member of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Francis de Pressense, son of the eminent pastor and writer, but himself a Socialist and a Freethinker.

Now, it cannot be said that public opinion among our Protestant people in France is absolutely opposed to such a measure, although financially our churches will be placed, by the suppression of all subsidy from the Government (about £100,000 a year), in a very precarious situation.

But the question is whether, in the eventuality of disestablishment, that measure of liberty will be granted to the Church which is absolutely indispensable to their well-being. Those who have examined the provisions of M. de Pressense's Bill and watched the openly anti-religious and even atheistic dispositions of a part of the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, are bound to entertain the gravest doubts on that subject.

In these circumstances it will be no matter of surprise to our friends abroad to hear that the Protestants of France are looking to the future with something more than ordinary anxiety.

There is one fact which is very evident—Religion in France has been brought into disrepute; the Roman Church, by her domineering spirit and constant meddling with politics, has gathered in her sky clouds of anger and resentment. When the storm breaks, and we hear already some preparatory rumblings, we can expect—we Protestants—to receive a part of the shower, which will not be one of blessings.

Our horizon is not very clear just now, and, notwithstanding the great and constant encouragements which our evangelistic work is giving us, we need the prayers of all our friends to sustain us in our fight and to prepare us for the serious times which are before us."—*Gospel Echoes from Across Channel.*

If you want to serve your race, go where no one else will go and do what no one else will do.—Marv Lyon.

THE CASTE SYSTEM OF THE HINDUS.

BY REV. W. E. HOPKINS, INDIA.

"Caste is the bulwark of Hindu idolatry and the safeguard of Brahmanical priesthood." Such is the testimony of a leading Indian writer. The caste system early impressed me as the leading feature of Hinduism. A brief business career before entering the ministry, and some years of evangelistic work in the home land, prepared me in a special manner for the study of just such a system.

And after eight years of investigation on the field—in continuous and intimate association with Brahmins at well as the lower castes—and a careful study of leading authorities on the subject, I am convinced that caste sustains a vastly more vital relation to Hinduism and to the progress of Christianity in India than is generally understood.

If the picture here drawn is not bright, it is not more dark than leading Hindu writers depict. If the revelation of the conditions which attend the missionary enterprise to India seems overwhelming in its magnitude—a barrier insurmountable—it is not greater than His Cross. Be not afraid to match over against the greatest obstacles and the mightiest undertaking the risen, conquering Lord!

During the last decade the Christians of India increased 28 per cent., while the population gained but 2½ per cent. Caste is weakening and ever modifying its laws to meet the new conditions of Western civilization and the resistless flood of Christian enlightenment. Many educated Hindus have broken with the system, and more eagerly await an auspicious moment to follow. Men of highest rank are secret believers, and only delay an open confession of Christ for the sake of their caste-bound families and friends.

CASTE DIVISIONS.*

There were but four original castes. Each lived in its own section of the town, drank from its own well and had its own social life. They might neither eat together nor drink from the same vessels. If the shadow of a Sudra fell upon a Brahman or across his path it defiled him, and the offender was punished. The Sudra's look contaminated his high-caste neighbour's well and the water had to be purified before used. Even the foreigner was a contamination, and Sir Monier Williams found that the Pandits who read Sanskrit with him

were obliged, immediately upon leaving him, to bathe away the pollution of his presence.

One of the fundamental laws of caste was the prohibition of intermarriage. When a youth and maiden of different castes did fall in love, no priest was allowed to marry them; but if they persisted in their desire, they were obliged to be a law unto themselves, and live together as husband and wife without a ceremony. They were forthwith excommunicated from their caste and driven from their home. In time these, with other offenders, came to be called "outcastes," and now, with other lower classes, form one of the most numerous communities of the Hindus. They formulated their own system, and to this day enforce their laws as rigidly as any of the higher castes.

This intense caste feeling among these outcastes is strikingly illustrated by an experience related by Mrs. W. B. Boggs, of the American Baptist Telugu Mission. While on a tour with her husband, she had walked to a village some miles distant, and stopped before a house to speak to the women and children who immediately gathered about her.

Being weary, she asked permission to sit upon a bale of hay which the woman of the house (an outcaste of the lowest order) had just brought in from the jungle. The house was also the cattle-shed, pigsty, chicken-yard, dog-kennel and breeder of all sorts of vermin. The woman herself was but partially clad in the remains of a garment so filthy that the original colours could not be discerned, while her naked children reveled in these delightful surroundings.

At this request of Mrs. Boggs, who is a queen among women, this slave of caste threw up her hands in dismay and replied: "No, no! If you sit on my grass it will be defiled and none will buy it! And if I touch it after you sit upon it my caste will be broken, and what can I do?"

The very treatment accorded these outcastes has driven them to this state. Dr. Murdoch states that in Travancore "certain castes may not come nearer to a Brahman than seventy-four paces. They are required to make a grunting noise as they pass along, that if necessary, on the approach of their superiors, they may retreat from the highroad." What wonder that they are sunken so low!

The jealousy of priests, the intrigues of princes and the combined wickedness and selfishness of all, together with many conditions of occupation and other causes, have re-

* We regret to be obliged to omit the writer's able discussion of the origin of the caste.—EDITORS MISS. REV.

sulted in a general break-up of the original castes. There are two thousand sects of the Brahmans, no two of which eat together or intermarry, and each claiming to represent the original caste. The military caste is divided into some six hundred sects, the commercial into thousands, while of the Sudras and out-castes there seems no end.

There is a caste for the farmer, shepherd, mechanic, weaver, jeweler, artist, musician, dancer, thief and robber. There is a caste for the nautch-girl or public prostitute, and for the muralis, devadasis and vaishnavis, who are, as a rule, temple harlots. And each of these is as truly a part of the religious system as is the priest himself.

These, in turn, are subdivided. The barber caste alone is divided into eighty-five sects, each having its own prescribed class to shave. The barber who shaves a Brahman is not allowed to shave a man of lower caste. It is estimated that there are in all no less than one hundred thousand sects, no two of which will intermarry, and caste is the guiding star of each.

Dr. Wilson thus sums up the system in its twofold nature :

To give some idea of the minute regulations of this system of caste, and how its laws are framed to regulate the life of its slaves, it may be mentioned that it has for infancy, pupillage and manhood its ordained methods of sucking, sipping, drinking and eating; of washing, anointing; of clothing and ornamenting the body; of sitting, rising, reclining; of moving, visiting, traveling; of speaking, reading, listening and reciting, and of meditating, singing, working and fighting.

It has its laws for social and religious rites, privileges and occupations; for education, duty, religious services; for errors, sins, transgressions; for intercommunion, avoidance and excommunication; for defilement and purification; for fines and other punishments.

It unfolds the ways of committing what it calls sins, accumulating sin and putting away sin; of acquiring, dispensing and losing merit. It treats of inheritance, conveyance, possession, dispossession of property and of bargains, gains, losses and ruin. It deals with death, burial and burning, and with commemoration, assistance and injury after death.

It interferes, in short, with all the relations and events of life, and with what precedes and follows, or what is supposed to precede and follow life. It reigns supreme in the innumerable classes and divisions of the Hindus, whether they originate in family descent, in religious opinions, in civil or sacred occupations, or in local residence, and it professes to regulate all their interests, affairs and relationships.

Caste is the guiding principle of each of the

classes and divisions of the Hindus, viewed in their distinct or individual and associated capacity.

THE RESULTS OF CASTE.

Let us examine some of the results of this system which has obtained for three thousand years, and still binds together and rules with an iron hand two hundred million people. There are those besides Hindus who apologize for caste and advise its tolerance—yes, its encouragement and protection. They claim that it results *beneficially* to all classes, and, as my Brahman pundit would point out, as follows:

First of all, the frequent religious bathing and cleansing of vessels, both for temple and household use, aids sanitation. While impressed with this benefit, one's sense of cleanliness suffers a rude shock when he recalls scenes of these bathings and washings of vessels in wells and pools from which the pious devotees afterward fill these same vessels for drinking and cooking purposes!

But dark are the mysteries of the Orient, and we draw the *purdah* to shield the subject of Kipling's lines :

The poor Hindu he does the best he kin do ;
From first to last he sticks to his caste,
And for pants he makes his skin do.

A second benefit of caste arises from the division of labour. Each sect represents a different occupation, and it is claimed that "the skill of the father descends to the son." At first thought this seems reasonable, and doubtless is true in some degree. The carpenter's son, for instance, observes his father's work and handles his tools until he is old enough to imitate the parent, when, at the age of ten or twelve years, he is commonly quite skilled in the trade.

The third benefit of caste, and in this our Brahman friend presents a stronger argument, lies in the village system, with its protection, its "community of interests," instead of the isolated position and interests of the independent citizen; with its *elders* or *headmen*, to whose experience and wisdom each one of the caste family may appeal, and for whom there is a general respect. That this system also engenders pride and jealousy, suspicion and bribery, slander and hatred, is everywhere apparent.

But it takes the Brahman priest to crown these arguments in favour of caste. "You cannot *control* these people without the laws of caste," he contends. His chief objection to the

missionary is that Christianity delivers the Hindu from caste, *i.e.*, from the Brahman's power and educates him into an intelligent citizen.

Even an English statesman advised the encouragement of caste as an aid to the government of India. He says: "If England continues to rule with justice, moderation and impartiality, with clean hands, and an honest and eager desire to work for the good of the people, there is no fear that the Hindus will ever turn against her.

"And the explanation of this security is chiefly to be found in caste, which, *by depriving people of ambition*, has left each man content with his position in life."

Suffice it to say that such restraint as makes of man an ox, content so long as he is housed and fed, has no place in the Christian conception of manhood and is not encouraged by the British government.

Of vastly great importance are *the evils of caste*. And, in approaching these conditions, it must be borne in mind that the Hindus are *not a nation*. Caste has no place for nationalism. The very genius of the system is division—disintegration. The Brahman at the head as priest and teacher separates the rest of humanity into smaller groups, each one so foreign to the other that there can be no true union, and his policy is to foster and ever keep strong the spirit of antagonism, but each party well within its own control. In the light of this view, the first result which caste presents has to do with:

1. The commercial and industrial welfare of the people. Caste has given to India the name, "The Land of Beggars." The beggar caste provides an army of men, women and children (many of them able-bodied) who are religiously compelled to beg.

But poverty is not confined to these. It is to be found everywhere, and largely as the result of this system. For, although the commercial caste forms a mighty trust, the laws controlling commerce and industry are clearly defined by Manu.

He first brands all people outside of India impure *mlechchas* (foreigners) and then forbids all intercourse with them. "People born without the excellent land of India, whose ears are not bored, who are cruel, daring, invincible in battle, impure in practise, violent and without religion. In their country the regenerate must not even temporarily dwell."

Even to cross the "Black-water" (as the sea

bounding India on three sides is called), whether a merchant for trade or a student in search of learning, was punished with excommunication.

The Brahman thought by thus prohibiting foreign commerce to keep his people to himself, and even to-day no Hindu is allowed the privileges of his caste after a journey abroad until he has first been cleansed from the contamination of the impure foreigner, and so vile is that defilement that only the swallowing of "penitential pills," made from the five products of the cow (milk, curd, ghee, urine and dung) can restore him to caste purity.

2. Caste binds its victim more securely by making his profession hereditary and unchangeable. The farmer's son must follow the plow; his daughter must be married to a farmer. There is no possibility of a change to more congenial work or to a profession for which nature may have qualified him. There is no place or time ahead when a man may hope to advance. He is born in an iron groove and bound there by religious sanction.

Some contend that this makes skilled mechanics, develops specialists. It may where the child is endowed with the required faculty. But the fact is that they are not all so born, and the weaver's son who is a born mechanic must be chained to the loom and his God-given faculty must die.

The beggar is not allowed to work; the thief may not become law-abiding; the nautch-girl may not abandon her life of shame without doing violence to religion and incurring excommunication.

"The Hindus improved their arts, sciences and social institutions up to a certain point; they left some of their neighbours behind them in the scale of civilization, and there they stopped. Their caste prevented the full development of their faculties."—(The late Dr. Krishna Mohun Banerjee.)

They have not maintained their standard, but have degenerated in every department of their civilization. The history of progress in every age condemns the hereditary profession. The men who have achieved most in the progress of nations have come from other walks of life, and have become experts in a realm quite unexplored by their parents.

3. But, lest some might attempt to escape from this position in which birth and religious fate had placed them, the Brahmans have branded many of the professions with shame so degrading that none will care to seek entrance

to their fellowship. I will only quote on this point the writer above named :

In civilized countries, every encouragement is held out to the cultivators of the arts, especially the fine arts. Their professions are esteemed honourable, their labours are amply rewarded by men of taste and refinement. The pernicious system of caste taught a different lesson to the Hindus. The civil architect was branded as a bastard. The carpenter and the goldsmith are accursed, because the Brahmans chose to take umbrage at them.

How could the arts flourish in such a society? How could a person of sensibility aspire to distinction in the cultivation of arts which are considered so low? I have myself heard the Brahman fling at the farmer that Indian proverb, "By two things you can distinguish a bullock from a plowman—by its horns and its tail."

Would it be possible for a people to prosper under such laws? England is not the cause of India's poverty, *but the cure*, if the Hindus will allow this blight of caste to be replaced by the righteous and progressive laws of the English.

4. It requires but a glance at the Hindus to discover the low type of their physical life. One cause of this condition is the fact that their one hundred thousand sects may not intermarry. So narrow has the circle of legitimate marriage become that a man must ordinarily marry a blood relation in order to be sure that he is within his caste limits, and it is not uncommon to see a boy or even a grown man married to his own sister's daughter. Need we wonder that the average life is under twenty-five years? Or that weakness, lassitude, a stagnant calm take the place of the sturdy vigour, buoyant life and flowing spirits of the West?

5. Along with this physical condition follows intellectual decline; for the caste system decreed that only the Brahman might be educated. Trace the intellectual development of India along this line for ages when the temple hall constituted the school, the priest the teacher, the Brahman's son the pupil, the religious writings and traditions the text-books.

Even at the beginning of this century but one in twenty-five can read and write, although it is a hundred years since Carey introduced Western learning, and there are in the country to-day, open to all classes, thousands of private and public schools, colleges and universities. In contrast to the proud boastings of Hindus who visit this country, let a Bengali writer describe the present-day sage of India :

None but a Brahman, declared the Shastras, should read the Vedas or impart religious instruction, and, as the Vedas and their Angas

included all the literature and sciences of the country—grammar, versification, arithmetic and mathematics—the law thus effectually enjoined ignorance to the rest of mankind.

The consequence has been a total prostration of intellect and of mental energy, not only in the general mass of the community, but even among the favoured class itself. Learning has dwindled down to childish frivolity and religion to ceremonial purity.

Our bandits of the present day are a set of lazy, superstitious, weak-minded men, living mostly on the community, without contributing at all to its welfare, having, some of them, a little dexterity in threading the dreams of metaphysics and the unenviable ability of framing specious arguments for perplexing the plainest truths.

The cause of so much deterioration is easily explained. When literature and the sciences were insured in perpetuity to the Brahmans, it became no longer their interest to acquire real knowledge and the means of making themselves and their brethren wiser and happier.

The arts of imposition held out to them more lucrative employment. To cheat and elude the mass, whom the laws had consigned to ignorance and misery, promised them palpable advantages, and they possessed by birthright the means of deceiving with impunity. The temptation was too great for human nature to resist, and it was not resisted.

6. Against this dark background of poverty and oppression, of outraged physique, of weakened intellect, we have to place the *social* conditions of this caste-bound people.

The enforced ignorance of women lays the foundation to the entire social structure. The Brahman priests early discovered that the security and permanence of caste lay in the ignorance of the mothers. It was the women who could be made to believe the most contradictory fables of the power and wisdom of their "mortal gods on earth"; this credulity begat superstition, and fear welded the chain of slavish obedience.

The mother, thus taught and domineered over, instilled into the minds of her children the same fable, superstition, fear, and secured the *men* of each generation to a similar bondage. If at times the husband rebelled against this tyranny, he was won over by the flattering titles and lordly position he held in relation to his wife, and one of the "sacred" books was made to declare (see "Skanda Purana," IV. 35).

Let a wife who wishes to perform sacred oblations wash the feet of her lord and drink the water, for a husband is to a wife greater than Siva or Vishnu. The husband is her god, her priest, her religion; wherefore, abandoning all else, she ought chiefly to worship her husband.

It is true there have been some noble exceptions in the history of India. A few women have been taught and have attained to high positions in literature and learning. Pandita Ramabai of this generation is well known as a Sanskrit scholar and a lady of highest ability.

At the same time, we are compelled to believe that the only classes of Hindu women educated under the sway of caste were certain sects of dancing girls and temple women, and then only as an added attraction to their shameful (though religious) profession.

While there are to-day Hindu girls' schools in India where the number of attendants is increasing every year, it is under the protest of caste. Many, it is true, are placed there by parents who really desire to educate their daughters; but very many are sent as the only way to save them from the Christian schools. The caste system has not yet sanctioned the education of women.

7. Upon such a foundation one is not surprised to find the custom of child-marriage. The apologists for this practise say that it originated in the age of invasion, and was resorted to as a means of saving the maidens from captivity.

But the more reasonable explanation is found in the policy of the Brahmins in preserving the system by marrying off the girls before they knew enough to fall in love or wish to marry outside their caste.

Aside from the outrage of marrying children in infancy and uniting a ten-year-old girl to a man of eighty years, this is one of the most fruitful causes of Hindu degeneration. You seldom see that stalwart independence even in the young men that characterizes the Western nations. One of their own writers has given the reason: "The children of children must ever be the slaves of slaves."

ENFORCED WIDOWHOOD AND ITS RESULTS.

8. Enforced widowhood, in the average Hindu home, is the crowning device for the torture and degradation of women. And why this enforced widowhood? Because the priest teaches from the "sacred" books that in some former birth (none can tell when) she committed a sin (no one knows what), and so incurred the displeasure of one of her three hundred and thirty million gods (the priest cannot tell which one), and this offended deity now takes vengeance upon her by striking her husband in death. She is the property of that husband, body and soul—hence has no place upon earth after he dies.

She was formerly burned alive on his funeral pyre, therefore, and so atoned for her own sin and expiated the sins of "her father's line, her mother's line and the family of him to whom she was given a virgin."

When the British Indian government abolished this crime they left her in a life of worse torture for a quarter of a century, and then sought to deliver her by enacting a law legalizing the re-marriage of widows. Up to 1900 but five hundred such marriages had taken place, and now, although the State of Baroda passed a similar law some two years ago, they average only twenty-five to thirty a year.

And why do not more Hindus practise it? Manu gives the answer. Book V., 157: "But she (a widow) may at will emaciate her body by (living on) pure flowers, fruits, roots. She may not, however, when her husband is dead, mention even the name of another man." 162: "Nor is a second husband anywhere permitted to good women."

There are many educated Hindus who would at once reform these practises, but they are held in check by the threat of excommunication. Indeed, the spirit of reform is not so manifest in the country now as ten years ago, and this revival of Hinduism means a return to the past ages.

Sir Monier Williams tells of an incident which he witnessed twenty-eight years ago, and the same sentence is passed where possible to-day. He says: "When I was in Gujarat, in 1875, a man named Lallu-bhai, a cloth merchant of Ahmedabad, was proved to have committed a heinous caste crime. He had married a widow of his own caste, and to marry a widow is, in the eyes of a Hindu, a most awful offense. A woman once married belongs to one husband for time and eternity.

Forthwith, he was sentenced to complete excommunication. No one, either of his own or any other caste, was to be allowed to associate with him; no one was to eat with him; no one was to have any trade dealings with him; no one was to marry any of his children; no temple was to receive him as a worshiper, and if he died, no one was to carry his body to the burning-ground.

On the morning after the sentence was passed he went to the bazaar as usual, but not a person would buy from him or sell to him; he could get no home to live in, and none of his debtors would pay him their debts. It was impossible to sue them, as no one would give evidence. He was a ruined man, and had to

leave the country and obtain government employment in a distant city."

9. The caste system changes benevolence and all social obligations into *unfeeling selfishness*. The Hindu boasts of his charity, and reminds you of the army of beggars which curses the land. But he gives to these, *as a rule*, for religious merit. He points to his "joint-family" system as a refuge for the aged and infirm (and might have added the lazy), but forgets that its only purpose is the preservation of *his own*. He recalls the noble examples of charity which famine calls forth, but they are the rare exception.

The fact is that his generosity is mostly lavished upon his individual family, and if there is an overflow it seldom goes beyond his *caste* family. Outside of this he has no cares. He knows neither public spirit nor cares for the common weal. When he speaks of the "Brotherhood of man" he has reference to his caste. Rev. J. Vaughn bears testimony to this claim:

Outside their own caste the weal or woe of their fellows affect them in no degree whatever. We have again and again witnessed along the great pilgrim routes of India harrowing illustrations of this sad truth.

We have seen poor creatures, smitten with disease, lying on the roadside, passed by hundreds of their co-religionists with no more concern than if they were dying dogs; we have seen poor parched sufferers with folded hands and pleading voice crave a drop of water to moisten their lips, but all in vain.

Hundreds thus perish, untended, unpitied, unaided; perhaps even before death does its work, the vultures and jackals begin theirs, and thus lines of whitened bones and blackened skulls border the roads leading to the sacred shrines.

And whence this worse than brutal callousness? What has dried up the springs of human sympathy? It is caste. This first of all taught the people to look upon differing castes as differing species; it next taught the lesson of defilement by contract; thus utter isolation and heartless selfishness account for the whole of the sickening scenes described.

10. Caste creates jealousy, pride, hatred and strife. Many a missionary has borne testimony to the village quarrels, sectional feuds and even strife between neighbouring towns, which were traced directly to caste feeling. Comparison of the rights, privileges and position of the different castes, and even of sects within castes, form an ever present source of heated controversy. The most trivial distinctions are sufficient to precipitate a quarrel which often embitters a whole village.

Dr. Cornish, of South India, tells of a disturbance which resulted in the village arming, taking sides, and, had not police intervention arrived in time, would have ended in a bloody battle, simply because a shoemaker insisted upon wearing a red flower in his turban, which the parish caste claimed as their privilege.

Not only does caste interfere in these public affairs, but it enters the home life and makes privacy impossible. A Bengalic writer says on this:

Each of these divisions (the lower orders) has a class of men called paramaniks, members of which exercise the most unlimited inquisitorial powers, each within his own jurisdiction of one or more villages, prying even into the minutest circumstances of life, and interfering with every domestic incident, unless bought off with a bribe. Thus domestic happiness, the dearest of all dear things on earth, is subjected to the vulgar intrusion and despotic interference of men who make their inquisitiveness the source of their wealth.

11. Overshadowing and permeating the entire system is the religious nature of caste. As has already been shown, it enters every sphere of life and arrogates to itself supreme authority to regulate all affairs. And this it does on the ground of Divine sanction.

Caste blights man's best and holiest instincts, and perverts his highest God-given functions. Caste makes out of the Supreme God a giant deity, possessed of and exercising the organs and functions of fallen men; giving birth to offspring from his own body; practising and giving sanction to vice as well as virtue, authorizing oppression, violence, dishonesty, thieving and even murder; making the prostitute as essential to the religious body as the priest; prescribing for religious worship practices as vile as ever polluted the slums of any city; substituting empty ceremony for religion and formal hypocrisy for holy character.

The caste system is an outrage of justice between man and man, and is an insult to a just and holy God. Caste presents the strongest barrier to the progress of education, of social reform and of Christianity itself in this land of death. Let all friends of India join with Babu Keshab Chandra Sen in his appeal to "Young India":

Next to idolatry, and vitally connected with its huge system, is caste. You should deal with it as manfully and unsparingly as with idolatry. That Hindu castism is a frightful social scourge no one can deny. It has completely and hopelessly wrecked social unity, harmony and happiness, and for centuries it has opposed all social progress.

"But few seem to think that it is not so much as a social but as a religious institution that it has become the great scourge it really is. As a system of absurd social distinctions, it is certainly pernicious.

"But when we view it on moral grounds it appears as a scandal to conscience and an insult to humanity, and all our moral ideas and sentiments rise to execrate it and to demand its immediate extermination.

"Caste is the bulwark of Hindu idolatry and the safeguard to Brahmanical priesthood. It is an audacious and sacrilegious violation of God's law of human brotherhood.

"It makes civil distinctions inviolable Divine institutions, and in the name of the Holy God sows perpetual discord and enmity among His children.

"It exalts one section of the people above the rest, gives the former, under the seal of Divine sanction, the monopoly of education, religion and all the advantages of social pre-eminence, and visits them with the arbitrary authority of exercising a tyrannical sway over unfortunate and helpless millions of human souls,

trampling them under their feet and holding them in a state of miserable servitude.

"It sets up the Brahmanical order as the very vicegerents of the Deity and stamps the mass of the population as a degraded and unclean race, unworthy of manhood and unfit for heaven.

"Who can tolerate this woful despotism, this system of abhorrent slavery, this robbery of Divine authority? Fellow countrymen, if you abjure idolatry and rally under the heavenly standard of the true God, you must establish and organize a new brotherhood on the basis of enlightened thoughts and sentiments; in this reformed alliance you must discard and discountenance all caste distinctions, that truth may be freely embraced by all, Brahman and Sudra alike, and both by virtue of birthright may secure access to the blessings of spiritual freedom, progress and happiness without let or hindrance.

"Abandon idolatry and seek the worship of the true God; kill the monster caste, and form a rational and religious brotherhood of all your reformed countrymen."

Pulpit and Pew.

FILL UP THE PEWS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

During my fifty-seven years of ministerial life and labour, there is one place in which I have never been able to do any good, and that is in an empty pew. If any Gospel-seed chanced to light there, there was no more hope of a harvest than if corn were flung out on to yonder stone pavement.

Empty pews often have a voice of their own; they cry out in solemn testimony against the church members who are not in them, but who ought to be there. Perhaps one reason why the professed Christians stay away from God's house is the state of the weather.

Yet on Monday I have noticed that these same men do not find it too hot or too cold, or too wet for them to go to their business, or for these women to go to the market or out shopping.

The simple fact is that much of the blame for thin congregations—in all kinds of weather—lies on the members of the church themselves.

There is no denying that the fault may sometimes be charged to the mistakes of the minister. He does not take the right course to

attract people to the sanctuary—and of course to draw them to Jesus Christ. What people really want—whether they are rich or poor, cultured or illiterate—is to be interested, to be instructed and to be helped. Even sheep come to know where they are salted or fed.

In order to fill up empty pews some ministers resort to various sensational devices in the pulpit or in the music-loft. Such devices have no permanent value. Like the use of alcoholic stimulants, there must be an increase in the dose, and final reaction to weakness is sure to follow.

A warm-hearted, zealous, industrious pastor, who carefully prepares practical and helpful sermons, and who maintains thorough pastoral visitation, is likely to have his church well filled on the Sabbath. He works seven days in the week.

I emphasize the word "pastoral." It is a minister's business to get people to hear his Gospel messages, as much as to prepare the messages themselves. Therefore, he ought to cultivate the kindest relations during the week with everybody he meets. He ought to take an interest in everyone. Much of a successful minister's power is heart power. A pastor can do but little good to those who don't like him,

and none at all to those who will not come to hear him.

The increasing custom of advertising "topics" in order to attract an audience is one that I don't approve of except on some very special and extraordinary occasions. It was not my custom to advertise topics while I was a settled pastor; and now when I go away to preach in any pulpit and am asked "What will be your theme?" my reply is: I will try to preach the Gospel." Such permanently successful men in attracting congregations as Spurgeon, Newman Hall, Kirk, Bishop Simpson, John Hall, Albert Barnes, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Tyng and Dr. Addison Alexander did not need to tell the public on Saturday evening what their Gospel-message would be on the Sabbath.

The richest, most eloquent, and soul-converting sermons commonly cannot be "ticketed" by an advertised topic. Just imagine some impertinent "scribe" coming to our blessed Lord before his Sermon on the Mount, and asking him what his topic was to be? It is the chief business of a wise, spiritual and soul-winning minister to preach God's texts, and not his own "topics."

The temptation in these days to underrate God's all-comprehensive and all-glorious Word, and to lug into the pulpit all sorts of "themes" is increased by this unhappy custom of advertising the themes from the pulpit or the press. "Preach my Word!" That is our divine commission, and to do it faithfully and earnestly and lovingly is our best advertisement.

As it is the duty of the pastor to draw people to the sanctuary by all legitimate methods, so is it equally the duty of the members of the Church to do the same thing.

During a political campaign it is the custom of every active partisan to urge his neighbours to come and hear the orators and advocates of his party. Shall Christ's followers be less anxious to have their neighbours converted to the truth and by the truth?

I am confident that if church members not only made their religion more attractive to "outsiders," but were more anxious to invite them to God's house, thousands who are now outside of the sanctuary would be brought in and brought to the Saviour also.

Empty seats in the temples of God mean empty hearts! They mean homes emptied of true evangelical religion. They mean spiritual death. Fill up the seats by filling the pulpit with godly zeal and sympathy for the poor and

the perishing and the faithful preaching of the crucified Christ! And let all the members of the church co-operate with the pastor in getting rid of the sorrow and the shame of empty pews in the house of the Living God!—*The Presbyterian.*

FACES AND THE STORY THEY TELL.

Somebody has said that every face is either a history or a prophecy. Whether or not the latter statement is true, there is no possibility of doubting the former. As we go on in life our countenances indicate very clearly how we have spent our years and to what end.

Passion writes deeply disfiguring lines on some faces, cruelty stamps others with its sinister mark, avarice and greed are patent in the wolfish expression and the sordid look of some, and weakness is revealed in the loose hung lips and flabby chin of the man who is vacillating and unstable.

A man or woman who has fought a good fight, lived bravely, unselfishly and magnanimously, who has given time, strength and substance for the betterment of the age and the good of the community, may be plain or even ugly, but in the face there will be a certain nobility, a clear candour and a sweet sincerity.

We are making the faces of our later years, and this is a very encouraging reflection for the young. What we are now, if the noonday of our life has come, is the result of what we have been.

But we need not be depressed if we have not just the beauty for which we long, for soul dominates body, and if we begin to-day, resolutely crushing the low and petty and mean tendencies and cherishing the lofty and sublime, our faces will soon be eloquent of victory.
—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TO-DAY'S WORK.

One secret of a sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us.

We think we carry this load until we are three-score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours until it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass it down a good and fair inheritance in to-day's work well done, and to-day's life well lived.—*British Weekly.*

TRUSTED.

Nothing is more likely to give hope and courage to the despairing than the thought that there are people who still believe in them.

A young man for persistent wrong-doing was convicted of felony and sent to the penitentiary. He came out at the end of two years more hardened than ever, an object of shame, distrust and suspicion. He was brazen enough to return to his native town, where everybody gave him the cold shoulder save a poor old woman who had known him from a child. She met him near her little home on the day of his return.

"Why, Harry," she said, as if nothing had happened, "I'm glad to see you. I didn't know you'd come back."

"Well, I have," he said, gruffly.

"Yes, I see; where are you staying?"

"On the street."

"Dear me! That's no place for any one to stay. Come home with me and stay to supper. I can't give you very choice, but you're welcome to what I have."

"Aren't you afraid I'll rob and murder you?"

"Why, Harry, I'm no more afraid of you than when you used to sit in my lap in your baby dresses. Come right along."

"I will," he answered, "for I'm half-starved."

After supper she said, "Now, Harry, you must stay here to-night and sleep in the little room my own boy slept in before he died."

In the morning she said, "You'd better stay here till you find something to do."

"Do you suppose any one would give me anything to do?"

"No, I don't. I thought about that while you slept, and tell you what you'd better do."

She went to her bureau, took from it something in an old silk handkerchief containing a roll of bills.

"Now, Harry, here's a hundred dollars which I've saved penny by penny, as the savings of my life. I've been saving it up to be used in my last sickness and give me a decent burial. I didn't want the town to bury me. I want you to take this money, go away off where you're not known and begin life over again. I can trust you to pay me back if able, and if not, all right. I ain't afeared to trust you."

She could say no more, for Harry was on his knees, his face in her lap, crying as he had not since the days of his childhood.

"Say it again."

"Say what?"

"That you're not afraid to trust me."

"Why, I'm not."

"Then I'll take the money and do as you say, bad as I've been, to prove to you that I'm worthy of your trust."

Her confidence proved to be his salvation. He put hundreds of miles between him and his old haunts, and began life anew with hope and courage, because one trusted him. In a few months the old woman's money was returned with more than compound interest.

In the letter sent her with the money was: "I owe my salvation to the three words you spoke when all the world was against me, 'I trust you.' They led me to the belief and trust I now have in the God I am trying to serve."—*Selected.*

APPLES OF GOLD.

A young girl was passing her aged great aunt one day when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head and said, "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face and there was a joyous quiver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

Few of us realize the dearth of such attentions which the old suffer. Many of them have been persons of consequence in their prime. As illness and sorrow gradually weaken their spirits they retire into the background. They are no longer pursued by the honeyed words which interest and affection once heaped upon them. Too often they linger on in more or less cheerless obscurity until they die.

"I was astonished to find what an interesting person that old woman is who lives at Mrs. D's," remarked one lady to another. "She seems to be an aunt or a great aunt of Mr. D's, but she has always sat back in a corner when I have been there and I never supposed that she knew anything in particular. Yesterday Mrs. D. appealed to her several times, and it seemed to draw her out. She is remarkably intelligent and has had wonderful experiences of life."

"Did you think to tell her how much you had enjoyed talking with her?"

"No, that didn't occur to me."

The knowledge that her words and personality had so favourably impressed her visitor might have given the quiet old lady a pleasure which would lighten many weary hours. "There is no tonic like happiness."

A young man once said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther to-day when I remarked casually, 'What a pretty gown you have on to-day and how nice you look in it.' She almost cried, she was so pleased. I hadn't thought before that such a little thing would be likely to please her."

"I never expect to eat any cookies as good as those you used to make, mother," said a bearded man one day, and he was shocked when he saw her evident delight in his words; for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.—*Congregationalist.*

Our thoughts may be prayers. There are moments when, whatever the attitude of the body may be, the soul is on its knees.—Victor Hugo.

WON THROUGH FRIENDSHIP.

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

I have won many a man to Christ through first gaining his friendship. I recall a man who was the son of a member of my church, and who had been away from home for many years, had been stricken by a fatal disease, and had come home from the far West to die.

The family were very anxious about him because he was not only not a Christian, but was bitter on the subject, and would not allow any one to talk with him about it. The father and the mother spoke to me about it, wished me to come and see him, but assured me that, if I should say anything to him about religion, he would not see me again. I thought the matter over, and concluded that the only way open to me was deliberately to win the man's friendship.

Soon after, I made an excuse for calling, and during the conversation with the family in general, he being present, we spoke about a lecture which I was to deliver in the church that evening on a subject in which he was greatly interested. He expressed his regret that the condition of his health would not permit him to be out, as he would greatly enjoy the lecture.

I said nothing, but I had an idea for future use. Two or three days later I appeared at his house with the manuscript of my lecture, and asked him whether he would like to have me read it to him. He was much surprised and delighted. I delivered the lecture to him with as much care as if I had had an audience of a thousand, and I could tell by the pressure he gave my hand, and the look he gave me, that I was getting on good ground with him.

After that, for three or four weeks, when I had a pretty poem in the sermon, or an illustration that was interesting without being specially religious, I took it to him.

I think I had been going to see him about a month when one day he remarked that his mother had been specially pleased with the Sunday morning's sermon the day before, and that he should be pleased if I would read it to him. In less than a week after that he gave his heart to Christ and became a sincere Christian. He had been won through friendship.—*C. E. World.*

WON THROUGH PERSEVERANCE.

I once won a young man to Christ and the church who was a fine fellow in every way except the one weak spot of self-indulgence in strong drink. He kept faithful for about six weeks after his conversion, when he fell. He came to me about it in the greatest humiliation; and I comforted him, and prayed with him, and got him started again with renewed self-respect. This time he ran nearly four months. He was so regular in attendance in the church, and had such evident joy in all the religious life of the church that I had ceased to be specially fearful for him.

But on Sunday he did not come. I thought he must be ill; and, as I could not well look

him up at his business, I dropped him a note, and asked him why I had not seen him. The next night he came to see me. He was terribly depressed. It seems he had had a severe disappointment that had gone very deep with him, and in his grief he had again yielded to the tempter, and had spent the night in drinking. His self-respect was all gone.

"I am not worthy to be a member of the church," he said. "I don't ask you to keep me on the books. Just strike off my name, and let me bear my shame alone."

"No, sir! We will do nothing of the kind. We took you for better or worse; and, if you are worse just now, we will stick to you till you're better. A man may get knocked down once in a while, but he is an awful fool to stay knocked down. Up, man, and try it again." So I talked until I got my lever under his spirits and made him hope again. That is years ago, and he has never wavered.—Louis Albert Banks.

POWER OF EXAMPLE.

TWO MISTAKES A TEACHER MADE.

A few Sundays ago I heard a very bright little girl give a very bright answer to a difficult question, and the teacher merely said "Y-e-s" in an indifferent sort of way, and then proceeded to give the same answer in a different way as his own. Two bad mistakes, I thought. First, not to have recognized the pupil's answer; and, second, to have answered it at all after a correct answer had been given.

Nothing dampens a pupil's enthusiasm quicker than to ignore his answer. It is discouraging to even older people to feel that individually they do not amount to much, that they are merely a part of a class. A good teacher will recognize every answer given, and give it the proper amount of credit. The pupil should feel that what he has read and thought and has to say about the lesson will stand for something in the class. He should understand that the teacher and the class will not only hear what he has to say, but consider it, and value it at what it is worth.

Whenever a pupil speaks, the teacher should give him her eye as well as ear, and insist on the class doing likewise. He will then either feel ashamed of his neglect, if he has not so prepared his lesson as to be able to give an intelligent answer, or will feel pleased if he is able to give some information or a thought on the lesson which the teacher and class consider valuable.

But, whatever the answer, it should never be ignored or treated indifferently; and if it is a correct one, no other, especially one from the teacher, should be substituted for it, but the class should understand that that question had been correctly answered by that pupil. A class is in a bad way indeed when the pupils feel, "Oh, well! it doesn't make any difference whether the answer given to a question is right or wrong, the teacher will have the same answer all ready for it anyway."—William H. Hamby, Nettleton, Mo.

THE RANCHING INDUSTRY IN KOOTENAY.

REV. J. R. ROBERTSON, B.A., GRAND FORKS, B.C.

British Columbia will never regard ranching as its chief industry, but it will some day prove to the world that its agricultural resources are capable of feeding and clothing many thousands of people.

The Fraser River Valley has for many years been famous for the richness of its soil and the wealth of its productions in grain, vegetables and fruits; and the butter of "Chilliwick Creamery" certainly equals the famous "Brandon butter."

The Okanagan Valley is scarcely less famous than the Fraser Valley and is said to be equally rich and productive. Here Lord Aberdeen has his large and beautiful farm. We know on good authority also that through the farther north of the Province there are large areas of arable land that will be opened up by the advent of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

In fact, the better B. C. is known the greater are seen to be the agricultural resources of this "sea of mountains," and the Government records now tell us that the large areas of our arable land are "capable of producing much more than is required for its present or prospective population."

But I must limit myself to Kootenay Presbytery. In the vicinity of Fernie the industries of mining and lumbering have overshadowed that of ranching, yet the "Chinaman" has demonstrated that the hardier vegetables can here be grown in abundance. In the vicinity of Cranbrook, Fort Steele, Wardner and westward to Creston, ranching is but in its infancy, but gives promise of growth. All kinds of fruits can be grown in abundance: currants, raspberries, gooseberries, apples, crabs, plums, pears, cherries, apricots, etc.

The Kootenay River flats are rich and productive. A company has lately been organized to cultivate a large fruit ranch at Fort Steele. Mr. Smith, M.P.P., has a fine ranch along the bank of the river St. Mary's. The Indian Reserve at the "Mission" successfully cultivates all the above mentioned fruits.

At Creston an English Syndicate has spent very large sums of money, seeking to reclaim the rich alluvial deposits of the Kootenay flats. Hitherto they have failed to keep the water from breaking through the dykes, but if once they succeed, land second to none in the world will be thrown upon the market, and

fruits of every kind which can be grown in any part of the Dominion will be grown on the "Reclamation Farm." At present a large number of men are ranching on the wooded slopes of the Kootenay and have met with gratifying success.

To one who has been living in the higher altitudes, a visit to Creston last summer was a revelation. The strawberries, raspberries and currants were growing in abundance, and prune trees four or five years old were bending under the weight of green fruit. One needed no second invitation to help himself to the rich red luscious cherries. Creston surely has a future as a fruit ranching port of East Kootenay.

The Shocan county has not very large ranching resources, nevertheless one of our church elders there last summer shipped over 3 tons of strawberries from 1 acre of land. In the vicinity of Nelson there are dozens of small fruit ranches planted with apple, pear, plum, peach and other trees and any one attending the first fruit "Fair" of the Kootenays a few weeks ago had an object lesson of what can be grown in this region.

Coming west, however, via C. P. R. from Nelson, we meet the beautiful Valley of the Kettle River at Cascade. This river takes its rise in the mountain regions east and south of Vernon and flows directly south to Rock Creek from seventy-five to one hundred miles, thence westward to Midway eighteen or twenty miles, thence southward crossing the boundary and running for about thirty miles in the U. S. A. Then it re-enters its homeland near Grand Forks, flows eastward about twelve miles and takes final leave of Canada going south to give itself up to the noble Columbia. The river is beautiful and the adornment of its valley is exquisite. It is rich, not in silver and gold and copper like the rugged mountains near, but rich in beauty and fertility.

In the vicinity of Grand Forks, a beautiful town of about 1,500 people, it is estimated that there are about 20,000 acres, most of which is suitable for agricultural and horticultural purposes. If we include the arable land of the North Fork of the Kettle River and the lands that are partly wooded, with the many acres of the fruitful hillsides, we can safely add from 10,000 to 20,000 acres more.

To illustrate the resources of this valley, take the "Covert Ranch." Mr. W. H. Covert pre-empted 320 acres of land about four miles west of Grand Forks in the year 1885. He now

has 140 acres in fruit trees. One ten acre plot contains 1,000 prune trees and at this writing Mr. Covert is picking prunes from these trees to the amount of about 40 tons, most of which he is drying for export. He also has 400 trees each of peach, cherry, pear and plum. In all this 140 acres there are 25,000 trees and shrubs bearing many kinds of larger and smaller fruits, and the crop is this year worth some \$20,000 or over.

There are other ranches equally rich and in time will be as productive, e.g., the ranches known as Vaughan and McGinnis, Coryell, Hardy and Peters, Ruckles, Wasson, Miller, Cooper, Almond and Floyd's Milk Dairy.

A very interesting place is the "Riverside Nurseries," four miles east of Grand Forks, owned by Mr. Martin Bussell, present mayor of Grand Forks. It is yet in its youth but it is a revelation to visitors to see here thousands of apple and other fruit trees, maples, lilacs, roses, etc., and this year young trees were sent in large numbers far and near.

The climate and soil are well adapted to produce fruits and vegetables of a high quality. The insect pests are unknown, the fungus diseases are absent, the "rot" of the plum and cherry, and the "apple scab" and the "mildews" are not here.

In this vicinity the churches observe "Harvest Home." The decorations of Knox Church were very beautiful with grains, fruits and vegetables, and the exhibit at the Hall on the occasion of the "Harvest Festival" would have added beauty to the Toronto Exhibition.

So here in the Pacific Province with its precious metals of gold and silver, with its cedar and its salmon in such plenty, the all-wise and bountiful Creator rewards the tiller of the soil with a bounteous harvest.

METALLIFEROUS MINES.

BY REV. T. S. GLASSFORD, B.A., NAKUSP, B.C.

Boarding the steamer "Rossland" to reach one of my stations fifty miles down the Arrow Lakes, I noticed an unusual number of passengers. It did not take long to find out that they were delegates on their way home, by the "Crow," from the General Assembly at Vancouver. In making the round of the steamer I met with many old friends, and the three hours spent in reaching my destination were altogether too short. The steamer pushed her nose up to a mud bank, I jumped off, the party cheered, the vessel backed

away and I struck the trail leading over the mountain feeling lonesome indeed.

It is not my purpose to tell about our conversation, but in my own way to partially answer a question asked by one of the delegates, "How do the people make a living? I see nothing but mountains and rocks and woods, etc."

It is not possible to see very much from the deck of a steamer or through the window of a Pullman when there are so many mountains, yet there is considerable work going on away up in the mountains where the mines are.

The metalliferous mines within the bounds of the Kootenay Presbytery are many. They are scattered here and there over a large extent of territory from near Golden on the East to Grand Forks on the West. Last year, although a number of mines closed down, there were still 112 mines shipping ore, employing about 4,000 men.

To supply these mining camps with the Gospel many men are required—men not afraid to follow a trail, ride a cayuse, climb a mountain or sleep, well, anywhere. To take in the stations in my own field it is necessary to travel as far as from Toronto to Orillia.

Metalliferous mining is one of the principal industries of this portion of B. C. Lodes or veins of ore carrying gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, etc., are found here and there throughout the whole district. Many mines have already been developed, and there is every reason to believe that this portion of the province will become one of the richest in the world.

It would take too much space in this paper to tell about the different mines and the progress that has been made during the last ten years.

As figures speak for themselves the production of 1902 will show, when compared with 1892, that there has been great progress.

In 1892 the value of production of lode mines in B. C. was \$100,000.

77,160 oz. silver.....	value, \$69,935
803,420 lbs. lead.....	" 33,064

In 1902 in our district alone it was:

229,381 oz. gold....	value, \$4,761,645
3,553 722 " silver...	" 1,760,869
27,132,118 lbs. copper..	" 3,155,465
21,651,620 " lead....	" 792,404

Metalliferous mining has been beset with many difficulties.

(1) Numbers of companies organized for the

sole purpose of making money by selling stock. At that time the boom was on and people were worked to such a pitch that they bought almost anything offered. Having purchased they expected quick returns and soon to become rich, but, on examination, found their stock worthless. The distrust caused by these companies still prevents men of capital from investing in our mines.

(2) There being no smelter in the province to treat the silver-lead ores of the Slocan, it was necessary to export them to the U. S. A. (There are smelters now at Trail and Nelson.)

It would take too long to tell of the smelter trust war, except to say that at first the United States placed a duty of one and a half cents on the gross lead contents of the ore imported from other countries. The Slocan ores are very rich in silver, consequently there was sufficient profit to enable them to ship.

Next we find the Slocan ores were completely shut out, because the American smelters ceased to buy. Then the dark days in the Slocan mining camps began and were made darker still by the drop in the price of silver. In the closing months of '01 silver decreased in value 11.5 per cent. Then a number of shipping mines closed, and others, while not closing, ceased to ship, awaiting either cheaper smelter rates or a rise in the price of metals.

The drop in the value of silver has perhaps been beneficial because it has stimulated gold and copper mining to an enormous extent. In the Boundary district immense quantities of low-grade copper ore are being apparently handled at a profit. Smelters are running at their full capacity. So far this year about half a million tons of ore have been smelted, which is about the amount treated last year, producing 14,995,582 lbs. copper and 42,745 oz. gold.

We are looking forward to better times in mining because silver is rising in value; the Dominion Government has offered a bounty on lead, and our smelters have solved the problem of how to smelt ores at the least possible expense.

A man should be lenient with everybody but himself. A man should be rigid with himself and nobody else. Let a man say in the beginning of life, "My life depends upon me." There is a divine, overruling providence which favors those that favor themselves by responsibility, care, wise exertion. —Beecher.

COAL MINING IN THE KOOTENAY.

BY REV. D. L. GORDON, B.A., FERNIE.

It is impossible for a traveller who only sees the mountains and forests from his comfortable seat in a Pullman to form any just conception of the natural wealth of S. E. Kootenay. He may, perhaps, in part, appreciate the possibilities of the lumber industry as he looks out and beholds the mountain sides clothed with "the forest primeval." But it is only after he has for days tramped through those forests of pine, tamarack and cedar, and visited some of the mills, which turn out thirty, forty or fifty thousand feet of lumber per day, that he can at all grasp the importance even of this industry.

Such a tramp will, moreover, reveal to him the agricultural and grazing possibilities of the district. When the forests have been cleared away, all the hardier fruits, grains, grasses and vegetables may be grown in abundance. Already the industrious Chinaman on his little well-cultivated clearance fully meets the needs of the vegetarian.

These industries and kindred others are, however, but the handmaiden of the great parent industry—coal mining. The world over "Coal is King." Here it rules by right divine. The mountains are simply full of it. More than two hundred and thirty square miles contain workable seams over one hundred feet in thickness, of the highest grade of bituminous coal. Nowhere in the known world is there such a rich deposit of high grade coking coal. It has been estimated that this deposit will supply 10,000 tons per day for 6,666 years.

As early as 1880-82 the Geological Survey party reported the existence of coal in this section. But it was not until the formation of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company and the building of the Crow's Nest Railroad, some five or six years ago, that the coal measures were carefully examined and the development of the now important collieries of Coal Creek at Fernie begun.

The hardships endured, by these pioneers of civilization, the prospectors and railway construction men are still fresh in the minds of all the "old-timers."

Fernie, as the headquarters of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, quickly became the centre and metropolis of the district, and has since maintained that position.

In 1899 and 1900 mines were opened up by

the same company at Michel, twenty-four miles east, and at Morrissey ten miles west of Fernie. Already the company's monthly payroll—almost equally divided among the three camps—aggregates over \$150,000.

The C. P. R. has also done considerable development work, and will doubtless in the near future be shipping coal. Other properties, located by private individuals, have been in part developed.

With an ever-increasing demand for coal and coke the time will not be long before the whole line of the Crow's Nest from Alberta to Elko, a distance of fifty or sixty miles, will be dotted with collieries. A spur is already projected up the Elk River, from near Michel, which will give access to very valuable properties. The Great Northern has built from Jennings, Montana, to Morrissey. They contemplate in the near future extending their line right through the valley to Alberta. From present indications there is every reason to believe that within the next quarter of a century the present population of this district, roughly estimated at 8,000, will be increased twenty-fold.

The first contingent of Fernie miners came from Nova Scotia. Later these were augmented by drafts from Pennsylvania, Montana, Slavonia, Italy, Vancouver, England, etc., so that at the present time we have a most heterogeneous population. Almost every nation under the sun is represented from the well-groomed Englishman down to the almond-eyed Mongolian and the dusky sons of Ham.

The coal measures lie in horizontal strata, and are found, for the most part, above the level of the valleys. Tunnels are driven thousands of feet in those beds of coal, far into the heart of the mountain. From the main tunnel others branch off in various directions. These are connected by cross-cuts. Thus the mine spreads—somewhat fan-shaped. A walk for the first time through the dark, sinuous and mysterious tunnels, produces new and sometimes startling sensations, and arouses a lively interest in the brave and hardy men, who, far from the light of day and in the midst of many dangers, earn their daily bread.

The coal is mined chiefly with pick and shovel. In the less gassy portions of the mine it is shot out with powder. Then it is loaded on box-cars and hauled with horses to the main tunnel, from which it is conveyed by means of electric motors to the "tipple." Here it is dumped into a slide, on which it

passes over a sieve, which separates the lump-coal from the slack.

The greatest dangers to which coal miners are exposed arise chiefly from defective roof and from poor ventilation. The miner, by careful timbering, may protect himself against the former, but can do little to safeguard himself in the presence of the latter. Without a strong current of air passing through the mine gas accumulates and the air becomes full of minute particles of coal dust. Either gas or dust is dangerous when found alone, but the danger is much increased when they are found together. It was undoubtedly a combination of both that produced such a disastrous explosion in the Fernie mines in May, 1902.

An important and interesting industry in connection with the mines is that of "coke-making." The slack coal, otherwise valueless, is used for this purpose. The coke-ovens are built of fire-brick. Each holds about seven tons of slack. This is subjected to a strong heat for three days, which drives off all the volatile constituents and leaves over four tons of coke—the so-called fixed carbon.

The Fernie coke is of a very high order and finds a ready market in the smelters of Montana and Kootenay. The Coal Company has already about twelve hundred ovens. These are added to every year as the output of the mines increases.

Thus are the foundations being laid for a great industrial development. No one who has studied the resources of this district doubts of her future material wealth and worldly prosperity.

But material wealth and prosperity do not make a great nation. Another foundation must be laid if the superstructure is to stand, and that foundation is Jesus Christ the Saviour of men.

To the credit of our Church—guided by the statesman-like vision of the late Dr. Robertson—she early laid hold on this district and claimed it for Christ. Her missionaries accompanied the railroad construction gangs and, as towns sprung up, congregations were formed and churches built.

The Fernie congregation presents a notable example. Organized in the autumn of '98 it became self-supporting a year later. Although not numerically strong, it has built a comfortable church and manse, and given liberally to the Schemes of the Church.

There is one point, however, to which the attention of the whole Church should be

directed, and that is the shortage of men. In October, 1902, no missionary for Morrissey or Michel could be found. Since that time, with the exception of four months, the writer has been absolutely alone in all this district. He has endeavoured occasionally to visit these and other outlying points, but it is absolutely impossible for one man to overtake the work. Our Methodist friends, who have no more, if as many members and adherents, have five men on the same ground.

Morrissey and Michel are asking for ordained men. The need is great, the "call" is urgent. Will no one respond! Let us pray the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth labourers into the harvest.

THE LUMBER INDUSTRY IN THE KOOTENAYS.

BY REV. T. A. BROADFOOT, B.A., MOYIE, B.C.

To any one who passes into the mountain regions and winding valleys of British Columbia through the Crow's Nest Pass Railway and by the way of Kootenay and Arrow Lakes, it must be very apparent that the lumber industry is destined to be one of the most important of the Kootenay country.

As an evidence of this the manager of a prominent lumber company in the Kootenays states that where last year there were thirty million feet of lumber cut, this year there will be two hundred million feet.

Nor is it difficult to understand why this industry is rapidly rising to great importance. Go where you will through this part of British Columbia, looking from the car window or from the deck of the steamer, you see the mountain slopes and the opening valleys covered with a heavy growth of the choicest timber—trees varying from six inches to four feet in diameter, towering straight as a plummet to the sky line.

There is considerable variety in the species of trees suitable for lumber purposes. Here growing side by side we find spruce, tamarack, fir, pine, cedar and hemlock.

In the Cranbrook district the best lumber is produced from the bull pine and the tamarack. Around Moyie the tamarack takes the lead. This species of tamarack, however, is to be distinguished from the eastern swamp tamarack; the western tree produces a much higher grade of lumber and is capable of taking on a much finer finish.

Large saw-mills are being built in many cen-

tres through the East and West Kootenays, notably Cranbrook, Nakusp, Wardner, Jaffray, Moyie, Ryan, Arrowhead, Nelson and Kaslo. Tie mills are also being placed in a number of these centres. Many of these saw-mills are up-to-date in every respect, being equipped with the latest and most improved machinery.

As a result of the introduction of improved machinery there is an ever-growing demand for experienced men to work in the mills. Experienced sawyers, edger, planer and graders are always in demand.

The average wages paid for lumbermen in the Kootenay district is forty dollars per month and board. Experienced sawyers receive from four to seven dollars per day and board. Setters and edgermen receive from two to three dollars per day and board. The comfort and needs of the lumbermen are generally well provided for.

Logging camps are opened generally in October, sometimes in September, to begin operations for the winter's work. Shanties are built and roads are opened up. The average number of men in these camps will be about forty. This work is kept up until the end of April, when the timber is floated down the rivers and lakes to the mill centres.

Nearly all the varieties of lumber are produced in the Kootenay mills, including rough lumber, flooring, ship-lap, lath and siding. There are very few cedar shingles manufactured through this part.

Lumber experts say that the lumber in British Columbia will grade as high as in any eastern district. So far there has been an unsettled basis of grading, but this year a uniform basis has been set down, highest grades having a net price of twenty-eight dollars per thousand feet F.O.B.

The great market for most of the Kootenay lumber has been, and will continue to be, the great prairie region to the east of the mountains, including Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Very little of the lumber of this part goes further east than Winnipeg. Great quantities are every year shipped to Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Moose Jaw, and, in fact, to all the western towns. The demand has been so great during the past years that much of the lumber was shipped before it had time to dry. The greater part, however, now is dried before being sent out. With such a market in the east, and so near at hand, the lumber industry of the Kootenays has a very bright outlook for the future.

HOW WE ORGANISED OUR W. F. M. AUXILIARY.

BY MRS. FORTUNE, CRANBROOK, B.C.

The active Christian woman when called upon to sever fond ties with loved congregations in the East and take up work in the far prairie or mountain districts where congregations are not yet fully equipped cannot but miss the aids in church life which she has been accustomed to, especially the W. F. M. S. with its cheering and stimulating meetings, Auxiliary, Presbyterian and Annual. "Ladies' Aids" are usually found wherever congregations are organized, and these are doing a good work in cultivating the social side of church life and building up its temporalities, but cannot satisfy the hunger of the soul.

But there are difficulties in the way of forming W. F. M. Societies in these new Western Presbyteries, the congregations are, in many cases, weak and struggling, many not yet off the Augmented list; the workers are few and they find that their efforts must be in aid of their own little congregation.

Then again the West is Home Mission. The need is so apparent to every church member here that it seems only right and necessary to devote every effort for the giving of the Gospel to remote parts of our own land; and we agree—but would add, "This ought yet to have done and not to have left the other undone."

Home and Foreign Missions should never have distinctions drawn between them. Both are under the command of the Master, and the fact that the one who is writing this humble article is now engaged in Home Mission work does not excuse her from taking part in the great work of giving the Gospel of the good news to those who sit in the darkness of heathenism.

But how shall we go about organizing a W. F. M. S. Auxiliary in a Presbytery where there are no other auxiliaries and where the distance is too great to think of bringing in some worker from the outside. While we realize that the ways and means adopted in one congregation may not be suited to another, yet the experience may be helpful.

On our arrival in this place, we were, of course, overflowing with enthusiasm, and were going to accomplish great things for the Master. The question was asked of several of the women of the congregation, "Would it not be well to have an auxiliary of the W. F. M. S.

organized?" The answer in each case was, "Yes, we believe it would be a good thing, but we are not ready for it yet."

We felt that we must possess our souls in patience, give ourselves unto prayer in the matter and wait the Spirit's moving.

For two years very little was said on the question, when it seemed to come from some of our noble women themselves; a desire was expressed for a meeting where we could hold spiritual intercourse, and this led up to the organization of our Auxiliary.

Invitations were sent out to every woman in the congregation to be present at a social and missionary afternoon to be given in the manse from three to six p.m. The pastor was asked on the previous Sabbath to preach a sermon on Foreign Missions.

Many accepted the invitation. There was pleasant social intercourse, and then a missionary programme, including prayers, hymns, solos, an address, a reading, etc.

The reading is worthy of special mention and was taken from a RECORD number of the year 1899, and was entitled, "They were Worth Saving."

The spirit pervading the meeting seemed to be that of willing helpfulness, and, at the close, many seemed deeply interested and a desire was expressed by nearly every one present for a society. A meeting was called for organization and we have now a flourishing Auxiliary, and are favoured with frequent visitors who assist in various ways in making the programme attractive.

The Spirit's working has been felt among us, and our own congregation has been blessed through the prayers of these consecrated women. There has been no strenuous effort made, no strain nor stress, no urging for money or new members. The question of dollars and cents has been left in the background, and yet the amount that has come in has exceeded our expectations. An effort has been put forth to instruct ourselves and all who come in the history, manner of life and religions of heathen nations. We believe the information will arouse interest, and the outcome, through God's blessing, will be consecration and self-sacrifice.

But we are beginning to feel lonely in Kootenay Presbytery. We are but one when we would like to say "we are seven" at least, and to feel that we have the stimulating co-operation of our sisters in the other congregations.

REMINISCENCES OF THE KOOTENAYS.

BY MR. MALCOLM MCINNIS, CRANBROOK.

My first visit to the Kootenays was in 1882. In August of that year, together with a companion, we started from Nicola Valley with a bunch of sixty horses. We followed the Similkameen Valley to Osoe Lake and crossed the Kettle River at Rock Creek.

Before we arrived at Osoe Lake we were told that old Moses (a desperado chief) and his braves had donned the war paint, and that he might make it somewhat interesting for us. The only crossing would land us at the Indian encampment.

When we came in sight of them, some of the braves gaily bedecked with feathers rode up, and so startling was the scene, my companion's pack horse bolted and with him went pots and pans and rubber boots, etc.

The Indians led us into the presence of the chief, where we were cross-questioned as to whence we came, where we were going, what was the chief's name in Nicola, how many sons had he, how many daughters and other questions of a local nature.

Our answers were satisfactory, for the old chief shook hands with us, called us "King George men" (the Americans being called Bostons), promised us safe conduct to the Boundary, and sent some of his braves with us.

It is worthy of note and indicative of Indian honesty that several days after an Indian appeared and restored to us the boots and pans which were lost when the pack horse so unceremoniously left us.

We followed the Kettle from Rock Creek to the Columbia, and in so doing passed over the site of Grand Forks, B.C. But two settlers were there in the valley. Little did we dream that in a few years we should see large thriving towns, where was then but a "howling wilderness."

After crossing the Columbia, at what is now called Marcus, we were overtaken by a fellow drover, Oscar Rush, who kept us company as far as Siniarateen Crossing at the foot of the Ponderilla Lake (pronounced Pontra) in Idaho.

Here we were taught an object lesson on the importance of hallowing the Sabbath we never forgot. According to our custom, my companion and I pitched our tents on Saturday night with more than usual care, as we proposed remaining until Monday morning, and suggested to Oscar that the valley having rich fresh grass, the horses feet dry and fevered, the soil soft and moist, he remain with us.

His reply will never be forgotten "I am going to drive to-morrow in spite of God or man." On Monday we crossed the Ponderilla River, and half a mile from the crossing came across Oscar, but what a tale he had to tell. In crossing twelve of his best mares were drowned, and a number of horses had been lost in the bush.

Sufficient to say, he did not offer to travel on the Sabbath again, at least during that trip.

Late in August, we crossed the Kootenay River at Bonnar's Ferry, traversed the valley of the Moyie River and camped on the present site of Cranbrook, where we found John Galbraith, whose widow now resides at Fort Steele.

Some five or six years later, Mr. Galbraith transferred his landed property and five or six hundred head of cattle to Colonel Baker, for the consideration of \$16 000, but Cranbrook had not then ever been dreamed of.

We crossed the Kootenay again, at what was then called Wild Horse, now called Fort Steele. It was several years later that Colonel Steele, with quite a large force was sent to Wild Horse to apprehend two murderers. However, his capture of the murderers, together with Old Isidore, who harboured the desperadoes, near what is now Fort Steele Junction, can better be told by others.

It would not interest the reader to tell of the rest of the journey, only to say the trail we followed crossed the rich seams of coal which have made the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. proverbial. In the month of September we reached Calgary, then a burgh with about one hundred and fifty of a population. There were but two white women in the town, Mrs. Geddes and Mrs. Barvis, both still there.

In 1893 several trips were made from Revelstoke to Kaslo, with bunches of cattle, generally two or three carloads in a bunch. To many it may seem an impossible feat, yet it was done driving all the way, except the short passage on the barge from Bannock Point to Nakusp.

We were forced one time to remain for a week at Green Slide, for a crust to form on the snow which was about five feet deep, then we drove the stock over the crust. In those days the mines in operation were the Noble Five, Slocan Star, Reco and Washington. There was no Sandon or Slocan, but New Denver was in existence.

In those days Fort Steele was a boom town. The middle of the streets was a moving mass of humanity, but the centre of attraction changed, and Cranbrook, starting in 1897 with two buildings (the Cranbrook Hotel and Mrs. Donahue's house), has become a thriving town of about 2,000 souls.

Our first services in Cranbrook were held in a restaurant, but not for long. Rev. J. Ball, recently of Trail, worked most energetically and our present church was soon erected, and now as we worship in our neat little building, former experiences of driving cattle and ponies, and construction days, seem but a dream.

Young People's Societies.

TOPIC FOR DECEMBER

INDIA.

BY REV. J. S. SCOTT, B.D., BRANTFORD.

The vastness of the mission field in India, its teeming population, its close connection with us as a part of the British Empire ought to awaken our sense of responsibility for its spiritual condition.

India is becoming nearer and more accessible. It was once nearly half a year's journey distant. Now we can reach it in a month without hurry or discomfort. Then it is under British Government. The story of the conquest of India is not at every step a creditable one, but God, who overrules evil and makes the wrath of man to praise Him, has already brought countless blessings to India through British rule, and who that believes in Providence can fail to see that God has given to the British people a special opportunity and a special responsibility for the evangelization of India's millions. Our purpose in conquest may often have been gain and glory, but God's purpose in permitting and guiding that conquest was the Christianization of that great country.

All missionaries of whatever nationality have testified to the excellence of British Government, and are thankful for the safety and protection which enable them without fear or hindrance to prosecute their work.

There are 25,000 miles of Government railroads and 35,000 miles of macadamized roads which make it comparatively easy to reach every part of the country. Missionaries also say that it is comparatively easy to get an audience in India. All these things combine to make the population of India accessible.

The Government has established there an organized school system. As a result the people are reading. Their faith in Hinduism is being undermined. Educated people are also reading sceptical literature. We are leading them away from their old faith, and unless

we give them the true faith many will cast off all religious belief. The 300,000,000 of India, so easy of access and a part of our own Empire, ought to appeal to us on many grounds:

1. They are a poverty-stricken people. We are frequently moved to compassion by stories of famine in India. These would not occur so often but for their poverty. A rich man can live on without great want even after many reverses, but a poor man is ever near want. India is ever on the verge of famine because she is poor. Many of her people never have more than one meal a day. In many parts four cents a day is an ordinary wage, in other parts from four to ten cents. The man who works for four cents a day provides his own food and perhaps keeps a family is never far from famine.

The reason of all this is not that the country is unproductive, for its resources are great, but that the people are not industrious nor skillful. They are without the spur to industry because they are without hope.

We sometimes discuss the question, "Is life worth living?" A Christian always answers in the affirmative, but India answers without hesitation, "No." No wonder, then, that India is lazy and poor! Christianity alone can remedy her poverty. It not only gives hope for the future life but for this life, and hope will soon inspire industry. All the heathen nations have their golden age in the past, therefore the only enterprising nations are Christian.

2. They are filthy. True, they are always bathing. Their religion enjoins it. But they bathe in dirty water. They go to ponds and tanks, wash their clothes, brush their teeth, and then carry the water home for cooking purposes. Plague, cholera, smallpox are the result. Most of them are quite ignorant of any laws of health. Bishop Thoburn says that this is not so true of North India as of the South, but it is a curse everywhere. "Cleanli-

ness is next to godliness." Cleanliness is, indeed, a part of godliness. The remedy is the Gospel.

3. They are ignorant. It is true that many Hindoos are highly educated. Some of them have bright, keen minds, yet the masses are densely ignorant. In many a village (perhaps as large as our towns) no one can read. In many others only one man is able to read. On this continent we have been protesting against the immigration of the ignorant classes from Europe, yet nearly seventy-five per cent. of them, and nearly half of our Indians and negroes can read, but this is true of only seven per cent. of the people of India.

Custom and caste bind them hand and foot. Russell tells of a village washerman who put all the clothes on one side of his bullock's back and a stone on the other to balance. When he was shown how he might dispense with the stone and lighten the burden by putting half of the clothes on either side, he thought it a sufficient answer to say, "It is the custom in our family, thus did our forefathers, and so do I."

Of caste, Sir Henry Maine says: "It is the most blighting and disastrous of all human institutions." Of the 300,000,000 of India 50,000,000 are Mohammedans who do not strictly observe Hindoo castes. Fifty millions are below caste or outcaste. Among the other 200,000,000 there are castes innumerable.

Caste is one of the great obstacles to the progress of Christianity because Christianity aims to create a human brotherhood, it preaches the Gospel of human fellowship. In India in one community there are often found twenty classes who are separated so that they cannot eat together nor intermarry, nor have any social relationships.

If any one professes Christ he loses caste, he becomes an outcast and is cut off from his own parents and family.

A Hindoo once came to a missionary to begin the study of Greek. When he returned, only after the lapse of ten years, the missionary said, "That is a strange way to study Greek." He answered, "I have been a prisoner ever since. When my people heard of my studying with the missionary they locked me up in the house, and I am only able to return now when the house has been accidentally burned."

4. The women especially are in a miserable condition. Millions of them are behind Zenana walls and are doomed to child-marriage, and, if the husband dies, to perpetual widowhood,

on one small meal of rice a day, with many fast days, and the treatment and toil of a worse than slave. There are nearly 14,000 widows in India under four years of age doomed to a hopeless life. The condition of woman in heathen countries can only be changed by the knowledge of Him of whom we read that by Jacob's well, the disciples " marvelled that he spake with the woman " (R. V. "a woman").

5. But they need our help specially, because they are ignorant of God. They are very religious, it is true, worshipping in their temples, making pilgrimages and sacrificing themselves and their goods for religious purposes, but the fruit of their religion is not love, joy, peace. In heathenism their religious duties are a hated penance, because the least neglect they think might incur the anger of their gods. Their worship is now the glad expression of their love and gratitude. They have learned of a God of Love.

Then their pantheism justifies all manner of evil. If everything is God nothing can be wrong. "Whatever is is right," and whatever is done God does. Pantheism in common with Mohammedanism leads to fatalism, paralyzes the will and produces the hopelessness and lethargy which is characteristic of the masses of India.

Pantheism also justifies idolatry, for if everything is God I am justified in worshipping anything.

The doctrine of transmigration of souls works together with pantheism to produce hopelessness and inactivity. They believe in millions of births. Every life is what it is by virtue of what it was in a previous state of existence, and there is no escape. I am what I am, because of what I was and I shall be something else because of what I am now.

WHAT IS BEING DONE TO SAVE INDIA?

Since Carey's time missionary preachers and teachers have gone out from every Christian nation, and already the whole nominally Christian community numbers nearly 3,000,000. That is only a beginning. It leaves 297,000,000 yet in heathenism, but it is an encouraging fact, for the Christians have been increasing in numbers, especially during the past few years, at a much greater rate than the heathen.

By what agencies are they being won to Christianity?

1. Chiefly by preaching in public and private. "Village Work in India," by our late missionary, Rev. Norman Russell, tells

very vividly how some of our own missionaries have been preaching in Central India. By long tours through the villages at the suitable season of the year they have proclaimed the Gospel to thousands on the street corners and in the market places. The magic lantern used to throw upon the sheet representations of the prodigal and the rich man and Lazarus, etc., have proved of great attraction and have given opportunity for sending to the heart the truths of these passages.

All the seed even in such preaching does not fall by the wayside, for the people eagerly ask the missionaries to come back again. Others come after the general meetings for private conversation. The work is followed up by native missionaries and by the distributing of tracts.

Singing is also a great attraction, and is, in itself, an effective means of preaching the Gospel, but, when followed up by preaching and private conversation, it has been the means of leading many to Christ.

2. The training of native preachers.

"The pivotal factor in the question of India's conversion is that little group of native workers which gathers round each mission station." Because of the peculiar character of the language of India and their different modes of thought only natives can most effectively preach to the people, and therefore the foreign missionary is most desirous of raising up a native ministry.

As the missionary journeys from village to village he talks to his helpers of the things of the Kingdom, drawing lessons as Jesus did from nature and men. Systematic teaching and training is given in times of rest and during the months when village work is impossible regular classes in theology are conducted.

Though the conversion of India must eventually depend upon a zealous and consecrated ministry, yet the need for foreign missionaries is none the less but rather the more urgent.

3. By medical work.

Nearly every staff of missionaries in India and our own Canadian Presbyterian staff among others comprises a number of medical doctors. Christ was the first medical missionary. He went about teaching in the synagogues and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and disease among the people.

We are following His example when we send preachers, teachers and medical men to work together in the conversion of the heathen, and

none are more welcome and gain readier entrance to the hearts of Hindoos than medical missionaries.

Dr. Margaret O'Hara began medical work in Dhar before any other missionary entered. Twenty five miles away from the nearest European she wrote: "I am as happy and full of peace as it is possible to be . . . had eighty-one patients this morning."

Dr. Buchanan became missionary to the Bhils, the Aborigines, who, like the Indians of our continent in the early days, have been driven to the poorer, rougher parts of the country. Already several score of these Aborigines have been brought to Christ and a group of buildings has been erected.

4. By education.

The masses of India are ignorant, for although a few are intellectual and highly educated, a very small proportion of the whole population can read. An important agency, therefore, in preparing the way for the Gospel is education.

Education alone cannot convert any one, but educated men everywhere, and in India especially, have great influence. It is, therefore, most important that those who are soon to be the educated men should be Christian men, and a large proportion of those educated in mission schools become Christian graduates.

Dr. Duff regarded this work as very important, and our Canadian Presbyterian Church has followed his example to some extent.

Britain has provided a system of education for India, but it is necessarily secular. The need of Christian schools and educated Christian men is all the more urgent, because men educated under the secular system drift away from the faiths of India, and, unless the true religion is implanted, they become agnostics and infidels.

The Hindoo leaders have been wise enough to see that in order to hold educated men at all they must adopt many Christian ideas into their own system. This they have skillfully done and are careful to lead their followers to believe that all the borrowed doctrines are to be found in their own sacred writers. Societies which are founded upon this principle, the Arya-Somaj and Brahmo-Somaj, become to many half-way houses, and prevent many who are drifting away from their own religion from becoming Christians.

The remedy is to be found in more widespread and thorough Christian education which has already created such a movement among the educated and influential classes in India.

The Children's Pages.

HOLD ON, BOYS!

Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon.

Hold on to God. He is the best treasure of earth and heaven.

Hold on to innocence with a tighter grip than you hold on to life.—Selected.

THE IDOLS CONVERTED.

A missionary in Travancore, India, saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols.

"What have you brought these here for?" asked the missionary. "I don't want them."

"You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native; "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?"

The hint was taken; they were sent to a bell-founder and made into a bell, which now summons the native converts to praise and prayer.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

A popular adage is: "Oh, it makes no difference what a man believes if he is sincere."

Let us see. A family was poisoned in Montgomery County recently by eating toadstools, which they sincerely believed to be mushrooms. Three of them died. Did it make no difference?

A man indorsed a note for a friend whom he sincerely believed to be an honest man. He was a scoundrel, and left him to pay the debt. Did it make no difference?

A traveler takes the wrong train going north, sincerely believing it is the southern train. Will it make no difference? Will it bring him up at the south all the same?

If a man sincerely believes a certain thing, while the truth about it is entirely different, will this sincere belief make it all right?

The truth is, the popular adage is a lie, and a very transparent one at that. If a man is sincere, he will take pains to know the truth. For where facts are concerned, all the thinking in the world will not change them. A toadstool remains a toadstool, whatever we may think about it.—*The Covenant.*

WEARING A C. E. BADGE.

A young man and woman got on the train. They were evidently going away for a short vacation. The young man wore a pin which indicated that he was a member of a Christian Endeavour society, and he gave the young woman the seat next to the window. It was a warm day and very dusty, and cinders and dust enveloped the train in a cloud as it rolled along.

Presently the young man proposed to open the window. The woman replied that the disadvantages of the cinders and dust that would blow in would counterbalance the benefit of the fresh air and the breeze. "Oh!" the young man replied, so that the traveler behind him overheard, "it will not trouble us. It always blows back on the seat behind." And the window went up.

The traveler on the seat behind looked over to make sure that he was not mistaken about the pin, and then leaned back and shut his eyes to keep out the cinders and dust, and meditated a little. These were some of his meditations:

1. "There are disadvantages in wearing badges. So long as the conduct of the wearer is such as to reflect credit upon the society, all is well; but when it is otherwise, all is not well. Some uncharitable stranger might have said: 'I wonder what sort of society this is whose members don't care for the inconveniences they occasion others, and who make selfishness the law of life.'"

But this particular conduct of the badge-wearers not only does not represent their organization, but is directly contrary to its principles. Now, either people should not wear badges, or they should be faithful representatives of the principles of which the badge is the symbol.

2. "Little things reveal character. It wouldn't be pleasant to live with those two people all the time. Evidently they feel that, if they get satisfaction out of things, it is immaterial how much discomfort they give to others. Perhaps, if it were something conspicuous, they would try to live up to their Christian profession; but, as this incident shows, in small things they are no better than heathen.

3. "Perhaps some one is seeing some inconsistency in me, as I see one in these young people. This world's a very public place. They are unconscious of scrutiny. I am unconscious of some one else's scrutiny. Maybe he will tell on me. Maybe there is a beam in the only eye that is marking their mote.

4. "I will have to remember that all of us live before the world, and seek to see myself as I am seen. These young people are not thinking, or they would shut the window. They are good enough within doubtless. They are simply thoughtless. Perhaps they have not learned that Christian principles are for practice as well as for profession. If only they saw themselves truly!"—Robert E. Speer.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces.

1. Sydney, South Gut, 1 Dec.
2. Inverness, Baddeck, 17 Nov., 2 p.m.
3. P. E. Island.
4. Pictou, N. Glasgow, 12 Jan.
5. Wallace.
6. Truro, Up. Musq., 24 Nov
7. Halifax.
8. Lun. and Yarmouth.
9. St. John.
10. Miramichi.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 8 Dec.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 8 Dec.
13. Glengarry, Moose Creek, 15 Dec.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 3 Nov., 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Carlton Pl., 19 Jan, 10.30.
16. Brockville.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston, Belleville, 8 Dec.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 12 Dec., 2 p.m.
19. Whitby, Whitby, 20 Jan.
20. Lindsay, Lindsay, St. A., 15 Dec., 11 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, monthly, 2nd Tues.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 12 Jan.
23. Barrie.
24. Algoma, Blind River, March.
25. North Bay.
26. Owen Sound, O. Sd., 1 Dec., 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Harriston, 8 Dec.
28. Guelph, Guelph, 17 Nov., 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, Hamilton, Knox, 5 Jan., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Paris, 12 Jan.
31. London, Glencoe, 8 Dec.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 8 Dec., 10 a.m.
33. Stratford.
34. Huron, Clinton, 10 Nov., 10.30 a.m.
35. Maitland, Wingham, 15 Dec., 10 a.m.
36. Bruce, Paisley, 6 Dec., 11 a.m.
37. Sarnia, Sarnia, 15 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest.

38. Superior, Aug.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 2nd Tue. bi-mo.
40. Rock Lake, Pilot Md., 2 Tuesday Feb.
41. Glenboro, Souris, 1 Dec.
42. Portage, Portage la Prairie, 3 March.
43. Dauphin.
44. Brandon.
45. Minnedosa, Minnedosa, 17 Feb.
46. Melita, Melita, Feb., '04.
47. Regina.
48. Qu'Appelle.
49. Prince Albert.

Synod of British Columbia.

50. Calgary, Macleod.
51. Edmonton, Ft. Saskatchewan.
52. Kamloops.
53. Kootenay, Nelson, 17 Feb.
54. Westminster.
55. Victoria.

CALLS. INDUCTIONS, &c.

CALLS FROM

- Sydney Mines, C.B., to Mr. H. L. McKinnon.
Induction 26th Nov.
- St. Paul's, Glace Bay, C.B., to Mr. D. M. Gillies.
Induction 24th Nov.
- Rossland, B.C., to Mr. Jas. McNeill.
- Paris, Ont., to Mr. G. R. Fasken, of Toronto.
- Esteran and North Portal, to Mr. J. K. Clark,
of Franklin, Man.
- Admaston and Barr, to Mr. D. H. Hodges, of
Ancaster.
- Lower Stewiacke, to Mr. W. W. McNairn.

INDUCTIONS INTO

- Georgetown, P.E.I., 19th Nov., Mr. F. S. Coffin.
- Raymond, N.W.T., Sept., Mr. Gordon.
- Manitowaning, 21st Oct., Mr. H. D. Currie.
- Nairn and Beechwood, Ont., 29th Oct., Mr.
Alex. Rannie.
- Forest, Ont., 10th Nov., Mr. H. J. McDonald.
- Alvinston, Ont., 11th Nov., Mr. Mahaffy.
- Knox Church, Glace Bay, C.B., 10th Nov.,
Mr. W. Meikle.
- Hampton, P.E.I., Mr. A. D. Macdonald.
- Thessalon, etc., Ont., 18th Nov., Mr. C. E. A.
Pocock.
- Copper Cliff, Ont., 17th Nov., Mr. N. C. Mc-
Kenzie.
- Forest, Ont., 10th Nov., Mr. K. D. McDonald.

RESIGNATIONS OF

- St. Andrew's, London, Ont., Dr. R. Johnson
to accept American Pres. Church, Mont-
real.
- Webbwood, Ont., Mr. N. C. McKenzie.
- Little Current, Ont., Mr. C. E. A. Pocock.
- Zion, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Mr. D. B. McLeod.
- Springside, N.S., Mr. D. Stiles Fraser.

CENTURY FUND BOOKLETS AND CARDS.

As intimated two months ago, booklets and souvenir cards were sent by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Perth, to all congregations and Sabbath schools entitled to these. Wherever notification has been received regarding mistakes made as to the number sent to congregations, these have been rectified. Now, however, Dr. Campbell informs us that the supply of booklets is entirely exhausted. There still remain, however, a number of cards, and if any Sabbath schools entitled to these have not received the full number, they are asked to correspond immediately with the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Perth.

Church Funds

WEST.

Estimates for year
ending 28 Feb., 1904

Home Missions	\$110.000
Augmentation	30.000
Foreign Miss.	90.825
French	25.0 0
Pt a x Trem	11.000
W & O Fund	15.000
Aged Min Fund.	14.000
Assembly Fd	7.500
Kx Coll	12.000
Queen's Coll	5.500
Montreal Coll	5.000
Manitola	2.600

Received for current
year to 31 October,
1903.

Home Miss	\$24,050 30
Augmentation	2,453 20
Foreign Miss.	13,627 63
French	5,014 20
Pt aux Trem	2,031 09
W & O Fund	1,228 98
A & I M Fd	1,425 12
Assembly Fd	8,12 91
Kx Coll	147 94
Queen's Coll	745 25
Montreal Coll	159 28
Manitoba Coll	426 01

Received by Rev Dr.
Warden, for month of
October, 1903, and allot-
ted to Schemes as direct-
ed by the donors.

Lawrence ss	25
Crossland	3 95
New Glasgow Ont ss	6 25
Kaskawan ss	6 25
Berriedale ss	4 12
Mary Lang	18
N Mornington ss	2
Ancaster St And ss	6 47
Rev Dr Wilkie	8
Avon bank ce	18
Owen S Div	125
Iroquois	15
Geolph (hal)	450
Hillsdale	10
Keewatin St And	5
Keewatin ss	1 40
do	5
Hampden ss	3 30
W Williams ss	3 81
Desbrou ss	1 70
Berlin ss	6 37
Smith Hill ss	10
Bradford St John ss	4 60
Domitrou City ss	7 85
Victoria Man ss	5
Plantagenet ss	4 86
Leith ss	1 91
Annan ss	6
E Normanby ss	9 25
Roseneath ss	4 44
Queensboro ss	2 50
Bar River ss	2
Goulborne ss	1
Piccadilly ss	2
Depot Hbr ss	7
Barry Preby yps	20
Vaughan St Pauls ss	6 75
Pefferlaw ss	3 60
Sonya ss	13 26
Rev J McClung	8
Aultsville ss	10 35
L'Orignal ss	8 60
S Luther	5 95
Oxford Mills ss	6 28

Otta Bank ss	100
Sharbot Lakes etc.	2 47
Rev D B Macdonald	8
W Flamboro ss	4 36
Atkins Cors ss	4 60
W Flamboro.	12
Tait's Cors	12 50
Melbourne Guth	32 75
Ravenwood ss	5
John Owens	10
Rev W P Walker	3 30
Sintaluta ss	36 53
Gladstone ss	36 53
Mt Pleasant ss	4
Mtwin ss	5
Moosomin ss	11
Eton ss	2 75
Cochrane ss	3 50
Whitehead ss	4 12
Bradview ss	14 10
Highview ss	6
Elkhorn ss	2
Newdale ss	9
Canduff	17 80
Dunleith	4 75
Liverton Knox	42 75
Drydale ss	1 80
Barrie ss	15
Rosefield ss	2 80
Mrs J W Koss.	1
Carleton Pt Zion	81
Preston ss	5 55
Perth Knox ss	19 50
Sowbery ss	4
Dwight ss	2 25
Sturgeon Falls ss	9 20
Iweed ss	9 20
Maxville ces	12
Tenby ss	1 20
Cadmus ss	2 40
Tempo ss	8
Rev S W Fisher	8
Rev R Moodie	8
Cr. lereagh ss	4 50
White Lake ss	9 70
Ext-nision S Welgton ss	10
Cobourg ss	17
Brougham St John ss	5 11
Hensall Carmel ch	25 07
Newtonville ss	4 07
"B M W"	1
Oakdale ss	4 15
Hunter River ss	6 46
Rev A McDiarmid	8
Nashville ss	30
Strathroy ss	7 20
Marksville ss	94
Durham	5 80
Binbrook ss	4
Holstein ss	8 25
Thornburn ss	2
Byng Inlet ss	9 54
Seymour ss	3 90
Lucknow ss	6
Oak River ss	6
Avonton	18
Carlingford	3 25
"ss	5
Fergus St And	3 48
Bracefield ss	6 75
Blythesswood ss	7 50
Westminster ss	13 15
Sidney ss	2 5
Meadow Lea ss	3 80
Minto ss	2 30
Preston ss	8
New Glasgow ss	10 60
Stewartville ss	10 60
Martin Burns ces	15
Esson ss	10 40
Edenvale ss	12
Glen Ewen ss	7 90
Oxbow ss	9 80
Brookline Mass Be- thany ss	10
Cheltenham ss	1
Lamon ss	4 15
Rev M Barr	8
Southampton ss	7
Frank & Blaimore ss	4
Devin ss	3 15
Quebec Chal ss	7 52
Mar ss	3
MacLennan ss	2 80
Elora Chal	15
"ss	3
Bullocks Cors ss	2 50
Glencoe	80
Oakville ss	8 85
Botany ss	4 90
Blakeney ss	7
J J Wightman	19 15
Rev R Ure D D	8
Rev Jas Anderson	8
Rev Wm Millican	8
Pincher Crk ss	9 40
Macloed ss	9 30
Glenburnie ss	4 25
London ss	5 40
Stonewall ss	11 45
Dufferin ss	2 07
A Friend Greenhill	20
Rainy Lake ss	2 25
Ymir ss	6
Ainsworth ss	4 55
Greenwood ss	3 65
Beresford ss	7 80
Strathcona ss	21
Parish St And	120 80
Paris ss	9 50
Sherbrook ss	5
Burke Fall ss	4 65
Plumas ss	5 25
Hampden ss	11
Springville	53 50
St Lukes, Okotoks	8 10
Arkona ss	4
Olus ss	11
Yorkton ss	16 15
Birtle ss	13 60
Rev N Macpherson	10
Verdun ss	5
Cowal ss	12
Cromar ss	7
Frimrose ss	5
Moore Line ce	15
Ripley ss	7
R B Arthur	23
Rev D A McLean	47 25
Uppergroves	2 60
Kaslo ss	3 45
Isabel Tweedell	5
Morningside ss	5
Dr J K Smith	8
Dr McTavish	8
Tor Bloor	249 62
Beausejour &c	8 50
Cauntington ss	37
Bishopgate ss	3 2
Laskay 11th Line ss	6 15
Fisherville ss	3 60
Orangeville ss	6 51
Fingal ss	6 80
Ingersoll ss	17 01
Wilbur	1 75
McDonalds' Cors	42 30
Elphin	32 88
Dutton ss	8 80
Sand Hill ss	6 25
Vaur St And ss	23 16
S Brandon ss	3 25
Brookdale ss	5
Nanamo ss	7 45
"Needham	3 50
Poplar Pt ss	6 40
Portage la Pra ss	33
Parkhill St Pauls	40
Turnberry Union ss	3 16
Nassagaweya	47
Shelbourne ss	6 45
Bethel ss	5 15
Mt Forest ss	20 01
Exeter Cavn ch	11 10
Chiselhurst	13 55
Kingston Cooke's ss	30
Chalk Riv ss	6
The Ridge ss	1 46
Bobcaygeon ss	3 60
Craigvale ss	7 20
Almira ss	3
Liberton ss	4 40
Cameron ss	3
Bear Creek ss	3
Monck ss	3
Willis ss	8 25
Chamhouse ss	2 30
Durham ss	9 18
Mindemoya ss	1 10
Souris ss	5
Janet Miller	2
Bidduph	3
Tor St Marks	3
Petrolia ss	10 60
"ch	4 86
Amherstburg ss	2
Rev A H Kippian	19
Drummond Hill ss	4
"	8 50
Woodville	228 40
New Toronto ss	3 40
Lindsay ss	2 30
Duggan	7
Blake Ont	4
King St Pauls ss	5
1 hornhill ss	3 30
Shuswap & B C	4
Leithbridge ss	12 70
Myrtle ss	3 50
Rev M J Leith	8
Florence ss	1
Cut Arm ss	4 90
Harrow ss	4
Westward Ho ss	2 80
Dauphin ss	14 35
Hornings Mills ss	13 82
Bleheim ss	6 43
St George ss	8 77
Pembroke Calvin	18
Metcalfe	11 20
Rev A Stevenson	8
Rev J A Anderson	8
La Croix ss	2 75
Ethel ss	4 40
Swinton Park ss	8 05
Pricewill ss	10
Sawyer ss	4
Ayton ss	14 25
Mildmay ss	7 07
Antioch ss	3 30
Leamington ss	6 10
Kylstone ss	7
"G C M"	1 00
Springfield ss	3 75
Islay ss	1 75
Orono	5 11
E Oxford	3 30
Bury's Green ss	4 65
Cobourg	140
Keudal ss	2 50
"ch	2 50
Des-ronro ces	5
Ormistown	122 55
A. Iamit ss	9
Pleasant Valley ss	4 30
Winchester Spgs ss	5 40
Port Robinson ss	2
Ennisville ss	3 60
Summerstown	63 38
Buckingham ss	10
Ma ta ces	2
"ss	2
Guthrie Central ss	8 25
Grand Bend	6
Maudamin ss	4 22
Tor floor yp guild	6 80
Inwood	10 84
Wpg. St And ss	46 45
Athin ss	30
Alice, Petawa	10
Mono Mills ss	5
Maple Lake ss	1 08
Hespeler ss	10
Duncans	23 10
Little Rapids ss	4
Welland	36 70
Tor Emmanuel ss	10
Wroxeter ss	7
Southampton ss	2
McDonald's Cors	10
Bathurst ss	3 65
N. Lunenburg ss	6
Windsor Mills ss	3
Rev P D Muir	4
St Johns, St Ste ss	10
Wakopa ss	3
Crystal City ss	5
Grande Mere ss	4 75
Sarnia, St A, Chin ss	40
Leeds, St Sylvestre	10

Nairn, St And	12	Star ss	3 10	Merrilton	24	Parry Sound ss	10
Hulet ss	7 30	Desert ss	4 60	London 1st ss	23 70	Kippen ss	15 47
Londesboro ss	5	Snow Road	25 54	Dunbarton ss	4	Pickering ss	3 90
Esqueing Boston ss	25	Warren	3	Fairfax ss	9	Guelph, St And ss	6 50
Nelson ss	9 80	Valcartier ss	2 75	Manor ss	10 60	Uxbridge, Chalmers	40
Ham, St Pauls	7	Chebogue	2 55	Wolfe Island	5	Mrs Brock	2
SS. 4j Guelph	1 40	Wm Craig	18	Westwood	4	Miss B Gregor	2
Rev Jas Buchanan	10	W F M S (West)	1,000	Wm Port ss	4 45	Ottawa, Bank ss	2 65
Dundalk, Ventry ss	11 45	Bayfield ss	8 70	St Cath. Haynes ss	6	Garden Hill ss	6 70
Stirling ss	2 85	W Adelaide ss	6 75	Midhu st ss	3 30	Crowland ss	3 72
Morris ss	4 8	Dunwich Chal.	26 65	Qu'Appelle ss	18	Rev Wm Cooper	62 39
Alton ss	3 91	Wpg, Wtmister ss	139 80	Molesworth ss	5 50	Ayr, Knox	54 53
Woodlands ss	15	Mill Creek ss	2 05	Harriston etc	26	Elora, Knox	75 65
Camilla ss	8 30	Bonnyville ss	1 15	Anon	15	Galt, Knox whms.	16 50
Flodden ss	1 31	Linds y ss	20 65	Victoria ss	5	Tor, Chinese	10
Newburgh ss	2 70	Greenfell ss	3 70	ly ss	1 14	Fairbank	19 28
Crimnan ss	7	W D McLean	4 50	Glensandfield ss	1 75	Beverly	17 25
Moonstone ss	8	Pilot Md Floral ss	17 80	Bruce Mines ss	2 55	Fisherville ss	5
Portneuf ss	2 25	Shanks ss	9	Rydal Bank ss	1 60	Silver Creek ss	7 25
Brigden ss	3 50	Sandon ss	1	Duchess St	7 78	Saltcoats	16
Martintown ss and yp	59 10	Senator F.ost	20	Waterloo	57	Emerson ss	5
Montreal St Pauls ss	11 20	E Puslinch ss	14 30	Do ss	7	Ogilvie ss	8
Beverly	10	Claresholm ss	5 50	Tor. College St yps	18	Rossburn ss	12
Bethel ss	7 32	Field	40	Rodney ss	14 52	Tamerisk ss	3 25
Minden ss and yps	5 5	McGillivray ss	3 50	Annon	20	Melita ss	16 76
Rockwood ss	3 15	Bookton ss	3 10	Chatsworth ss	4	Chatsworth ss	1
Chesterfield	36 27	Portsmouth ss	5 50	Bluevale ss	22	Palmerston	20
Plattsville ss	8	Lakeport ss	8 03	Robertson ss	9	Wm Orams	20
Goldsmith ss	2	Minnedosa ss	6 25	Bervie ss	4	Vasey ss	9
Shoal Lake ss	11 55	Grand Forks ss	6 80	Weston ss	8 41	Hagersville ss	5
Gravenhurst ss	10 27	Gandier ss	5 41	Perth, Kx ss	14	Newtonville	17 04
Nelson ss Man.	8	Hartney ss	20	Vancouver, St Jo ss	32 15	St Stephen ss	7 31
Somerset ss	2	Amherstburg ss	5 25	Mt Lehman ss	5	Ve nonville ss	3 23
Byth ss	3 60	Mrs E C Donald	7 50	Newdale ss	10 65	Leaskdale	3 25
Brant ss	5 40	"Friend" Sarnia	15	Rev S Mcl Fee	8	Norval	1 67
Union Point ss	3	Bredalbane ss	10 75	Claudeboye ss	5	Bishop's Mills ss	5 6
Clearwater ss	10	Ardan ss	11 10	Fernbank Union ss	3 65	Kenmore ss	5 50
Kingsley ss	2 45	Rev Jas Hastie	6	Carp, Lowry, etc	21 60	L Litchfield ss	2 25
La Riviere ss	8 20	Cypress River ss	8 40	Campbellford, St And	115	Athelston ss	5 59
Seeburn ss	2 25	Fairbairn ss	7	Flesherton ss	3 15	N Smith ss	1 84
Victoria Lake ss	4 50	Humessville ss	27	Eugenia ss	1 50	H'Brien	7 52
Wawanesa ss	15	Oak Lake ss	13	Apple Hill	3 38	Brown's Cors	4 32
Merivale ss	6 85	Petrolia, Granton ss	2 65	Victoria, St And ss	4 90	Carlisle	17 75
Leaskdale ss	6 30	Russell ss	8 15	Culls, No 2 ss	3 52	Eldon ss	6
Richmond ss	1 50	Galt, Cent, Miss. ss	2 05	Alexandria ss	6 35	Caledonia ss	1 30
Orms town ces	49	Campbellford ss	10	Wick	21 80	Bristol ss	9
Glencanal ss	3 30	St Laurent ss	2 10	Tor, Central ss	16 5	Barnstow ss	19 15
Bennett's Cors ss	1	Annprior ss	8	Egmondville ss	4 30	Cote St George ss	5
Delhi ss	5	Rev A McTavish	10	London, King St ss	7	Drinkwater ss	3
West Lorne ss	2 25	Brucefield ces	10	Per Dr Findlay	120 65	Clarke's Road ss	1 25
Rev Jas Gourlay	10	Keewatin, St And	15	Van Vlack, etc ss	16 50	Newington ss	6 50
Reu N D McKinnon	10	Anon	10	Rev T Fenwick	3	Blue Rock ss	2
Southwood ss	15 50	Lena MacMillan	13	Lochwinnoch ss	12 50	Whitney Pier ss	5 25
Havelock ss	5	Rev D B McDonald	5	Wentworth ss	10	Cooper ss	5 42
Manitowaning ss	5	Rev C E Amaron	16 10	Lachute ss	12 51	Baltimore yps	18
Tamworth ss	4 50	Ridgetown ss	5	Bristol Cors ss	2 25	Elmsley	10 62
Gordon ss	5 25	Beulah Indian Reserve	4	Woodland ss	6	Tr Edward	10 62
Cottesloe ss	30	Riv, Shediak ss	4 58	N Luther, etc	8	Tor, St John's ss	12 06
Pakenham	30	Orville ss	28	Minosa ss	5	R N Walsh	18
Rev Hugh McLean	19	Ashburn ss	4	Mt Brydges ss	4 50	Windham Centress	4
Clyde dale ss	1 20	S.S. No 6 Harwich	3 21	Ori Station	10	Tor, Bonar Ch.	14
Wm Kyle	5	Lake Megantic ss	2	N Easthope ss	6 65	Norwich ss	2 28
Eliz, Lindsay	13	Rapid City	7 25	Blackheath ss	6	Moffat ss	20
R Peters	2	Wland ss	2 10	Victoria Harbor ss	5	Kamloops	19 50
S. Nissouri ss	2 30	Hx, Cobourg ss	7 45	Bright ss	7	Little Britain ss	3 80
Strangfield	11 50	Napinka ss	2	Peabody	10	Chisholm ss	3 60
10th Line Brook B, E	6 43	Pennfield Cent, ss	1 05	McIntyre ss	2	Sapperton	2
Peabody ss	6	Hills' urg ss	7 61	Hawkesville ss	4 38	Valens ss	3 10
Fergus, St And	19	Brantford St And ss	4 70	Dobbington ss	2 25	Latoras	7
Rev A Leslie	8	Fairview ss	3 50	Clerg's	3 25	New Glasgow ss N S	3 76
Argyle ss	1 75	Toledo ss	3 50	Rocky Saugeen ss	3 75	Belmont ss	2 25
Inkerman ss	3	Lockport ss	1 84	Admiral Rock ss	1 8	Edmonton ss	30
Duff's ss	2 25	N. Bdeque ss	6 75	Indian Road ss	1 20	Murchison ss	9 35
Franklin ss	10 35	Moyie & Crestop ss	3 70	N Salem ss	2 72	Almonte ss	2 25
Varna ss	1 25	Nelson ss	13 50	Miniska ss	12 05	Milles Isles, etc	6 50
Cargill ss	2 51	St Martin's ss	1 90	Alexander ss	4 30	Brightside, etc ss	1 50
Turtle Lake ss	1	Galt, Cent, ss	16 23	Virden ss	13 85	Grenville ss	16 22
Brookside N W T	75	High View ss	7 75	Mnico ss	5 50	Forwich ss	15 50
Fernie ss	11	Port Lock ss	1	Elmva ss	3 80	Bruells ss	10 88
Rev W J Dey	90	Dutch Brook ss	1 05	Austin ss	8 6	Cranbrook, Knox	24 50
Rev John Neil	25	Brantford, Alex ss	8 50	W'peg, St Paul's ss	1 284 78	Bloomfield	1
Quaker Hill ss	10 47	Penelon Falls ss	5	Per Agnt, Fast	14 65	Bridge End ss	2 56
Marthaville ss	3 46	Mt. Pleasant ss	1 20	Rev W J Clark	1	Victoria ss	9 94
Enniskillen ss	3 40	Burgoyne ss	5 25	Lennox Ferry	6	New Glasgow ss ss	6 30
Blackstock ss	5 50	Markham, St And ss	13 42	Rockburn ss	6	High River	7 50
St Mary's First	49 78	Lion's Head etc	1 35	Glendale ss	4 60	Ham, Frskine	250
Kintyre ss	10 50	Elizabeth Bay ss	10	Lake Charles ss	10 61	Rev R S G Anderson	41
Apple Hill ss	3 87	J J McIntosh	53 65	Knox Church, 16 ss	6 78	Egmondville	10
Curry Hill ss	5 80	St Thomas, Knox	1 50	Kilbride ss	14	Princeton ss	1
Pictou ss	7 77	Rev J Fotheringham	25	Tignish, etc	27	Normanby ss	9
Almonte St And	150	Dryden ss	25	Ham, Knox ss	10	Moore Line ss	11
Vankleek Hill ss	31 24	Victoria 1st Chinese	10	2nd W Gwilm' b 2 ss	7 75	Revelstoke ss	15 10
Dr P C Leslie Honan	200	Lancaster ss	10				
W S Leslie	50						

Baddeck, Branch ss.	12	40	Atwood	125
St And ss.	3		Rutherford ss.	3 25
Fergus, Mel ss.	7		Basswood ss.	5 35
Hawkesbury.	7		Micksburg ss.	4
"H Y"	7		Pickmouth, etc, ss.	3 25
Newburg ccs.	2		Reidville ss.	4
Camden, 5th ss.	1 26		Atheistan	83
Es	99		London, St Jas.	120
North Bay, Pres ypa	38 25		Innisfil	4 62
Dr G H Smith	74 70		Dungannon	58
Cleiff ss.	4		Saratoga, 1st ss.	9 22
Streetsville ss.	13 30		Est J W Smith.	100
Belwood ss.	8 52		Grenville	3
Elgin ss.	11 50		St Fillans.	2 15
Friend	99		Manitowaning	1 50
Campbellford, St A ss.	10		Sun bridge	12
Beaverdale	7		Huntville	5 32
Winthrop ss.	4		Ganebridge ss.	4 85
Sparrow Lake ss.	3 25		Matawatchan	1 16
Port Colborne ss.	2 63		Ceebe ss.	2 17
Shawville ss.	2		St Lambert ss.	18
Aylmer, Que. ss, ce.	13		Miss Carlyle.	200
Rev Jos White	8		Fred Hutton	5
Cornwall, Knox ss.	71 73		Chesterfield ss.	3
N Mornington.	5		Allenford ss.	6 43
Tavistock ss.	5		Port Albert ss.	6
Holywood ss.	3		Rev A A Laing	8
Appia	25		Rev Dr McClelland	8
N Ekfrid.	6		Brampton	300
ss.	2		Monkton ss.	3 25
Hanover ss.	7 51		Sebright ss.	4 85
Woodstock, Chal ss.	10 92		Glenmorris ss.	11 32
Riversdale.	24		Minesing	1 66
Collins Inlet ss.	3 75		Cresswell	4
McKillop	22		Wolsley ss.	12 85
Carberry.	17		Ross Creek ss.	1
Jas Robertson	3		Carnduff.	10 40
Ellisboro, etc	5 30		J A Struthers.	10
Arcola and Percy	24 30		W H	5
Tynehead.	2 50		Peter's Road ss.	1
Lynnfield	90		Fish Creek ss.	2 50
Mont Annex ss.	15 30		Otta, 1st skie ss.	6 65
Leeburn ss.	4		Beaver Lake ss.	2
Camlachie ss.	5		Salmon Arm ss.	5
Ailsa Craig, Carlisle.	250		Per Rev W MacWilliam	99
Innerkip	2 41		Per Rev C H Vessot	297
Ratho	1 60		London, St Johns wood	214 15
Grand Val, Knox ss.	2 61		Niagara ccs	22
Campbell ss.	18		Beaverton, St A ss	5
Mont West ss.	4 16		Underwood	27 35
Glenvale, etc, ss.	17 23		Dominion City.	83
Otta, St And	93 80		Orms town, St Pa	188
Morrisburg and ss	17 60		Allan's Corners ss.	2 50
Mrs Albert Boulter	500		Sarakaw ss.	5 25
Gu hrie, Bl Cr, etc	29 15		Brigen	5
Midway ss.	2 60		Fait's Cors ss.	8 50
Seymour East	7 92		Audrey ss.	2 80
Lachute, yps.	18		Pakenham ss.	8 80
Carleton Pl, yps.	7		Dunwich Chal.	28 20
Nelson ss.	1 50		E Wawanow, Cal	35
Rev A R Linton	16 30		Est W T Archibald.	73 66
Tor, St Ja sq ss	8 92		Tor, St And	12 00
"Chinese miss.	71 90		Cotton Beaver ss	6
Mt Albert ss.	7 32		Blythfield ss.	6
Woodbridge ss.	6		Creeford ss	6
Richmond.	6 83		Blenlee ss	4
Cumberland ss.	5		Bristol, No 1 ss	8
Millbrook ss.	5		Rev Neil Campbell	8
Rev P A McLeod.	160 78		Beauharnois.	18 47
Trail ss.	5 70		Chateauguay	41 2
Red Deer ss.	6 25		Mira, Union ss	3
St Hyacinthe	52		Tor, West ss	8
Janetville, etc, ss	5 10		Rev R Knowles	7 15
Creemore ss.	3 76		Rev W E Knowles	10
Windsor, ss, N.S.	4		Rev E W Waits.	4 60
Rev A Edington.	10		Kenmay ss.	7
McCrimmon ss.	8		Victoria, St Pass	4 65
Grand Bend ss	10 79		Riverview ss	14 35
Livingstone Creek ss.	1		Killarney ss	1 75
Kirkfield, yps	5		Willoughby ss	97
Spruce Grove ss.	2		Ayr, Stauky	11 50
Rev W Akit	10		Claude ss.	8 11
Oil City ss	5		am, St Johns ss.	4 85
Beechwood ss.	4 50		Metcalfe ss.	1 50
Warton ss.	8		Bayfield ss.	1 30
Port Albert	16		Spruce Creek ss.	2
Lynden ss	5 37		Berwick ss.	5
St Cath, Knox.	253		Finch ss.	22 50
Indian Head ss.	4 40		Niagara, St And.	2 62
Grassmere ss.	6 40		Maple Valley ss.	9 30
St Aidans ss.	7		Longford Mills.	11 50
New Wmstr W ss.	8 91		Bracebridge ss.	337 12
Alexandria	44		Tor, Bloor St	2
Nassagaweya			Winterbourne ss.	

Rev Wm Farquharson.	8
Rev W J Booth	8
Pine River	26 65
Essex ss.	2 10
Renauld Line ss.	1 70
Adamsville ss.	1 60
Goldsmith	8
Rev John Radford.	8 20
Union Bay	5 84
Shannonville ss.	4 75
Warsaw ss.	6 60
Nichol, Zion	7
Carleton Pl, St And ss.	13
Winterbourne	10
Bel evil, John St Guild.	4 75
Wakefield ss.	10
Masham ss.	4 50
Vont, Annex.	8 10
Pender ss	35
Agri court ss	5 47
Rodney	3
Dewar ss.	21 60
Sand Point un ss.	64 88
Moore, Tp Burns.	4
Mont West	20
Avonton ss.	8 40
Grafton	22 75
Kirkton ss.	18
New Glasgow, Que.	69 75
Per Rev J Steele	26 65
Merrickville ss.	20 20
"Gentleman"	10
Dundas, Kx.	10 25
Goderich, un ss	19
Rev D Maclaren	15
Dr C B Pitblado.	10
Sintaluta	16 80
Barnbrae ss.	2
Rev J Mackie, DD.	14 5
Craighurst ss.	1 77
E Templeton	19 0
New St Luke's ss.	8
ea Island ss.	8 13
Centre ss.	20
Lost River	36 28
Lakeview	16
Mt Uniacke, un ss.	40
Peterboro, St Pa ss.	1 76
Dundee, Zion ss.	14 50
Charlo, etc ss.	5
Rev D M Macleod.	5
Allen I arson.	8
Rev J R Craigie.	29
outhside ss.	31
Rev F H Peatchell.	13 63
Tilbury W.	10
Comber	18 70
Thorold.	40
Bethany ss.	13 63
Morningside	10
N Burke, Trout Riv	5
Fisherville ss	1 76
Bellevil, St A ss.	14 50
Rev D McLaren.	5
Picnic Grove ss	8 35
Nassagaweya ss.	170
Barrie	1 68
E Zorra, 10 line, un ss.	13 63
Esquessing	10
Mont, Wmster ss	73 09
Ladner, St And ss.	28
Durham	7
Galt ss	33
Maple Creek ss	5 30
Rev M McLeod	4
Guelph Chal	10
Winlaw ss.	8
Oak Hill	18 70
Rev R Gray	30 6
Blytheswood.	10
Motherwell	9 60
Rev A Wilson	20
Rev J McFarlane.	
Bervie, un yps.	

Church Funds

EAST.

Estimates for year
ending 28 Feb. 1904.

Home Missions.	\$16,500
Augmentation	10,000
Foreign Missions.	51,500
College Fund.	13,500
Aged Ministers	5,500
Bursary Fund	1,200
N. W. Home Miss.	
Manitoba College	

Congregations East are expected to contribute to Home Missions in the Northwest, French Evangelization Manitoba College and the Assembly Fund.

Receipts

During October, by
Rev E. A. McCurdy,
agent at Halifax, Office
Derald Halling, and al-
located to Schemes as di-
rected by the donors.

Reported	\$13,922 76
Little Branch	3
Tide Head	2
New Glasgow	6
St John, St Matt	12 12
Trenton first	11
D N Ross rept.	10
Truro, St And	116 4
Truro, 1st, Alice	2 74
Mrs. Janet Grant.	20
Nine Mile River.	5
Elmsdale	11
Wallace, St Matt.	3 45
St Pauls	3 45
Mid Riv, Nyanza	1 75
Mechanics Sett, un ss.	4 70
Moose Riv, un ss.	1 50
W Riv Stars	8
Centre Glassvil ss.	6
New Carlisle	3 27
Canard	33
Riley Brook	4 80
Watervale ss	1 50
W New Auman ss.	2 86
West Polly Mt ss	77
Little Bras d Or ss.	5
" Anonymous"	1
Belmont ss	5 65
Hx, Gr ve ss	7 68
Hx, Park ss	5
New Glasgow, Jas	50
New Castle, St Jas	2 5
Shubenacadie	25 03
Lx, Ft Massey ss	11 83
Ponshaw	3 61
Tatamagouche vil.	23 42
Katrow	5 13
Tatamagouche mt.	8 51
New Road	2 67
Salem, Riv John.	2
W H Smith bal.	39 20
Red Bank Whit.	15
Urbania ss.	1 20
Port Hastings, etc.	5
Baddeck	15 54
Musq Hbr, Jed.	7
Blue Mt Garden	257 15
" " ss.	8 56
" " ss.	5 58
Garden of Eden ss.	4 91
Alberton	13 52
Red Bank, Whit	69 50
Mabou, Port Hood.	5
Port Morien ss.	8
Pugwash, St Matt ss.	6
Sydney, St And	20 40
El River ss.	3

Springvil ss	8 25	Great Villagess..	13 90	Meadowvil un ss.....	5 50	Mt Nairn ss	1
Harvey, Acton ss	10	Country, Isaac Hbr ..	10	Grand Fall, etc.....	20	Amherst, St Ste.....	324 50
Georgetown, St Dav ss ..	4 50	Port Daniel wh m s ..	5	E Cumming	5	Merigomish wfms.....	5
Strathlorne ss	5 22	Kintore ss	4 11	" H T	5	" ss	15 43
Cent Economy ss	4	Hx, Chal	5	Hx, St Mat ss	7 17	French River ss	3 82
Glace Bay, St Pauls ss ..	13	Skye Mt	1 25	Rev Dr Warden y ls ..	10	Hunter Mountain ss ..	1 85
Mrs M J Olding	1	Roseburn ss	10	Commit. ce	50	Lodian River ss	1 15
Rev Jacob McEllan	1	Millville ss	2 75	F R C	2 50	Harmony	1
Springhill, St And ss ..	14 75	Up Kintore ss	78 23	Reid's ss	1 80	Mid Riv, N S	49 70
Glencoe ss	45	Summerside	78 23	Up Stewiack vill ss ..	2 20	Irishtown ss	3
Clyde River	13	" "Anonymous"	3 50	" "un hall ss	1 67	Neil's Hbr, Ingush ..	19 49
Harmony ss	3 30	Lit Hbr, Malag	13 50	" "S br	219 95	Hastings, Hawksby ..	14 32
Flatlands ss	3 60	Nine Mile River	2 64	W Riv, Green Hill ..	7	A J W Myers, rept ..	15
Metapedia ss	1 67	Elmsdale	1 31	Riv Joh	5	F S Vance	10
Cifton NS	11 21	Kirkland, S Rich	1 17	" "W Br	5	Pleasant Ba' ce	5
" ce	2	Brookvale	1 17	Rev M Campbell	5	Whycocomag	10
Brookfield Cent ss	2	Harcourt	15	Christina Suth'rd	6 50	Total	\$17,776 87
Brentwood ss	1 50	Loggieville	110 30	Pictou Landing m b ..	6 12		
Barrington, St Jas ss ..	2 15	Maitland, St Da	7 75	Mill Brook aux (kirk) ..	17 38		
Indiantown ss	5 36	Rev H B McKay rept ..	5	Lawrencetown, etc ..	17 38		
Mabel M. Bentley	5	Riverside ss	2	" "C M C	8		
Anna N	5	Six Mile Brook ss	5	Big Glace Bay ss	1 70		
Cross Roads ss; La H ..	6	Lady 80 years	6	Quoddy, Mos Riv	5		
Caraque ss	3 50	Go'denville	6 07	Int on dep	4 02		
Ferrona, Zion ss	9 50	Oak Mountain ss	2 60	Savage Hbr ss	1 45		
Black Riv bdg ss	2 05	Point Primas	1 80	Escuminac	21		
Tangier ss	1 10	Sunny Brae	5 13	Dalhousie	78		
Kincardine ss	2 40	Mid Riv, W Side ss ..	13	Lit Harbour	15		
S Mountain ss	2 40	Princtown	20	Wabana	7 50		
Sydney Riv ss	3 03	Mrs E J Archibald ..	31 45	Kennington Cove	2 57		
Main Riv ss	5	Harmony	15 75	Mrs McGlashen map ..	21		
Lo Sh nemicas ss	1 15	Up Musq	1	Ub Musq	6 05		
Windsor	105 85	Blacketts Lake ss ..	8 30	Chipman ss	6		
Rexton, Rich	102 26	Quoddy, Mos River ..	2 60	Red Bank ss	50		
Rexton ss	5 26	Riversdale ss	7 50	Westville, Carmel ce ..	39		
Richibucto ss	2 93	Up Musq, St Jas ss ..	1	" "	10		
J rdneville ss	2 70	" "Stewart Hill ss ..	65	St Croix, Ellersh's ..	4		
E Galloway	1 65	" "Sh Hbr Rd ss ..	20 60	Lower Musq	6		
Jardineville ce	3	Hardwicke un ss	10	St John Cal ss	11 30		
Caledonia un ss	1 70	Brookfield ms	7 39	Nerepis, etc	5		
Dundas ss	3 40	Truro, St Pauls ce ..	50	St John, St And	2 95		
Napan ce	5	Golden Grove	15	Churchville ss	26 04		
Eva Cook	12	Truro, St A, lm & bs ..	1 84	Blanchard ss	38 45		
Upper Canard ss	9 50	Hx, St And ss	6	Blue Mt, thank off'g ..	262		
Anandale ss	2	Coldstream ss	5	Cheverie	4		
Upper Musq d't	3 15	Cape North	2 40	Parrsboro	10		
Lyon's Brook un ss	5	Scotch Ridge lit b ss ..	52	Grandview ss	2 76		
Beile River ss	2 45	Riv John Road ss ..	3	Tyndale ss	1 20		
Stewartdale ss	5 35	Newport	22	Oliver ss	8		
Moo e Brooke ss	1 60	" ss	3 70	Saltsprgs, St Lukes ss ..	1 50		
N. Beaver Bank ss	4 31	Dalhousie	14	Marion Bridge	6		
Rogers Hill Cent ss ..	3	New Aberdeen	10	Truro, Hilden ss	5		
Plainfield ss	5 55	Help Gospel	10	W Arichat	2		
Brae ss	3 15	Stanley, etc	10	Grand Falls ss	5		
Princeville	38	Lower Musq	4 10	Wm McDonald rept ..	141		
St Peters ss	3	Kensington ss	1 25	Mid Musq	32		
Pleasant Bay ss	5 13	Argyle ss	4 26	Nashwaak, Stanl			
Spy Bay ss	1 30	Strathalbyn ss					

Total.....\$17,776 87

Receipts.

During October for Knox
College Student's Mis-
sionary Society, by R. B.
Leddingham, Treasurer.

Allandale ce.....	\$8
Ashburn ss	3
Ayr, Stanley	6
Barrie ce	5
Barrie whms and ce ..	5
Rev J R Brown	5
"lyth	32
Showers Corners	2 40
Bracebridge, Kx gld ..	11 24
Dorchester Sta	5
Drummond Hill ypa ..	20
Greenbank ce	50
Mrs Jos Tait	3
R B Stevenson	5
Ham, McNab ce	25
Kippen ss	15 12
Kx Coll Profs and stud.	262
Motherwell	2 80
North Pelham	10
Smith's Falls, St P mb.	50
Stroud ce	4
Jno Wanless & Co	25
"Friend"	25
Uterson ce	3
Wmster North ce	16
Mrs Mary Dunlop	2
Rev F W Anderson	2
Washago	24 78
Yoho	37 65

THE MAN BEHIND YOU.

There is a man behind you. "Does this open window annoy you?" said a traveler in a car, as he turned and spoke to the stranger back of him. "I don't mind the air, but I do object to the smoke," said the latter; "and yet I don't want you to close the window on my account." The questioner shut the window, saying, "You know it isn't the fellow who sits by the open window that gets the draught and the cinders; it's the one back of him. I tell you, a man ought to be mighty careful how he opens a car window. He ought to know how it suits the person behind him before he is willing to ride with his window open." Call that applied Christianity, or call it Christian endeavour, or whatever we may, the spirit of it is what the Christian world needs. Who cares for the man behind him,—not only in a car, but in rank, in society, in the church!

The Presbyterian Record

The Average Issue

for the Last Twelve Months was

51,000.

Of all Publications in English, except one Great Daily and its Weekly Edition,

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Y.M.C.A. Building

MONTREAL

ENIGMA.

My *first* is in heaven and earth,
In the homes of angels and men.
No happiness, health nor worth
Without it. Need I tell you again?

My *second* is found in the moon,
And the hosts of the Milky Way;
In the crowning glories of June,
As well as the blossoms of May.

My *third* in the pearls of Ind,
In the play of waves on the shore;
In the winter sweep of the wind
And the stony footprints of yore.

My *lost* in the eagle's eye,
In the breath of the hurricane,
In depths of the summer sky
And the showers of summer rain.

My *whole* is as sunshine to life
In the pathways the saintly have trod
Giving patient endurance in strife
And joy in the service of God.

—Con.

WHAT ARE YOUR MARKS.

Men carry unconscious signs of their life about with them. Those that come from the forge, and those from the lime and mortar, and those from the humid soil, and those from dusty travel bear signs of being workmen and of their work. One need not ask a merry face or a sad one whether it hath come forth from joy or grief. Tears and laughter tell their own story.

Should one come home with fruit, we say, "Thou art come from the 'orchard,'" if with hands full of wild flowers, "Thou art come from the fields;" if one's garments smell of mingled odors, we say, "Thou hast walked in a garden."

But how much more, if one has seen God, has held converse of hope and love, and hath walked in heaven, should he carry in his eye, his words, and his perfumed raiment the sacred token of divine intercourse!—Henry Ward Beecher.

VIRGIN WORSHIP AND BULL-FIGHTS.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. GULICK, OF A.B.C.F.M.

MISSION TO SPAIN.

On the night of October 11, '02, I found myself entering Zaragoza on a train of some forty cars drawn by two locomotives, and overflowing with a noisy crowd that soon filled the station. I was told that this was but one of several special trains which, during that and the previous day, had been pouring into Zaragoza thousands of people in anticipation of the great annual festival of the "Virgin of the Pillar," that commenced on the 12th of this month and lasted for a fortnight.

It is said that for many years there had not been such a gathering of pilgrims at the shrine of this most notable of all the "Virgins of Spain." And certainly in my many previous visits to Zaragoza, several of which have been at the time of this anniversary, never have I seen the principal streets and centres of the city so densely crowded with people.

But let no one for a moment think that the exclusive or even the principal attraction is the shrine of the Virgin, that rests upon a jasper pillar under the dome of this cathedral, which, with one exception, is the largest in Spain, and which has been built for the exclusive purpose of giving it protection and honour. For weeks before the festival all the cities of Northern Spain as far west as Oviedo, the capital of Asturias, had been painted red with the large and brilliant posters announcing the extraordinary series of bull-fights that would be held during the fortnight in the notable bull-ring of Zaragoza, and in honour of the Virgin for the maintenance of her worship.

During the week I was there, the first bull-fight took place on Sunday, October 12, the opening of the festival; and three others during the week were to be followed by another on the second Sunday, and during the following week other five were to take place. The newspapers of the city printed columns of rhapsodies of the most fervent and passionate devotion to the Virgin, and on the same page descriptions hardly less glowing in praise of the magnificent and bloody encounters in the bull-ring, in which scores of horses were gashed and gored, and torn to pieces by the beasts that had been infuriated by the steel-pointed arrows thrown into their quivering flesh. In this singular and horrible phenomenon was again presented a scene of mingled barbarity and piety unequalled, perhaps, in any other civilized country of the world.—*The Mission World*.



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God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—Edwards.

The world needs not so much those who can do great things as those who can and will do little things well.

Joseph Parker said that he who thinks his work is beneath him and not worthy of his powers is "only a fussy idler in a garden of weeds."

The mark of a saint is not perfection, but consecration. A saint is not a man without faults, but a man who has given himself without reserve to God.—B. F. Westcott.

Age without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun; and this spirit of cheerfulness should be encouraged in our youth if we would wish to have the benefit of it in our old age.—Colton.

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreadful duty before the chill comes on.—Rutherford.

If we forget that our chief business is to do the works of Him that sent us, we shall lose the mightiest impulse to right living. God is on the field and we are under His care as well as subject to His authority. Therefore we need not fear to go straight on in the path of duty.

The best of life ought to be before and not behind us; greater attainments, greater strength, greater blessedness. Waste not the days in idle regrets, in vain lamentations of the past, but forgetting the things that are behind, our follies and failures, press onward and upward.

It is a good thing to live in an enlarging atmosphere. Every noble book, every inspiring conversation, every contact with what is artistic and refining, expands the moral nature as well as the intellectual. All the best things in the world are regenerative, reformatory, spiritualizing, and the more one puts himself in contact with them the finer will be the quality of his religion.—Selected.

Oh, the strange, winning witchery of a smile! Tell me, where is there a heart so stubborn or so cold that it will not acknowledge the charm of a smile? I do not mean the fawning smile of flattery, the studied smile of hypocrisy, the hollow smile of falsehood, the chilling smile of scorn, the cutting smile of rebuke, the withering smile of revenge, the bitter smile of selfish triumph, the frozen smile of haughty pride, or the mocking smile of hidden sorrow: but I mean that frank, truthful, soul-born smile that bursts like a radiant sunbeam over the countenance when one true man or woman greets another.—George B. Griffith.

Men are always wanting to do some great thing. Let them overcome themselves, for that is the greatest conquest.—Drummond.

Patience is the crowning grace of a Christian life. Many people can endure tribulation, but cannot be patient over it. They can "wait" for the Lord, but they cannot "wait patiently" for Him.—M. W. Knapp.

If any one here is troubled with doubts about prayer, those two simple words, "Our Father," if we can once really believe them in their full richness and depth, will make the doubts vanish in a moment, and prayer seem the most natural and reasonable of all acts.—Kingsley.

Love of God and love of country are two of the noblest passions in a human heart. And these two unite in home missions. A man without a country is an exile in the world, and a man without God is an orphan in eternity.—Henry Van Dyke.

Believe in yourself. That is the way to make other people believe in you, and it is the way to become what you want to be. It is the people who have believed thoroughly in themselves and their missions who have made the world believe in them.

To be misunderstood even by those whom one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand. . . . It is what must have oftenest wrung the heart of the Son of Man.—Amiel.

Do not expect material gain as a result of your giving. It is fortunate that no such gain is sure to come. If it were, men would give just as they invest money in government bonds—for the interest they would get out of it; and they would deserve no more credit in one case than in the other.

Where is the truest courage to be found. Not so much on the tented field or in the public arena as in the secret places of the soul. There is the stimulus of applause, glory and excitement in the one case that is lacking in the other. He who battles with temptation, self and sin where no human eye is upon him and comes off victor under the fearful strain, is the one whom God will account bravest.

Surface goodness may deceive for a while. The man who is scrupulous about his church attendance and his outward piety, when these are but cloaks to cover wrong living and fraudulent actions, may at first mingle with Christ's true followers, without detection. But this is no reason why the world should look suspiciously on a religious profession. Indeed, the very fact that hypocrites sometimes creep into the church, is one sure proof of the value placed by the world on Christianity. Men do not trouble to counterfeit that which is worth nothing.